

vantage to the legal advocate or the judge as a means of giving a right view of the case submitted for his examination. And I am sure it can be of no advantage to the minister of Christ as a means of enkindling his zeal; or of renewing either his physical or his moral strength in the service of his divine Master. In relation to its effects, in these cases and many more, volumes of facts have been collected. The prevalent use of this stimulus is the most blighting curse that has ever lighted upon man. It has proved itself to be injurious to him in his physical constitution as an individual—injurious to him in all his civil and social relations—and injurious to him in all that relates to his moral and spiritual condition as an immortal and an accountable being. Its effects have been to shorten life and in many cases to destroy reason, and to entail the diseases of one generation upon the people of another. It has been the fruitful occasion of nearly all the destitution, and wretchedness and crime, which has prevailed in every country. It has been the means of filling almshouses with paupers—penitentiaries with convicts, and lunatic asylums with the pitiable inmates which inhabit them. It has been the great instigator, and the chosen companion of vice in every form. It has been the great supporter of idleness and profanity, and Sabbath breaking, and theft and highway robbery, and murder. It has rendered the mind callous to the impressions of divine truth. It has hindered the success of the gospel. It has extensively prevented its illuminating effects, and has in this way been the means of destroying the souls as well as the bodies of men—of shutting them out of the kingdom of heaven, as well as of blasting all their prospects of happiness in the present world. And besides all this, let us take a view of the misery and trouble, which the drunkard brings upon all around him. Look at his pale-faced, sickly, miserably clad wife, wasted by grief and wanting the common necessities and comforts of life, of which she is deprived, that the husband may indulge the more in the intoxicating bowl—look at the miserable children clothed in rags, without a covering for their heads or feet, and not enough to keep their bodies from cold. In this situation you may often see them going from door to door trembling with cold begging a piece of bread to satisfy the cravings of appetite—look around their dwellings and you will be at once satisfied as to the dreadful effects of intemperance—you will see no comforts there, a heap of straw perhaps covered up in one corner, a miserable table, a couple of broken chairs or stools, and two or three broken bowls, or plates on the shelf, where you will never fail to see a bottle or two standing.

#### WHAT THE SPEAKER HAS SEEN OF DRUNKARDS.

I have many times seen and served little ragged, dirty, trembling creatures, with very small supplies of groceries and a plentiful supply of rum—many a time have I answered to the call of a three copper loaf, a candle, and a bottle of rum; or an ounce of tea,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sugar, and a quart of rum;—the rum must be provided for first, and if there is any money to spare, they will get a little sugar or tea.

I will relate a circumstance or two which I have witnessed myself, which will show some of the misery which rum-drinking causes.—The person with whom I served my time was a Grocer—he had many men, (labourers and tradesmen) to pay weekly wages to, (not for himself but for another who employed them.) Every Saturday night they would come with their tickets stating the amount each was to receive. Almost all of them dealt with us for their groceries, and many of them ran weekly accounts, some of whom were in arrears; and though my master was a very correct man, and often told them and tried to persuade them to take less rum and more of other things, nor would he give them as much as they wanted to drink at the counter—yet it was heart sickening to see what small proportions of necessary articles they took on their accounts and how often repeated the rum with their three or four ditto following, with now and then a pound of sugar, or  $\frac{1}{2}$  tea or such like articles shoved in between them.—I say, in tracing out the consequences of these many pints or quarts, and ditto, volumes of misery might be told: much I have seen myself when I had occasion to go to some of their most miserable

apartments to remind them of their dues.—I have administered the glass, the gill, and the half pint to many, and some of them miserable, dirty, filthy, objects, who by their appearance, one might suppose allowed nothing to enter their mouths but rum;—some I have seen who would call for a half pint of rum and drink it without water, just as you would drink a glass of water. Frequently have I served it out thus though upon many occasions I have refused and only given them half as much, telling them a half pint was too much at once.—A gill was the common drink of very many.—I have seen women too, come to the counter and call for their rum, and many a time with children at their breast—I have seen them uncover their little innocent creatures and pour some of it down their throats, not satisfied with what they could extract from their breasts; many times it has made the blood run cold in my veins to see such things. I was obliged to be up very early in the morning; and early as it used to be, there would sometimes be two or three waiting for their bitters, and such dirty looking hivering creatures that one might read misery in their countenances;—perhaps some of them just turned out of some open porch where they have lain cramped up to keep themselves warm, and looking for the first open shop to obtain their bitters or some rum, which had the effect of steadying their trembling nerves.—I have seen some come in the shop in the morning and call for rum, which they were not able to drink after they had it set before them. This may appear strange, but true it is that they could not drink it without somebody to hold the glass to their mouths. I have put their glass of rum into a tumbler and even then they could not raise it to their mouths. I have seen them attempt to lift it up, but before they could get it to their lips it would be all out of the glass, over their clothes, and in their faces, and sometimes in their eyes, so that they could not drink the drop that might happen to be left—so great has been their trembling that they could not manage to raise it even with two hands—the tumbler being clenched between them. I have often had to give them the second glass, the first being spilled in this way, and have raised it to their mouths, with my own hands; and in some cases when I have turned away in disgust, and would not raise it up for them, they have had to put their mouths down to the tumbler, clenching it at the same time with two hands, and even then could not accomplish it without splashing some in their faces. I do not mean to say that all persons that came to drink at our counter were reduced to that state, nor were those persons whom I have just described always so; they were once moderate drinkers, and I have no doubt many times boasted that they could and would always remain so, and have sneered and laughed at some of their friends, who have been persuaded to join a temperance society, and thus saved themselves from the misery and disgrace, into which all moderate drinkers are in danger of falling.

