

persons of an affrighted conscience, so broken, so sick, so disorderly are the slumbers of the drunkard, who wakes to misery. Shew me a temperate man, and I will show you a prudent man; shew me a temperate man, and I will shew you a virtuous man; shew me a temperate man, and I will shew you a prosperous man; shew me a temperate man, and I will point out to you a wise man. For intemperance is the root of folly; intemperance is the seed of madness, intemperance is the fountain of uncleanness; intemperance is the well-head of injustice; intemperance is the poison-spring of unbelief; intemperance is the stream where each virtue drowns herself; intemperance is the cloud of fleshy vapour which rises over and darkens all the soul. "Wine," say the Proverbs, "is a luxurious thing, and drunkenness, riotousness. Who-soever is delighted therewith shall not be wise." "Wine drunken with excess," says Ecclesiasticus, "is bitterness to the soul." "The heat of drunkenness is the stumbling block of the soul, lessening strength and causing wounds." Yes, lessening strength.—There is an idea abroad, that strong drink strengthens. Never was there a mere fatal error. All stimulants to excitement when taken to excess, strengthen at the moment, but leave the body weaker ever after. "Look not then," says the wise man, "on the liquor when it is yellow, when it sparkleth in the glass; it goeth in pleasantly, but in the end it will bite like a Snake, and spread abroad poison like a Basilisk." Like the honey with the sting it, both go down together. The sweetness soon leaves the palate, but the sting has only commenced its work.

See the drunkard begin, but watch him till he ends his career of intoxica-

tion. He has sat at table, he has filled his cups, he has invoked the companions of his guilty joy, his mirth has maddened into riot, then fevered into criminal passion, then lowered into obscene drivel, then sunk into stupor; he has uttered folly and thought it wisdom he has profused curses where he should have uttered blessings; he has poured out filth and mistaken it for wit; the Christian has now left the scene, and human nature is fast following him; reason fades away as folly grows more boisterous; the madness of folly glides off too, and stupidity remains the only companion of drunken insanity; the room reels; the table moves; the man has fallen away and a beast lies in his place. And even this brute is dead, all but the throat and belly, and these are sickly. Like the Banquet of Sisara, it ends with driving a nail through the man's head. The very infidel, who in old times wrote against Christianity, could say this much of drunkenness "That it knocks down the man, and, nails him to the sensual intermixtures of the body."

What man loves to be despised? Which of you will endure patiently the contempt of another? And yet every drunkard crowns his head with mighty scorn. Putting himself beneath the lowest; degrading himself under the meanest. The boys laugh at him, children hoot him, and the criminal scorn him as he is led home like the cripple, lisping the imperfect noises of an infant or babbling with a full and spongy tongue, an empty head, a foolish heart. Woe and alas! God of Heaven! Dare I appeal to Thee from amidst such a scene! Thy creatures too! Whither has thy image departed from them! To see a sensible man dishonour himself like the foolish; disgrace his friends