

To the People of Ireland.

There are ebbs and flows in the tide of all human affairs. The great Temperance movement is not exempted from this law of nature. It is the foremost wave of civilization in the present day. It bears on its bosom the hopes and happiness of the human race. Either it will ride triumphant; or man will remain in a low and degraded position, shorn of one half his honors by a mean though powerful enemy. As the tide of civilization is onward, we cannot doubt as to the side with which victory will ultimately rest. The drinking customs of society will yet give way before the awakened power of enlightened public opinion. The ardent friends of Teetotalism may at times feel discouraged by the many impediments they have to encounter; but when they reflect on the immense progress their principles have made within a comparatively short period of time, their discouragements disappear, and they press forward with renewed hope, under the conviction that their cause is a righteous cause, and that it has already effected the destinies of the human race to as great an extent as they could reasonably expect. The twenty years in which they have been at work—although a long period in the life of an individual—are but as a moment in the history of a mighty moral revolution, which has to contend against as powerful opponents, in the appetites and habits of mankind for ages, as any great and good principle had ever to encounter. So that our admiration ought rather to be excited by the success already achieved than our fears alarmed by any apparent want of success. In this United Kingdom a wonderful reformation in the drinking habits of multitudes has been effected. Joy lights up many a home in which sorrow had long an abiding place. Comfort surrounds many a family long accustomed to drink the bitter dregs of poverty. Virtue and happiness illumine many a hearth where gloomy vice and heartless profanity have reigned triumphant for many a day. These are some of the rich fruits of teetotalism at home—abroad, still more glowing results have followed in its train.

Law has come to the aid of moral force in America, and pronounced the sale of intoxicating drinks a crime. Queen Victoria has set her sign-manual to this most noble act of our fellow-subjects in New Brunswick—who, following the example of some of the United States, have pronounced, through their Legislature, the righteous decree that alcoholic liquors are no longer articles of merchandise, but that, like the wolf and hyena, they may be destroyed wherever they are offered to poison health and corrupt virtue.

Brother teetotalers, there is no need for discouragement; there is every ground for hope. The wedge of truth is inserted in this great root of error, and good and honest hearts will not be found wanting to drive it home, and shiver to atoms those drinking customs which are the relentless foes of the human race. Time—perhaps a long time—will be needed to usher in this glad victory; but the day will yet arrive, for truth is not accustomed to roll back before the might of error. Onwards! is her glorious motto. Teetotalism is destined to triumph. The men of Manchester and of Edinburgh are at work to obtain a prohibitory law for these kingdoms, and so noble a work, once begun, is not likely to fail for want of true men to support it. There will be ebbs as well as flows, but the tide will gain space, and the good ship Teetotal will yet ride secure at safe anchorage. The deceitful winds of moderation will impede her voyage, but cannot prevent her safe arrival in port; the voyage may be long and painful, but will be reached in the end. Let it be our aim to aid, by all means in our power, those who are labouring to bring it to a successful issue.

The teetotalers of Dublin had a glorious day yesterday, on Harold's Cross Green, where we assembled in thousands at the call of Father Spratt, to manifest our continued love for a cause which has already been productive of unspeakable blessings to so many of us and our countrymen.

Never since the commencement of the glorious movement have we had a better, or a more enthusiastic meeting—never one more calculated to cheer the hearts of all who are engaged in this great work of human improvement. If there were any doubters there—doubters as to the hearts of the people in favour of our principles—their doubts must have been removed.

It must have been evident to every thoughtful mind that the people who were there in great numbers, would sincerely rejoice at the overthrow of those drinking customs, which they well know are opposed to their best interests. The true basis of national prosperity, so deeply laid by Father Mathew, and so nobly upheld by Father Spratt, is fully acknowledged as the only secure foundation upon which they can build, by millions of Irishmen. Why then, it may be asked, is it that we have so much intemperance in our country to deplore? The answer is plain and simple. Human beings are weak; the appetite for strong drinks is strong; the drunkard-makers are active in their calling. Rivers of their poisons are copiously flowing from innumerable springs, and the happiness which God would build up in our midst is ruthlessly destroyed by vendors of alcoholic liquors and their respectable customers, who, under the name of moderate consumers, lure many to destruction. While the thoughtless and the careless are gratifying their appetite for intoxicating drinks, a countless throng of folly's votaries follow in their train; and thus the moan of the widow, the cry of the orphan, and the wail of the heart-broken wife continued to ring in our ears, and to cry to heaven for help. Would to God that the intelligent and the virtuous would awake to a just sense of their duties and their responsibilities in relation to this matter—for then, indeed, we would soon banish intemperance and its concomitant miseries.

The meeting at Harold's Cross, on Sunday, was feelingly addressed by Father Spratt and Town Marshal Reynolds. Some hundreds took the pledge on the occasion, and all manifested great earnestness and enthusiasm in favor of the good cause.

I detail these matters, my countrymen, for your rejoicing. There are good and honest hearts scattered over Ireland—aye, and England and Scotland too—who will read of our doings with pleasure; and, as "Iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend,"—our cause, the cause of civilization and human progress, will be benefitted by their sympathy.—I remain, your faithful friend,

JAMES HAUGHTON.

35, Eccles-street, Dublin,
30th May, 1853.

"A Temporal Association for a Temporal Purpose."

This is a common objection to Temperance Societies; and the objector imagines, doubtless, that he has relieved himself of a load when he delivers himself of the pithy remark. And is it then of no consequence how the myriads of human beings live, so long as they are prepared to die? We always thought it a part of the Christian's duty to minister to the temporal wants of his fellow beings; to feed the poor, to clothe the naked, and in every way to alleviate the sorrow and improve the condition of all; and we can discover no warrant in Scripture for a contrary belief. On the contrary, we find the Saviour of mankind and his disciples setting us examples of benevolence—restoring the blind, curing the maimed, and pouring in the oil of gladness into many a bruised and wounded spirit. Jesus "went about doing good." He was emphatically the friend of the needy, a character opposite as light is to darkness to that self-righteousness and pride that is so aptly illustrated by the fable of the Priest who being asked for a penny tendered the suppliant his blessing.

God evidently designed that his creatures should be happy