

impoverishes individuals, must also impoverish the public. All money expended, and all the labour laid out on that which "profiteth not," is so much dead loss. If all the money which is expended in spirituous liquors in Canada, and all the spirituous liquors which it purchases were sunk in the bottom of the St. Lawrence, the public would not be one penny the poorer. And if that money could be raised again from the depths of the waters, it would pay all the expenses, of civil government, thoroughly school every child in the province, provide all its inhabitants with the ministrations of the Gospel, and maintain all its poor, who would then be diminished, by at least one half.

Besides this saving of property, which would be effected by the abolition of ardent spirits; what an amount of domestic misery would then be prevented! Even the moderate use of spirituous liquors renders the temper more irritable; but when a man proceeds those lengths that conscience daily puts in her accusation, when his affairs become perplexed, and the very sight of the partner of his former prosperity, is an accuser, it is then, that he becomes peevish, and tyrannical to the last degree. No example of probity and industry is meanwhile set before a rising family, who either despise, or dread their parent. Often he tutors his children in the art of tippling, and raises up a family of drunkards. His wife may have seen better days. she married him in the full promise of young manhood. He was then affectionate and kind. Perhaps it was the custom of taking his morning bitters, for his stomach's sake, perhaps his noonday libation, when he met a friend, perhaps it was the glass introduced in the evening circle to give zest to the game, or sprightliness to the conversation—the ways, indeed, are innumerable, by which, a man may generate an unnatural appetite; and when once generated, like the grave, it never cries "enough." Oh! how changed that husband from what he once was! how low! how hopelessly fallen! Many an hour she sits by night, awaiting his return. The scalding tears run down her cheeks, and uncomplaining sorrow feeds upon her heart. His footstep is heard not with gladness, but with trembling. Long has she bitterly experienced that where she has ventured all, she has lost all. If there be on this side the grave a being, most to be pitied, one to whom are wrung out the waters of a full cup—it is the drunkard's wife.

But we have yet to contemplate that ruin of intemperance, which transcends all other ruins, as much as eternity out measures time, as much, as the soul is more valuable, than the whole world.

Satan does not employ at this day, one engine in the whole system of his expedients, to injure the kingdom of Christ, and people hell, which is, more successful, than the use of ardent spirits; which destroys with a sweeping, hopeless, wholesale execution. Where war slays its thousands, intemperance slays its ten thousands. "Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure, and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it." How many have we reason to believe, when their minds are awakened by the strivings of the Spirit, drown their convictions in the stupifying glass. Of how many other sins, is the intemperate use of ardent spirits the fruitful source! how much blasphemy, idleness, waste, anger, contention, how much adultery, and impurity,