

vation. I have been engaged in trade and commerce in this city, upwards of twenty-two years, and occupied the store I am now in during the whole time. Not an individual originally near me, is now to be found, save three flour merchants. In casting my eyes around the neighbourhood, and looking back to the period above mentioned, I ask, Where are they now? On my left were a father and his two sons, grocers, in prosperous business. The sons went down to the grave several years since in poverty, confirmed drunkards. On my right was a firm of long and respectable standing, engaged in foreign commerce, the junior partner of which some years since died, confirmed in this habit. Five or six doors above was one holding a highly responsible situation under our State Government, at first, he was seen to stop and take a little gin and water: soon he was staggering in the street; presently was laid in the grove a victim to intemperance. On the corner immediately opposite my store was a grocer doing a moderate business. Being addicted to drink, in a state of intoxication he went into the upper loft of his store at noon-day, put fire to an open keg having powder in it, blew off the roof of his store, and himself into eternity. One door beyond this corner was a father, an officer in one of our churches, a grocer, and his two sons: both sons have long since been numbered with the dead, through the effects of drink; a son-in-law of the above father, pursuing the same business, following the practice of the sons, has come to the same end; a young man, clerk and successor in the same store, has also gone down to the grave from the same cause. On the other side of the Slip, a wealthy grocer died leaving a family of several young men, three of whom, together with a sister and her husband, have since died in poverty, confirmed drunkards. Next door to this, a junior partner of one of the most respectable grocers in this city, has long since followed the above, from the same cause, leaving behind two brothers, comparatively young in years but old in vice, now living on the charity of their friends. On looking down the street in front of my store, there were seen three of middle age, grocers, but a few years since in prosperous business, now numbered with the dead from the same cause. In the same square in which I now am, was an individual at the head of an extensive shipping house, owning several stores, renting from six to ten hundred dollars each, a year; owning and occupying a house in Broadway, worth twenty thousand dollars, with a family of several sons and daughters living in affluence. From a moderate drinker he became a confirmed drunkard; his property is now all gone, his family scattered, and himself a vagabond about our streets. His next door neighbour, a partner in one of our most respectable shipping houses has gone to his grave in early life, from the same cause, not having had time to spend the large amount of his previous earnings. Near me was one in the prime of life, and of respectable and pious parentage, liberally educated, engaged extensively in foreign commerce, and awhile one of our City Council. In the short space of three years, he was a bankrupt, a drunkard, and in his grave! But my heart sickens at the detail, which I could extend.

Most of those mentioned were men with whom I have had daily intercourse in the way of business, and but for this cause, might at this moment, in the ordinary course of Providence, have been useful members of society.—*N. Y. City Report.*

What a solemn warning to both sellers and drinkers is given in the above statement of facts! Look at this spectacle again in the following abstract:

A grocer had two sons—they died drunkards and paupers. A respectable merchant died a drunkard. A state officer of distinction died a drunkard. A grocer intoxicated was blown to atoms. An elder, had two sons, they died drunkards. The Elder's son-in-law died a drunkard. The son-in-law's clerk died a drunkard. A grocer had three sons—they died paupers and drunkards. His daughter and her husband died paupers and drunkards. A grocer of high standing died a confirmed drunkard. Three grocers in prosperous business died drunkards. A merchant of property with an interesting family, squandered his property; his family is scattered and he is now a vagabond in the streets. His next neighbour died a drunkard. A foreign merchant, a member of the Town Council, died a Bankrupt and a drunkard. And one individual saw all this! But what has the world seen? Thousands on Thousands.

*For the Canada Temperance Advocate.*

NO. 11.

"Who slew all these?" 2 Kings x. 9.

Having noticed in my last communication the sin of those who make or sell intoxicating drink, I now remark further, in answering the question, Who slew all these? That a portion of the guilt which is contracted by the murder or ruin, caused by, or in consequence of the use of intoxicating liquor, is shared by many of those persons who are employed in the service of distillers, brewers, tavern-keepers, spirit-dealers, wine-selling merchants, or others engaged in the traffic. I mean clerks, bar-keepers, and all others who are employed habitually or occasionally in the manufacture, or sale of intoxicating drink. I have no hesitation in asserting that, in general, such persons are guilty of being accessory to the production of those deadly evils to which this hellish traffic leads, and particularly now, when so much light has been thrown upon the subject, and these evils so clearly pointed out.

I cannot see how they clear themselves from a participation in this sin, as moral agents, free to act as they choose, and accountable for their conduct; they deliberately agree, by a voluntary engagement, to uphold and carry on a traffic, which they know to be productive of misery, death and woe, and how can they justify themselves in doing so? It is impossible that they can. And if they plead that they must make a living, so may the highway robber, who murders the traveller for the sake of his purse, plead the same excuse. What better is the man who stands behind the counter or the bar, and in obedience to his employer, measures out to his customers intoxicating drink, to cheat them of their property, destroy their health, and ruin their souls, than he who for hire goes forth in the darkness of night, and murders his neighbor, that he may rob him of his money, and give it unto him by whom he has been hired? What better, I ask, is the one than the other? Tell me if you can, you who are employed as servants, in the making, handling, or selling, for common use, of intoxicating drink; for if you cannot shew that you are justifiable in being so employed how will you answer on that great day of accounts, when, pointing to the gathered multitude of those who have died the victims of intoxicating drink, the Judge of all the earth, from his throne, cries out, with a look towards you, which cannot be mistaken,—a look full of meaning, from which you cannot escape: "Who slew all these?" Are you not assisting to slay your fellow creatures? Are you not, by helping to keep up and carry on the wicked business of drunkard-making, lending your aid to ruin men's souls? You cannot upon good ground plead innocent to the heavy charge, which we solemnly make against you, of being accessory to the production of those dreadful evils which are the fruits of intemperance both in this life, and that which is to come. Think of these things.

T. C. W.

FOR THE TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

EXPERIENCE A BAD MASTER.—There is one proof of this, which we have at present in our own mind's eye; although our readers on the first glance perhaps supposed that we were about to contradict, without sufficient authority, the old proverb, "experience is a good master." We do not mean to deny that a lesson carried home to the mind through the open channel of experience, is most likely to remain there; on the contrary we hold that no instructor is half so successful as Experience, its lessons once conveyed to the mind are generally permanent. Let for example our confidence be once betrayed by a neighbor, and we ever after keep a watch upon him. Or suppose in crossing the fields you hastily pluck a few pods from the stem of a little plant at your feet, inadvertently put them into your mouth and then swallow them; in consequence you are made very sick; you might cross that field again, but you would not again swallow the pods, were they to lie as thick as peas in your path. A burnt child dreads the fire. But in the use of intoxicating liquor, this maxim is totally reversed. Experience here seems to have no power of conveying instruction. Its lessons are heeded not, though a thousand times repeated. Take our proof. From the window by whose light we are now writing a tavern is visible; one of those taverns in our city where groceries are sold. Its first keeper rots in a drunkard's grave. He died a