

feast, when his heart was merry with wine, boasted of the beauty of Vashti, the Queen, and commanded that she should be brought into the assembly of his princes and nobles, but the Queen refused to go into the drunken revelry, and the advice of the wise men was, that the King should decree, that the queen should never again come into his presence, for all their wives would become rebellious, and there would be no such thing as controlling them. (Great applause.) Thus was the first divorce we read of, caused by drinking spirits. This is not all. In every period of time every dear domestic relation has been broken up and destroyed throughout the world, by the same vice. The first gallows that ever disgraced our earth, was erected through the use of liquor, and drink has raised all the gallowses that have been erected throughout all lands. Not only did the intoxication of the King Ahasuerus, cause Haman and his ten sons to be hanged on the gallows which Haman had prepared for Mordecai, but 75,000 innocent persons were cruelly slaughtered in one day, in consequence of this same drunken revel of the King. He need not tell of the evils of intemperance in the family circle, or its ruinous effects upon the physical, moral, and intellectual faculties of man. You have seen the miserable form of the bloated drunkard as he staggered along your streets; you have witnessed the desolation of his home, and the appalling amount of wretchedness with which he seems surrounded. But this is not all—the bloated face, and the bloodshot eyes, and the haggard aspect, are but the signals of distress hung out by the soul, to give awful evidence of an inward desolation still more dreadful. The demon of intemperance has ever been the ruin of the body, intellect, and heart of man, and it has entered the domestic circle, and has spread itself so widely, that no man or woman could say that in themselves or their family connections, they had never witnessed the blighting, withering effects of the debasing cup. Blood is upon our every hearthstone. Have intoxicating drinks done all this? and have they a single virtue to recommend them to the kind regards of any human being? No, not one! He would ask his friends of Toronto if the people of this city would not be in a better condition, and be blessed in all their relations public and private?—would not the Province of Canada West be more abundantly blessed, if there was not a distillery or a grog shop to curse this soil?—You say, yes. Is there one here that would say no? Then can you be friends of your country, can you be honest men and women, after making that acknowledgment, if you are not ready to do all you can to remove every distillery and grog shop from the face of the land. (Great applause.) You acknowledge the evil, and the miserable man that stands behind the bar peddling out damnation by the gill, acknowledges that drunkenness is an evil, and every man acknowledges that temperance is a good thing, and even those who stand aloof from us in this temperance reform are willing to acknowledge the virtue and the excellence of temperance. He had seen distinguished men with a glass of wine in their hands, talking about education and virtue being the stability of our institutions, but he would undertake to say that no man can be a friend either to virtue or education that is not a friend to this cause. (Great applause.) The Christian graces are associated

together, and you find temperance holding a middle place, so that when you withdraw it, it is like striking the key stone from the arch, the whole beautiful fabric must tumble to ruin. Do you find faith and virtue and brotherly kindness in the grog shop?—No, you find them among those who eschew the cursed cup. Ignorance and intemperance generally go together. In the State of North Carolina we have a distillery for every six children at school, (hear, hear)—and yet you talk of being a friend to virtue and education, and at the same time tolerate this accursed business. Yes, and some of the young ladies set out upon their tables a nest of scorpions to sting their friends when they call. The ladies' parlour is the place where the first lesson is taught in many instances. The young man goes there to pay his respects on a New Year's day, and no matter how good his resolutions be, the smiles and affectionate entreaties of the fair one are so attractive; besides there is an attraction about the wine cup itself that he cannot resist, and when evening comes, after he has made some dozens of calls, you see him reel and stagger home, to curse the mother that bore him. In a few more years he goes along the streets a drunken outcast. Intemperance is the devil's railroad to lead down to ruin; but the Sons of Temperance are determined to draw up the rails, (cheers) and check the progress of this might engine of evil. The great work of desolating the earth has gone forward long enough—enough grave-yards have been peopled with premature mortality. We begin to realize the fact that there is enough, and we are here to-night from our distant homes, to take you as brothers by the hand and bid you God speed in this work of reformation. (Great applause.) We know no Geographical boundaries in this great work of benevolence and love. Yesterday was the Anniversary of the battle between our fathers at Bunker's Hill—Yesterday the representatives of twenty-seven States came to your Province for the first time, not to draw the sword and shed fraternal blood, but to unite together and to consult together against a common enemy, that has been desolating your country and the land of our birth. (Great applause.) To-day is the Anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. I thought of it, and as I looked upon the army of the Sons of Temperance, all marching gaily forward, Frenchmen, and Englishmen, and Americans, all marching forward in a solid column, to take possession of this reeling, staggering, drunken world, my heart leaped with joy. The time is not far distant, when a brighter day shall dawn upon the earth, with all the sunshine of millennial glory, when that song which fell from the lips of angels on the plains of Bethlehem shall be taken up, and shall reverberate through the whole universe of God—"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will to man." (Great applause.) But that day never will come so long as there is a distillery or grog-shop in Canada West. These are not the precursors and the harbingers, to prepare the way of the Lord and make his paths straight—a drunkard can never make a straight path. (Laughter.) Look around upon your own society, and see the numbers that are yearly offered up on the sacrificial altars of Bacchus. The crime and the pauperism that fill our jails and penitentiaries, are all produced from this parent source, yet there are persons