

[ORIGINAL.]

## LIGHT.

Light is a glorious boon,  
Commaned by Heaven to shine;  
It decks the bright earth and the moon  
In beauty unrival'd divine.

It hastens, at coming of dawn,  
To banish the hours of night;  
What beautiful pictures are drawn,  
With delicate pencils of light.

It comes from bright regions above,  
Like the hope to the desolate mind;  
Thus, rays from the Father of Love  
Dispel the dark night of the mind

Colborne, 1852

W H F

For the Canadian Son of Temperance

## OBSERVATIONS ON TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

BY D. CLINDINNING, OF TORONTO DIVISION.

## No. III.

In the preceding article, we traced the deceitful workings of intoxicating liquors towards the individual whose career we had under consideration. We showed that they possessed the dangerous charm of extinguishing suspicion, even while delivering the mortal blow. We again bring him before the reader, as a solemn illustration of the hazard of tampering with pleasures that inebriate. His step is now weak and uncertain; his demeanor nervous and alarmed; and, unless reduced to a state of drunken effrontery, he crosses the street or turns round a corner, rather than meet any one who would know him when he was respectable. In the morning his condition is deplorable. A spasmodic twitching of the nerves produces the most frightful sensations. Dismal reflections chase each other through his tortured brain, and the gambols of spectres in a church-yard. His nerves resemble the strings of a broken harp—without tension or tone. He paints, in colors of the strongest contrast, his present faltering gait and downcast countenance with his once elastic step and elevated brow. Bitterly he upbraids himself for conduct that has produced such a disastrous harvest. He feels crushed by the weight of his maddening reflections. He looks with a melancholy eye upon the squandered years of his existence, which have ended in his being wrecked and bruised upon a rocky shore. He knows, he feels—oh how keenly he feels!—that his habits of intemperance are producing nothing but the sharpest pangs of misery. Yet, wonderful inconsistency!—strange infatuation!—his constant efforts are directed to obtain that liquor which has “stung him like a serpent.” His enfeebled will cannot cope with the powerful cravings of his appetite. His judgment is prostrate and vanquished beneath the conquering arm of drunkenness. The first glass of the deleterious stimulant has but a slight effect in bracing nerves so debilitated, or reviving a system so shattered. The second draught impels his stagnant blood to a quicker circulation, and his bloodshot eyes assume a livelier expression. With the third glass the shadow of a smile plays over his seared features, delusive hope is once more his temporary companion, and his meditations lose their character of horror. Through the dismal clouds which so recently enveloped his condition, he now imagines he perceives rays of light that give a brighter tinge to his prospects. The liquor has banished the salutary thoughts of the morning. Although he still decks himself with hopes of amendment, the

performance of his resolutions is always deferred. Shall we follow his faltering footsteps a little further? Behold him clothed in rags, surrounded by filth, the occupant of a hovel, in a state of drunken insensibility. To see an intellectual being thus degraded, is a spectacle of the gravest character. The human intellect thus prostrate! What elevated thoughts rise in majestic grandeur, when we contemplate the sublime achievements of the human intellect! The monuments of its power, the trophies of its stupendous conquests over matter, are as vast as the arts and sciences it has discovered, countless as the stars whose distances it has measured. It has created a horse of iron, whose provender is fire, to which it imparts such tremendous energy and strength, by the agency of a simple vapor, that, if suitably harnessed, the pyramids could be pulled from their foundations, and conveyed over the desert with the velocity of a mile a minute. While it soars aloft on vigorous wings, and marks the motions of the planets, it minutely investigates the physical organization of the humblest insect that fulfils its brief destiny on the earth. The magnetic needle, with its mysterious sympathy for the frozen north, that accurately guides the mariner over the surges of the trackless ocean, amid storm and darkness; the printing press, that produces results luminous with intellectual light, which transcribes thoughts into enduring characters, and multiplies books as unlimited in number as the gems that sparkle in the sky; the intricate and beautiful mechanism of a chronometer, which faithfully chronicles on its dial the passing moments; the unnumbered sciences that elevate and instruct; the many arts that amuse and refine; the numerous useful inventions that relieve the toil, minister to the wants, and promote the happiness of society—are all instances of the transcendent capacity and comprehensive grasp of man's immortal genius.

