

like the impious ; impoverish his family like the unjust ; bring degradation on those who are dearest to him like the heartless ; bring reproach on religion like the prophane ; destroy his body like the murderer, and his soul like the infidel ; become an appellation of scorn and a scene of derision to all, and of forgetfulness to himself. Where, O God, is thy image in this man ! Where divine Lord, are the marks of his baptism ! Where, sacred heavens, are the features of your child ! And call you yourself still a christian ? And name you yourself yet a man ? Where then are the commands of the Gospel ? Where the precepts of the Church ? Where even the laws of nature, the ties of humanity, and the instincts of self-preservation ?

You have not got so far, you are perhaps ready to tell me. You have not come to these excesses. Nor are you so abandoned, the heavens forbid, in your excesses. No. But you have made a beginning nevertheless. But you have already gone a certain extent—you feel yourself going further. And where, and when did the drunkard ever stop, and say, “I will go no further.” and did not go further : unless death in compassion, destroyed him in the flower, before he had ripened into all those fruits which I have described. Drunkenness is a vice which the more it is indulged the more the palate sickens and languishes ; the less the appetite enjoys, from its satiety—the more it craves. Providence has kindly limited the possible extent of indulging this degrading habit, or it would never stop till it had, as far as possible, turned every thing salutary and healing in nature into the means of self-destruction.

You have not got to all the excesses which the constitution of your nature

will allow of. But you have sown the seeds of those excesses. The habit is already, perhaps, planted within you ; it has reached a certain bulk ; it is increasing ; it is striking its roots deeper and broader ; it is entwining its fibres more closely round your heart ; you have no effectual will to stop its progress : it will allow of no check unless plucked out altogether : it will of itself make increase—the difficulty of rooting out the habit is weekly greater by its weekly growth. Nothing grows upon human nature like that most abject of its propensities, that most degrading of its habits—drunkenness. And is it not a law of our fallen nature, that the grossest and rankest productions grow most ripe and abundant with the least care ? If, then, you have not reached all those excesses, you are in the way to them ; and your readiness to excuse yourself is the surest proof that you love the vice ; and that, unless arrested in your career, by that cold hand which stops all our vices and brings them to their punishment, you will yet exhibit yourself a spectacle of all those excesses ; deprived of the powers of body and of mind ; a mere living vegetable corruption ; your soul dead and entombed within your body, and your body itself with only a few useless organs left to be destroyed. Not in the grave indeed, but still on this side of it, only to infect and afflict every thing near you with wretchedness. And if the drunkard finished in his vice be such a spectacle before man on earth, what, before those Angels of Light, who look down upon human deeds ? What, to the sacred eyes of Him who dying redeemed our wickedness ? What to the all-pervading contemplation of the Omnipotent God ? Will he not again at this spectacle, be moved inwardly and re-