

the preliminaries of the meeting were over, a short, stout hard-featured man arose to address the audience.

"Rough-hewn, sure enough!" Ellis muttered to himself—"and no doubt original enough. Well, perhaps I may hear something worth laughing at. Let us see."

"Well my friends," began the speaker, in an easy, familiar, off-hand style,—*"You want me to make a speech for you and I suppose I must do it. It will be rough, but to the point, and if I hit some of you pretty hard, you musn't get angry. I never could get along by whipping the devil around the pump. It must be face to face, arm's length, or not at all. I've spoken every night for the past week, in the different villages round about, upon all kinds of subjects. I've put it to the distillers and brewers hard, I tell you. One man swore that he would shoot me. But I'm not afraid. My cause is a good one, and if I maintain it manfully, it will bear me on safely to the end—leaving not even the smell of fire*

*"Having, therefore, carried off and rubbed down the distillers, and the brewers, and liquor-merchants, and charged home upon them the responsibility of drunkard-making; I must now turn my attention to a class of the community who have quite as much to do with 'drunkard-making.' Who are they? you ask. I will tell you. They are the temperate drinkers. Some of you look surprised—prick up your ears and become all attention. It's a fact, I can tell you, and I'll make it as plain to you as that two and two make four. Answer me this question. Would there be a single drunkard to-day, if there had not been moderate drinkers a few years ago? No, of course not. The moderate drinker is the blossom—the drunkard the fruit—Or, to give you something more striking, I will use the language of a brother lecturer. The difference, says he, between a temperate drinker, and a drunkard, is the same between a pig and a hog. The pig is a pretty fair beginning of a hog, and the temperate drinker is a pretty fair beginning of a drunkard. You can no more have a drunkard without a moderate drinker, than you can have a hog without a pig. This is plain talk, my friends, and some will call it extremely vulgar—especially if it hits them a little hard. No doubt it is very vulgar and unrefined to say pig and hog. The eating of 'them ere' animals is quite genteel; but to name them is shocking. Well, perhaps it is. But we can't help it. Homely illustrations are generally the most forcible, because their truth is less clothed, and consequently more apparent.*

*"Now I hope you all understand the position I take. And you all see that a weighty responsibility rests upon the moderate drinker; for without his co-operation, it would be impossible for all the distillers and rumsellers in the world to make a single drunkard. He may answer me, that if the responsibility does rest upon him, it is a responsibility that affects none but himself. Let me beg your pardon, my friend. I assume you will become a drunkard, which is a very natural inference, as you are in the only possible road leading to that wretched state. Well, you have passed the point, up to which you were fully able to control yourself, and are now a passive slave in the hands of the most heartless, inhuman tyrant, that ever cursed the earth. You are married.*

The gentle maiden who won your heart's first and best affections, became, years ago, your wife; and around you, are clustered the sweet pledges of early love. Will not these be affected by your fall? Answer me that! Let me relate what I have myself seen. It is no made-up story. Around it are clustered no scenes of imaginary woe. It is truth—truth unadorned, but with a power to reach the heart that no mere fiction can ever claim."

The lecturer here seemed to be affected, and paused for a few moments. When he again commenced speaking, it was in a changed tone, low, distinct, and full of touching pathos. It was nature's eloquence—the eloquence of the heart, that now fell from his tongue.

"In giving the history which I am about to relate, I had intended to speak in the third person," he said; "but the recollection of some things has so touched my feelings, that I cannot go on, unless I speak of them as they were, and of myself as the principal actor.

"I was, my friends, in early years, a temperate drinker, as were most of those around me. I took my glass, regularly, every day, as a matter of course, and thought nothing of it. At twenty-three I became attached to a gentle, affectionate girl, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, for whom my love steadily increased, until it seemed as if I would at any time have laid down my life for her. This earnest affection was returned. At twenty-four I married her. An old man, considered by most in the village as eccentric, because, I believe, he rigidly refused to drink any kind of intoxicating liquor, met me on the next day.

"Good morning, Henry," he said, extending his hand, while a benevolent smile lit up his venerable face. "Most sincerely do I congratulate you on your marriage with Hetty Wilkins. I am sure you will be happy. From a child I have known and loved Hetty, and that love has grown warmer every day. This interest which I feel in both her and you, makes me free to whisper one warning in your ear, Henry—to caution you against the only danger that it seems to me can possibly wreck your happiness. May I speak freely?"

"To me certainly!" I replied, wondering within myself what he could possibly mean."

"The only danger, then, Henry," he said, "lies, I believe, in your unwisely indulging in the use of strong drinks."

"I cannot tell you how surprised I was at this. At first, I felt half angry with my aged friend; but this feeling passed away, as I thought of his eccentricity.

"You are certainly jesting with me," I said; "or else are under some strange mistake about my habits. I do not drink to excess."

"I am perfectly aware of that, Henry," was his serious reply. "I know that few young men in this neighbourhood indulge less than you do. But the danger lies in the fact of your using liquor at all. It does you no good. Cut it off, then, Henry, and your happiness and that of your young wife, are beyond the reach of danger."

"I have perfect control over myself," I urged.

"Of that, I am assured," he said. "But I have