

person at some little distance crying *hollo! hollo!* We went in the direction of the sound, and had not proceeded far when *oh dear!* what a sight presented itself to us; there lay a drunken father, and by him his little son, crying *oh my! alas! oh dear me! what shall I do!* and *well! well!* might the poor little fellow so cry. He placed his little hands under his father's head and cried, *oh father! oh father!* do get up; but so far from the father taking any heed he sang—

“*I oh! I oh! I ho!* said Charly,” &c.

M. Recite a short extract of some good grammarian's speech.

S. The extract which I am about to recite is from a speech delivered before a temperance society in the United States, by the Hon. Mr. Marshall:—

“Rush where we may, then, for an apology, lay not the sin of drunkenness at Nature's door. No! Drunkenness is man's own work; it is peculiar to himself. It is not found any where else in the whole universe; and a drunken man (and I suppose temperance has not advanced so far in this city but that such men have been seen) I should think would be the hardest thing in the world for the philosopher to classify—since we are upon philosophy! It is harder to say to what *genus* he belongs than any thing else which has been the subject of my experience; and I have had ample opportunity for examining—yes, and for feeling it too. A drunken man is not a *man* any longer; certainly, he has neither the features, the intellect, the heart nor the form of a man. He has no longer the erect countenance of a man. That face and that form, which were shaped to be erect and to look up to heaven, are the face and the form of a man no longer. Why, he can't *walk* like a man. It fuddles his brain, blears his eyes, dulls his ear, swells his body, and dwindles his legs!

“But of all the ills it works—Oh! of all the ruin it brings upon man—look at the death it inflicts upon the *heart* and the moral constitution of the human race. Here are its most terrible triumphs. We might forgive it all the rest; if it only made us sick; if it only spoiled our beauty; if it only hurried man to a premature grave; if we could measure its ruin by dilapidated fortunes, by ruined health, and by destruction of life—O then we might forgive it! Men must die at last; and any agency which only precipitates that event by a few years, or months, or weeks, we may

overlook as no great evil. The mere dissolution, the decomposition of the physical elements of which our nature is so strangely composed, the sundering of that mysterious and wonderful link which binds the mind and body—which must eventually take place—is not so much to be deplored, and the agency which precipitates it might be forgiven. But what does a man mean when he says ‘*himself?*’ What do I mean when I use the words *I myself*, and call myself a man—what do I mean? Is it merely his clay? Oh, no! When I say *myself*—when I allude to what is called *me*—I mean that *divine particular*, which revelation tells us was breathed into man at his birth by the Author of his being. I mean that which the Divinity has implanted within him,—the reason and the heart;—not only the power by which he thinks, and imagines, and demonstrates, but all that world of moral emotions of which he is the monarch and the lord. I mean all those fine feelings and sympathies which make him human, all which make him holy, all which make him, as we all hope and as we all believe he is, eternal. The ruin of this—the prostration of this it is that makes alcohol man's greatest curse, and renders its crimes to the eye of man altogether unpardonable. It is the peculiar effect of alcohol; no other poison does it.

Arsenic kills a man; but as long as he lives—while he can draw a single breath, he is a *man* still. Other poisons produce death; but so long as man can breathe under their power, so long will he love his wife—so long will he love his child and his friends; and though he sink into the arms of death under the influence of a poison too strong for his nature, still his moral nature triumphs, love survives, and *the man bids defiance to death and the grave!* Alcohol does what nothing else can do; it overflows with a destructive flood, all that is noble in human nature. It annihilates the immortal mind and the deathless soul!

A NOBLE REPLY.—It was a beautiful turn that was given by a great lady, who, being asked where her husband was when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered that she had hid him. This confession drew her before the King (Charles II.), who told her that nothing but her discovering where her lord was could save her from the torture. ‘And will that do?’ said the lady. ‘Yes,’ replied the King, ‘I give you my word for it.’ ‘Then,’ said she: ‘I have hid him in my heart; there, and there alone you'll find him!’