

reeling about on the quarter-deck, giggling like an idiot at truly pitiable spectacle of degraded humanity.

A few days afterwards, as I was sitting with my friends, their family physician dropped in; and after some casual conversation, he said, 'I have just come from the death-bed of Captain Franklin, of the *Camilla* steamer, who died about an hour ago of *delirium tremens*.' The reader is perhaps as ignorant as I was of the nature of this frightful disease. I may, therefore, without any impropriety, add the substance of the information which I then gathered upon the subject.

Delirium tremens is one of the many distempers which result from a course of habitual intemperance. It is especially the disease of the inveterate drunkard: as its name implies, it is a species of derangement. It comes on with a sense of weariness, cold sweats, and shivering; accompanied by a loss of appetite, and of all relish for the ordinary occupations and amusements of life. These symptoms are succeeded by vomiting, feverish heat, and profuse perspiration. The limbs tremble, the mind is in continual disturbance, and is agitated by the most hideous apprehensions. The patient sleeps but little; and when he dozes, is terrified by frightful dreams, from which he often starts up with the utmost alarm. He imagines himself covered with vermin; thinks he feels them crawling over him, and tries in vain to pick them off. Or he fancies that he is haunted by horrible spectres, which constantly float before his eyes. These symptoms increase, till at length nature sinks under the disease, and he dies in remorse and despair.

Such was the end of this wretched man, whom I had so lately seen and conversed with; and, 'Such,' said I, as the doctor closed his observations, 'is the last chapter in the history of intemperance.'

Reader, are you a drunkard? You admit that you sometimes get 'a little fresh.' Well; you have begun a course which will, by and by, end in some such way as that stated in the history before you. Only persevere, and you will infallibly succeed in destroying yourself; or, if you should not sensibly shorten your days, you will certainly ruin your character, beggar your family, bring up your children in your own course of wickedness, and plunge your soul into hell. Of all sinners, an habitual drunkard is one whose recovery is least to be expected. A pious person, once expostulating with a man of this character, said, 'You know you must give up your intemperance, or you will certainly perish.' The individual to whom this was addressed had been a professor of religion, and was a well-informed man. His reply was frightful. 'Well, then,' said he, 'to hell I must go; for I neither can nor will alter my course of life.'

Yet the case of the habitual drunkard is not absolutely desperate. Only let him resolve, and let him pray to God for strength and grace to enable him to keep his resolution, never more, as long as he lives, to touch intoxicating liquor. Not one drop let him taste; not a single drop, in any form or disguise. Let him not even touch the outside of the bottle which contains it. If he comes within the smell of it, it is ten to one but he is a lost man; and a relapse, after one effort at reformation, will render the likelihood of his recovery still smaller than before. Let there be no delay: begin a course of abstinence this hour; do not keep the accursed thing in your house; throw it out into the kennel, or on the dunghill. God gives you one more opportunity for your life. Remember, it is life or death; now or never. Keep the Sabbath holy; frequent the public worship of God; come out from among the ungodly; dedicate yourself to the service of Christ; and, in the spirit of penitence, seek redemption in the blood of Jesus.

Are you a parent? Would you make your child a drunkard? If not, do not teach him to sip, and sip, and sip. Many a child has become a regular sot, and has been ruined by tea-spoonfuls of his father's grog, and tastes of his mother's cordial, joined to the bad example of their indul-

gences. Beware of beginnings; little insignificant beginnings. Watch against the very appearance of this evil. If you would not know yourselves, nor have your children to know, the last sad chapter of this history,—in beggary, infamy, madness, suicide, and perdition,—avoid the first chapter!"—*Memoirs of Rev. R. Treffry, Jun.*

Sabbath Desecration.

Having lately directed the attention of our readers to Sabbath desecration by the manufacture of intoxicating liquors, we will now submit a few facts to show to what an alarming extent the Lord's day is profaned in selling and drinking these most pernicious beverages.

A gentleman, whom we can place every confidence in, stated at a public meeting lately, that, from personal inquiry, he had ascertained that in Camlachie—a small suburb of Glasgow—the Sabbath was almost universally profaned by the publicans in the locality, of whom there are 22, and only one of them refuses to sell drink on the Lord's day. They carry on their trade on that day as on any other, and so far from feeling any scruple or sense of shame about their conduct, boast that the Sabbath is their harvest day. They glean during six days of the week, but on the day of rest, they gather sheaves. Indeed it is well known that, but for their Sabbath trade, most of them would very speedily be compelled to relinquish their ungodly and destructive occupation. There are pious publicans in the world, it would seem, and Camlachie has its due proportion of them. We know that flowers bloom in the desert; of Africa, but cannot comprehend how piety exists among publicans. On the "day when the sons of God come to present themselves before the Lord" the publican appears "also among them" as punctually as did Job's tempter. We see him late on Saturday behind his counter dispensing his burning liquors for payment to naked, hungry, and dissolute creatures, that that they may "drink and forget their poverty, and remember their misery no more," and on the morrow find him duly in his place in God's house, joining devoutly in the services of the sanctuary, or handing to his brethren the symbols of the dying love of Him "who gave himself for us." How these opposite actions can be reconciled we know not. Of the twenty-two publicans in Camlachie eight are members of various churches, and one is an elder and Sabbath-school teacher! One of this precious lot has cock-fights in his house regularly on Saturday evenings, and the company assembled to witness this inhuman and brutalising sport are often not dismissed till Sabbath morning. The house of another is the scene of constant brawling on the Lord's day, for which the termagant hostess is greatly blamed. If she finds any thing wrong with household affairs when she returns from church (of which she is a member) on Sabbath afternoon, she does not hesitate to make her unfortunate husband atone for the error in his *body*, and sometimes the poor man has to endure severe chastening when guiltless of any offence but want of ability to rule his own household.

Sabbath-breaking publicans, however, are not confined to the suburbs: they abound in all quarters of the city as every inhabitant of Glasgow knows who has paid the least attention to the subject. Indeed there are very few of them who pay any respect to the Sabbath, but that hypocritical and reluctant reverence for it which the law compels them to give. A few there are who, we believe, conscientiously refuse to sell liquor on any part of the Lord's day, but the great majority of publicans pursue business on that day with as little compunction as on any other of the seven. They may shut up their front doors and windows, and show an outward respect for the day—keep up a kind of surface sanctity, and even refuse to sell "during divine service;" but this is all; their customers who choose to submit to the indignity of entering by the back door, obscurely placed but easily found, will find that the sacred-