

had been obliged to give up her business, not daring to risk the results of continuing therein; and all this had happened within two or three years. So much for one half-hour's evening walk. No holiday, no market day, but a fair picture of every day life. Let parents only think of their children being familiarised with such scenes of obscenity and sounds of blasphemy which they must inevitably be, so long as the drinking system prevails. Think of the husband having the delicacy of his wife insulted, her ears made to tingle, and her cheek to burn with the blush of shame, as duty or business calls her from home. And let the wife remember the artful seductions of the poisonous glass, the cards, the bets, and worse than all, the garish wanton, encompassing the path of her husband. Let the wives and daughters of Britain but arouse to a sense of their own responsibility, and much might be done towards unrivetting the chains which bind the souls and bodies of so many of our fellow creatures in worse than Egyptian bondage. Much might be done by opening our eyes to the "scenes around us."

—*Scottish Temperance Review.*

THE VALUE OF A TRACT.

(From the *New Orleans Presbyterian.*)

Four Sundays since, according to our usual custom, we were visiting the ships in the Second Municipality. On board the English ship *Loodianah*, we found a drunken sailor and left for him a tract called "Reformation of Drunkards." He read it, and on the following Sunday came to the Bethel and signed the temperance pledge. Last Sunday he brought to the Bethel a shipmate, who came near dying the past week in consequence of his intemperate habits, and induced him also to sign. About to leave this port he addressed to us the following letter, which we are sure will be read with much interest; coming as it does from a man of more than ordinary attainments, who has been reduced by intemperance to the position of a common sailor. His statements are undoubtedly true; for a portion of them had already been communicated to us by one who had known him and his parents in their native land. B.

New Orleans, May 24, 1848.

Dear Sir,—I take the liberty of writing to you these few lines as a token of my sincere gratitude and respect for the interest you take in behalf of poor sailors and other sinners, and I hope God in his own good time will reward you, for I cannot. I am going away in the ship *Loodianah*, and I shall leave New Orleans and you with a grateful sense of the deep and lasting obligations I am under to you, for the work of charity and great service you have done me.

To give you a detailed account of what intemperance has brought me to, would fill a volume. Suffice it to say, it has reduced me from chief officer of a fine East India ship to a common sailor. I have squandered away the portion which was left me by my parents, which they suffered many years of trouble and vexation in accumulating. I have turned my brothers and friends, who are very respectable, against me by my disgusting habits of intemperance. It has led me to the commission of all those crimes which generally beset the drunkard; but I thank God I have never committed an act of dis-

honesty or injured any but myself. But amidst all my intoxication, conscience, that faithful monitor, told me that I was doing wrong. I have railed much and to some purpose against the pledge, on the plea that a man ought to know what will do him good. But I say here, that a man will go gradually from one glass to another, till he forms that appetite or craving for drink, that he cannot well do without it. I speak from experience, for in three months I squandered £250, and knew not where I was until I found myself an inmate of the London Hospital, having been brought there mad with delirium tremens, which nearly cost me my life, and the doctors told me if I ever had it again it would carry me off, I was so violent in my fits of insanity. From that time I have been making resolutions in my own mind, for I was ashamed to take the pledge, having railed so much against it; and I am sorry to say those resolutions were broke as soon as formed. I have for some time sailed in nothing else but temperance ships, on purpose to avoid drink, and am always happy without it, but no sooner am I on shore than I am as bad as ever. I am miserable and cross when in liquor, and rise in the morning disgusted with my own beastly conduct in drinking to such excess as to deprive me of the reason God has given me above the brute creation.

I would advise all to take the pledge, for it is an excuse if asked to drink. They may then say, I cannot, I am pledged. I am sure they will find the benefit in a week. It is not so hard if they will call God's assistance. He will strengthen them to resist the temptation; for on the Monday after I took the pledge, I was asked three times to have my liquor, and on Tuesday they brought a bottle of brandy to the ship to get me to drink, but I would not. It was a trying moment, and I think I should have drank, had it not been that I was a pledged man in the presence of God and you; and what manner of man must he be who will violate his word to God? They laughed and jeered at me, but I heeded them not, for God assisted me at this trying moment. I was firm and they now trouble me no more. I now rise with a clear head for business, a contented mind, and healthy frame of body (thank God), and I go through the duties of the day with contentment to myself and satisfaction to my superiors. But I must be brief. I thank God and you for effecting this change. It will give joy to my friends to know that the Americans in New Orleans have reformed a reprobate drunkard that was incurable at home. I pray God to give me grace to continue the work you have so generously begun, and may he prosper your religious endeavors with the conversion of many such as me, and bring them to a sense of what is due to God, themselves, and society. I have studied much, both religious books and others,—for instance, Blair's Sermons, Sturm's Reflections, Bishop Heber, and many others, with much benefit; but the little tract has done more than all. Every word came home to my heart as solid truth which there was no denying. The author deserves a crown, and the book ought to be printed in letters of gold. Every drunkard ought to read it. His heart must be callous indeed if he can resist such astounding facts. I am sorry to say I have sinned much, and God has punished me severely; but I must not complain. He bore with me patiently