

stimulants to fit him for the enjoyment of a friend or of society! A Prince of old condemned by fate to choose one of three sins, murder, incest, or intoxication, chose the last, supposing it to be the least, but in its delirium committed both the others. There is too much madness in the world without drink.—we require sobriety to temper us for the rugged road of our daily existence.

Children of Reclab, a glorious destiny awaits us. A broad field spreads around, ripe, ready for the harvest; if the laborers be few, the greater will be their honor; they are worthy of their lure, and will be certain to reap a rich reward. The public mind is prepared for us, already has it learned a mournful lesson, in the hundreds of families and individuals coming forward into life with everything bright and beautiful around them, but wasted, ruined, sunk, and annihilated by the awful scourge of intemperance. Look to young men—look to families lost in the fathomless gulf of dissipation! And there has been consolation in the example of others, commencing life amid trouble, obstacles and perplexity, who by a resolute perseverance in sobriety, have risen to honor, affluence, and happiness. The experience of our own city needs but be related, to convince and confirm all, that he who devotes himself to the advocacy of Temperance is impelled by an impulse of the most exalted philanthropy. Who are the miserably half clad for the coming winter? we know them as they pass us on the street. Who wants food, who wants wood, who wants decent clothing?—those whose money has gone for drink. Let them count up what it has cost them in the last six months. Who are the drunkards of to-day? the moderate drinkers of ten years ago. Who will be the drunkards ten years hence? the moderate drinkers of to-day. Is there not a great work of reform before us?

And what are the prospects of our Order? what shall be our share, in the magnificent work that will assuredly be accomplished? That depends upon yourselves and the good Providence of Heaven. "Help yourselves, and Heaven will aid you," says the French proverb. Let us remember that we have promised to do all the good we can; let us foster a lively enthusiasm, let our mutual faith be warmed by those generous impulses, which, at the outset, five years ago, impelled you the fathers of our institution in Canada, to establish it among us. Let every Reclabite strive earnestly to add one more Reclabite to the roll of his Tent. Every man, however humble, is the centre of a small circle upon which he exerts an influence. Let these centres of circles be multiplied and established in every quarter, till one circle disappears and dissolves within the lines of another, and the whole community mingled in love, and purified in spirit, is bound together within one circle, the cherished hand of our Order, Truth, Fortitude, Temperance, and Justice.

### THE PLEDGE WANTED.

(From the British Banner.)

Seldom have the services of Mr. Wakley, the celebrated Coroner for Middlesex, been employed on an occasion more affecting or suggestive than on Thursday last, when he was required to investigate the circumstances attending the death of Mr. Thomas Morton. The deceased, though a young man, was highly distinguished in the medical profession, and held the twofold office of Surgeon to the University College Hospital, and also to the Queen's Bench Prison; he was known among his friends as a man of superior mind, fine feelings, and great amiability; his home was graced by the presence of an estimable wife and a child; his pecuniary circumstances were so easy that he had talked with his friends of resigning his position of surgeon to the Hospital,—and yet, with all these means of happiness and enjoyment, the evidence adduced showed most clearly, that the unhappy man, by means of prussic acid, had terminated an existence which he felt to be an insupportable burden! But his most distressing suicide was not inexplicable. Scarcely any of his friends, indeed, seem to have suspected Mr. Morton of intemperance, but the very extraordinary evidence of Mr. Stedman, a surgeon, who had known the deceased for some years, left not a doubt as to the rock on which he split. Among the documents which this gentleman produced at the inquest, was a kind of diary of rules and reflections, penned by the deceased, at different periods during the last four or five months. From this affecting record the following are quotations:—

"Shun wine, beer, and spirits.

"To drink little or no beer or wine.

"No wine or beer.

"Pray morning, noon, and night, to be strong against the temptation.

"It is the system of, 'Well, one glass more,' which breaks a man down.

"Beer or wine makes a man heavy, bilious, bad tempered, violent, and, next day, feeble.

"Remember the happy lightness of a water drinker.

"I fail because I am not firm to resist temptation. Also, because I try myself and run into danger. When I fail it is my thoughtlessness and want of firmness, and being unmindful of the horrors. Also, by an opinion that I can stand a good deal of beer. The health, temper, and character of a beer drinker are undermined. One should never exceed a pint of beer a day. I am better on water. I never was so happy as on water, and so was Law.

"I have only to remember my dreadful sufferings the morning after taking so much beer or wine. How much more lively and active I am when I have been temperate!!! Everything is pleasant to me, and I get on."

All the numerous rules were of the same character, reiterating and enforcing, again and again, the relinquishment of his besetting, and, apparently, solitary vice. The last paper read by Mr. Stedman was the most important of all, as showing the operation of intoxicating fluids upon the unhappy gentleman's mind.

"Let me not forget my dreadful feelings (*delirium tremens*) after taking two or three pints of ale. Drink only water, and never exceed of beer one pint or one glass. When I fail, it is by thoughtlessness and want of firmness, also by an opinion that I can stand a good deal of beer. The health, temper, and character of a beer drinker are undermined. One should never exceed a pint of beer a day. I am better on water. I never was so happy as on water. Take plenty of exercise in the open air, and live on water.

"I have only to remember my dreadful sufferings the morning after taking so much beer or wine. Low suicidal feelings, despondent and gloomy thoughts, pulse 100 to 120, head dizzy, limbs tremulous, pains about heart, flatulence and eructations, incapacity for duty of any kind, temper irritable and overbearing, expansive habits, loss of time, forgetfulness of engagements, every thing in disorder, and all for what? *Because I choose to take two pints of ale or half a bottle of wine.*"

It is evident, from the above, that the subject of this distressing narrative was a man of very acute feelings; that his conscience was wounded, not decimated by sin; that he was thoroughly and painfully cognizant of his enthrallment and its effects—but, notwithstanding his superior mental powers, and even his aspirations after good,—for at his death an open Bible was found at his side—he yet lacked the virtuous firmness to resist his besetting temptation. It is plain, too, that his intemperance was not a matter of quantity. What many "moderate drinkers" imbibe daily, with impunity, was quite sufficient to produce in him "low suicidal feelings, despondent and gloomy thoughts." Mr. Erichsen, who examined the head of the deceased, deposed, that the condition of the brain was such as "is always found in persons of intemperate habits." As one small leak may disable or sink a noble ship, so the indulgence of one feeling may, either, or permanently close, a most valuable existence. Who can doubt, that the Total Abstinence Pledge would have been the preservation of Mr. Morton? Its ready adoption is the sure and only safeguard for that very numerous class of men, who, with every feeling of self-reproach, are yet unable, unassisted by some such preventive check, always to resist a temptation of perpetual recurrence, and to break through the fetters gradually forged, and at length rivetted by indulgence in a debasing habit. Whether or not, as the more rigid advocates of Temperance maintain, it be the duty of every well-wisher of his species to abstain entirely from any intoxicating beverage, there can be no question as to its propriety and urgent necessity in such cases as that of Mr. Morton.

Nor should it be for a moment forgotten by those who do not feel themselves called upon to abstain completely, that intoxicating drink is the huge, insatiate Moloch of this country, at whose shrine are yearly sacrificed millions of money and thousands of lives—whose victims include both sexes, all ranks, conditions, and ages—whose influence, often stealthy and secret, but ever withering and deadly, overshadows our land like a pestilential cloud, and contributes far more than ought else to perpetuate and increase the innumerable forms of human vice, degradation and misery. It blights the prospects and ruins the peace of many a