

not rob our cause of its true worth and sublimity? Do we not ignore our own faith? When intoxicating liquor is freely admitted to our families, poverty comes with it;—children are reared to infamy; wives are overwhelmed with sorrow; domestic joys are blasted; taxation increases, because crime is increased; and thousands are prematurely carried to the grave, unhonored and unwept. Is this all? This is not all! It is not one-hundredth part of the mischief. For, clothe this mortal body in rags; feed it on coarse bread; confine it within the cheerless walls of a poor-house; bury it in a mean coffin; and let no marble tell where it is sepulchred; yea, crucify it on a tree, and let the vultures devour it; or, what is more dreadful still, tie it to a stake and burn it, and scatter its ashes on the wintry winds,—and what is all this? We protest with uplifted hand, and call on heaven and earth to witness—it is all as nothing, and less than nothing, compared with the loss of the soul. The body is but clay. The soul is the man. When you have made the soul a wreck; when, by this maddening poison, you have turned away its affections from holiness and from God; when you have made the man a drunkard, and he dies in that character, you have done something more than create poverty and taxes, you have done something more than ruin domestic peace;—you have destroyed both the house and the inhabitant; you have killed the soul; you have forever ruined what the Son of God became incarnate to save.

NO DRUNKARD SHALL INHERIT THE KINGDOM OF GOD. This is the offence of intoxicating liquor. This is the *magnum scandalum* of the rum traffic, which Government have so long licensed. This is the one great and awful result of the system, which all manufacturers, sellers, and users of this article wish to uphold and make perpetual. Intoxicating liquor destroys the immortal soul!

Look at this result, we say; look at the fruit of your labors, ye blind, ye cruel men! You make much ado to bring it to pass. You brave the pangs of a guilty conscience. You set at naught the tears of widows and orphans. You forget your responsibility to God, and the dread visions of the night, admonishing you to forsake a business more ruinous than civil war, more deadly than the plague. You hide from your eyes the loathsome object—the *dead drunkard*, carried to his dishonored and hopeless grave. You close your ears to the remonstrances of the community, partially aroused to the iniquity of your doings. You affect to find nothing in Scripture against your traffic. Lift then, we say, lift the veil of eternity and contemplate the result of your business! You profess to be at ease in regard to it. You make yourselves merry even with our views and efforts. You comfort yourselves with the thought that we can never succeed in putting down your trade. Very well then, you may afford to comply with our request. Lift the veil of eternity and look at the fruit of your labors in the liquor traffic:—a dread assembly of lost souls! sinking, by the just sentence of God, to a life of eternal woe! And you the chief agents in their ruin! Where is now the mirth of the wine cup? Where the bravery of the long debauch, when you lent yourselves as servants to their drunkenness? Where are their hopes of reform, their vows of repentance, their visions of deliverance from the accursed bondage of that fatal poison you sold them so diligently? Gone! All Gone! A deep and terrible despair, the beginning of the second death, has settled upon them, and hope of mercy is clean quenched in their desolate hearts. Here is the result of your labors! And you cannot deny it. There is a bond of connection between your trade and this eternal loss of the soul, which is as certain and unfailing as the connection between cause and effect. Your good wishes, your objections, your remonstrances that every man is a free agent, will not disprove it. That you have a license will not shelter you from the guilt which it involves. Think of it; the drunkard is lost; his soul made miserable for eternity through *your* agency. This is enough to make every

vender, both wholesale and retail, forsake his business the same hour he hears it. It is enough to make every drinker abandon his cups, as he would the cup of death. It is enough to brand any and every license of intoxicating liquor, as in effect, a note of sale, of souls, to the devil. Let every board of Excise ponder this fact; let every Minister of the Gospel, and every Christian ponder it, and they will not fail to see their duty in reference to the great reformation, now so triumphantly going forward towards the legal prohibition of the traffic, and so intimately connected with the prosperity of the State and the glory of God in the salvation of the souls of men.

III. The bearing which the solemn declaration in my text should have on the views and conduct of every friend of man, and of every believer in the word of God, must be in itself so obvious as hardly to need any formal statement.

1. We cannot but wish from our hearts the Temperance reform *God speed*. It has been already a marvelous blessing to our world, though its influence is only beginning to be felt. Indeed it is an instance, such as the history of the world contains not besides, of the rapidity wherewith a moral reformation may be carried to a most successful issue, against some of the most formidable obstacles. How many thousands has it saved! How many thousands it has crowned with the blessings of restored health, reputation, and domestic joys! How many thousands it has kept back from the delirium, and the despair, and the death, of the drunkard! And yet, what strong passions and habits it has encountered! What vast combinations of avarice and lust it has had to resist! Has not the kingdom of darkness been wholly arrayed against it! And yet the cause has advanced, and is advancing steadily to a certain triumph. The blessing of God be upon it.

2. Christians, especially, should feel themselves under the most solemn obligations to stand by this cause faithfully and under all reverses. It is the cause of true religion. It grows out of the Gospel. It fulfils the law of benevolence. It has respect to the soul of man. It is based on the divine principle of saving the lost. It stands forth before the world on the ground that "it is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby" the soul is destroyed. So far, it is in harmony with the spirit of Him who bore the sins of the world upon the cross. Let Christians then stand by it in all emergencies and at all hazards. Between them and the cause of intemperance there can be no fellowship. Can they be partakers in a system which destroys the souls of men? Can they license men, or uphold those in office who will license men, to sell this most deadly poison, by which immortal souls are made fit only for the doom and the fellowship of the damned? God forbid!

3. There is no authority that can license the sale and use of intoxicating liquor; just as there is no authority that can license murder or suicide, because it works irresistibly to this one terrible result—the loss of the soul. Who can deliberately sign a license when he knows that such will be the result? The law of God, the Gospel of mercy, the destinies of the judgment day forbid it. License is given we know, but it is yet to be proved what a holy God will do with those who give, and those who take it. A good moral character is required of such as obtain it. What a requirement! What is the design of it? To keep bad men out of the traffic: to regulate this business, and prevent evil. Very good. Now what is this requirement, in fact, granting that to be its design? Simply, to throw over the trade—the apology of respectability, which, from the known and infallible consequences of it, amounts only to an attempt to apologize for the murder of the bodies and souls of men. For all precautions, all bonds, all certificates of good moral character, all protestations and pretences of the licensing and the licensed, apart,—we ask in the name of truth,