

urity have we that
averns, grog-shops,

or a judicious use
or our *posterity*,
s thousand crimes,
ess. *It is ridicu-*
the most pitiable
e *capital*, and the
s, *tavern-keepers*,
raged in this busi-
which they pursue
he live long night,
e call of the watch-
death to any but

d soul to the last
aying their work-
nerve to produce
the old dilatory
ng improved and
at power of steam
the minute.

you, my hearers,
will root out in-
distilleries driven
l and unwearied
mitous delusion!
ence, these nur-
vil—will continue
ould weep; but
d; but my voice
t the might of *my*
children must be

Would to God
which he would
f another year—
upon you, in the
with the voice
course you will
m this house, and
is *accursed*, this
ainst you in the