

which follows in the train of intoxicating liquors, and you will be ready to ask, can the regions of eternal death send forth any thing more deadly? wherever intemperance goes the same cry may be heard—lamentation and mourning and woe; and whatever things are pure, or lovely, or venerable, or of good report, fall before it. These are the effects, and I need not say more on this point; can any man deny that the "Ox is wont to push with his horns."

Upon the second point, I ask, has not this been testified to the owner? or are the *makers* and *retailers* not aware of its effects? The effects are manifest; and they have eyes, ears and understanding, as well as others; they know that the profit they make is at the risk of human life or comfort, and that the tide which is swelled by an unhalloed traffic, sweeps ten thousand yearly to ruin. But this is not all; the attention of the public has of late been urgently turned to this subject; the minds of men have been enlightened, and their responsibility pressed home upon them, the subject has been presented to them in a new light, and men cannot but see the absurdity of reprobating the tempted, while the tempter is honoured,—of blaming drunkards, and holding in reputation those who make drunkards. Look at the accompanying effects of a Distillery,—an influence goes forth from the spot, which reaches miles around,—a kind of constraining influence, that brings in the poor, and wretched, and thirsty, and vicious; those who have money, bring it,—those who have not, pledge their clothing and furniture. Now, the seller knows all these men, and knows their temperance, and probably knows their families, he can calculate effects; and he sends them off, one to die by the way, another to abuse his family, and others just ready for any sort of crime or wickedness. Will you say that he is not responsible, and, like Cain, ask, "am I my brother's keeper?" he knew what might be the result, and for a mere pittance of gain, was willing to risk it, whether this man should abuse his family, or that man should die by the way; so his purpose was answered, he did not care; the Ox was wont to push with his Horn, and he knew it; and for a little paltry gain he let him loose; and God will support his law in all its extent, by holding him responsible for consequences. "But if I do not sell; somebody else will."

What sin or crime cannot be excused in this way? "I know of a plot to rob my neighbour; if I do not go and plunder him, somebody else will?" Is it a privilege to bear the responsibility of sending abroad pestilence, and misery and death? "Our cause is going down," said Judas, "and a price is set upon the head of our master; and if I do not betray him, somebody else will; and why might I not pocket the money as well as another?" Do you consider it a privilege to pocket the wages of unrighteousness? If so, do not pretend to be the friend of God or man; unrighteousness is an insult to the one, and ruin to the other. The common excuse from those in the trade is—"I wish it was banished from the earth; but then, what can I do?" What can you do? you can keep *one man clear*—you can wash your hands of this wretched business; and if you are not willing to do that, very little reliance can be placed on your good wishes. I can conceive but few things more inconsistent, with every generous feeling, every noble principle, than retailing Intoxicating Liquors at the present day.

The days of ignorance on this subject have passed by; every man acts with his eyes open. Look at the house and company of the retailer; there he stands in the midst of dissipation; human nature in the last stages of earthly wretchedness, in all its degraded forms and filthy appearances, in his house. Does not his business kindle strife, encourage profanity, excite every evil passion, destroy salutary fears, remove every restraint, and produce a recklessness that regards neither God nor man? and how often in the providence of God is he given over to drink his own poison, and to become the most wretched of the wretched company? Who can behold an instance of this kind, without feeling that God is just? "He sunk down in the pit which he made; in the net which he hid, is his own foot taken."

To conclude; Intemperance—'tis the source of human woe, of misery, of wretchedness, of despair; 'tis the destroyer of every virtue, of the kindly feelings that enoble the human heart, of all those qualities that enables man to approximate nearer than any species to the divine goodness of his creator; 'tis the leveller of all honorable distinctions, the besom that sweeps away character, principle and honor; 'tis the secret worm that gnaws upon the mind, that lays waste the fair field of intellect, and throws the fairest flower to

"Waste its fragrance on the desert air."

Gin, rum, brandy, and other liquors, constitute this un-governable Ox; it has pushed thousands to ruin; Distillers Landlords and others, know this, yet they continue to feed it, and turn it loose upon Society! "Vengeance be longeth unto me, I will repay, saith the Lord."

(The above well argued and energetic essay, is one which addresses itself solemnly to many minds. In conducting the Visitor we wish to keep charity ever in view, and not judge our neighbour harshly; but we may not withhold as appeal like the above, which is based on such strong principles, and which is calculated to have much salutary effect on those who read it in the proper mood of mind. How would the Temperance Army rejoice, at the accession of recruits from the dealers in intoxicating liquors! They would be doubly valuable, and would themselves, reap an ample reward by the increase of self-respect and peace of mind.)

## THE VISITOR.

HALIFAX, N. S.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 19. 1842.

The good and great cause, Temperance, (to which our pages are chiefly devoted, makes progress which must be delightful to every philanthropist. Gainsayers do not attempt to place barriers in the way of a most important reform, by quibbles, or by starting delicate points of discussion which are not worthy of time or attention. What would be thought if the particular complexion or height of a patient should engage his physicians, while disease and weakness demanded earnest solicitude to the most important considerations? On the complexion or height a case might found plausible essays, but what would be thought of his conduct as a physician or a man, if he occupied his energies in that manner? A great evil exists, a great remedy is found, the duty is to apply the latter manfully, without