

For the Canadian Son of Temperance
OBSERVATIONS ON TOTAL ABSTINENCE

BY D. CLINDENNING, OF TORONTO DIVISION.

No. II.

The insidious manner in which intemperance makes its inroads upon an individual, is one of its most dangerous features. The progressive steps from the occasional use of intoxicating liquor to the point where the practice becomes an unconquerable habit, are marked by such imperceptible gradations, and are attended by so many alluring circumstances, that the unfortunate victim is prevented from becoming sensible of the peril of his position, until intemperance has clutched him in its giant grasp. While the habit is weaving its strongest meshes, there is the greatest feeling of security. Caution and self-control disappear in proportion to the growth of a predilection for the excitement. During the period that a person's desire for intoxicating liquors is reaching maturity, an unaccountable blindness keeps him ignorant of the dreadful realities of his situation. He continues utterly unconscious of the increasing supremacy of his appetite, although to every one else the fact is palpable. He rushes along destruction's highway, complacently regarding his own conduct as an exhibition of cleverness and spirit, while every observer prognosticates his ruin. It is not until he makes an attempt to struggle against the vice, that he discovers the tremendous strength of his intemperate inclinations. He endeavors to rise superior to his habits, but they bear him to the earth. This being the acknowledged process by which spirituous liquors effect the ruin of so many, it requires no logical skill to deduce a powerful argument in favor of Total Abstinence.

Let us sketch the career of a youth who crosses the threshold of manhood with high hopes and brilliant prospects. Instructed in a remunerative and honorable occupation, industrious application promises to be the avenue leading to success. We will suppose his disposition to be generous, his early moral education excellent, and his habits unexceptionable. He mingles with associates who indulge cautiously in the fashionable beverage. He partakes of the tempting goblet, with its bright bubbles sparkling gaily round the crystal's rim. The effects are pleasant. It brings brightness to his eye, gladness to his heart, and eloquence to his tongue. His blood dances through his veins with a delightful sensation of joy. Here lies the deadly fascination—herein consists the mysterious deception. He continues to taste the exhilarating liquid, sparklingly at first, and for a long period with apparent prudence. But a taste for the excitement of intoxication is gradually acquired. He learns to relish the stimulating powers of alcohol. While under its influence, a delusive gilding glitters on all the affairs of life. Troubles and disappointments vanish before the wand of its enchantment. Golden visions illuminate the future. His imagination revels in realms of beauty, and obtains glimpses of scenes excelling the delineating power of the artist's pencil. If his thoughts revert to matters of business, they instantly assume a bright aspect—if he is engaged in a difficult enterprise, his mind leaps at a single bound over

intervening contingencies—if he is perplexed on any subject, all doubts are settled by the potent spell under which he labors. But the morning dawns, and he awakens from these dreams of intoxication to the realities of a racking headache, the miseries of an upbraiding conscience, and the routine of his daily occupation, from which the tinsel of the precious night has disappeared. But his constitution is yet unimpaired, and a few hours restore the equilibrium of his system. Serious and wise reflections are speedily dissipated. Only a few evenings are suffered to elapse before his emphatic utterance and the unnatural lustre of his eye, again indicate the presence of the magician of intemperance. Thus pass an indefinite number of months: evenings of folly and insano merriment—retributive mornings of headaches, nausea, and repentance. He is at last startled by a crushing conception of the fate to which he is hastening. What language can paint his mental torture, as the degrading sense of his position bursts upon his bewildered brain! The disgraceful appellation of drunkard rings painfully in his ears, and he shrinks aghast from its inevitable application to himself. The humiliating truth flashes over his mind that he is a pitiful inebriate, and he has a keen perception of the blackness of the stigma. The alarming reflection sweeps across his mind with agonistic power. His thoughts are lacerated by bitter self-accusations, and unavailing regrets add poignancy to his remorse. He fears—and he has abundant reason to quail—that he has forever forfeited his own esteem, and rendered himself liable to be pointed at by the insulting finger of scorn. That moment will form an epoch in his existence never to be forgotten. In feelings of mental distress and an overwhelming conviction of personal debasement,

"It stands alone,
Like Adam's recollection of his fall!"

