

bondage. By conforming to these customs we may therefore destroy him for whom Christ died.

Lastly, these customs have robbed the Church of many of her most efficient members and ministers. Is there one of us that could not bear a mournful testimony to the truth of this? Have we not all seen members, once sober as ourselves, who have conformed to the customs till they have formed habits which they could not conquer, and tied, and bound, with the chain of their sins they have gone into eternity in darkness? The "priest and prophet" also have not escaped, and he that turned many to righteousness has gone out into a hopeless eternity. Our people wonder how this can be. With my knowledge I wonder how so many of us escape. Nowhere is alcohol so dangerous as in the brain of a minister. His mental, and physical, organization combine to make him peculiarly susceptible of its influence. The quantity that the *deacon* can take with impunity, will often drive the *minister* to madness.

These customs beset us as they do not our people. Our visits are all special, and are therefore all the signals for the production of the drink, and the more popular the minister, the more frequent, and strong, the temptations. If we pay pastoral visits, at every house the drink is pressed upon us. If we go to the wedding, the baptism, or the funeral, it is still there. It is often, too, pressed upon us most unreasonably. Sometimes by those of whom we may say, "They know not what they do." Sometimes, I am sorry to say, by those who do know what they do, and who put their bottle to their minister that they may triumph in his shame. I have known men who have pressed the wine upon their minister, and counted the glasses that he took, and who have ordered the servant to put a certain decanter near the minister, and see that no one else drank from it, that they might know how much he drank, and who, when reason has been blinded, and the tongue loosened, have