

After he had filled his stomach with whisky for six days, and drunk no fewer than thirteen bottles, he had, in endeavoring to light his pipe, set fire to the spirit that lay on his lips and in his mouth—the flames sought its way down the pharynx till it came to the full body of liquid in his stomach, and all was, in a moment, on fire. I need not dwell on the issue of this case. The poor artist was dead in an hour. Where was his resolution? This is no overcharged picture of the effects of drunkenness.

PASSAGES FROM MR. CHINIQUY'S DISCOURSES.

FOR THE TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

DEAR SIR,—A friend having kindly offered me a seat in his pew near the pulpit, I made it a pleasant duty to attend punctually the preaching of Father Chiniquy at the Parish Church on the evenings of the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th April. His discourses occupied about two hours each in delivery, and his audiences were never less than ten thousand people, who seemed to hang upon his words with breathless attention. Truly he appeared to be a "man of God;" and when the venerable Mr Billodel, on Wednesday evening, alluding to the multitudes who had attended, and who had stepped forward to pledge themselves in the cause of Temperance, said that evidently the work was of God, and the hand of God was with him, every one present must have felt the influence of more than human agency.

I send you herewith a few sketches from the Reverend Father's discourses. They are not to be taken as a "report," for I have not confined myself to any order of delivery or precise words, but wish to convey to your readers a general idea of his manner, by writing down the impression left upon my own mind. I heard him speak rapidly, in all about six hours, without losing a single word; and every word might be printed with profit to the cause of Temperance; but I merely put down these passages which come most readily to my recollection, though they appear naked indeed, when stripped of the beauty of delineation and exuberance of language which clothed their delivery. Father Chiniquy is an orator of the highest order, for the mission to which he is devoted.

April 7, 1849.

T. S. B.

I went forth into the fields—I beheld the cultivator at his weary toil—he had ploughed his field—he was bowed down with the weariness of labor—the perspiration rolled down the furrows of his rugged cheeks—and I said, it is the curse upon our race from the days of Noah,—"By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." Again I went—again he was ploughing the land a second time. Oh! miserable dweller upon earth—how he labors through the thick hard soil—how terrible the curse—"by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread!" I went again;—he was sowing his seed—and I said, Oh, good Lord, is not this sufficient? already three times he has watered the ground with the sweat of his brow; shall he not now eat his bread? And the Lord answered, no; he must toil more—he must exhaust more strength—the curse must be accomplished—"by the sweat of his brow he must eat bread." I went again;—it was summer—the hot sun beat fiercely upon the head of the poor cultivator—the perspiration rushed from all the pores of his body, and poured down to his feet—he was reaping the bright grain

which he laid on the long furrows—and I said, Oh, Lord, is not this enough? shall he not eat his bread? behold, four times he has watered the ground with the sweat of his brow—of what terrible sin has he been guilty?—shall he not now eat his bread?—is not the curse accomplished? Oh, miserable son of Adam, to what a hard destiny are you doomed! And the Lord answered, no; it is not sufficient—the curse is not completed—"by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread"—his punishment is not over—there is more care, more anxiety, more labor, more prostration of energies, required of him. Then I saw the toil-worn cultivator turn the ripe grain that it might dry—then bind it into sheaves—then cart it to his barn—then thrash the bright sheaves—then winnow the grain from the chaff—then carry it to the mill—then brought home it was kneaded into loaves—then cast into the oven it was baked—and then he gave bread to his children. Oh, dreary doom to the unfortunate son of Adam—oh, terrible curse, "by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." It is only at the end of six months' toil and exhaustion, that thou canst give bread to thy children. Oh, implacable spirit of Jehovah!—but no; God is good—he is kind—he is beneficent to all his creatures. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." Six months of intense toil has been required from the cultivator as the price of his bread, but THIS, THIS (holding up a glass of water,) THIS, has been given us for nothing. Oh, the goodness, the wisdom, the benevolence, of our Creator! He has taken away one half the curse. This element, so pure, so beautiful, so exquisite, which we would go to the ends of the earth to seek, is given to us freely—freely in all times, in all places, and without bounds. It gushes from the rocks—it rolls down from the mountains—it flows past us in mighty rivers. Oh, the beneficence and the wisdom of our bounteous Creator; let us prostrate ourselves in thankfulness for this inestimable gift.

Then I saw in the fathomless abyss—in the depths of hell—SATAN, and he summoned his devils around him, and he said, Behold, God has not cursed man enough; he is doomed to only six months of labor for his bread. And he gets his drink free; he is too happy and too virtuous upon earth, let us devise means to turn men into brutes, and make them miserable. Then they invented distilleries and alcohol, and sent lying spirits abroad to persuade men that it was good, and the whole world was made miserable; for the people, after laboring six months for their bread, were compelled to labor six more for their drink, and there was no more peace upon the earth.

We read of debased and benighted savage nations, who worship venomous serpents as divinities. When one of these savages, roaming in the forests, meets the serpent, he captures it and carries it to his house, where, placed in the best chamber, it is guarded and nourished. Occasionally it comes out and strikes one of the family: its bite is mortal—the victim dies. Sometimes it is the father—sometimes the mother—sometimes it is the son—sometimes it is the daughter—but the reptile is not killed. Oh, no! it is a divinity—a cherished divinity—it is carefully coaxed back to its retreat, and protected, till, one after another, it has destroyed every member of the family. Oh, what a horrible superstition which tolerates this hideous murderer in the household! But what are you, who tolerate alcohol in your houses, but worshippers of a venomous serpent? Do you not see it daily strike and kill your brothers, your parents, and your friends, and yet you cherish and defend what you should cast out and anathematize.

Oh, could those good, virtuous old citizens, who labored and saved to leave fine inheritances to their families, come back among us to see the property squandered and vanished, and the children scattered in poverty or destroyed by the foul demon of intemperance, which has desolated our cherished and beautiful Canada.