His first step is to form resolutions of amendment. He firmly determines that he will never permit himself to be again entrapped by the detested vice, deceiving himself into the belief that he can cast aside the vile habit with as much ease as he would throw off a mantle. He may remain true to his purpose for a short time; companions may be avoided, and the appetite held in check; but the temptation assaults him at an unguarded moment, and he falls. The enlivening glass again sparkles in his hand, and its animating properties diffuse life and glee to his feelings. His eye kindles and his pulse throbs with a proud excitement. He ranges fluently over a variety of subjects. The delirium vanishes with sleep, and returning consciousness brings remorse and physical suffering. He curses his folly in purchasing a few hours of pleasure, by the gratification of a low appetite, at the disastrous price of his reputation and prosperity. His fevered and aching brow, his parched lips, his burning thirst, and his shaking nerves, attest the wrongs he is inflicting on his health. With trembling and uncertain steps, he goes in search of a supply of water—water to quench the fierce fires that rage in his entrails. Instead of those sentiments of self-respect which constitute the rich reward of upright conduct, he experiences feelings of shame and mortification. Again he resolves on a reformation, and again renews

the unavailing struggle to curb an almost unconquerable habit. He may successfully maintain the desperate contest during a few weeks—nay, months may elapse before the despotic appetite resumes its reign. An alluring temptation at last assails him, and intemperance is once more triumphant. Since he has imbibed a taste for the excitement of intoxication, all his exertions to shake it off resemble the condition of a man immersed in a quicksand, whose struggles tend to sink him deeper in its treacherous bed. Now his course is downward. A tavern possesses more powerful attractions for him than his place of business, which soon causes an empty purse. His apparel becomes shabby, and vice stamps its degrading impress on his countenance. Former associates discard his company, and he is expelled from respectable society—that society whose customs were the cause of his ruin.

Thus we leave him for the present, reserving the conclusion of his history until another week.

MINOR MORALS FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

The last word is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husbands and wives should no more strive to get it, than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bombshell.

Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look out for the weak part of the ice, in order to keep off them.

Ladies who marry for love, should remember that the union of angels with women has been forbidden since the flood.

The wife is the sun of the social system, unless she attracts, there is nothing to keep heavy bodies, like husbands, from flying off into space.

The wife who would properly discharge her duties, must not have a soul "above buttons," on proper occasions.

Don't trust too much to good-temper when you get into an argument.

Sugar is the substance most universally diffused through all natural products! Let married people take a hint from this provision of nature.

GOOD NATURE—Good nature is a gem which shines brightly wherever it is found. It cheers the darkness of misfortune, and warms the heart that is callous and cold. In social life who has not seen and felt its influence? Don't let matters grieve you, if the world goes hard, if you want employment and can't get it, or can't get your honest dues, or if fire has consumed, or water swallowed up the fruits of many years' hard toil, or your faults magnified, or enemies have traduced, or friends deceived,—never mind; don't get mad with any body; don't abuse the world or any of its creatures, keep good natured, and our word for it, all things will come right. The soft south wind and the genial sun, are not more effectual in clothing the earth with verdure and sweet flowers of spring, than is good nature in adorning the hearts of men and women with blossoms of kindness, happiness and affection—those flowers, the fragrance of which ascends to heaven.

WARTS—Diluted nitric acid is a remedy for warts and moles. Moisten the protuberance two or three times a day for a week or ten days, and it will soon disappear. We recommend this from experience.

DISCOVERY OF A COAL FIELD IN ESQUIMAUX.—We copy the following from the *Hamilton Canadian*, and join with him in hoping it may be true—"We have just received the startling but welcome intelligence, that a coal field has been discovered in the township of Esquimaux: We hope it is true, and we learn that F. W. Walker, Esq., of this city, has some specimens in his possession."—*Globe*.

There are two kinds of immortality; that which the soul really enjoys after this life, and that imaginary existence by which men live in their fame and reputation.