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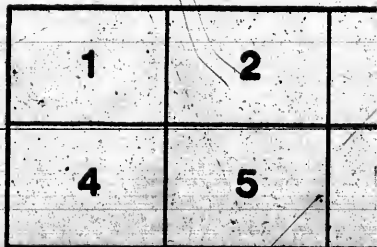
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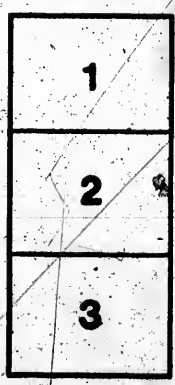
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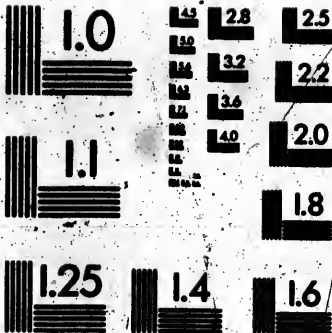
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No. 4.

MR. NOBODY'S ADVICE ;  
OR, HOW I BECAME A TEETOTALER.

BY REV. CHARLES T. JONES.

**T**HE following narrative, remarkable alike for its naturalness and for its straightforward simplicity, was told me by a sailor, who experienced what is here written, in his own words. The impression made upon my own mind was such, that it occurred to me it might be made useful to others, and hence I have transcribed it with a sincere prayer for its success.

"In the month of November, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-four, I arrived in the city of New York, on my return from China, and liking good quarters, I went to the Sailors' Home, in Cherry Street, to board, and remained there till the ship was paid off. But as I loved the tot a little too well, and the folks at the Home were all sober-sides, I thought it was too decent a place for me to stay in. So I paid my bill, picked up my tonnage, and made sail for a rum-hole in Cherry Street, and took up my abode there with other drunkards like myself. I had been living in the house about ten days, and lighting upon a sober interval, I thought I should like to know how the account stood. So I asked Mr. Boniface for my bill. He informed me that I was forty-one dollars in his debt. This surprised me by its magnitude. But, remembering that I had been drinking pretty heavy, and spreeing it very freely, and consequently could not tell exactly how much I had really drawn, I said nothing about it.

"It so happened, however, that the drinking of the last ten

days had not agreed with me, as I had eaten but little, and, as a consequence, the whole of the next week I was quite sick. So I staid at home, and, for a wonder, kept sober. During the whole of that week I was wide-awake, and kept an account of the money I drew, which amounted in all to about seven dollars. Well, when the week was out I went to him again and asked him how we stood. He took down his book, and after a little figuring, he said: 'Your bill is just seventy-one dollars and thirty-five cents.' So that for my seven dollars he had charged me just a little over *thirty*. This stunned me altogether, and I told him I would not pay it. But how was I to help myself? That was the question. I went to a friend of mine, and told him how I had been served; and talked about law and justice. But my friend said it was of no use for me to go to a magistrate about it, as I could do nothing. And he remarked, that 'there was no justice for drunkards.' This set me thinking, and I made a vow that I would never put it into the power of any man to serve me such a trick again.

'My friend said: 'The best thing that you can do is to pack up your duds, pay your bill, and go to a decent boarding-house.' I took his advice, and moved off to a Temperance-house in Pearl Street, kept by that good man Captain Roland Gelston. Here I tried to taper off, but I soon found out that this tapering off, or merely reducing my potations, was bad business. It kept me stupid all the time, and made me say and do many things which I was ashamed of when in my right senses. Well, on the twenty-fourth of December, there was a good deal of talk of one John B. Gough, who was to address a Temperance meeting in the Old Mariners' Church, in Roosevelt Street. And after supper, one of my fellow-boarders came to me and said: 'What do you say if you and I go to the meeting at Mr. Chase's, and sign the pledge?' 'Agreed,' says I, and off we went. The house was full. We stood and listened about half an hour, and then they sent round the contribution-box. I threw in a piece of silver. Then they passed the word along, that if any one wanted to sign the pledge, they should come forward. So my friend and I walked up and signed the articles, got our certificates, and started for home. And I have kept the pledge ever since. I came mighty near breaking it, however, the next morning. My coppers were hot. I wanted my

