

and public-houses could have been devised? For every teacher of youth, for every messenger of mercy, for every preacher of virtue and well-being, twenty emissaries of evil arise and ply the instrumentalities fitted to make man ignorant, vicious, criminal, and unbelieving. And yet on the part of the laborers in the field of human enlightenment and improvement, whether moral or religious, there is scarcely, as a general state feeling, imagined that there is any antagonism at all. The two thousand laborers in the high walks of inebriation ply their calling almost hand in hand, with the men who train our youth, expound our bibles, and mourn for the perishing heathen of other lands. At all events, if not directly lighting up a countenance of approval, if not bidding heaven send the publican's vocation, they lift at least a united, plain, and vigorous warning, that in a Christian city, in the midst of Christian men, and on the part of Christians themselves, such things ought not so to be.

Nay, so impervious is the general mind, and that even on the part of those whose special business is to train according to the highest standard of virtue—so impervious is it to the obvious bearing of these two thousand strongholds of evil, that they are looked upon as almost a necessary part of the social state, ministering to the inevitable wants of our common nature. Publican and corn-factor, publican and apothecary, publican and chesemonger, publican and meat-vender—why, these are as true yoke-fellows as are to be found in the civilized state of men. And no more would it be deemed a part of virtuous warning and virtuous rule to guard the young as to these snare of vice than it would be to warn them against any time-sanctioned, time-honored institution of our country. Hence this all but universal sowing of the wind on the part of a Christian people; and hence, too, the corresponding harvest of woe, misery, and death constantly reaped and proclaimed as the issue of our vast, magnificent, re-plendent public-house property.

To show as we have before done the progress of opinion in the Old Country, we take the following extract from the Builder, on "The Temperance Movement." The editor says:—

"A variety of small books and pamphlets, published by Mr. Tweedie of the Strand, have been laid before us for our general approval, which we most cordially give to all such instruments in so good a cause. The leaders of the movement appear to be well aware that the songs of a nation have often more moral force, for good or evil, than its laws, and we are glad to see poetry, too long wedded to wine, now quite as hilariously and as sentimentally wedded to water. It is full time the Bacchanalian were superseded by the Aquanalian in the poetry of the people. True poetry elevates the soul; drink, in all its forms, degrades it. Even that dread substitute opium does not degrade and brutalize the man as alcohol does. True, it is said to sear the soul, as it were, and render it callous, at least ultimately, and in its moral and hence its higher faculties; but we believe that "the English Opium Eater," Mr. De Quincy, is right in declaring that while opium (at an awful sacrifice, we must add, both moral and physical) tends, in small quantities, primarily to concentrate and exalt the soul, and only secondarily and by reaction to drag it down to the lowest depths of degradation and infamy, alcohol has no such primary, redeeming quality, but from the first moment tends to undermine the royal seat of cool reason—to unman the resolution—to inflame, to relax, to distort and intensify the mere imagination, and finally to accomplish its dire work by plunging the reason—the virility—the manhood—the intellectual and moral eye of the soul into that abyss of confusion and of false and evil spirits whose portals it has opened. In fact, it seems to us, that alcohol and opium are direct *antitheses*, instead of being akin; but note this, that as extremes meet, so both are perilously evil in their tendencies; though of two great evils it appears to us that alcohol is by far the worst—the most directly and completely debasing, brutalizing; and as such it ought to be at least classed with opium, under the like restrictions of sale, and not made, on the contrary, in all its phases, an immense and polluted source of Government emolument based on the degradation of the nation. What could right-thinking people say were Government to foster, and benefit by, the sale of opium as of alcohol? Yet, as we have endeavored to show, the use of alcohol is far more immediately degrading—brutalizing—in its influence on the people, than the use of opium would be. Even beer or porter and ale are held in a false and erroneous estimation, especially in

London. Liebig declares that there is no more real nourishment than there is in a four pound loaf, in as much stout as is ordinarily used throughout a whole year by a moderate drinker. There is much more stimulus doubtless, but that is a source of false and temporary strength, and not of real and permanent vigour."—*Builder*.

An exhortation to Union is never out of place when the end contemplated is right and just. We copy the annexed from the *Advocate and Home Circle*:—

"Union is strength; combination of effort, concentration of action and mutual agreement are but the John Baptists—precursors of the victorious triumphs of those principles which they represent. It requires no long, or labored argument, in this age of the new development of truths—not *new truths*, to show that unity in any enterprise is indispensable to ultimate success, because, as soon as party divisions and sectional differences arise, immediately there is a branching out on every side, of opposing forces, the one neutralizing the influence and action of the other. And associations thus constituted may labor, and labor zealously, and with untiring diligence; but the meanwhile they toil in vain, so long as there is not that unity in action and symmetry in design, which is requisite for success.

The one with all the ardor of a patriot pulls one way, and the other with as much zeal pulls in the direct opposite direction, and thus we see why so little is accomplished in many organizations which in other respects seem admirably adapted to achieve the object in view. Yes this mainspring, if we may so call it, when out of place—when this great fly-wheel is out of gear, then the vast, extensive machinery of human progress is at a stand. Every other wheel may be in its proper place and every part formed and constructed on the most systematic arrangement, but if this part is disjoined, the waterfall might flow on till the final judgment, or the fires and steam might be kept up till the great conflagration, still it would be of no avail—it would not produce action, nor serve to accelerate the accomplishment of the project.

Now, what Xenophon says in respect to order, will apply as well to the subject on hand—"He men gar eutoxia sovzin dokei he ataxia pollous hede apolaleken;"—translated, "It seems to me that on the one hand, good order leads to preservation, but on the other, disorder has already destroyed many." Now, it is true, where union is wanting, disorder will ensue as a natural consequence; but, where unanimity of feeling and purpose prevails, every thing tends to the preservation of public and private interest, and its beneficial results are seen all over the face of society. Need I say to temperance men—he united. Remember the great interest pending on the union of temperance men, and what disastrous results might flow from a disavowance in action or opinion at the present crisis. Then keep in mind the motto: *United we stand, divided we fall*."

In conclusion, from our hearts we say:

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

Now to heaven our prayer ascending,

God speed the right;

In a noble cause contending,

God speed the right.

Be our zeal in heaven recorded,

With success on earth rewarded;

God speed the right.

Be that prayer again repeated,

God speed the right;

Ne'er despairing, though defeated,

God speed the right.

Like the good and great in story,

If we fail, we fail with glory;

God speed the right.

Patient, firm and persevering,

God speed the right;

Ne'er the event nor danger fearing,

God speed the right;

Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,

And in heaven's own time succeeding;

God speed the right.