#### NOW TIME GOES WITH A DRUNKARD.

I will relate a case which will show how time sometimes goes with the drunkards, which I witnessed while I was an apprentice. On a beautiful evening in summer, the sun was fast sinking to the horizon, making his long shadows behind every object upon which he shone. The tradesmen were passing to and fro from their work with their tools under their arms—joy beamed in almost every countenance which the beauties of such a summer evening was calculated to inspire. I stood by the shop door leaning carelessly upon one side, reflecting on the events of the day, when I was suddenly accosted with “good morning.” I turned round to see the person who addressed me, and beheld an object upon whom the beauties of the evening could bestow no pleasures. I soon discovered the cause of such a salutation at 6 o'clock in the evening. I looked at him without making a reply, his clothes which were good, were dirty and full of wrinkles, his face was dirty and his hair hung in tails at each side; his hands were in his pockets and he trembled a little; his whole appearance presented that of misery. After I had looked at him for some time, he again addressed me (for we were well known to each other, he worked in a carpenter's shop in the neighbourhood, and came frequently into the shop where I stopped)—with “It's

a fine morning;” I smiled—he said again—“has the chaps gone to work yet?” (meaning the rest of the men who worked in the shop with him.) I could not think it so late, and said to him—“you miserable, idle, drunken wretch, where have you come from, at this time of the day?”—why said he, “it's not 6 o'clock yet, I just past the sentry at government house and he told me it wanted a quarter; but I don't think it's so late” continued he, (pointing to the setting sun;) “I am sure the sun is not high yet, it can't be late.” I told him it was evening and not morning, that they were just about leaving their work; and it was some time before I could convince him of his mistake: after some talk he went away quite ashamed—I concluded that he had got drunk in the morning, and had sauntered outside of the town, and had laid down in the corner of some field, and slept away some hours, when he awoke, being of course half stupid from the effects of what he had been drinking; he thought he had lain there all night, and took the evening for the morning, the setting for the rising of the sun, and the sentry telling him it was a quarter to six, he thought was 6 o'clock in the morning. The person alluded to was only about 22 years of age, which renders the case the more distressing—a person of that age to be so far gone in drunkenness. I knew of his being once a moderate drinker.—It is when men are moderate drinkers, that they should join the temperance society; that is the time to leave off drinking; for if they wait till they can drink immoderately, it may then be too late. Most men work when it is too late. The foolish virgins were too late. Esau was too late for the blessing;—and many men will wish they had joined the temperance society when it is too late.\*

#### “A TIME TO DANCE.”—Eccles. iii. 4.

When is the time to dance? 1. Not when it is a time to mourn. This assertion will hardly need proof. You would not dance at a funeral. You would not dance when your friends were dying, or your house was burning, or your fortune was being wrecked, or your life was in danger. If your sin are still unforgiven you ought to mourn over them till you find pardon. If your soul is in danger you have no time to dance till the danger is averted. If there are others around you whom you love who are still in sin, you must mourn for them lest they too should perish, and while your own sin and danger afford so much more cause for sorrow it is a “time to mourn” and not a “time to dance.”

2. Not when more important matters than dancing are demanding attention. Common prudence dictates this course. Seek first the kingdom of God. The soul is more precious than the whole world, and you will not surely endanger its eternal salvation for the sake of dancing. It is wrong, foolish, wicked to put your soul for an evening's dissipation. So long there fore as the salvation of your soul is a matter of doubt, and especially while you know that you have no hope and are without God in the world, it is not for you a time to dance.

3. Not when you are on the verge of hell. You would not dance on a precipice. But if you have not made your peace with God, you are on the brink of destruction. You are in danger every instant of being precipitated into remediless ruin. Your dancing when thus exposed looks more like the antics of a madman than the amusement of a man with a sound mind. Death often comes to the dancing room. I read some time since, of four young men leaving the hall where they had been dancing and one of them fell dead, and his companions concealed his body for fear the party might be broken up if it were known that one had fallen into the bottomless pit. And while you are exposed to the same danger it is not a time to dance.—N. Y. Obs.

Every enjoyment of the human heart is like a tree planted deeply in the soil, which rooted out, leaves not the earth as it was before, but tears it up, and scatters its broad, and makes a yearning void difficult to be filled again.—Anon.

\*To be concluded in our next number.