

what may figuratively be styled the world-moving lever of the Temperance Society."

Effects of Spirit Drinking.

The following article lately appeared in the Christian Advocate and Journal—a Methodist paper, published in New York.

Destroys natural affection and leads to premature death.

Some years since I was travelling from the state of New York into the province of Upper Canada, by the way of Cape Vincent and Kingston. Between the two channels of the river St. Lawrence we pass over Wolfe's or Grand Island, which is but thinly settled. It was in the depth of winter, late in the evening, when I called at an inn. As is but too common at public houses, several gentlemen were sitting round the fireside engaged in conversation. A little interrupted by my coming in, they made a short pause. Soon one of the company resumed the conversation, and with the spirit of indignation said, "Well, that man ought to be hung for such conduct to his wife;" to which the company responded in the affirmative. As I did not know the particulars of which they were conversing, I thought it was the slander and harshness of a bar-room conversation, and I asked for no explanation. The company soon dispersed. Early in the morning I called on a man in the neighbourhood, with whom I had some business to transact. Soon a gentleman rode up to the door, wishing to know if I was a minister, stating that a woman had died the day before, and wished me to stay and attend the funeral; to which I consented, and learned the following particulars. J. B., the inhuman husband of the deceased, was a son of a tavern-keeper on the island, and was early addicted to habits of intemperance. He had been married to a Miss B. four or five years. Notwithstanding his early habits of dissipation, he had been somewhat guarded and prudent till he was married. He then gave himself up to his cups and his carousals, neglecting his business, scattering and destroying, spending much of his time in the town of Kingston—a place noted for intemperance and gambling. It was not long before the last of his property "tottered upon a single card." He had sold the clothing out of his own house for rum, and his wife was left to contend with poverty and despair. He soon became one of the most abandoned drunkards I ever saw. He had not only seemed to have forgotten to provide for his family, but it had become his delight to rob his forsaken wife of every little comfort she

might earn, or receive from a benevolent friend. He lived on the west side of the island in a log hut. It stood upon a rise, exposed to the northern blast that swept along the entire length of Lake Ontario. Almost perpetually the howling tempest beat upon the lonely and shattered dwelling. The rolling waves of the Ontario were seen at a distance dashing their foam upon huge banks of ice, and the roar of waters and storm added to the dismal gloom that reigned within a drunkard's home.

Here lived the unfortunate female whose unhappy fate I am attempting to describe. She had been married and confined to this prison-house of a drunkard near five years. Ah! hapless woman! little did she think when she gave herself to the man she tenderly loved, and who promised to protect her, that he was soon to become to her the source of a thousand woes. With the pencil of fancy she had drawn the scenes of future life, and they were tinged with sunshine. But soon she learned that the husband of her youth was a drunkard—and what could she expect? Despair settled upon her pale brow, and anguish wrung her bleeding heart. Not one ray of hope shed its glimmering upon her solitary path. As if destined to woes, with her sorrows her cares increased. Two infant children demanded her attention and her tears, the youngest of which was but a few weeks old, when its mother fell a victim to neglect and despair.

And here let simple narrative tell her tale of woe. When her infant was but ten days old, she was under the necessity of going out through drift, and snow, and piercing winds, to gather fuel to keep her from freezing—her husband being gone on a drunken frolic. She took a severe cold, and was soon confined to her bed of straw, (for such it literally was.) No longer able to walk, or even to sit up, early one morning, as her brutal husband was setting off to the tavern to spend the day, she expostulated with him, and endeavoured to impress upon his mind her distressed and critical condition. She seemed to succeed. But, O! delusive hope. She told him she must have assistance soon, or her stay in the land of the living was short. He seemed to feel. She prevailed on him to go for medical aid. He crossed the river St. Lawrence on the ice to Kingston, (a distance of four miles) and obtained a phial of medicine at the apothecary's store, and left in haste for his sick family. He was returning with apparent concern, and was passing the last corner of the street, when one of his associates in profligacy, looking through the window of a contemptible grog-shop, saw his comrade coming,

and called him in to take something to drink.

Although this inebriate knew that the relief, if not the life, of his family depended on his speedy return, his helpless family being entirely alone, and none of his neighbours having knowledge of his absence—yet this miserable wretch, on hearing the sound of rum, and an invitation to partake of the crimson poison, soon forgot a suffering wife and helpless infants, left by him in the jaws of death. He entered the sink of woe and of crime, where demons in human form are wont to meet hold midnight revelry. Here he remained in a drunken frolic for several days, during which it was extremely cold, and there was a heavy fall of snow. No one called at his house during the storm, supposing that he was at home with his family. The fire was out—no friend to render assistance—nor even the call of a stranger to give relief. On her bed of straw, with an infant on each arm, and a few shreds of covering, lay the sufferer, pierced with hunger and cold—the bed, fireplace and floor were all covered to some depth by the drifting snow. On the third or fourth day he returned with a little medicine, and a bottle of rum. The snow had so drifted it was with some difficulty he entered his house. All within was silent as the house of death. It is said the fingers of the eldest babe were stiffened to marble, and the tear-drop had frozen upon the infant's cheek. His wife neither smiled nor wept—life still flickered with them all. In this situation he found his neglected and perishing family. He was intoxicated when he returned—set his medicine and bottle of rum on a shelf, and immediately left for his father's, (near half a mile's distance) told his mother the fire had gone out, and his wife was at home sick, and wished she would go over and see her—at the same time stepping into his father's bar, took a glass of brandy; as he came out, staggered and fell, and there he spent the afternoon.

His mother was unfortunately given to habits of intemperance, and was then under the influence of ardent spirits. However, with fire and fuel she set off to visit the abode of distress. She found the woman and children speechless, badly frozen, and apparently in the agonies of death. With some difficulty she made a fire, threw a brick and stone into the flames; and while they were heating she discovered the bottle of rum. Being exceedingly chilled she drank freely of it, and thought it would do her good; but it only deprived her of reason. By this time the brick and stone had become very warm, and the