

him. An outcast ! The woes of Heaven fall thick and fast upon him.—“*Who hath woe ?*” asks Solomon, “*whose father hath woe ? Who hath contentions ? Who fall into pits ? Who hath wounds without cause ? Who hath redness of eyes ? Surely they that pass their time in wine, and study to drink up their cups.*” “*Woe to you,*” says Isaiah, “*that rise up early in the morning to follow drunkenness, and to drink until the evening to be inflamed. Woe to you that are mighty to drink wine, and are stout men at drunkenness. Woe to the crown of pride. to the drunkenness of Ephraim ; the drunkenness of Ephraim shall be trodden under foot.*” Are not these woes written on the face of the drunkard ? Are they not heard in all his acts ? Knows he what he says, or what he says not ? Has not prudence left the guard of his tongue ? Is there any gate to his mouth, any bar to his lips ? Are not the secrets of the past, and the follies of the present, and fetid fumes of the liquor, and the foul thoughts of the tempter, mingled together, and poured out upon all around him ? The very animal powers sink under drunkenness. It darkens the senses as well as the soul, and deadens the feelings as well as the mind. Weakens, stupifies, sickens, shatters the frame of the animal as well as the frame of the rational man. Deprives him of God, deprives him of heaven, deprives him of honor, casts him off from human respect, casts him away from the friendship of men, destroys his fortune, ruins his family, deprives him of himself, kills all his good here, and all his hope hereafter, and bloats his body with premature disease, to fatten the worms and enrich the rankness of the grave yard.

A Holy Father has described this

condition as truly as briefly. “*Drunkenness,*” he says, “*is a willing fury, a traitor of thoughts, a ridiculous calamity, a voluntary demon, a state worse than madness.*” Would you know how the drunkard is worse than the demoniac ? We pity the tormented demoniac, we abhor the drunkard. We condole with the one ; we are indignant and irritated at the other. The snares of an enemy have possessed the demoniac ; his own counsels have possessed the drunkard. With the demoniac he is driven about a slave by his possessor ; with the demoniac he is fallen from his state of mind and manhood ; with him he staggers, falls, rolls a disgusting eye, foams and exhales nauseousness. He is disagreeable to his friends, ridiculous to his enemies, contemptible to his servants, loathsome to his wife, scandalous to his children—odious to all. Whilst all that call him acquaintance are indignant, and all that call him friend are distressed ; whilst his nearest relations are miserable, and his children are squallid from neglect, wretched, perhaps, from want of care, wicked from example ; the drunkard sits in the house of crime, at the table of infamy, with his cup of weakness, his draught of poison before him, and is there contending with his brother drunkard, which shall most defame himself ; which shall show the greatest folly, which shall exhibit the meanest baseness, which shall best shatter his nerves, and destroy his nature, and abuse and anger their common Lord and Creator.

St. Chrysostome has well described the effect of intemperance,—“*Pale-ness, weakness, laziness, folly.*” Pale hanging cheeks, red ulcered eyes, trembling hands, furious dreams, restless distracted sleep : like murderers and