When we take a just view of the exalted nature of the human mind, we are enabled to form a just estimate of the brutalizing tendencies of intemperance. In the case of the young man whose downward career we have imperfectly delineated, it has reduced him from a state of respectability to an equality with the swine that pursue their researches in the gutters. He is the wretched bondman of his own appetite, bound by the shackles of habit to perpetual servitude. Every lingering trace of manly spirit has been swept away by the vice which enthralled him. The excitement and irritation which the nerves of his brain have undergone, have weakened his intellect. He has no longer that elasticity of will and strength of purpose which he once possessed. He frequently puts forth a feeble effort to regain his freedom, but he has lost the requisite energy of resolution. He looks imploringly on every side for the means of escape, but still continues to be hurried down to the low depths of a drunkard's grave. There may have been stages in his career, when the hand of friendship, if generously extended, would have been sufficiently powerful to conduct the outcast back to the paths of virtue. But there is a Rubicon in the geography of intemperance, the passage of which is almost inevitably fatal. That boundary is easily crossed, and habit erects a formidable barrier against a return. The instances where individuals have permanently risen from

their degradation, after being inclosed within the forceps of intemperance, are so mournfully solitary, that they should be regarded as beacons to warn unthinking moderate drinkers of the extremity of their peril. Experience has demonstrated that the only reliable safeguard against the inroads of the insidious foe, is by renouncing even the limited use of intoxicating beverages. The majority of men, in this respect, resemble Dr. Johnson, so distinguished in English literature, who declared that he could practice abstinence but not temperance. There is danger concealed in every intoxicating cup. The steps are few, short, and tempting, between the moderate use and the injurious abuse of the beverage. The fact that it may not lead in every case to a moral catastrophe, will not invalidate the assertion; for the instances of ruin are numerous enough, the wail of sorrow is sufficiently heartrending, to give a startling tone to the note of warning.

Cases corresponding to the one we have drawn, come under the daily observation of the public. Who cannot find numerous parallels to the picture? Every victim is brought under the power of the vice, by the intermediate process of using the stimulant with caution. Some may contend that a small quantity is harmless, and even beneficial; but the argument loses its force, because the experience of the world shows that it is in every instance perilous. There is danger in treading in the footsteps of those who have sunk in the abyss of destruction. A man who commences his career by forming habits of moderate drinking, places all his interests in hazard. His prospects, however bright, at once pass behind a cloud. What young person would wish to imitate the character portrayed in the previous paragraphs? Assuredly, no one. Nevertheless, the majority heedlessly copy his conduct, cheating themselves with the notion that they are capable of guarding against his excesses.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

CAYUGA, 9th October, 1852.

The Printer he must have his pay,  
If I should sell my oats and hay;  
It costs me only two days labour,  
For twelve months of your little paper.

Enclosed are the *Dimes* for 'another year,  
Stuck to your motto without fear;  
Should you presume to change or waver,  
The next will be, *Please stop my paper*.

Yours sincerely,

In L. P. and F.

PETER McLAREN.

☞ A Chinese New Testament, printed with metal type, and of a superior character, has been forwarded to the Directors of the London Missionary Society, and is sold for four-pence.

☞ Ole Bull has purchased 20,000 acres of land in Pennsylvania, where he intends to form a colony of his countrymen, the Norwegians. A large number have arrived at Buffalo, on their way thither.

☞ BARNUM AGAIN—Miss Catherine Hayes has negotiated an engagement with P. T. Barnum, to give sixty concerts in California, Mexico, Cuba, and British North America. The sum of 50,000 dollars and one half of the profits derivable from the engagement are to be paid to her; he bearing all the expenses. Mengis and other artists are also engaged, and the party will sail for California in November.

☞ There are twelve counties in Kentucky, says the *Louisville Journal*, which have raised this year upwards of one million of hogs. Other counties not heard from, probably contain as many more.