

BYTOWN DIVISION, S. OF T., SERIES OF TRACTS.

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MR. NOBODY'S ADVICE;
OR, HOW I BECAME A TEETOTALER.

BY REV. CHARLES T. JONES.

THE following narrative, remarkable alike for its naturalness and for its straightforward simplicity, was told me by a sailor, who experienced what is here written, in his own words. The impression made upon my own mind was such, that it occurred to me it might be made useful to others, and hence I have transcribed it with a sincere prayer for its success.

"In the month of November, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-four, I arrived in the city of New York, on my return from China, and liking good quarters, I went to the Sailors' Home, in Cherry Street, to board, and remained there till the ship was paid off. But as I loved the tot a little too well, and the folks at the Home were all sober-sides, I thought it was too decent a place for me to stay in. So I paid my bill, picked up my tonnage, and made sail for a rum-hole in Cherry Street, and took up my abode there with other drunkards like myself. I had been living in the house about ten days, and lighting upon a sober interval, I thought I should like to know how the account stood. So I asked Mr. Boniface for my bill. He informed me that I was forty-one dollars in his debt. This surprised me by its magnitude. But, remembering that I had been drinking pretty heavy, and spreeing it very freely, and consequently could not tell exactly how much I had really drawn, I said nothing about it.

"It so happened, however, that the drinking of the last ten