

that if men pretend to pray for the spread of the Gospel without exerting themselves to the utmost of their power to remove all the stumbling blocks which hinders its advance, their prayers are *useless* as it regards themselves, *powerless* as it regards others, and *unacceptable* as it regards God? O, that Christians, seeing that there is spiritual as well as natural death in this pot, would agree to say, "It shall exist no longer."

I remark, thirdly, that there is *eternal* death in the intoxicating pot.—"No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven, unless he first be washed, and justified, and sanctified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the spirit of our God." If this be true, and who can doubt it? what an immense multitude have been brought to experience the dreadfulness of an eternal death! But what is it to die eternally? Who can depict correctly, or who can paint in anything like adequate colours, the horrors and agonies of an *everlasting living death*? We need not torture our imagination in order to conjure up hideous images to present you with a frightful picture of a drunkard's doom in hell. There are images many enough—black enough and frightful enough to be found in the volume of inspired truth; and yet they fall infinitely short of the awful *reality*. Matthew tells us of a furnace of fire—of unquenchable fire—where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. John tells us of a lake burning with fire and brimstone, where the smoke of torment ascendeth for ever and ever. Mark tells us again and again of the place where the worm dieth not, and the fire is never quenched; and Luke lifts up the veil and shews us a rich man in hell, tormented in the flame, and imploring a drop of water to cool his parched tongue. These are the Scriptural descriptions of the future miseries of the lost. This doom of torture, and horror, and pain, is the drunkard's doom. And myriads of souls are being hurled into this fearful hell, by means of intoxicating drink!

Let no one doubt the reality of this everlasting destruction of body and soul awaiting the drunkard who dies unrepentant and unforgiven. His present experience is the type and pledge of all that he is yet to endure. He carries about with him in his bosom even now the deathless worm and the quenchless fire; the agony and torture, the pain of body, and lashings of conscience, and all the miserable experiences that attend him in the present world are a shadow and symbol of that second death, which, on account of its completeness of misery has been set forth under the terrific figure of a burning lake. Sixty thousand drunkards die annually in Great Britain, and go down to this dreadful hell, to endure this eternal living death! How many die in the same condition in New Brunswick, or in this city, I cannot tell; but from what I have already seen, and from what I have already heard, the numbers are not few. And O! when looking on a scene like this, drunkards dying daily, and others regularly filling up their place, soon like them to die to take the final plunge into the abyss of remediless despair, when looking on a scene like this, where, I ask, is the man, that has one drop of warm blood flowing in his veins or one grain of pity existing in his soul, or one spark of vital Christianity living in his heart who is not prepared to weep and say—

"My God, I feel the mournful scene
And my heart bleeds for dying men,
And fain my pity would reclaim.
And snatch the firebrands from the flame?"

Brethren is this language expressive of the feelings of your heart? Then let me tell you that your

Pity can reclaim
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

Do you inquire what can we do? I answer, you can—*Abstain*, and give us the benefit of your influence and example. Let Ministers, and Elders, and Deacons, and

Churches abstain from partaking of the contents of the poisoned pot. Let them stand aloof, and form a wide and widening circle around it. Let them cry in the ears of every one that would approach to the drink "touch not for there is death in the pot." Let none be seen around the mouth of this intoxicating pot, partaking of the destructive liquor it contains, but the poor, wretched, tattered, haggard, hardened multitude, who are half dead already, and who cry "We must have drink."—"We have a fire burning in our bosoms which must be quenched in drink." Let all this be done, and soon you will see few enlightened governments countenancing such a horrid system—and soon you will find few respectable men, manufacturing this poisoned drink—and soon you will find not a solitary Christian engaged in dealing out the destructive liquor to such customers as drunkards, and the whole system will speedily sink and fall, through its own inherent odiousness, loathsomeness, and rottenness. It is the moderate drinking of professedly Christian men, which gives a character of respectability to the death dealing trade, which otherwise it would not possess. It is this which is preventing the rapid and glorious triumph of our cause. Brethren, abstain, and soon you will hear less of this shooting and stabbing work that has been going on in Portland. Abstain, and soon few such scenes will be witnessed, like that which transpired at the close of the Sabbath services in this church a fortnight ago, when a poor woman entered the vestry, leading by the hand as fine a little boy as you could desire to see, herself trembling in every limb, and the big tears chasing each other in quick succession down her death-like face. What was the cause of all her sorrows? Hear it mothers! She was afraid to go to the only place on earth she could call her home—and trembled to meet the only man on earth she could claim as her protector. Ere she left her home to attend divine service, her husband had sworn by all the Gods in heaven, and by all the devils in hell, that if she dared to go to Church, he would drink himself drunk in her absence, and when she returned would destroy both himself and her. Mothers in St. John! ye who have loving husbands and happy homes. Fathers in St. John! ye who have affectionate wives, and darling children, can you, will you permit such scenes as this! Will you countenance and support a pot in your midst, the contents of which turns a man into a fiend and makes a wife, a mother and a Christian shake like an aspen leaf at the thought of meeting the man that once professed to love her; and who once swore in the presence of the God of heaven, that he would be to her a faithful, loving and affectionate husband even until death.—From that vestry, then, a cry is now heard by every man and woman in this house in the shrill voice of a helpless female, saying, abstain, abstain, abstain; for my sake, and for the sake of thousands like myself, abstain, and let the poisoned pot be speedily destroyed. But I must not enlarge, I fear I have detained you too long already, I was going to remark, however, that you can do more than abstain, you can *combine*. Union is strength, what cannot be accomplished by individuals acting separately or apart, may be effected by their being combined together, by there being united as one man. You can yet do more than abstain and combine—you can also co-operate.

An army may be drawn up in battle array, and have the appearance of strength, but if it does not put forth its united power and fight, it accomplishes nothing. The enemy triumphs. Union in action is the trial of strength. It is then that the prowess is displayed!—You do well to *abstain*, you do well to *combine*; but you do better still to *fight* and endeavour to drive the invader from your shore. Up then, and try your *strength*, your *combined*, *united* strength against the foe that seeks to rob you of your peace, your health, your prosperity, your character, your reputation, your friends, your body, and your soul. Give him his death