

would die!" One of the three men asked me if I was a teetotaler. I said yes I am. The three men then began to call temperance by all the ill names they could think of. After they had carried on this work for some time, said come! come! this sort of work won't do. Just allow me to ask you each a question. To this they agreed. I said to the first, "Do you drink intoxicating drinks, sir?" "Yes." "Would you be kind enough to tell me why you drink them?" "Well," said he, "I drink to create an appetite, if it were not for the drink I could scarcely eat anything, consequently I should not be able to work." I said to the second, "And pray, sir, what do you drink for?" "Well, sir," said he, "to tell the truth, I drink to prevent my appetite. If I were not to drink ale, I should eat all before me!" I then turned to the third person, and inquired what he drank ale for? "I drink to make me work!" I was just going to reply to the three men, when suddenly the old man in the corner arose from his seat, and stretching out his hand he tapped the last speaker on the shoulder, and with a tremulous voice exclaimed "That's right; thee drink, and it will make thee work. Harken to me a moment, and I'll tell thee something that may do thee good. I was once a prosperous farmer; I had a good loving wife, and two fine lads as ever sun shone on. We had a comfortable home, and lived happily together. But we used to drink ale to make us work. . . . Those two lads I have now laid in drunkards' graves, my wife died broken-hearted and she now lies by her two sons. I am 70 years of age; had it not been for the drink, I might now have been an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work, and mark, it makes me work now; at 70 years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drink! Drink! AND IT WILL MAKE YOU WORK."—*Bristol Temperance Herald*.

#### CLIFTON ROCKS.

The following extract is taken from a lecture recently delivered at Guildhall, Bath, by the Rev Newman Hall, L. L. B., of London, on the claims of the temperance reformation on the Christian Church.

The illustration is pertinent and graphic, as those who are familiar with the locality of Clifton will at once perceive. We are much gratified to find from a letter received the other day from an Independent minister in Herefordshire, who happened at the time to be in Bath, and who went to hear the lecture in question, that he was so convinced of the soundness and rectitude of the principles then enunciated, as 'to resolve to do away with the glass,' and to continue his own words, 'Mr Hall delivered himself in so convincing a manner, as could not but make all who had heads and hearts to do the same.'

This minister has already commenced in good earnest with his own congregation and we trust that an attentive perusal of the following passages, and a prayerful consideration of the position and responsibility of the moderate drinker, will induce many of our readers to adopt the same laudable resolve as our friend in Herefordshire:—

'Some time ago I was on the beautiful downs at Clifton, looking at the lovely scenery around, the river Avon winding so tranquilly below, and the Nightingale Valley, clothed with verdure, opposite. How perilous is the edge of those rocks, sloping gradually downwards—far more perilous than it

had terminated abruptly. I thought, standing there—I am only a few feet from the very edge, where the view is much more beautiful, but if I go on the slope my feet may give way—I might slide down, and be unable to stop myself until I fall over the precipice. Now, supposing I had strong spike nails put into my boots, and suppose I went across the slope and stood on the edge of the rock, and digging my spikes into the ground, stood there secure, and suppose there was a crowd of persons passing by, and I knew nothing of them they being strangers to me; and I was to exclaim in their hearing, "How delightful this is! how much more enjoyable than standing there away from the edge! Here I stand looking right over, with no danger of falling, and with a degree of excitement and delight that you who stand behind cannot imagine." And suppose attracted by my representations of the superior enjoyments of such a position, some of them behind venture, one by one, without having any spikes in their shoes, to try and stand where I stand, and to do just as I am doing; and suppose I see them slipping, and one falls and is dashed to pieces, while some continue to stand, having spikes; or others, feeling their danger, go back; but every now and then, one after another, an old man or a child, or a young man or a woman, falls over to be dashed to pieces; and suppose I still retain my position, and say, "how delightful it is!" while men of benevolence exclaim, "You wretch! you are guilty of the murder of these people!" and I say, "I am doing nothing of the kind: what nonsense to charge me with it! for though they are doing as I do, I am setting them the example to stand upon the cliff, I am not setting them the example to fall over." What would you say to such a defence? Should I not be execrated from one end of the kingdom to the other, and rightly so? And is not this the position of the moderate drinker? If I am a man of moderation, I have certain spikes in my shoes—the spike of constitutional temperance, which does not urge me to excess, and which enables me to take from a habit a small quantity and then stop; or the spike of conscience or of true religion, which enables me to retain my position; but those who accompany me may be devoid of that peculiar constitutional temperance, or of true religion, or have but little conscience, and perhaps may have inherited a predisposition towards drunkenness. Yet I invite them to do as I do. See the result: 30,000 persons every year fall down these cliffs of drunkenness and are dashed to pieces; and yet moderate drinkers shall stand upon the edge, and say,—"We are not responsible for their fallings, because if they only did as we do they would be safe."—*Bristol Temperance Herald*.