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bitters, and I made a bee-line for the corner groggery, a rum-hole, in which I was no stranger, for I had freshened the nip there many a time. I went up, took hold of the door, and had got about half in, when it seemed as if somebody took hold of me with both hands around the waist, and held me, whispering in my ear at the same time, 'Don't go in! don't go in!' as plain as ever I heard anything in my life. And I actually turned round, and looked—but there was no one there. But I took *Mr. Nobody's advice*, shut the door, kept my pledge, and have been glad of it only once, and that is all the time ever since, for it has kept me from a drunkard's grave, and a drunkard's hell. It has caused me to be respected, and enabled me to use my knowledge instead of abusing it.

"I suffered a good deal at first, as a result of breaking off my bad habit. But I was the gainer in the end. I went to sea sober, soon had a good chest of clothes, was respected wherever I went, soon became an officer, had better food, better wages, and a better place to live in than a dark, damp fore-castle. Ay, more,—I walked steadily aft, until I became a captain myself, and escaped the dirty work that drunkards are often forced to do on board a vessel. But more than all, and better than all, I have learned to love the Lord Jesus Christ, become a member of his body, the Church, and am this day on my way to to the kingdom of heaven, into which, as a drunkard, I never could enter. Glory to God in the highest! I am on my journey home."

Thus far I have given you the sailor's narrative as given to me from his own lips, only changing here and there a word or point to prepare it for the press. I cannot suffer it to be printed, however, without deducing from it one or two practical lessons.

And first, we may safely infer that *Mr. Nobody*—which is but another name for *Mr. Conscience*—is a good teacher. How many have been warned and instructed by his voice in a similar manner to this poor, tempted, and outcast sailor! and yet how few have listened, as he did, to the lessons conveyed, because the counsel given runs thwart-hawse of their appetites, their passions, and inclinations, and instead of obeying his dictates have striven to drown his voice in rum!

Again, the instructions of this same *Mr. Nobody* are confined to neither time nor space, nor class nor caste. They are the voice of



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MR. NOBODY'S ADVICE.

God in the soul of man, whispering tender and affectionate exhortations in the ear of the tempted ones, saying to the irresolute drinker, whose soul is taken captive by strong drink, as he stands hesitating on the verge of ruin, "Don't go in! don't go in! *This is the way; walk ye in it.*" To obey this still, small voice is to live, to rise, to be respected, and, finally, to bow at the mercy-seat and be washed in the blood of the Lamb. To despise his counsel, to suffer his admonitions to pass unheeded, is to have God "laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh;" it is to sink in the scale of humanity, to lose the respect of your fellow-men, the favor of God, and your own precious and immortal soul, for *the drunkard can not enter into the kingdom of heaven.* Ay, it is to see the gates of glory close, and the gates of hell open on you forever.

Dear reader, are you the slave of an artificial appetite? If so, take Mr. Nobody's advice. Rouse yourself at once, break the unholy bonds. Listen to the voice of God in your own soul, and **BE FREE!** If not yourself a slave, have you a friend who has been taken captive, who is drowning body and soul in the cup? Plead with him to sign the pledge. It may, under God, save his soul, and be the means of enrolling his name in the Lamb's book of life.

## SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

It will be noticed by an advertisement in our columns, that the Sons of Temperance are still laboring for the entertainment of the public on the subject of the use of alcoholic liquors as beverages. The Order of the Sons, or rather the Divisions of the Order established here, have already accomplished an incalculable amount of good in the restoration of the inebriate, and in checking the progress of the ruinous habit of using strong drinks, as well as fortifying many in the practice of total abstinence. The mode adopted by the "Sons" on the present occasion is, so far as Quebec is concerned, a novel one; but we have no hesitancy in giving our opinion that it is calculated to exhibit the evils arising from the use of inebriating liquors in a light in which they have never before been seen publicly; and as we understand that considerable attention has been paid to the preparation of the case, we doubt not that the Trial of Alcohol will result in good to the cause it is intended to promote. We cheerfully invite all the friends of Temperance to show their appreciation of the principle, by giving the Divisions on the present occasion all the support which their efforts so richly deserve.—*Quebec Gazette*, March, 1852.

