

failed to accomplish all that was desired, and, in fact, anticipated, some may be ready to conclude that the removal of the evil is impossible. In fact, unless I am greatly mistaken, some have already excused themselves from helping on this good work by producing the objection that many who profess to be temperance men are inconsistent.

Let us however examine this objection.—Perhaps the person who speaks thus is a member of a christian Church. Now, dear brother, is not that the argument of the ungodly man and the infidel against the religion of the Bible? "Oh," say they, "the christians, so-called, are inconsistent." Another says, "I will not join the Church because some who bear the christian name are a dishonour to religion." But, does this satisfy you?—Can you say to such—"go in peace—God will no doubt accept your excuse at the day of judgment." No. You would not—you dare not encourage them to rest upon such an argument. Then, out of your own mouth I judge you. You are wrong, and you know it.

Again, there are some who not only refuse to aid the temperance reformation, but actually encourage the use of intoxicating liquors. The time was when, without any stretch of charity, we might have considered this perfectly consistent with a profession of christianity. Formerly the nature of the evil was not understood—and we may consider that ignorance constituted an excuse. "The times of this ignorance God winked at." Now the case is altogether different. The danger that is connected with the use of intoxicating liquors has been demonstrated. It has been shown that even the temperate drinker, so-called, is not safe. The appetite is strengthened by indulgence—while, just in the same proportion, the individual loses the power of self-control. I would, moreover, observe that the professor of religion cannot indulge without disobeying the divine command—"Abstain from all appearance of evil."

But there is another fearful deception to which those who call themselves temperate drinkers are subject. As a matter of course they claim to be the judges of the quantity which it would be safe and proper for them to take. Now, important as the decision of this point is, in general it is left an open question, until they have actually begun to imbibe the treacherous liquid. They have no gauge—no measure. It is to be decided by their feelings at the time. And what is the consequence? As the liquid begins to affect their mind and body they become less and less able to judge of their real condition. They assume that they are (to use their own expression) "sober"—because able to work their way home. While, at the same time, their *mor-tan* perpendicular attitude—or their dull and heavy eyes—or thick tongue—or perhaps an awkward attempt to put on a very religious look—may have revealed a secret which does them no credit: and, if they be professors of religion, brings up a reproach under which the innocent must suffer as well as the guilty.

But, supposing a respectable member of society should never be guilty of overstepping the bounds of perfect sobriety—a case which, with those who indulge habitually, very rarely occurs, he is still doing an amount of harm which he cannot estimate. His example weakens the hands of those who labour to save others from this odious vice. It does more harm than the example of him who drinks until he ceases to be a man. It is said that some ancient nations were accustomed to

make their slaves intoxicated for the purpose of creating in the minds of their own children a feeling of abhorrence against that kind of indulgence. And truly it must have been a very effectual way to produce a feeling of loathing and disgust for such a practice.—What a pity that this odious vice, if it must still exist in our midst, could not be confined to the very lowest grades of society, instead of depending for its support upon those who, by their position, impart to this form of sensual indulgence the appearance of respectability.

There is a peculiar enormity attaching to the conduct of him who haunts the places in this town where intoxicating drink is furnished. The moral sense of this community says, "we cannot consent to sanction such a business." Hence, no Licenses are granted. To sell is there illegal. And the man who carries on such a traffic is guilty of trampling upon the laws to which we are all bound to submit. Of course then, the person who countenances him in so doing is not innocent. He, in fact, becomes a partaker in the crime. Those who persist in selling should be looked upon as enemies to society, and, in one respect, as outlaws. They should therefore be discountenanced and avoided.

When I took through this community, and see the snares which are spread to catch the thoughtless, I confess that I have unpleasant forebodings. And what parent or good citizen does not participate in the feeling. We must then do what we can to stem the current of evil. All of you are bound to exert yourselves. None can oppose, or even remain neutral, without incurring guilt. "If those forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest behold we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? And He that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? And shall not He render to ever man according to his works?"

We ask for *example, sympathy, co-operation.* Our prosperity as people depends upon the banishment of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. Their use entails a loss of many thousands annually upon our Province. The news of the loss of one of our ships excites a feeling of regret—especially if she had on board a valuable cargo. But what are all of these, compared to the amount wasted upon intoxicating liquors. £50,000 taken annually from our people and thrown into the sea, were a trifle, compared with the loss which now occurs. And this is only one of the forms in which society has to meet the expenses which their use occasions.

This, however, is not the most affecting view of the evil. We think most of the misery and degradation which it brings. Of hearts wrung with anguish, until even death appears to be a desirable relief. How many families, at the present time, are weeping their very life away, while contemplating the change which it has brought upon them. Men, who once were the ornament and pride of their country—and in the social, and family circle, were looked up to as the impersonation of those virtues which impart to society many of its attractions and enjoyments, and to the family dignity and social influence, have come under the blight of this moral mildew—and then, lost both to self-respect and the fear of God, have sunk down to contempt—no longer able to command the respect, even of those "whose fathers they would have disdained to have set with the dogs of their flock."

But there is one who, unless the grave has

"taken her away from the evil to come," must in fulfilment of plighted vows—and, in obedience to a sentiment equally lofty—a woman's love, cling to him; although he has changed the character of the husband for that of a fiend. And who will estimate—who can weigh her sufferings. The load which now crushes her to the earth, has been all the more oppressive, because heaped upon her gradually. First, she found that he to whom she had given her heart, did not love her. Once, he did—but now, there is a rival; and the power of that rival is irresistible. He who had promised to be to her instead of father, mother, brothers, and sisters—all of whom she left for him, is now under a fatal "spell" which draws him from his own fireside, and all the endearments of home. The tavern is now his resort—his company, the frequenters of the bar-room. His money, his property, even his house and furniture, have passed into the hands of the rum-seller, who in return treats him with contempt, and addresses him in language distinguished especially for its coarseness and brutality. And the humiliation is completed when, for another glass of the fiery liquid, he consents to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for the man who, a few years ago, could not have been admitted to his table.

The power of bearing up under calamity has its bounds. And the case of the afflicted wife of such a man—and she too, a mother, cannot be an exception! She dies, for her heart is broken.

Then there are children. What effect has this change on them? They are now motherless. They were fatherless—months, or perhaps, years ago. The separation began the very hour, when first under the influence of the demon intemperance, "nature failed a parent's heart to move." Subsequent events sundered other cords. The relationship may indeed be acknowledged. But even this is no easy matter, after seeing him hooted at and pelled in the streets by the rabble who have been amusing themselves at his expense. Besides, they already feel the realities of orphanage—for the rum-seller has the property of the family, and they live on the alms of those who are prompted by sympathy or the love of God to extend relief to the needy.

Sometimes, the evils of intemperance, and the fruits of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, present themselves in another form. It robs the father of his sons, in the prime of their manhood—and either consigns them to a premature grave, or to a life of shame, which is even more trying to parental feelings. "It hath cast down many wounded; yea, many strong men have been slain" through its instrumentality.

Look at this. It is not a picture of the imagination. That grey haired patriarch has been blessed with sons whom he endeavoured to "train up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." He taught them to kneel with him around the "family altar." He looked forward to the time when they would "acknowledge the God of their father to be their God." But he is now sad. His hopes are perishing. His sons are absent at the proper time for the "evening sacrifice." It is delayed, in hopes that they will soon be home. And the anxious parent goes, again and again, to the door, hoping to hear their footsteps. At last, wearied with delay, he and the stay of his old age join in their devotions—not forgetting the absent. After family worship is ended, he again goes to listen but returns disappointed. At last the fear which he had of late begun to