

smiled upon by earthly friends, but smiled upon by their Father who is in heaven.

Thus we regard temperance as the handmaid to religion, an important looking at facts we are constrained to say, the most important auxiliary to the spread of the Gospel in the present day. But let us look to the language of the text, and employ it by way of accommodation to the subject before us "there is death in the pot." Yes, brethren, there is *eternal* death in it, there is *spiritual* death in it, and there is *eternal* death in it.

1st. To show that there is *natural* death in the intoxicating pot, were this the time, and place, for such an exhibition, I could present before your view such an array of thrilling facts, as to the number and diversified character of the deaths, occasioned by this poisoned pot, as would be enough, methinks, to make the very blood cruddle in your veins. I shall, however, spare you such an exhibition, and will only assure that there is everything in intoxicating drink that leads to death. "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." To use the language of another "could we place before you with something like the vividness of reality the numberless domestic evils to which, the use of intoxicating liquor gives rise—could we measure the countless *tears* of bitterness that are shed, and make you hear the deep drawn *sighs* that are heaved, and the yet deeper groans that are uttered from almost every corner of our land—could we put a tongue into every festering wound which it has inflicted within the domestic circle, and bid them relate to you their saddening tale of woe—could we summon up the dead to bear witness to the silent sorrows that have been endured, to the fond hearts that have been broken—to the firm constitutions that have been shattered—to the dishonoured graves that have been filled" nothing more would be required to convince you of the body murdering power of this monster evil.

My own mind was recently deeply awakened and powerfully drawn to the consideration of this subject, by several affecting circumstances, one or two of which I shall now relate. Before leaving Canada, some kind friend sent me a Glasgow newspaper, containing a report of the speeches delivered at a public meeting, held in that city, under the auspices of the "Scottish Temperance League," of those favourable to the preservation of human food.—The object of that convention was to adopt resolutions, and carry out measures for mitigating the then existing distress, by discouraging the application of human food of any kind in the production of alcoholic drinks. At that meeting, in seconding a motion, one of the speakers rose and said, "I find that the consumption of grain in Great Britain, in the manufacture of intoxicating beverages far exceeds six millions of quarters, which triples the quantity of foreign grain entered annually for home consumption. Last year this country imported six millions of quarters of grain, and this year they would probably have to import ten millions of quarters; but these were two extraordinary years, and if they would take the trouble of looking back for twenty years, they would find that the average quantity annually imported, did not exceed what he had stated." "Now," continued he, "they consume upwards of six millions of quarters of grain in their distilleries and breweries, which if put an end to, they would have so much food in the country, that instead of being a corn importing, they would be a corn exporting country, to the extent of four millions of quarters of grain annually, and would give to 2000 ships a freight of 2000 quarters each." Observe, my brethren, this appalling statement was made by a much respected, intelligent, Christian man, at the very

time that a fearful famine was raging in our fatherland. At the very time when we were sending our ships loaded with provision from America, from Canada, and from other places, to preserve the lives of starving thousands. At the very time when hundreds were dying daily for want of food in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland, the once loved home doubtless of many now before me. At the very time when some of us (myself among others) were actually begging the loan of money, that we might send it to the relief of suffering humanity. Yes, at that very time the fearful truth came out, that had it not been for the buying up of immense quantities of grain by professedly Christian men, for the purpose of being worse than destroyed—manufactured into a death-dealing poison to keep the intoxicating pot so full, that men might easily obtain and drink of its contents, that had it not been for this, the inhabitants of Britain would have had bread enough and to spare. Not one need have died—the most distressing and revolting of all deaths—death from *sheer starvation*! Not one need have witnessed such common scenes as hungry children crying violently for bread, to their no less hungry parents. Not one need have beheld some members of a family already dead, and the other members of the same family looking mournfully on the lifeless bodies of their kindred, themselves reduced to living skeletons, and hourly expecting to breath their last, and to go to the place where "the weary are at rest." They might all have been preserved alive, both cheerful and happy, and might have had over and above the supply of their own necessary wants, four millions of quarters of grain to send elsewhere, to the relief of others.—This astounding fact aroused all the dormant energies of my mind, and set my whole soul on fire, in the blessed cause of Temperance.

Laying down the paper containing this painful statement, my eyes suffused with tears, I involuntarily exclaimed, "Is this, indeed, a land of Bibles, and ministers, and sanctuaries, and Sabbaths? Do we indeed profess, as a nation, to be influenced and actuated by the pure, the mild, the merciful religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, which tells us to deny ourselves for the good of others—which commands us to love our neighbour as we love ourselves? If we are so influenced and actuated, why *was* there, and why is there, still so large a quantity of the people's food allowed to be destroyed? Oh! where is the humanity of the humane? Where the morality of the moral? Where the philanthropy of the philanthropist? Where the Christianity of the Christian? when such an immense amount as six millions of quarters of grain could be permitted to be manufactured into an intoxicating drink, to be used as a beverage, during a period of dreadful famine without one noble, one mighty, one united Christian effort having been put forth to suppress the distilleries and breweries, and thus preserve at once both the people's food and the people's lives. Where, thought I—amidst this scene of poison, and this ocean of death, amidst the shrieks of mothers, and the tears of widows, and the wails of sufferers, and the cries of orphans, and the groans of drunkards, and the starvation deaths of thousands—where, O! where is the Christian church? the reservoir of purity—the light of the world—the salt of the earth—the protector of morals—the bestower of blessings—the instrumental saviour of the bodies and the souls of men. 'Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askalon,' that the Christian church has failed to do her duty in the noble cause of Temperance; and in consequence of her criminal neglect, multitudes have already perished, and multitudes more are perishing even now. May she soon be convinced of the right stand to take against this great evil, which at present exists amongst us. May she soon come to our help, and to the help of the Lord, to rid the land of the destructive influence of alcohol. And then the monster-pot which occupies such a prominent position, will speedily be shattered in a thousand pieces."