

pent that He ever made man? And if he does not again send a deluge to destroy him here; will He not reserve him for the deluge of fire, which will not be quenched? "*Do not err,*" says St. Paul, "*neither fornicators, nor the servers of idols, nor adulterers, nor the unclean, nor thieves, nor misers, nor DRUNKARDS, nor cursers nor plunderers, shall possess the Kingdom of God.*" Into what a crowd St. Paul casts the drunkards. What! some proud mind is ready to ask me, is the drunkard one with the idolator? Do not object O man! You have heard the Divine Laws. Do not interrogate me. Ask the Apostle, and he will still answer you, that both are equally shut out from the kingdom of God. As this then is clear, why need you ask me to take measure of the enormity of your sin? As he stands without the gates, as he is excluded from the possession, as he is lost to salvation, as he is consigned to eternal torments; why need you reach to me the scales and weights to balance and show the proportion of iniquity between these vices? And why so anxious to ascertain the enormity of drunkenness, separate and alone, when it is never to be found alone, and unaccompanied by some, if not all, this crowd of horrid crimes? Is not drunkenness the fertile mother in whose womb all those vices are engendered? are they not the accursed offspring of this accursed parent? And shall not the mother Vice carry the curses of her brood? Go to the house of the drunkard. Consider his family. Look at his affairs. Listen to the sounds that proceed from the house of drunkenness, and the house of intamy, as you pass. Survey the insecurity of the public ways and of the night streets. Go to the hospital, to the house of charity, and the bed of wretchedness. Enter the courts of justice, the prison and the condemned cell. Look at the haggard features of the ironed criminal. Ask all these why they exist to distress you? and you will every where be answered by tales and recitals of the effects of drunkenness. And the miseries, and the vices, and the sorrows, and the scenes of suffering which have harrowed up your soul, were, almost without exception, either prepared by drinking, or were undergone for procuring the means of satisfying this vice and the vices which spring from it.

Mere intoxication is but the starting post of the drunkard's course. To what a train of roads does drunkenness point, like some portentous finger-post erected upon earth by the infernal powers to conduct to their dominions! Drunkenness—dissoluteness, debauchery, disease, the hospital, death.—Drunkenness—evil company, cursing, swearing, gambling, prophanity, infidelity, death in impenitence. Drunkenness—idleness, carelessness, destruction, death in abandonment. Drunkenness—riotousness, quarrelling, injuries, insults, inhuman fightings, sudden death. Drunkenness—lawless companions, thefts, robberies, plots, murders, the gaol, the iron gang, the gallows. Drunkenness—weakness, gloominess, wretchedness, melancholy, wild fantasies, black horrors, madness.

These are but a few of the courses of the drunkard. But, whilst the drunkard himself totters or crawls along his destined path to his destined end, without a sense of his shame, or a feeling of his condition, or a regard to his friends, or a thought for his family, or a reflection towards his soul, or a glimpse of his destination, is God silent? Are the heavens without know-