

Friend listened with the calmness and courtesy which so distinguish his brethren. To each fact and argument he assented with "yea," "yea," "yea;" and then, when the good tectotaller had exhausted his stock of arguments, the old gentleman said, "Friend, I see the full force of thy arguments, and thou hast but to prove one thing more, and I am with thee." "What is that?" eagerly asked the abstainer. "Well," said the Quaker, "thou hast only to prove that I don't like the drink, and I am with thee." Thousands say the same thing, as many of you in effect are now saying it to me—"You have proved that drink does a great deal of harm; that many people would be benefited by giving it up entirely; that it often ruins the soul as well as the body; but then—I like it!" But for that you would be with us, henceforth and for ever. My dear friends, there is more in that than at first meets the ear. I believe in my heart that if strong drink were only as nasty as salts, and senna, thousands of people, who cannot now see the force of our arguments, would then see them directly. This is our great difficulty. We have to contend with appetite, with habit, with custom, with immense interests, and all these things range themselves between men and the light, and they remain in darkness. It is our duty to remove these obstacles, and to let the light shine, even on those who may be unwilling to receive it. What, then, are we aiming at? I answer unhesitatingly—we are aiming at a sober world. I want you to see where we are. I need not say to anybody who knows me that I never willingly deal in clap-trap, and that I do not knowingly throw dust in the eyes of any man. A man won by a lie, is not worth having; he will not be kept if gained, and, probably, would not be worth the keeping. If I am wrong, come and show it, and I'll admit the error; if right, then, in the name of truth, and of the God of truth, come on our side. The Temperance movement rests on two great facts, and I am exceedingly