

And what a rich INVENTORY is thus drawn out! Who would not be a teetotaler, if teetotalism may bring with it such a lovely train!—And let no reader say,—“Oh! but I can have all these things without being a teetotaler.” You may have some of them; but you can have none of them in such rich plenitude, you can hold none of them by so secure a tenure, as does the teetotaler. Your boasted rule is moderate drinking—moderate drinking is your imagined safeguard. But thousands as discreet and confident as you have transgressed that rule in a moment when they least intended it; and their safeguard has failed them at a period when they most needed protection. There is no sure preventive from intemperance, there is no perfect security, but in entire, uniform, persevering abstinence.

But it is possible that this paper may meet the eye of *one who drinks deeply*; of one who has passed the boundary line of moderation, and has become, what he once regarded with disgust and horror, a DRUNKARD! Unhappy man! What have you gained by your sensual indulgence? I will not reproach you; but I pity you, and would expostulate with you. Have you not proceeded far enough in your career of folly and of crime? Yes, of *crime*—though that word may startle and offend you. Think of this, I beseech you. Intemperance is an offence against the law of nature, the law of society, and the law of God. By its practices you injure yourself, you disturb society, you incur the anger of your Maker! Survey the “Inventory” here placed before you of the possessions of a sober man—possessions above all “valuation,” and say whether these are not all good things—things well worth having?

And then produce your “Inventory.” Alas! what fearful items are these!

A constitution, shaken and shattered!
 An intellect, debased and weakened!
 A reputation, blotted and stained!
 Property, wasted in sensual indulgence!
 A habitation, denuded of comfort!
 Furniture, cupboard, wardrobe, all bare or scanty!
 Wife, pale, frowning, murmuring, upbraiding!
 Children, uneducated, ragged, ill fed, neglected,
 wicked!
 Order and industry, long since banished!
 Cheerfulness and content, fled far away!
 The conduct, scarcely moral, certainly not religious!
 Affliction and sickness, unprovided for!
 For a peaceful death, no preparation!
 For happiness beyond the grave, no meetness!

Unhappy man! Is not misery now your portion? Are not your reflections bitter, and your prospects gloomy? What awaits you at the end of your profligate, useless, injurious life? An uncomfortable, perhaps an untimely death—a pauper’s funeral—a drunkard’s grave—and a drunkard’s DOOM!

But I dare not bid you despair. There is hope even for you. My friend, whose present happiness I have attempted to describe, was far gone in a career of intemperance; but his progress was mercifully arrested, and the result is now before you. And his case is but one of hundreds, nay of thousands, which might be narrated. Take warning from the thousands who have fallen, never to rise more. Parley not with the tempter. No longer associate with those who “rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them.” Break

off from delusive customs and ensnaring habits. Determine, in humble dependence upon Divine aid, to abandon at once and for ever those practices which have so long debased and enslaved you. While you tremble at the thought of the misery to which you have exposed yourself, take *encouragements* from the thousands who have been rescued, and who are now rejoicing in the ark of safety. Join their society: partake of their privileges: assist them in their duties. Maintain a consistent practice of Teetotalism; and—not ostentatiously, but gratefully—exhibit yourself to the world, as an example of what that instrumentality is capable of effecting.

Happy shall I be to publish AN INVENTORY OF YOUR INVALUABLE POSSESSIONS!
 J. W. G.

Condition of Scotland.

That our grand ultimatum has assumed less of the character of an impracticable and Utopian project, since the act came into force which, on this side of the Tweed, has achieved for us (in time at least) one-seventh of the Maine-law, even the bitterest enemies of total suppression must confess. On that day, when the cessation of labour gives leisure to the vicious for the gratification of their passions, it has been found possible to give effect to a law striking at the heart of a traffic that has for centuries been licensed to desecrate the Sabbath day, by affording to the sensualist the means of vicious indulgence. But if appetite be at one period more than another clamorous for the stimulant that fails to satisfy its diseased cravings, it is surely then, when the attention is undiverted by the claims of labor. And if it be possible to blockade this traffic on that day, when, heedless alike of Divine law and human well-being, it has chiefly heaped up its ill-gotten gain, surely it may be possible to limit and destroy its power on those days when the claims of daily toil leave less leisure for the gratification of appetite. Already was the traffic branded as unsafe by the license which, more as a moral safeguard than for purposes of revenue, the legislature had imposed upon it. That was a sufficient concession of the principle that it was competent for the legislature to place this traffic under restraint. But now we have extorted another and more important concession. In the cause of religion, morality, domestic peace, and public order, in behalf of those pitiable victims of diseased appetites which the traffic had already stripped of the manhood of self-control, we claim the right to suppress, for one day at least, this fast friend to vice and fierce foe to every virtue. We claim it on the ground that the public good has the right to override every private and selfish interest which menaces its existence. And let no one pule and whine about despotism when society thus asserts its right to protect itself. Let no one sentimentalise about trenching upon the constitutional rights of the British subject. Liberty has no existence in relation to any man or thing whose freedom threatens with annihilation the elements of the nation’s well-being. Law is the boundary line that demarcates license from liberty. Liberty belongs to him who enjoys his freedom as a moral and rational being, without trenching upon the rights and interests, or endangering the life or property, of others. But this ever sacred liberty degenerates into license when it becomes a plea for sacrificing the public good to private and selfish advan-