

to a crisis; Mr. K— was soon obliged to sell his property, and shortly afterwards set out to the United States, accompanied by all his family, with the exception of one of his sons, who remained some time in Canada; but prosecution being threatened, for some outrages which he committed while intoxicated, he followed his parents to the United States. Here closes my acquaintance with the history of this unhappy family. And if this simple narrative should be the means of inducing any to turn from the path that leads to misery and ruin, it will not have been written in vain.

Dumfries, Feb. 2, 1849.

J. R.

### THE FEVER OF PASSION.

You know what like fever is—that dreaded visitant that is so familiar in your lanes and homes? The pulse beats quick—the brow burns and throbs—the cheeks are flushed—the eye becomes at first heavy and oppressed, then flashes with strange excitement—by and by the mind becomes confused, and the tongue wanders in wild delirium. And now all doubt is at an end; a thrilling awe and dread fills the dwelling; they now know well who the fatal stranger is—it is the fever! Now there is a fever of the soul as well as of the body. There are different kinds of it—did you ever see any of them? There is, for instance, the fever of anger—the fever of envy—the fever of jealousy—the fever of revenge—of covetousness—of lust. It is very deadly, setting the soul in fire, consuming its very life away, and bringing it to an eternal grave. Many awful instances are recorded of its ravages. It was under the frenzy of this fever that Cain lifted his murderous hand and slew his brother. It was this burning fever that hurried David on to those deeds of crime over which he wept so bitterly afterwards, and which had well nigh destroyed his soul for ever. He was just recovering from this fever when he cried, "Create in me a clean heart, O God." Even the meek and gentle Moses had a fit of this fever, which made him speak unadvisedly with his lips, and so to provoke the Lord that he was not permitted to enter the promised land. It was the delirium of this fever—the fever of covetousness—that hurried Judas on to his crime and to his doom. But time would fail me to speak of the innumerable victims of this disease, or to tell its awful ravages. I shall just give one instance more for your instruction and warning. It is this fever that is the drunkard's destroyer. Alas! my children, are you not too familiar with this case. See him now as he reels from yon tavern door, with his glaring eye, his burning cheek, and loud blaspheming tongue! He is in the height of sin's fever. He stumbles on the threshold, and rolls headlong amid the mire and rough stones of the street. He raves wildly, and mutters incoherent oaths. He tries to raise himself, but dizzy and confused with the darkness, he reels again and rolls a senseless mass to the ground. My children, look at that sight and weep. Oh, what a brutal, degraded spectacle!—and to think that this is an immortal creature, made in God's likeness, that is rolling there in the mire lower than the beasts that perish! Poor, unhappy man! he once knew better days. He was sober, industrious and respectable; and

walked with his tender wife and little children to the house of God in company, but he took to the accursed glass, and—look where he is now! And his wife and children! Alas! they are even now waiting for him in their comfortless home. Broken-hearted and in rage, cold and cheerless, they crouch around the scanty fire—they have scarce any bed to lie on. It is past midnight. The fire is dying on the hearth. The wind howls without, and the rain falls heavily. But now listen! There is the sound of voices, the tramp of footsteps without—then a loud crash at the door, and a heavy fall—they rush to the door—they open—it is their tather! Oh! my children, learn early to dread and abhor this destroyer. Shudder at the sight as you would the murderer's knife, or the cup of poison. Fathers and mothers, avoid the ale-house as you would the gates of hell. Young men! stand in fear, and as you mark the wide-spread ruin of thousands before you, dash the poisoned cup from your lips, and say, "Get thee behind me, Satan." And, young women! arise you against this brutal and degrading vice. None are so deeply interested in its extermination, as none are in such danger of suffering from its prevalence, as you. Remember it is the desolator of happy homes, the severer of tender ties and sacred affections, the murderer of wives, mothers, children. Think of your sisters who have gone before you, and who just shortly since set out in life with bright and sanguine hopes, but are now broken-hearted and degraded by the brutal dissipation of the other sex, and tremble for yourselves. Spurn the drunkard from your society, bind yourselves in a holy confederacy for discountenancing this hideous vice, and have no fellowship whatsoever with the man who does not stand at the farthest possible distance from its contamination.—*Rev. Islay Burns.*

### REASONS FOR DRINKING.

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| Mr. A. Drinks because his doctor has recommended him to take a little.     | Mr. O. Because he's got a pain in his chest.  |
| Mr. B. Because his doctor has ordered him not, and he hates such quackery. | Mr. P. Because he's got a pain all over him.  |
| Mr. C. Just takes a drop because he's wet.                                 | Mr. Q. Because he feels light and happy.  |
| Mr. D. Drinks because he's dry.  | Mr. R. Because he feels heavy and miserable.  |
| Mr. E. Because he feels a something rising in his stomach.                 | Mr. S. Because he's married.  |
| Mr. F. Because he feels a kind of sinking in his stomach.                  | Mr. T. Because he isn't.  |
| Mr. G. Because he's going to see his friend off to Australia.              | Mr. V. Because he likes to see his friends round him.   |
| Mr. H. Because he's got a friend come home from America.                   | Mr. W. Because he's got no friends, and enjoys a glass by himself.  |
| Mr. I. Because he's so hot.  | Mr. X. Because his uncle left him a legacy.   |
| Mr. K. Because he's so cold.   | Mr. Y. Because his aunt cut him off with a shilling.  |
| Mr. L. Because he's got a pain in his head.                                | Mr. Z. [We should be happy to inform our readers what Mr. Z's reasons are for drinking; but on our putting the question to him he was found to be too drunk to answer.] |
| Mr. M. Because he's got a pain in his side.                                |   |
| Mr. N. Because he's got a pain in his back.                                |   |

FRANCE.—On the occurrence of the Revolution in France, by which she assumed the attitude of a Republic, we felt a deep interest in her, it will be recollected,