

the well-being of her soul, and the education of the children; and on these occasions it was that Tom's habits and wilful dissipation were apparent, for one lady, more assiduous than the rest, would be often in the house when Tom would come home mad, boisterous, and drunkenly brave, and gently would she chide him and counsel him, but this only chafed his spirit, and off he would go again, and more mad and wilful he would revel on, not knowing where he went or what he did, often periling life by walking into ponds, sleeping in the open air, and falling in the high road. Strange that the Governor of human life, and to whom all are amenable, should so long permit, with so much forbearance, the violation of his laws both physical and moral. "But his mercy endureth for ever."

"Thomas," said this lady, "why are you afraid to meet me, have I wronged you?" "No—but—" "But what?" "Why you trouble me, I can't become sober, it is impossible—I have tried your *moderation* plan, and drink a little, but when it is before me, I feel such a strange infatuation, that I must drink on." "Well, why don't you become a teetotalter; thousands have been cured, and why not you?" "A teetotalter! why I should be laughed at?" "Well, had they not better laugh at 'sober Tom,' than 'drunken Tom'?" asked the lady. "Why as for that, I don't know; what a weakness it is to sign a pledge—a man in all other things, but a child in this—but, ma'am, have you signed the pledge?" "Why, no Thomas, I have not." "Then, why do you ask me?" and he turned abruptly and went away. Such a question, and at such a time, forced itself upon the conscience of the lady, and, troubled and concerned, she went away to ponder the searching and unanswerable question of Thomas Conrad, the drunken father of sweet and well-informed children. What! said she in her closet, am I not in a condition to reprove this wicked man, and to teach him a more excellent way? I never get drunk, nay, very rarely taste the drunkard's drink, what need have I to sign the pledge? Beside, how can I become one of a community which is professedly to reclaim drunkards? and she read her Sacred book, and asked for wisdom from on high, and she rose from her knees, and the thought that the drunkard must once have been sober, and by little drops, often taken, his taste became stronger and stronger, and as all sin is progressive, *this very little* with me may increase to more, and beside, this total abstinence society is for the *prevention* as well as the cure of drunkenness. So that it is as safe for me to sign for prevention, as Thomas Conrad to sign for a cure—and away she went to the Secretary, and nobly put her name on the registry, and took out her card, and then requiring a blank one, she started for Tom's house. He was at home. For many days he had been absent, debt had overwhelmed him; poverty, with her rude hand, had dressed him in rags, and, depressed and woe-worn, he was literally on the point of desperation, revolving in his mind as to what his steps should be. He had dressed himself and was coming down stairs, when a stranger's voice was heard. He paused, but it was no use; untiring fidelity in the office of benevolence must be rewarded, and though determined to go up again, yet the lady's voice prevented him. "Thomas," she said, "I have signed the pledge, and have brought a blank pledge card for you." "Well, you may leave it," was his cold reply; he left the lady and his wife together—he could eat nothing, but felt thirsty in the extreme—he went to his work—his boy went with him—his father was on the same job—and as the day rolled on, he sent the lad for *half-a-pint*; the lad went and returned, but the landlord, with whom he had spent pounds, would not now trust him a penny. "Where's the beer?" asked the father. "They won't trust you," replied the lad. "Won't trust me?" and he paused, and was silent. In a moment the lady's pledge was thought of. "Bring me some cold water," he said, "and when I ask for trust again, I shall

get it." The water was brought, and Tom drank—it was cold—clear—refreshing—

"His arm grew strong,
Though his toil was long,
When he drank of the cup of cold water."

Tom now went home. He thought he would have *tea* that day—he was not in the habit of taking tea. His wife was surprised, but never suffered her feelings to escape. Busy and noiselessly she spread the table, blew the fire, made the refreshing and cheering cup; the little one played with the kitten, and enticingly laid it on the father's knee—talked of its pranks, and laughed in the father's face. Thomas was silent; the wife in suppressed tones hummed a tune, feeling some difficulty now and then, saying a kind word to the child—hushing his boisterous mirth, and directing some of the other children's movements. Thomas had drunk the first cup, and affected to be diverted by the sport of the little one and kitten, and, as though suddenly recollecting a something he had almost forgotten, he said, "Where's the lady's pledge?" The wife reached it from the mantel-shelf—the second cup was poured out, and Thomas, deeply thoughtful, read and pondered the pledge, supping between whiles his tea and biting of his bread; again the cup was emptied and again replenished, and ere it was again empty, Thomas asked, "where is the pen and ink?" The pen and ink were handed to him, and when the last drop lingered in his cup—while all was anxiety in that dear one's breast—and after fidgetting his ear with the feathery part of the pen which he held indecisively in his hand—as though by a desperate effort, he signed the lady's pledge, and tossing it rudely across the table, he said, "*there, I'm a teetotalter!*" and from that day to this the landlord's refusal and the lady's pledge are his boast.

Ladies! you drink but little, but your hands are not clean. This lady felt her weakness—felt she was inadequate to the task of recommending what she herself had never practised; but when she had signed the pledge, then with confidence, with assurance, she could say, Do as I do, and not as I say. Put yourselves in this condition—sign the pledge, and you may invite the drunkard; persevere, and you shall meet with your reward.

DR. NOTT'S LECTURES ON TEMPERANCE.

(From the *Methodist Quarterly Review*.)

The rigid friends of the temperance cause are generally pious people—people having a high regard for the sacred writings. It is not wonderful, then, that nothing has been more perplexing to them than those objections to total abstinence which have been professedly deduced from the inspired volume. These objections, it is not to be denied, have, in some instances at least, the appearance of great plausibility. We think, however, it is only in *appearance*; and that nothing contained in the Holy Bible, when fairly interpreted and rightly understood, furnishes any authority whatever for using alcoholic liquors as a beverage. But the point deserves examination.

The two Hebrew words which are most commonly used for wine, and which are, perhaps, always so translated, are *yayin* and *tirosh*. Both of these terms are, clearly and beyond all question, generic. The former comprehends wine of all kinds; the latter, the fruit of the vine, in the cluster, in the press, or in the vat; either in the solid form of grapes, or of grape-juice. When applied to the unpressed grape, it is of course so applied by a frequent Scripture metonymy; the container being put for the contained. Besides these two words, there are some half dozen others which are used in the Hebrew Scriptures to designate particular kinds of wine; as inspissated wine; mixed wine, whether with water or with drugs; sweet drink from the palm and other trees, but