

literally and truly, it did not suit me." We are at a loss to know how long he tried teetotalism; perhaps only from twelve o'clock at night till eight or nine the following morning. The same man had his fingers burnt since. His son—a youth at college—has lately been dragged into the London Court, with the chain of bankruptcy about his neck. We take for granted that this arose from *fast* living. Just fancy that son saying to his father: "Your lecture on the "Water made Wine" led me into the rapids; now I'm lost!" *This is one instance of what flows from moderation.* Let us *never* give place to moderation—no, *not for a single hour*. The friends of King Alcohol are doing all in their power to have him protected by law; let us unite, heart and hand, seize the legal reins, and suspend the Monster on the gallows which his friend prepared for Teetotalism, as Haman was in that which he got ready for Mordecai.—Ruth iv. 10. Why need be afraid any longer? Already we have an *Independent Band*—a noble army of six hundred thousand in the field, who pledged themselves to a life-long siege with the enemy. Their ranks are daily getting thinner; and ours are increasing by hundreds and thousands. We have many Lodges in British America and the adjoining Republic. These are, like beacons, pointing the shipwrecked drunkard to the haven of safety, and saying, "Turn, and live." But the work is yet unfinished. Every year, hundreds and thousands are going down to the chambers of woe. We must wage war with the enemy till her citadels are stormed, her ports blockaded, her captives set at liberty, and her fountains dried up. We must polish the mirror of public opinion till the drunkard sees himself to be, what he really is—the image of wretchedness, misery, and woe. We must elevate the tone of society till one and all be persuaded to spue the rum-seller out of their midst with disgust, and compel him to say, with Cain: "Ye have driven me out, this day, from the face of the earth; and from your face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth."

Temperance men! we must never leave the field till the pulse of Ardent Spirits will cease to beat, and the traffic die, of palpitation of the heart. We must struggle and fight till the chains of every victim be snapped asunder, and the last drop of ardent spirits be dried from our soil—till "kings shall be nursing fathers, and queens nursing mothers" in our noble army—till Lords and Commons, Senate and Congress, Press and Pulpit unite heart and hand to unfurl our glorious banner—till Intemperance be crushed by the sledge hammer of Divine Truth, and Total Abstinence—the fairest daughter of the skies—be clad in robes of royalty—crowned with a wreath of perpetual green—raised upon a throne "high and lifted up," and heaven and earth shout, "God save the Queen!"