

"Saved!"

BY N. S. B.

"No danger of being a drunkard," said young Norton, as he lifted the sparkling goblet to his lips: "I am not such a fool as *that*. Fools, not men of sense, make drunkards."

"But," said the friend, whose warning words to young Norton had occasioned the above contemptuous remark, "do you not remember that noble young man, Henry Lee, how he laughed at the entreaties of friends, despised their warning-words, and madly drank till all was lost in the blackness of misery, which enshrouds the unhappy inebriate? He was no fool, but possessed talents by far more brilliant than are commonly assigned to the lot of man. Like you he felt strong in his manhood—strong in the virtuous principles of a noble mind; and when friends besought him to shun the tempter's presence, he laughed them to scorn.

The occasional glass of wine, just to please fashion's caprices, just to avoid the imputation of oddness, was, in his opinion, unattended with evil consequences. He was deceived by a false light. He was lured by a siren voice, whose enchanting melody is but a prelude to the death-song of all the hopes of man.

Young Lee, though possessed of fine intellect, genius, whose efforts had already covered his youthful brow with the laurel of literary fame, could not discern a deadly foe lurking within the sparkling wine; and like a flower, plucked by some unseen, malicious hand, he fell beneath the destroyer's spell in the bloom of life, with the dark stain of a drunkard forever to blot the memory of his name.

Such an example is an argument, truth-telling and forcible; you cannot gainsay it. It tears into shreds those finely-woven sophistries which have so long deluded the souls of men with the idea of *safety* in the moderate use of wine and other spirituous liquors.

I need not tell you, my friend, that such an example renders your arguments unground, your reasoning fallacious, your whole position totally at variance with the first principles of truth. I speak plainly, but not unfairly. My words are pointed and truthful; like arrows they are intended to pierce the thoughtless soul with conviction.

Upon my own testimony, I ask you not to rely, but point to the history of one who, commencing the use of strong drink under circumstances similar with yourself, met with speedy death in the vortex of intemperance. And this one is but the type of a countless throng, whose souls are steeped in darkness by that 'invisible' fiend of alcohol, of whom the poet has said:

"Oh! thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou has no other name, we'll call thee—devil!"

Now is the time to dash the poison from your lips;—now the time to absolve yourself from all allegiance to the demon of the wine-cup. If you fail to do so, may God have mercy on you; for the horrors of death are small in comparison with those which the victims of intemperance suffer daily.

Beware of the wine-cup;—beware of strong drink in any form. This is my warning—my first and my last. Touch not, taste not, handle not, the accursed thing."

As these words died on the lips of the speaker, he turned and left young Norton standing with the glass of wine still clutched within his now nervous grasp. There was hesitation in his countenance. A struggle was evi-

dently going on in his mind. Once the fear of ridicule, the thought of sneering companions, of fashion's curses, would have been enough to silence any momentary doubt about the propriety of drinking a glass of wine; but now, with the words of his friend still ringing in his ears, he paused to consider, and as he considered truth broke in upon his mind. Starting as from an unpleasant dream, he dashed the goblet to the earth, trampled it beneath his feet; and uttered a single word—"Saved."

Many years have passed, and many changes have come over the spirit of young Norton's dream since that hour, but he will never forget it. Young Norton is forgotten in the dignified old gentleman with locks of snowy hue, who is addressed with the title of Hon. prefixed to his name. There is a single word engraved upon a locket which he wears in his bosom,—it is "Saved." It is the only visible record he has kept of that hour, when bursting the fetters of passion and prejudice he dashed the wine-cup down and involuntarily uttered the magic word of deliverance.—*Maine Tem. Journal.*

The Way to Promote the Temperance Cause.

The first requisite to this end is undoubtedly a consistent observance of the principles by which the advocate of Temperance professes to be governed; for example is the corner-stone on which our institution rests. It is in vain that we recommend the habit of abstinence to others; it is in vain that we descant upon the excellencies of the system, that we represent the benefit derived by the bodily powers from the abandonment of those pernicious beverages, against the use of which our exertions are directed or the frightful effects of their imbibition on the moral constitution of man, if our own walk and conduct are not such as to prove the sincerity of our belief in the doctrines we seek to enforce. It is all to no purpose that we keep the Temperance pledge for a time, if at intervals we violate it. The very restraint over the appetite, if not persevered in, is made use of by the opponents of our cause as an argument against our system. And we may depend upon it that our conduct is observed with a lynx-eyed scrutiny, and that even the slightest departure from the straight road rarely escapes detection. The delinquencies of its professing friends, we are persuaded, have done infinitely more harm to the Temperance cause than their adhesion ever did good. Better to go to the war with a small but Spartan band than with a million of craven-hearted followers. Nor is it alone necessary that we be consistent in respect to drinking. It is likewise essential that we should *appear* to be so. Every sincere advocate of our cause should endeavour to be like Cæsar's wife—*above suspicion*—and for this purpose he should avoid the haunts of dissipation as religiously as we would the inebriating bowl itself. Apart from the danger of being enticed to drink, is the *quasi* encouragement given to those who do, and the pernicious patronage thus extended to a class of houses it is desirable to have removed. Nor is this all. Who is there who can count for a moment upon escaping the suspicion that his object in visiting such places is reprehensible, and that his conduct there reproachable? It is not to be inferred from what we have said, that there is an especial need of warning at this time; or even that the instances were ever very frequent of Temperance men seeking company at the Tavern? Cases of the kind have come to our knowledge; but it is to be hoped that the animadversion that