

He came home drunk one night, and after having slept awhile he awoke with a raging thirst, got up and staggered to the bench where the pail usually stood, but unluckily helped himself to a dipper full of soft soap instead of water. He was so completely lost to all sense of shame, that he cared nothing about his personal appearance. He might have been seen any day in the week, and any hour in the day, lounging about the tavern, or the stillhouse. It would require the pencil of Hogarth to draw his likeness; he was tall, sallow-faced, ragged set, with red eyes, and a long beard. At one time one of his old boots gave out, so he made himself a French mockasin, without a top to it, and wore that on one foot, and the remaining boot on the other, for a long time. Thus he lived, frequently on the borders of starvation, sometimes without even a potatoe in the house to satisfy the cravings of hunger. In his sober moments he would be seized with fits of despair; when he looked forward all was gloom and misery—when he looked backward he said that he had sacrificed his credit, property, and character, on the altar of appetite, and to cap the climax of undesirable wretchedness, after a week's debauch he was tormented with a terrible fit of delirium tremens; at this time he promised solemnly to reform if his life was spared. When he came to himself his old "cronies" said he must not deprive himself of liquor altogether, for if he did he would surely die. In this he thinks they were sincere, for they often made mixtures of spirits, and fed him with a spoon. To use his own language, "what a delusion, because I had poisoned myself, to suppose that I stood in need of more poison." He soon apostatized and resumed his old practices, and as soon as his health was sufficiently restored to enable him to visit the lairs and dens of drunkenness, he began to drink as hard as ever. When he pretended to work at all, he generally commenced his week's work on Friday or Saturday. On one occasion, after most of the week had been spent in drinking, he commenced a job of work on Saturday night, and was, at that moment, quite sober and thoughtful; whilst sitting on his bench at a late hour that night, his poor wife, God bless her, came into the shop and asked him to come to tea. "Come to tea," said he, "what does this mean, I thought there was nothing in the house to eat." He went in, and to his perfect astonishment he found a snow white cloth on the table, and bread, butter, and other eatables provided for him. Such a scene brought him to his reflections, for he did not know then, and he has never asked her since, how she obtained such a desirable meal. He determined to have the comforts of life as well as others, and divorce himself from the bottle that he might make his family comfortable and happy. He then formed a resolution which he has never broken. There was no temperance society in the place, so he wrote a pledge for himself and signed it, and went to work and formed a society, which is now one of the most flourishing societies in this country. The old distillery is torn down, and the man that owned it signed the pledge long ago, and one of the tavernkeepers has kept a temperance house for some years, the other is likewise a true temperance man, a wealthy merchant; they all live together like a band of brothers in the same village. This society was formed in 1832.

The village shoemaker for a long time was afraid to trust himself in the haunts of intemperance, whenever his business called him to a tavern he would transact it as soon as possible and leave the house, as he would if it had been on fire, and to use his own words again, when he escaped from such places he felt like a convict who had just got out of the penitentiary, glad that he was free once more. For a long time he was not able to work more than an hour at a time, and the least fatigue would overcome him. The first three years he had uphill work, but as he had everything to gain, and nothing to lose, he persevered and gradually regained his health and standing in society. He is now worth a handsome property, and continues to drive a thriv-

ing business. He owns some of the best buildings in the village. His hospitable dwelling is the home for preachers, and temperance lecturers. Night and morning his family, apprentices, and journeymen, bow around the family altar. He is an efficient speaker, and his fame as a lecturer on temperance is in all the societies of the district where he resides; he is the president of the District Temperance Union, and a local preacher in the Episcopal Methodist Church. This fact proves the power of kind woman's influence, the depravity of drunkennes, and the blessed influence of the principles of total abstinence.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

An Address for Children. By James Ballantyne.

It was a cloudy afternoon—in December, and a storm was gathering over land and sea. A few of the inhabitants of a little village on the east coast had collected on the beach, to watch a small vessel that was already labouring in the rising storm. The waves were rising high, and clashing each other in rapid succession; the sea was covered with foam as far as the eye could reach; and the wind howled more and more loudly every minute. As evening drew on, the storm seemed to reach a height. It was a fearful sight to look across the deep, and fix the eye upon that lonely vessel and crew. Now it sunk behind the lofty wave; now again it was seen for a moment, as it rose upon the roaring billow; while its rigging was torn away, its masts broken, and its sailors helpless before the resistless might and fury of the storm. Night was beginning to close in, and the group of villagers with deepening anxiety who were gazing on the beach, could not keep from trembling, as they thought of the fate that seemed to await that little bark and its crew. What, then, was to be done? A cry was raised to hoist out the life-boat. But there was no hardy sailor among the number of the on-lookers who could, without fear, buffet the raging billows. And yet not a moment was to be lost; guns of distress were being fired, and the coming darkness would soon cut off all hope of reaching the hapless crew. At this moment, however, a young man offered to venture, and then another, and another; and the life-boat was hoisted, and after a severe struggle reached the vessel, and brought back the crew in safety, amid the loud cheering of the beholders, who had now greatly increased in number. Were not these young men deserving of all honour, who effected the rescue?

And, now, children, I am going to tell you how you may imitate the praise-worthy conduct of these young men. There is an ocean on which many little barks have been wrecked, and in which many thousands of men and women are perishing. It is vast, dark, and dreadful. It is never calm, but always tossed with tempest and storm. In every age thousands have been wrecked in it. Even now the cry of many thousands who are perishing in its black waters is ringing in our ears. But I must tell you the name of the ocean. It is called Intemperance. And you will ask, "Is there no life-boat to save them?" Yes; thank God! there is a life-boat to be found. Its name is the life-boat of Abstinence. It has often been hoisted already, and it has saved many. It has saved all who have entered it, and kept in it, from being drowned in the deep waters of that ocean. It is a boat which cannot wreck. The raging waves of that ocean may dash against it, but they can never prevail to its overthrow.

Now, children, I ask you to enter this life-boat. You will be quite safe in it yourselves; and you will be engaged in the noble work of saving others. Enter the life-boat, then, and come up to the rescue. Try to save many. Enlist in the band of noble Temperance Reformers, who go out on the dark sea of intemperance, in order that they may pluck up those who are drowning there. And, oh, if you should only save one, how great will be the good