

expect all my family to go to church with me regularly every Sabbath, and to act becomingly on that day."

"Try me, sir!" was the only reply made to this by James Latimer.

"I will try you. Come! Let me introduce you into my shop, and to your fellow-workmen."

James followed Mr. Seymour up stairs into his workshop.

"This stout lad," said the cabinet-maker to his foreman, "has come over from the city to-day, and I have agreed to take him as an apprentice and teach him the business. Make him as usefu' about the shop as you can, and put him forward as fast as possible. You will find him willing and industrious, and as quiet and orderly, I am sure, as any boy in the shop."

Mr. Seymour then left James with the foreman.

The first fruits of the pledge had become apparent. Industry had taken the place of idleness, and order of disorder. There was a good promise for the future.

The Moral Right to Drink and Sell Spirituous Liquors.

BY REV. THEO. L. COVLER.

No man has a moral right to do any action, or to pursue any course, the influence of which is certainly, and inevitably hurtful to his neighbor-man. I have a legal right to do many things which would be hurtful to myself,—such as the consumption of opium, or even the taking of arsenic,—but I have no moral right to commit this self-destruction.

I have a legal right to attend the theatre occasionally or regularly. There is no civil law to forbid my entering that ensnaring place of entertainment. No policeman stands guard to repel me—no officer of justice dares to eject me while my conduct is orderly and quiet. But as a minister of God's word, I have no moral right to go there, not merely because I may see and hear there what shall pollute my memory for days and years, but because that whole garished and glittering establishment, with its bewildering attractions, is to many a young man a chandelied and crimsoned hell, the very yawning maelstrom of moral death. The dollar which I gave at the entrance is my contribution towards sustaining an establishment whose dark foundations rest on the murdered souls of thousands of my fellow-men. Their blood stains its walls, and from the seats of that "pit" they have gone down mayhap to a lower pit where no sounds of mirth ever come. And now, I ask you, what right have I to enter a place where the tragedies that are played off before me by painted men and women are as nothing to the fearful tragedies of ruined souls that are enacted in all parts of that house every night? What right have I to give the sanction of my example to such haunts of folly and vice, and by walking into the theatre myself, aid to decoy others there likewise.

Now, on the same principle, (not of self-preservation, for of that I am not now speaking,) but on the principle of avoiding what is hurtful to others, what right have I to sustain those magazines of death, where poisonous drinks are sold? What right have I, as a lover of God and man, to petition for them, or to sustain that traffic in any shape or manner? If a glass of wine on my table will entrap some young man, or some one whose inclination is very susceptible to alcoholic stimulant, into dissipation, what right have I to set that trap for his life? What right have I to throw over that drinking practice the sanction of my usage and influence, so that he shall go away, and acknowledge me his tempter, and quote me as his authority for sinning? If the contents of that sparkling glass shall make my brother to stumble, he stumbles over me. I am an accomplice in the wrong. If he goes away from my table, and commits some outrage under the effects of that stimulant, I am, to a certain degree, guilty of that outrage.—The blow he struck was mine; the oaths he uttered in his debauch were, to a certain degree, my blasphemies. I have a partnership right in them. But for me, he might not have uttered them, and by giving him the incentive I prompted him to them. The man who (in the language of Scripture) "puts the bottle to his neighbor's lips" is accountable for what comes from those lips under the influence of the exciting draught, and is accountable too for what the maddened and bewildered man may do during his temporary insanity.

But in the next place, if it be wrong for good men to set before others an example of drinking alcoholic drinks, how much more is it wrong to offer them directly as a matter of merchandise and

traffic? Here too I wish to present the moral argument. That the sale of alcohol is legalized in many of our States, I do not deny. I see that, and know it, and weep over it. Under the existing regulations of the commonwealth in which I reside, the traffic in intoxicating drinks is made legal, and for certain specified sums men have "license"—as it is technically termed—to dispose of alcoholic drinks in certain quantities to be drank as a beverage. They have license—a legal permission. But in spite of the ridicule that has lately been levelled at the doctrine, I submit whether there be not in existence a higher law than the enactments of this commonwealth? I submit whether the infinite Jehovah of Hosts be not a mightier Potentate than the governor of any state, or the council of any city? And in the primal statute-book of the universe I read this anathema—whose thunder-bolt no human hand can stay—"Wo unto him who putteth the bottle to his neighbor!" This is the divine declaration, however men may sophisticate themselves or delude each other.

The full import and power of a license to "put the bottle" to a neighbor's lips, is greatly misunderstood and overrated. Will a "license" free a man's conscience from the legitimate effects of that which he is doing? Will that make reparation to a man for the loss of his money, time, character, health and soul? Will that make reparation to the family robbed of protection, and the community robbed of its real wealth, the name and strength of its sons? Will that license soothe the widow, whose outward badges of mourning are but faint emblems of the darkness that hangs like night upon her broken spirits? Is there any trafficker in strong drink who means to take his license up to the Judgment-bar? If so, I entreat him to look well, and see whose "image and superscription it bears." He may then find that fatal document countersigned in blood, and registered with the tears of the lost in God's book of remembrance.—*Temperance Messenger.*

Methodists and Temperance.

(From Christian Advocate and Journal.)

The warfare upon alcoholic beverages is renewed in a new quarter and in a new form. The late decisive onslaught of Maine upon the whole traffic has taken the nation by surprise. It is really one of the first successes of the war. The movement of the western States was a sort of battle of Bonnington, but this is the surrender of Burgoyne. Moral suasion, as a sole instrument, has done its utmost. It has converted those who put themselves within its reach. There are those whom it will never effect, and upon those Maine has laid the strong hand of legislative authority. The community has risen in self-defence against palpable violators of the rights of community. It has struck a blow at the root of the evil. Years of experience have proved the uselessness of restrictive systems. Restrictive systems are dead failures; and the reason why the cause of temperance has been damaged, rather than aided by legislative action, in those States where such action has been had, is, that they have proceeded but halfway with their work. They have only sought to regulate and restore; and all experience, and a sad experience it is too, shows that the traffic is beyond regulation and restraint. Men are at length convinced that its total abolition is the only way to restrain and regulate it. And the legislative failures of the past are perhaps the less to be regretted as they have conducted more than anything else to inspire the general conviction that something more stringent must be done, or nothing is done. *Lynching the liquor* is the grand feature of efficiency in the Maine law. All other systems of influence have left the article untouched. This goes for its destruction. Officers must—not may—find, and destroy it.

The right to put out of existence an article so useless and pernicious, is unquestioned by all but the victims of interest or appetite. They will never be convinced but by executions, fines, and imprisonment. Sinners seldom make laws, or impose penalties. Laws emanate from the virtuous. Liquor dealers will never abrogate the traffic. All the moral suasion in the universe would not persuade those who have become hardened in their vocation to turn their fiery wares into the street, shut up their Sabbath-shaving, youth destroying establishments, and attend church, or be, at least, moral men and good citizens. Example is powerful, and there are strong symptoms in various parts of the Union of design to follow up the example of Maine. Some States are in advance of others. Vermont needs to give her neck but one more shake,