

level him with the mown grass. Well, after having been a burden upon the remaining ten workers,—after having worried and vexed them, he breaks his neck, or drowns himself, and they have to bury him at their own cost. Before his death, however, a little ragged family has begun to cluster about his table, and his worn and sickly wife is thrown with her helpless children upon the benevolence of the remaining nine workers, she herself, one of the ten, having become a broken-spirited and shattered invalid. So nine producers continue to work; but they all get the habit of drinking whiskey, more or less, and, perhaps, one or two more go the way of the first victim, and another family of paupers is thrown upon the small community. Now, it is a well known fact, that in exact proportion to the amount of whiskey used in a family, there is a decrease of work; so the remaining workers do much less than they would have done, had they all continued ignorant of the sensual gratification of whiskey-drinking. The lesson I wish to impress upon your mind, is, that while there is a diminution of work done, there is an addition to the burdens. The troubles increase, and a meeting is called; the elder brother, or some other person, takes the chair, and, after due consideration of all the circumstances of the case, it is resolved, that a house be erected for an asylum, where the neglected and fatherless children, with the broken-hearted mothers, may hide their disgrace; that the remaining workers will each pay so much per week for their support; that the whiskey-maker will, in consideration of his large gains, contribute an extra sum; and finally, that *one of the workers will give up his legitimate employment to attend upon the helpless and ailing paupers.* So another worker is de-

ducted, and eight only are left. Observe, again, there is only *one dead*; but another is making rum or whiskey, and selling it; another—a wife—is an invalid; and the fourth is set apart to look after the family of the dead man, &c. Eight workers must now provide for the wants of the whole community; for the whiskey-maker does not produce—*he destroys the products of the others.* These eight workers, however, accomplish less than before; several of them often get drunk; they quarrel and fight; so the amount of work actually performed is greatly decreased, and the surplus produced is barely sufficient to feed the distillery. All this time a kind of infatuation has seized the workers; and, although there may be scarcely corn enough to make bread, they are careful that the still shall be supplied, and the whiskey-maker rewarded for his trouble. This being the case, it comes to pass that every thing of any value formerly found in the houses of some of the workers, passes into the hands of the whiskey-maker, who is the only thriving man in the community. But the evident deterioration of the family character and property, becomes a matter of serious thought to one of the heads; and after duly considering it, thinking hard, long and patiently, praying and mourning about it, he comes to the conclusion, that the manufacture of whiskey is the cause, and that it should be given up; so he goes to brother Jeremiah, and discourses to him in this wise:—“Brother Jerry, we were a healthy, religious, and prosperous family once; now we are sadly changed for the worse; brother Reuben is dead, and his wife is dying; his children are a burden upon us all, and the sad example of their father has prepared them for all kinds of wickedness. Now, I fear others of