

proves that the system disagrees with these destructive stimulants.

The evil must have its root somewhere; it is not in abstinence, it must therefore be in the habits which include its "temperate" use. It is here the seed is sown, and every one who uses spirituous liquors is sowing the seeds of drunkenness, which may spring up to his utter ruin and misery, and does in a fearful number of cases.

If, therefore, an individual wishes to avoid the risk of the drunkard's doom, let him abstain; and as a means of preservation in this state of safety, let him join a Temperance Society, that his strength and usefulness may be increased.

(To be continued.)

Consequences of Abstinence and Consequences of Drinking contrasted.

A carpenter residing in Griffintown, used to be very subject to attacks of *headache*. The pain of the attack was frequently so violent as to compel him to leave his work. His situation soon became known to all his fellow workmen, and many wondered from what cause these sudden and violent fits of pain could arise. He was at that time a *derate drinker*. He took his *bitters* in the morning, and very often drunk some more in course of the day like his comrades, but he was not considered an intemperate man. He was advised, however, to abandon the use of intoxicating drinks entirely, and had the wisdom to follow the advice, and as a consequence of doing so *his headaches have entirely left him*. When he receives his wages now at the end of the week he has no "broken days" to discount,—he feels happy from experiencing the benefits of cold water, and zealously recommends the same regimen to others.

A REFORMED DRUNKARD.—Not far from my house there lives a man who once became the bartered victim of intemperance. He was attacked with a prevailing epidemic, and as was customary then, was recommended by the physician to take a portion of brandy, for his stomach's sake. He did so, and continued to do so, until it became a habit; and he who at first could scarce be prevailed upon to use it as a medicine, now began to relish it as a drink. This appetite increased; and he, of course, to satisfy it, drank the more; thus he began his downward course. Next, he was seen to haunt the grog-shop, to frequent the tavern, where, with his last "ninepence," he would have his bottle filled with the "miserable stuff"—the ruinous burning fluid. Continuing in this course, he became a beastly, drunken sot: an outcast: a being of contempt and disgust. Oft was he seen reeling and staggering from the grog-shop to his once comfortable but now miserable dwelling. Oft was he heard to abuse his once happy but now forlorn wife and helpless children. Often was he seen, scarce fit for a compan-

ion for the swine, wallowing in the gutter. So he continued, till, finally, his very step and countenance denoted despair, and death, hanging out her dark curtains, seemed to claim him for her own. But what a change! Just as it was supposed, he was about to tumble over the precipice, and drop into the drunkard's grave, he—what! reformed, through the efforts of the friends of temperance; he saw his folly, and resolved never to touch the wine glass more." And did he keep his resolution? Yes, firm and determined, he made the start, and overcame the foe; and now instead of occupying the dreary mansion of a drunkard among the dead, he lives an honest, industrious man, respected and beloved by all who know him. He is a strong advocate of that cause thro' the instrumentality of which he was rescued from ruin.—*American Paper.*

Calculations as to the Cost of Intemperance.

When you pass the spirit vaults, the beer shops, and the licensed public houses, do you never feel disposed to ask, What are all these for? Are they intended and calculated to add to the health, comfort, morals, and happiness of the people? or have they not produced the greatest part of the poverty, wretchedness, and crime with which we are now surrounded? Upon an average, it has been calculated that *one house in every twenty is devoted to the sale of intoxicating liquors*, and that more than a *million of individuals* are in this way supported at the expence of the public.

Workmen of England! will you for ever shut your eyes to your own interest, deprive yourselves and your families of the comforts and enjoyments of life, and continue to throw your hard gotten money into the lap of the landlady? Have you not been eye witnesses of the worse than pestilential death that issues from these houses, and yet are you so infatuated as to support them? If you would take care of your wages on a Saturday night; if you would be kind to your wives, and unite with them in laying out your money to the best advantage, most of you would be in comfortable circumstances. You would have decent clothes, useful furniture, and would be out of debt. Your children would also be taken care of, and happiness and peace would bless your cot. Oh! why will you, for the sake of this delusive drink, rob and murder your families by inches, and render yourselves a disgrace to society. Consider how much better it would be to spend your hard-earned money in useful articles, than to purchase intoxicating liquor, by which health, reason, family comforts, and every enjoyment in life are destroyed. Little do you think of the value of the money you spend; and whilst others are amassing together wealth, you, who are the producers, are foolishly squandering away your earnings, and perpetuating your own poverty and degradation. What, think you, would 3d. a-day, suffered to accumulate at legal compound interest, amount to in thirty years? A sum not less than *three hundred and twenty pounds*.—This is but 1s. 9d. a week, a sum much less than many of you spend, and yet, you see, at this rate of expenditure, what an amount is lost for ever.

Let us now take a minute view of the quantity and cost of intoxicating liquor consumed in the United Kingdom. The quantity of full proof *spirit* upon which duty was paid for home consumption in the year ending January, 1833, was 25,926,160 gallons. If to this be added one-fourth for the quantity produced by *adulteration, reduction in strength, illicit distillation, and smuggling*, the annual consumption, in round numbers, has been about thirty-two millions of gallons, and the amount expended upon this article about twenty millions. The quantity of wine imported and retained for home consumption, in 1833, was 5,965,512 gallons, which, with that smuggled and manufactured, and sold for foreign, would probably amount to eight millions of gallons, upon which six millions of pounds, at least, is expended annually. This liquor is not like the simple wines mentioned in the Scriptures, or the weak wines used in France: it contains, upon an average, about twenty-two parts in the hundred of spirit, in order to preserve it.

Here, then, keeping out of the calculation the consumption of ale, porter, and other kinds of intoxicating liquors, we have an annual expenditure of *twenty-six millions*, upon articles properly denominated *liquor* fire!

Some plead for the usefulness of malt liquor, but let the properties of the liquor be fairly investigated, and let the dreadful havoc it has made among the working men of various parts of England be fairly considered, and we shall come to this conclusion, that while we have a sufficiency of wholesome food, plenty of water, milk, and other innoxious beverages, it would have been well for England if malt liquor had never been known. From the best data, it was lately calculated that the annual consumption of malt liquor in the British Empire is 422,836,912 gallons, the cost of which would amount to *twenty-eight millions of pounds sterling*.

It appears, then, that we pay for these different sorts of intoxicating liquors, the enormous sum of *fifty-four millions* a year. But supposing, in deference to the prejudice of others, and for the *chemical and medical* use of any of these liquors, we allow *four millions* a year (a sum amply sufficient) there still remains *fifty millions* of the proceeds of our countrymen's industry spent upon that which produces *POVERTY, MISERY, CRIME, DISEASE, and PREMATURE DEATH*, and exposes to all the horrors of an awful reckoning in another world.

A calculation has been made, that the quantity of intoxicating liquors annually drunk in England, Ireland and Scotland, would make a sea *three feet deep, thirty feet wide, and one hundred and sixty-eight miles long*! When, and where, and by whom can all this be swallowed in one year? Is it possible that the human gullet of this country can swallow so much pernicious stuff? From this vast reservoir are supplied all the spirit merchants, and through them the publicans, and from them almost every family gets a "little drop." If you want to know how this river gets dried up every year, visit the spirit stores, public houses, and jerry shops, examine the cupboards and decanters of the middle classes, and then descend the cellars and count the