

crease their sneers at the idea of becoming Christians when those who profess religion can engage in such kind of trade and traffic.

4. *It is, therefore, a great hindrance to the successful labors of our Pastor,* and is a terrible blot upon your own Christian character. Public sentiment and divine truth have long since fixed it so, and no excuse of yours can remove it. Very few have strong confidence in the Christianity of one who, in this day and age of high moral sentiment, can profess religion, and at the same time engage in this abominable traffic. Where is the man who, on a dying bed, will send for a rum-seller to come and pray with and for him in his expiring moments? Even the youth in our streets say, "How can a man sell liquor when he belongs to the Church and goes to the communion?" Oh, brother N., put it away, and do it at once. If you knew how great a stain it is upon your Christian character, you would not hesitate a single moment.

5. *It brings an awful denunciation upon your own soul* from Him whose right it is to denounce and destroy. In the divine Word, Jehovah has said, "Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also"; "the cup of the Lord's right hand shall be turned to thee, and shameful spewing shall be on thy glory." Habbakuk ii. 15, 16.

Now, Brother N., we, whose names are hereunto annexed, fully believe that the foregoing reasons are every way sufficient, when fully understood, to induce any true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ to put away at once, wholly and entirely, the sale of intoxicating drinks. Although it may be attended with some sacrifice, yet in your case this cannot be, since you claim that you do not continue in the trade for the sake of the profit accruing therefrom. Still, if it be a sacrifice of any kind whatsoever, and you are unwilling to make that sacrifice for the sake of Christ's cause and the salvation of souls, it is highly necessary for you, as well as all others, to examine well your hope, since Jesus has said, "Except a man forsake all that he hath, yea, his own life, he cannot be my disciple." You may say that you keep it and deal in it only for medicinal and mechanical purposes. But this is, by many, wholly disbelieved; and, besides, if this is your honest intention, the trade is wholly unnecessary on your part, since others deal in it whose whole business it is to supply the medical demand, where it can be obtained for such purposes without reproaching Zion or offending one of Christ's little ones.

In closing this communication, we desire to assure you, dear brother, that you shall have our earnest prayers to our heavenly Father that he may, by his grace, strengthen you, that you may be able to comply with the request we, your brethren, do most sincerely make.

GRACE,  
MERCY,  
JUSTICE,  
TRUTH.

—New York Recorder.

### "Property! Property!"

We live in an age when *Property*—the "*almighty dollar*"—seems to be regarded as the supreme good, and its accumulation, its possession, and its multiplication, is regarded as the chief end of human existence. In the progress of the Temperance cause, the property question has been set forth by open enemies and indifferent and conservative citizens as a perpetual obstacle. The price of grain, a sale for hops, rents for grogshops, the patronage of the rum-power, have been all-powerful questions, and for them the blessed cause of Temperance has had to give way.

Whether men drink and are damned or not, the price of "coarse grains" must be kept up—the fires of the still must be kept blazing! Whether men pauperize their families,

besot themselves, and pass into dishonored graves, or otherwise, the tenements on our streets, canals and thoroughfares must secure the highest possible rents, and be used for unnecessary grog-taverns or pernicious grog-shops, if that is the way to attain that end.

But on second thought there are other things than brick walls, coarse grains, and rents, which, on inspection, will be found to have *value*, and a value which sinks property very low in the scale.—Some persons are so wrapped up in themselves, so absorbed in their own individuality, that the idea to which we here desire to turn attention, will find no response in their breasts. But then there are are such things as *domestic affections* which have a value—such a thing as a *good husband* and a *good father*, when put in competition with *property*, are *above price*! And then, what parent would deliberately consent to have a beloved son inebriated, and pass over the descending, winding way of the drunkard to the drunkard's grave, for any sum that can be named? If a human heart can have a treasure anywhere, that treasure is found in a great measure in the affections and hopes which cluster around the hearth-stone—in the hallowed relations of husband and wife and parent and child. No natural parent would thinkingly barter away the temporal and eternal interests of a child for the Devereux Block, or the Exchange Buildings, or the whole city of Utica; but still the great mass of parents do unthinkingly sink the consideration of human welfare in their eagerness to maintain and uphold "the interests of property."

Our city grog-shops are the means of ruining scores, if not hundreds, annually; and almost weekly a Coroner's inquest is held on some husband and father or wife and mother found dead, and brought to death by intemperance.—These unfortunate people fall a prey to snares set "according to law," and these somebody's husbands and wives and sons and daughters are offered up on the altar of our city's lust for the "almighty dollar!"

We will, however, allow *habit* and *usage* to be pleaded in mitigation of the public guilt on this question. The drinking customs of society have come up to us from ages gone by, and the evils of intemperance have been so common and so general that we have become familiarized with them, and accustomed ourselves to regard them as a *necessary evil*. All this may be true of "sins of ignorance," and of evils tolerated in the absence of a knowledge of a clear and distinct remedy. But this cannot now avail for the American people. We have had "line upon line," and the remedy is as clearly before us as is the wide-spread, devouring scourge.

What then should we do if the cholera or the plague were found in our midst, and its seat could be traced unmistakably to some particular buildings,—for instance, the Devereux Block, the Exchange Buildings, or other prominent corners? All these stately piles would have to come down, if need be, to rout the plague! Here human life and property would be put in comparison, and our better natures and holier impulses would at once declare human life as above price.

Why not then allow our better nature to control us in our course regarding another manifest, palpable, wide-spread evil, which lives by the life we infuse into it, and does its work of death under our tolerance? Why not? Is a death by the rum-demon less to be dreaded than a death by cholera? Who would not rather have a son stricken down by the hand of the assassin, and die with his mind pure and his reputation untarnished, than to have him made a drunkard, and die a sot? We put this question to *parents*! What parent would not feel consoled over such a separation from a beloved one, rather than a separation which carries with it the tormenting recollection of a character degraded, and of a mind blasted and in ruins? "*Almost any other death than the drunkard's*" is the spontaneous sentiment springing up in the human mind; and that for the reason, such a death