

from their foes. The goddess Intemperance, what could he liken her to? To the three-headed dog Cerberus, or the monster Gorgons, with their thousand stings. Her name was Legion—a conglomeration of blue fiends driving their victims to despair. He recollected an old proverb, that "fair play was a jewel," and upon this standard he would try the goddess of Intemperance. What were her objects, and what were the objects of Rechabites? Let them be placed in opposition to one another. Is this goddess the patroness of literature, the fine arts, or commerce? Is it from her altar the heavenly flame is kindled in the heart of the Christian? Does she possess sylvan bowers, where the weary and heart-broken can repair for consolation and rest? Is her hand always open to supply the naked and the needy? Could they make the walls of the taverns and hotels vocal, they would hear an answer to these queries loud as the seven thunders of heaven, and in language that, in the description of despair, would beggar Demosthenes in the wide roll of its power and eloquence. Suppose that this goddess came into the church; let them watch her as she came sailing up towards the pulpit, her robes rolled in the blood of her victims, and looking exultingly in anticipation of conquests over the souls and bodies of thousands of future victims. In taking a walk the other day, he had passed some of the distilleries, and he was glad to learn that the fuel by which they had been fed, was not so plenty now as it used to be, and that their fires were nearly out. He hoped a sufficiency of cold water would be thrown upon them, so that they might be extinguished altogether, (cheers.)—That the shrieks of the murdered millions might no longer arise from eternity, telling them of the truth of God's Word, that "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." In pure Mahomedan countries, where they attend to the Koran, whenever they see one of their countrymen intoxicated, the remark is immediately made, that the intoxicated person has "left Mahomet and gone to Jesus." What a reproach this was to professing Christians! In the part of Scotland where he was born, he could recollect that parties often walked ten or twelve miles to get married, and every public house they came to on the road, they went in to drink, and after the ceremony was performed, unless there was a sufficient supply of liquor procured to send them all home drunk, it was called a niggardly wedding, (laughter.) At funerals, too, the requiem could not be pronounced unless thoroughly saturated with libations to the goddess of intemperance. Ministers worship the goddess in wine, and deacons worship her in sing. One worships her for colic, and another for headache. One to cool him, and another to heat him—and in the cold of a Canadian winter, some worshippers "steamed up" pretty well. Scotchmen worshipped her for "auld langsyne," and Irishmen for "Erin go bragh." The young man worhipped for hilarity, and the old man to banish gloom. It was well designated by the celebrated Robert Hall, when telling a minister, who seemed to be too fond of brandy, to call it by its right name—"call it," said he, "liquid fire and distilled damnation." Were any of you, said the Rev. speaker, to look in at the door of one of the synagogues where this goddess is worshipped—over the top of which, perhaps, they would see painted a figure of Victoria;—just take a peep inside, and on looking round, you may perhaps catch the sight of a little band, so comfortably seated that you would almost be led to imagine that happiness itself was centred there in a focus. The loud laugh, the ready joke, the hearty grasp of the hand, was eagerly carried on, as if all were there they cared for. In such a position they must be spell bound, for they were playing on the mouth of hell—they were advancing fast after an *ignis fatuus*, in their eager desire to seize which, they would plunge themselves into the abyss of perdition. Let them follow these persons to their death-bed, and they would find them, in their terrors

of *delirium tremens*, haunted with seven devils, as he had seen a man in Brockville. Then these worshippers tremble and call for help, when no help can be afforded, and they struggle with the chains by which they are bound, till they sink in despair—mentally and morally lost. They hear the vortex roar, and buffet with the waves and breakers of eternity, till at last their unfortunate souls make a last effort to burst their bonds, but in vain; death closes the scene, and the unfortunate souls are ushered before the tribunal of God. This was no over-wrought picture, and there must be an united effort made to bring down the idol by which all this misery was caused. If there were one present who had been in the habit of worshipping this idol, he would call upon that one to give it over immediately, if they wished to be respectable. The votaries of the idol were easily recognizable, for she kept painters constantly at work on their noses and cheeks. Her votaries have to labor hard occasionally when under her influence. He recollected an anecdote of the celebrated fiddler—or, as he would be called in modern phraseology, violinist—Neil Gow. Neil was in the habit of attending a tavern in the way of his business, and each night he left he was intoxicated. In getting home, he required the whole breadth of the road, as he went first to the one side, then to the other. A gentleman met him in this state one evening, and he felt sorry to see the poor fiddler knocking about in such a manner, as he did not think it possible he could ever reach his home. He therefore accosted Neil, and asked him how far he had to go. "Twelve miles," replied Neil. "Twelve miles!" exclaimed the gentleman in astonishment, "how is it possible you can walk that length in such a state?" "Oh," said Neil, "it is not the length, it is the *breadth* that makes it so long," (laughter.) The reverend gentleman then remarked that the flag of Temperance was pure and white, but on the flag of Intemperance was inscribed murders, homicides, and every evil that leads to hell. On a corner of it might be seen the form of what once was a lovely woman, now miserable and dejected, over whose cheeks the tears are stealing, weeping over her lost health and happiness. In her youth and beauty, she had given her hand to the man who had sworn to uphold and provide for her, but he became to her an enemy, and threw a torch into her dwelling. After a few other remarks, the Rev. gentleman observed, that all were called upon to do something to overturn this monster evil, Intemperance; and that he, as a man, a citizen, and a Christian minister, would exert his utmost power to demolish it. He then called on that part of the assembly who had not signed the pledge, to come forward at once and sign it; and, after a short trial, they might be admitted into the Rechabite Society if they wished. As an example of the benefit of Temperance, he would give them the history of a man, a Pole, as delivered by himself at a meeting in the United States. Mr. Taylor then read the following extract:

VALUE OF TEMPERANCE.—The Temperance Societies of Alabama have lately been addressed by Colonel Lohmanowsky, a Pole, for 20 years a soldier in the armies of Napoleon, and now a Clergyman. One of the southern papers says:—He participated in the sufferings of the French in the disastrous retreat from Moscow, in 1812, and of the 6,000 men who returned from Egypt, out of the 60,000 composing the invading army, he is the solo survivor. He rose before the audience, tall, vigorous, with the glow of health in his face, and said, "You see before you a man seventy years old. I have fought in 200 battles, have fourteen wounds on my body, have lived thirty days on horse flesh, with the bark of trees for my bread, snow and ice for my drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering, without stockings or shoes to my feet, and with only a few rags for my clothing. In the deserts of Egypt, I have marched for days with a burning sun upon my naked head, feet blistered in the scorching sand, and with eyes, nostrils and mouth filled with dust, and with a thirst so tormenting, that I tore open the veins of my arm, and sucked my own blood! Do you ask how could I survive all those horrors? I answer, that next to the kind providence of God, I owe my preser-