

Drink is requisite to enable you to endure the extremes of our climate. This, from experience and observation, we deny and we invite you, earnestly, as fellow-subjects, countrymen, friends and Christians, to shun the cup of intoxication, and the places where it is dispensed. Total abstinence is safe, profitable, healthful, and calculated to induce in you a just appreciation of those higher and holier pursuits, which will give pure and lasting joy.

Soldiers! many of your profession have in time past joined our ranks. Some of your comrades now in this garrison, have united with us—relying on Divine assistance—to abstain from Strong Drink. We invite you all. Come,—you will be safer yourselves, and your example may be beneficial to others. It gives us pleasure to see the badges of honour so proudly won and worn by you,—we wish you to accept at our hands another badge, one that betokens victory over appetite, and that indicates good-will to your fellow-men.

Wearing this badge and adhering faithfully to the pledge it implies, you may be instrumental in saving many from the sad fate of the drunkard, and the recollection even of one such case, will afford you, at the close of your career, more real satisfaction, than the memory of the most brilliant campaign in which you have ever been engaged.

ALEXANDER MCARTHUR, G.W.P.
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THE RECLAIMED ONE.

The subject of this sketch was born in a town where there are many religious advantages. As he grew up into life he presented the appearance of a strong active young man. He was high in the Sabbath-school and possessed a clear knowledge of the essential truth of the Gospel. He was full of energy and hope and was quickly tempted into the public-house, jovial companions gathered around him and soon the majority of them became servile and degraded worshippers of Bacchus.

They talked and sang in favour of strong drink. Some of them wet every night, and all manner of wicked and loose schemes were devised in order that they might obtain it.—He was young and soon drawn into the spirit of those who preferred the tap-room to any other place, and there, amidst all that which is low, vulgar, foul, obscene, and blasphemous, he spent much of his time. This was the place he loved, and it was filled with smoke, and drink, and mothers were called the "old folks," and thus they revelled in degradation and lived as though there was no God.

His natural talents were very good; he was sharp and intellectually quick; what he said he could say well, and, though not educated, he possessed a large amount of good practical common sense. He became an oracle. And as his volubility increased, so did his love for strong drink. At first he apprehended no danger. It was true he could not sleep well, and in the morning his head ached, and his tongue was feverish, and his appetite nearly gone, then his hands began to tremble, and the fact was forced upon his friends that he was now a confirmed drunkard. He drank five, seven, ten, and sometimes more than a dozen pints of beer per day, and like all other drunkards, still craved for more. He was married, and every domestic comfort was sacrificed, the furniture of the house was loose and broken, and all was dreary and desolate. He was a strong powerful man, with a nervous sanguine temperament, and when under the

influence of drink his looks were fearful and his curses terrible. In the midst of such a moral, and religious advantages he was pressing his way like a fool and madman down to the drunkard's grave. Society had given him up for lost. He was a drunkard, and no drunkard had been reclaimed in that town, they had lived and died, but had not been reclaimed, and who could hope for him? There was no Temperance society in that place, nor did the inhabitants know that strong drink could be done without. At length the glorious news of total abstinence reached that town, the hearts of a few friends were warm and devoted. The publicans were alarmed, and some of the drunkards were violent and the subject of this sketch was the most violent of them all. When the first meeting was announced he was loud in denunciation and vowed vengeance against those who should dare to speak against strong drink. And some were afraid that his violence would lead to desperation. There is an overruling Providence, and the hand of God is clearly seen in the Temperance reformation. The meeting was held and good was done, and in the course of a short time he had an opportunity of listening, and he happily resolved to sign the pledge; the drunkards laughed, and the people were astonished. He not only signed it but he has kept it, and is now a living trophy of the Temperance cause.

We knew him when he was a drunkard, and we know him now; he is a sober man.—Then he was ragged, now he is a gentleman. Then he was a swearer, now he has ceased to swear. Then he was a wretched husband, now he is a good husband. Then his wife was sorrowful, now she is happy. Then he was poor, now he is a man of considerable property. Then he was a howling and blasphemous declaimer in the tap-room, and he is now the earnest humorous speaker on the platform. Then his house was small and scanty, now it is large and well furnished.