#### LOST AND FOUND.

"From Passages in the Life of a Temperance Lecturer."

In the town of "—" there was related to me a most interesting account of the degradation and separation through drunkenness of a tradesman and his wife, and their reform and re-union by joining the Temperance Society. They had no family and had a prospect of doing well; they were intelligent and industrious, attended public worship and were respected by those who knew them. He, to be like other people, went occasionally to a

public-house with a friend. He had no particular liking for strong drinks, but could take them, and enjoy a chat with a few friends when so met. He being often offered a dram out of the decanters of his friends and customers when he called on them felt that it would look mean and unneighbourly if he did not keep a bottle in his house. When he passed the evening at home he would take a glass of toddy and his pipe and urge his wife to join him. At first she would have preferred only to taste it, and not to have had a glass to herself. "Just a wee drop, a little will do you good," was his exclamation. She was prevailed on to comply. The desire for the drink was created. Their glasses eventually became larger,—their one glass soon became two sometimes, when he thought he needed it, during the day he would go to the closet and take a dram of raw spirits. She commenced to do the same, until both at last became inebriates. His duties engaging him more actively, he could not indulge his desire so much in secrecy at home. In consequence she sunk faster than he did, and he frequently found her intoxicated on his return home. When she could not get money she began to pawn and sell their things. Men can sooner perceive the odiousness of vice in others than in themselves, especially in their wives. They feel its disgrace more in those they love than in their own persons. He would frequently be intoxicated, and afterwards when sober, regret that he had "taken so much," and yet he did not feel disgraced by it, but now he felt humbled by the intoxication of his wife. Men claim the virtues of their wives as their own, and although conscious of doing wrong themselves feel a gratification that their partner does right. Man looks on woman as a purer being than himself, and overlooks and excuses in man what would disgrace a woman. So, while he saw the excesses of his wife, he forgot his own, and that he had trained her day by day until the appetite for strong drink which he now condemned was induced. He complained in angry irritating words, and continued still to go on in the same course as before. As she became more reckless he became so too. Work was neglected, custom was lost, clothes and furniture disappeared. And yet that husband and wife had some good points remaining, and there were occasionally signs in their hearts

"That God still linger there."

When in her senses she would feel contrition and desire to be better, and she would shrink from meeting those respectable persons with whom she associated in her purer and happier days. She never blamed him for teaching her to be a drunkard. He in his anger never descended to violence. In his sober moments he would feel intensely when he saw their respectable neighbours going or returning from public worship in cheerful converse and in comfortable attire. Sunday always brought back more vividly the contrast between their present condition and the time when they enjoyed its privileges. Sometimes better aspirations would arise in his breast, and he would feel hopes of their happy days returning again. Pictures of prosperity and respectability would arise, but alas he took no steps to realise them. He wished to enjoy the rewards of wisdom, but he continued to walk in the paths of folly. He never obeyed the plain direction of the Scriptures he had so often heard: "Cease to do evil—learn to do well." Like too many he wanted to be good