

## REV. C. J. WARREN'S ADDRESS TO CHILDREN.

On the afternoon of Monday last, the Rev. C. J. Warren, addressed a large number of children, in the Lecture-room of Cote Street Free Church, on Temperance. We believe there could not have been fewer than 500, and when we remember that the time of meeting was the time usually devoted to play, or at which it was necessary for the children to go home to dinner, we count it as a good omen, that so much interest is being taken in the temperance cause. Mr. Warren said:—

My Dear children,—You have often seen an intoxicated man, and probably, some of you may have seen one under the influence of delirium tremens. About a fortnight ago, I saw one in the United States, who drank until he brought on a fit of this awful disease. He ran away from his home, saying there were 100 devils in him. I could not help saying to him, you should not have taken one into your lips. Oh, he said, that is true, the devil is in the liquor; I no sooner put wine into my lips, than in a little the devil comes out. A friend once said to me, that he was dining with a number of lawyers; when sober, they would not think of using profane language, but, when they had taken one or two glasses of champagne, and it began to do its work, then they began to swear, and say what they would at another time be ashamed of, and sometimes deeply regret. When the spirit of the foul prince of darkness mixes with the spirit of rum, these things appear. None of you would like to have delirium tremens. Suppose, now, you saw a boy or a man in a boat on the river, above the falls of Niagara, he struggles and tries to escape, but the current is too strong, and on, and on, it sweeps him, sometimes alarmed and sometimes hoping to escape, until it dashes over the falls and he is gone. Now, suppose again, you were in the boat and were just ready to perish, and there was a company of persons on the banks with a rope and a hook attached to it, which, being thrown, might hold the boat, and drawing it ashore, might save you. Would it be wrong to throw the hook and rope? Certainly not. Would it be wrong not to throw them? Assuredly it would. Would it be wrong to say, I did not push him into the stream, I did not advise him to go into the boat. You see how this applies. The boat and hook are total abstinence, which can certainly save even when in the stream, but who would be so presumptuous as venture into the dangerous rapids.—I was speaking with your Mayor, and said I had seen fewer drunken men in Canada than I had expected. While I spoke one reeled past, he had all the appearance of having made his bed in the mud, his dress was soiled with mud; such a man going on so, may have this delirium very soon, he is in the rapids and may go over the falls. The man who drinks is, in fact, rowing towards the falls. Here is a question for you. Are there any girls here who have brothers? (Yes, yes!) Are there any here who love their brothers? Let those who do so hold up their hands. (A little forest of hands was held up.) Would you wish your brother in the boat? (No!) I ask you then to fancy that some relative is a drunkard; he may have delirium tremens next week,—he may next year; we wish then to save from this, and every evil connected with drinking. That is the principle of this song which we shall sing. Mr. W. then led the children in singing a temperance hymn.

He then brought under the notice of the children, a temperance school-book, or catechism, got up by himself, as a kind of juvenile manual of temperance; it seems very suitable. As God's word, he remarked, is intended as a guide in theology and every thing; it must also in temperance. He had no wish to base his instructions on any thing else. He then read, and commented on various passages.

"Wherewithall shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto, according to thy word." "My Son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." "Enter not into the path of the wicked. Whosoever enters into the path, will come to the end of the wicked. He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

A few words on the deceitfulness of strong drinks. Deth the wisdom cry? What says she of this? She speaks to young and old, she cries aloud. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and who is deceived thereby is not wise." You have all heard of the rattle snake. Suppose there was one in the streets; some of them are very beautiful, they can show the appearance of a bright rainbow on their skin, and can make a rattling with their tails, just as little boys will sometimes drum with two sticks. Suppose he was on the sidewalk, and he looked so nice, you would play with him, and some one called to you not to go near him, he has poison in his mouth, he will bite, and poison, and destroy you; he is a mocker, he is raging, he not deceived by his looks or his beauty. Would you show wisdom in yet going near him? Well, doth not wisdom, the wisdom of heaven, declare, wine is a mocker.—Another verse. "Look not on wine when it is red." Now, in some temperance halls I have seen a motto, "Beware of the first glass." But God goes deeper,—farther back than this. Beware, he says, of the first look. The less is forbidden in the greater—the end in the beginning.—Now, there are certain characteristics in wine. In the juice of the grape, as you squeeze it out, it does not mock, but by and by it assumes a mocking character, and at the last, "it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Yes, no serpent like it for biting and stinging.

Now, another lesson. "Wo unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink." I saw a man lately, who boasted he could drink two quarts of whiskey between sun and sun, and you would not know that there was any difference on him from what he was in the morning; he could himself strong, and thought this was a proof. I said, probably he was drunk in the morning, or in all probability the reason was that the liquor he had already taken had tanned his stomach, he had acted on its membranes, as oak or other barks acted on leather, drawing together, searing the delicate lining, thickening it like two pieces of sole leather glued together. This lining when in a healthy state, is like plush, soft and velvety. And think of that delicate material thus spoiled and changed by strong drink. Who has woe, who has redness of eyes?

Now, we must have a verse against the traffic. "Wo unto him that giveth his neighbour to drink." Stop a little.—Does not the Bible say—"Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, shall in nowise lose his reward." Does the Bible contradict itself? Is it indeed wrong to give his neighbour water or milk to drink? No, a blessing is pronounced on that, but the woe of God is pronounced on him who would induce his neighbour to drink strong drink, "that putteth his bottle to him." That is the explanation that shows the kind of drinks which is condemned and denounced thus strongly. A gentleman was once sitting at table, when he was asked to drink wine. "No," he said, "wine is a mocker." "Oh then, perhaps you would have something stronger, here is brandy." "No, strong drink is raging." "Will you then pass the bottle for us?" "No," he said, "woe unto him that putteth his bottle to his neighbour."

Thou hast consulted shame to thy house by calling off many people, and hast sinned against thy soul. For the stone shall