

They have more influence over our youth than we are aware of; they are sowing the seeds of vice and drunkenness broad-cast in our city, and we know not how soon our own sons and daughters may be numbered among the victims. Fathers and mothers, you that revel in the social bowl,—stop and ponder,—there is a fatality connected with alcohol that cannot be denied; there is an impenetrable gloom hanging above you; a yawning chasm beneath you, whose scalding, seething waters are waiting to engulf your sons and daughters; their feet are even now upon the brink,—one false step, and they are for time, and eternity, drawn into its damning vortex.

Oh! mothers, can you, will you bring a curse upon your own soul, when you might enjoy a blessing?

I once frequented these dens where alcohol is sold, and it is to one of these vendors that I owe my life, for the scene I witnessed there struck a terror to my heart, which at once enabled me to leave the path that I had been walking. It was upon a Sabbath evening, in coming from a place of worship, (where I had been merely to pass away the time,) I wandered into a rum-shop on Water Street; the first thing that met my gaze, was a woman upon her knees in silent devotion. I stood gazing for a moment, and then requested a glass of brandy; she arose from her knees, passed the bottle and a tumbler; I filled it to the brim, and placed it to my lips,—but an unseen hand was thrust forth, and a solemn voice whispered in my ear—"Touch it not." I became paralyzed, and could not speak, when suddenly my mouth was opened, and I exclaimed,—“Woman in the name of God, what do you mean? You upon your knees, offering up your prayers, and yet you would arise and give me that fell destroyer.

I took the bottle and the glass, and dashed them upon the floor; the woman became angry, and demanded that her loss be made good. I cheerfully complied with her request, paying all that she asked, and as I left the door silently thanked God that he had saved me from a drunkard's grave,—and to this day feel thankful to that woman, who taught me the lesson; and although I speak in harsh terms against the traffic, yet, in my heart, I feel no ill-will against those who sell, it is only against the traffic in human souls.

In conclusion, permit me to lay before you, these facts:—Rowland Burr, Esq., Justice of the Peace, in Toronto, and Jail Commissioner for nearly twenty years, in a statement to our Canadian Parliament says, that nine out of ten of the male prisoners, and nineteen out of twenty of the females, have been brought there by intoxicating liquors. He examined nearly 20,000 prisoners in the jails throughout Canada, two-thirds of whom were males, and nearly all signed a petition for a prohibitory law; many of them stated that their only hope of being saved from ruin, was to go where intoxicating liquors could not be had. He also states that in four years, there were 25,000 persons in the jails of Canada 22,000 of whom were brought there by strong