Then his wife could hardly get a decent cotton dress, now she appears as the wives of all good and sober men should in dresses which are truly respectable. Then he used to be laughed at and despised, now he is consulted and respected. Then he was called drunken Jack, now he is called Mr John, and not unfrequently are letters received with the complimentary appendage of Esq. Then he was lost, now he is found. Then his prospects were dark, now they are bright. Then he repaired to the public-house, now he wends his way to the sanctuary of the most High where he can listen to truths which relate not only to this world but to that which is to come.

During the first twelve months of his abstinence, though often invited, he refused to appear before the public; at the expiration of that time, however, he was able to tell the people what had been his feelings, and how much he had been benefited, and since that time he has had an opportunity of telling his tale in his own way. His style is masculine, impetuous, and very original, and, considering the limited education he has received, his flow of words is astonishing. He is so simple-minded, easy, earnest, and good-natured, that even his blunders are sometimes rendered very effective.

He is tall and powerful. His speech is generally without an introduction, for he plunges at once into the subject, and his theme is *What I was and what I am*. We have seen him at the table of the literary and the wealthy, and there he has secured attention and

respect. We have seen him at his new home; and once, in the company of a Doctor of Divinity, had the pleasure of dining there.—It was clean and well furnished; and his good little wife, of whom he so humorously and affectionately speaks, had caused the dinner to be served up in a style which would secure the approval of either lady or gentleman.

But the place to see him is on the platform. At the bidding of the chairman he rises. His first few sentiments are generally short and sententious, the attention of all parties is arrested. We have heard him speak when some of the first men in the country have been delighted. The ladies, too, have listened with intense interest, especially to those quaint and original remarks which he makes in reference to household matters and to his own good little wife. We have seen the educated and polite delighted, while the blooming servant-maid and the plough-boy have manifested unbounded approval. He was not always facetious; On one occasion we heard him speak of a number of his companions who used to join him in his drunken frolics. They were nearly thirty in number, and with the exception of one or two they were all either dead or transported. He stood alone, not a staggering drunkard, but a sober man. We were reminded of Job's messenger, who said—"I am only escaped alone to tell thee." He felt himself like a brand plucked from the burning; and we experienced unbounded delight in knowing that we stood connected with a principle which had rescued a brother from the jaws of death. He is now healthy and strong; and long may he and his good little wife live, and may God bless them!—*Weekly Record*.

THE THIRTY THOUSAND DEAD.

Extract from a Sermon, Preached by Rev. Mr. Diehl, of California.

Thirty thousand persons have perished in California since the breaking out of the "Gold fever." By far the greatest part on have died from strong drink. What I have told you will give you no idea of the ravages of this curse. One of our Supreme Court Judges has died of delirium tremens. One of our State Attorney Generals; our State Printer; our State Surveyor—all have died of the drink. And still this curse is permitted. Still the traffic is licensed by law. I have seen the licenses, granted by authority; and I have seen the skulls and the bones of these men; conspicuous victims of those same licenses, bleaching and rotting in the sun. Of all the thirty thousand who have died in California since 1848, I doubt if 100 have died by natural causes. The climate is remarkably healthy. I never breathed air which is so exhilarating. And yet, for the most part, through Rum, thirty thousand citizens, some buried and some unburied, sleep the sleep of death, under those delightful skies. Is not the liquor traffic a reproach to this people? Has not the sin of Intemperance proved itself "a lessening of the tribes?" It is so, men and brethren, all over this country. And I appeal to you as Christians, to help put down this system, this law-sanctioned traffic—put it down by law.

Of all the evils suffered by California, Rum is at the bottom. You hear of stuffed ballot-boxes. It is Rum that stuffed those boxes. You hear that our highly beloved King, the most honored and influential Editor of the State, is shot down in open day. Rum shot him down. Rum calls for Vigilance Commit-