

when he went to learn, for the first time, that no drunkard hath any inheritance in the Kingdom of God.

This furnishes a fine commentary on that fashionable species of gambling, styled the lottery. It affords a fine opportunity to throw away, in the hopes of a wild speculation, what was furnished by Heaven as a means of benefitting mankind. If defeat attends the silly votary of fortune, it reduces to desperation and destruction; but if he is cursed with success, his ruin is rendered doubly sure. The fate of K— shows us plainly what a host of vices are ever the concomitants of cogniac. Rum first set his brain on fire, when he was whirled into a sea of sin, where shipwreck was soon made of his hopes for this world and the next. Oh what a pity, that a life whose dawns were so bright, should so soon have gone out in such utter darkness!

L— was a merchant, and by trading acquired a considerable fortune. He joined the Club, and held an office which gave him opportunity to drink without squandering his property. He married a respectable and lovely wife. But the habits of the Cogniac Club fastened upon him, till dissipation became inseparably leagued with his existence.

He lives yet—the wreck of a man. Ill-natured and peevish as drunkards usually are, he is fast approaching the whirlpool of perdition—a curse to himself and all who come within the sphere of his influence.—Some one, a very little time hence, will finish his history. We are led to believe, that he is continued in life in answer to the prayers of his godly wife and children. A burden to himself and all around him, he can surely be of no use in the vast creation of God, unless to stand as a beacon to warn his fellow men from the shoals on which his hopes were stranded.

We are now to notice M—. His superior intellect, refined education, and his profession, that of the law, gained him a high standing in the community. Thus nature and circumstances had here combined to make a man. But, alas! he early joined the Club. His business was, of course, neglected, as he was becoming habitually intemperate. He became soon a candidate for the president's chair of the Club. Thus he who might have had honour in the state, the church, and the world, compromised it all for the degraded elevation of a high place among these spirits of the pit. With a motto, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," he lived several years upon his friends, a useless lumberer of the ground, till his life went out—that of a miserable sot. Oh! how dreadful that judgment will be, when the suicides by rum shall be constrained to relate their story, and it shall be seen how

few live out half their days—how many princely fortunes have been squandered,—how many hardy constitutions broken down,—how many exalted intellects withered,—fine educations thrown away, hopes blighted, tears shed, hearts broken, and immortal souls lost—all through the accursed influence of cogniac.

N—, the next whose case I notice, fills me with pain beyond any other whose life and death has blackened this history. He was a child of many prayers and many tears, and had been given to God in an everlasting covenant by two as worthy parents as ever grieved at the depravity of their offspring. He, too, was a man of talents, was liberally educated, and bred to the law, and was fast acquiring eminence at the bar of his country—circumstances which elevated him to a great height, to render his sudden fall still more fatal and dangerous. He might have gone on in his career of fame, but in an evil hour he was drawn into the Club, and thence his ruin dated. He soon began to love the cup, to neglect his business, and to squander his fortune. He urged on his career, and would have sunk far lower than he has, had not a lovely wife restrained him from the lower depths of degradation, and the pride and liberality of friends sustained him above the ruin which betook his companions in vice.

But a bright star dawned. Since temperance has come in vogue, he has become somewhat reformed and industrious. But his faculties are said to have been evaporated by the fumes of the cogniac, and his energies still remain partially benumbed by the stupors of intoxication. He is much unfit for business, and is doubtless damned to live a lumberer of the ground. Rum has in this case, I fear, held its empire too long, and will be found to have obtained a control untamable as it is dangerous. The spirit of wine adheres to N—, as that spirit in the case of the demoniac, noticed in the book of God, who, after tearing and bruising him, hardly departeth from him.—The demon hates to be dispossessed, and will destroy, if possible, the being he is constrained to abandon, will raze to the ground the frail tenement he has so long inhabited, before he will be driven out.

There seem to be at times certain ill-fated places and certain unfortunate classes of men, from whence the prince of darkness makes longer drafts for recruits in his service of death than from any other. In the Cogniac Club, lawyers seemed the common prey. Scarcely could a young man commence the study of that profession, but the foe soon marked him as his own. Oh! how deplorable, that from a profession so noble, holding as it were in its possession the very keys to the avenues to wealth, honour, re-

spectability and power, there should have been drawn so many into this whirlpool of death. How lamentable that all the influence which talents and education could give, should have been lent in throwing a charm around one of the depravest sinks of iniquity which the genius of the pit ever formed as from an ante-chamber of its own dark abode.

O—, the next case we notice, was a lawyer, regularly educated, and well inducted into the profession, with every chance before him of attaining to any degree of eminence he pleased. But with a first rate mind, he associated a rank infidelity. Formed with a mind capacious enough to find out the deep things of God, and to scan his lofty purposes, its powerful energies were narrowed into doubting. He joined the Club on his first entering the town, and became one of the first in dissipation. He was well formed to be the leader of so depraved a crew. He could drink, and swear, and blaspheme, as no other man dared. He was always ready to be the champion of the club, if their grand master had any exploit of novelty or desperation wherewith to employ their hellish bravery. "Here am I, send me," never applied better to any champion of the King of kings, than to this son of perdition. Would that such bravery had found a nobler field in which to act and shine. But O—'s story is short. When he set out to burn up his vitals with cogniac, and to drown his soul in perdition, he lost almost immediately the confidence of the people as to the points of honour and honesty, swindled his clients out of all their misplaced confidence entrusted to his care, and continued to wear the same character and aspect up to the hour when he filled a drunkard's grave. O—'s fate was more lamentable, when we reflect what fine talents, what a refined education, and what a noble spirit was here lost—aye worse than lost. When some barren, uninhabited and obscure planet of night's diadem falls into everlasting chaos, its loss is but comparatively little lamented. But should the grand luminary of day go out, then, when barrenness, coldness and darkness settle for ever upon the earth, despair might well fix its eternal habitation in the soul of the creature.

So we here find, that utter loss of business, of character, and of soul,—a dreadful waste of time, talent and influence, and poverty, degradation, disease, death, and damnation, have ever followed and filled up the wake of this stream of burning fluid, and ever will, till having completed its raging on this ill-fated earth, it seeks its own home in the bosom of hell.