

MORALIZES him, as to move his tongue and hands to say and do what we all call IMMORAL.

Now I have proved my case we will illustrate it. In yonder city of Halifax is a motherless family. Never again will those dear children see their young mother's face unless it be for a moment at the Judgment Bar of God. Gaze for a moment on the countenance of a once fair girl in her coffin, and with tears streaming down your cheeks, lift up a prayer to Almighty God, that no child of yours may drop into a drunkard's grave, as did poor Eliza Nixon. What an awful epitaph will be written on her past, "SHE DRANK HERSELF TO DEATH," so said the Yarmouth Times of Wednesday last. What is the relation between strong drink and the morals of Eliza Nixon? It robbed her of her womanhood; it crushed out all the noble instincts of a Mother; it withered and blighted, and blasted all the prospects of that little home, and hurled with pitiless tyranny those poor little darling children on to a cold cold world, to sink or swim in the struggle for existence.

There lies in a culprit's cell a man who had a brave British heart. Who ever fled from field of battle, he never. No danger withered up his courage, before no foe could his martial spirit cower. Like a great-heart he strode the field intent on victory to the British arms. But when well directed shot missed his heart, and the flashing sword could not succeed, a glass of liquor, overpowered his once heroic spirit and turned the British hero into a British devil. Beat his poor hard working wife, bruised his half-starved children, and wound up with the murder of Frank Norgaine. As you gaze upon that poor victim of strong drink in his cell, and outline with your mind's eye the scaffold from which he may swing, I ask you in the name of heaven what is the relation between intoxicating liquor and the morals of William Summers? Let the silent corpse of Frank Norgaine answer.

Come with me to Judge Hilton's office. In comes the Lawyer, Prosecutor, Witnesses, and the accused. Judge reads the charge which is that of unlawfully selling intoxicating liquor on or about such and such a date. "What have you to say?" asks the Judge of the accused, "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" Defendant says "I gave some." "But," says the Judge, "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" "NOT GUILTY" responds the charged. Then the Lawyer calls two witnesses who declare on oath that they obtained such and such quantities of liquor from this man. The case is proved most clearly, and the man's guilt established. Judge says, "You are fined fifty dollars, sir, or two months imprisonment." Watch now how he backs down from his plea of not guilty, and confesses that he will never sell another drop, and asks time to pay the fine in; pleads poverty, &c., &c. What is the relation between strong drink and the morals of the men who are thus fined? For the sake of selling a few bottles of liquor and escaping the penalty of the Law, they will compromise their conscience; and they will lie in the most bare-faced manner in the presence of Almighty God, who knoweth all things, and in the presence of several witnesses.

"Frequently you may see a number of our young men standing before a show case in one of our hotels, SHAKING DICE. If you watch long enough you may see them slip into the hall, then into a back room for a drink. Imagine one of our hotels encouraging DICE THROWING for cigars and liquor. The Proprietor always foremost in the sport. Again you will see one of 'the boys' go into the office and ask if Mr. So-and-so (some fictitious name) is in his room, wink at the proprietor and go up-stairs, the proprietor following. Shortly afterwards down comes the 'boy' and out he goes through the hall door. What with? Liquor, nothing else. Gambling is carried on nearly every night, in that same hotel until nearly day-break. Some of our finest young men are going to hell rapidly just THROUGH THIS COURSE, and I think it is about time that some one said something."

Men and women, fathers and mothers, I appeal to you and ask what is the relation between strong drink and that hotel-keeper's MORALS? Under the spell of the fire-water and its revenue, he has turned what ought to be a pleasant temporary home for travelers, into a gambling den. Snared by the money advantage connected with liquor, his morals have become so debased that he has made his office a gateway to hell. Under the fascination of this cruel monster rum, he has become so demoralized as to daringly break the laws of the country, that prohibit gambling. His inward sense of right in the sight of Almighty God, has become so callous by this iniquitous traffic, that he is regardless of how many parents hearts, and wives hearts are racked with agony, as they see their beloved sons and husbands going to ruin, whom his infernal DICE AND LIQUOR have damned. Fathers and mothers, men and women, in the light of the disgrace which to-day rests on that hotel, I ask you what is the relation between strong drink and man's morals? It is the same relation that exists between heaven and hell; between Christ and Belial.

On Sunday evening November the 11th, I preached a sermon to unconverted young men. In the course of my address, I stated that I understood that a back room in a vacant hotel was used for evil purposes. Some people have been anxious to prove that I made a misstatement. Allow me to inform you that statements made in this pulpit are not forged in the preacher's imagination. That very afternoon several men turned up an alley-way to the new resort, to the new nest they had, as they thought, so quietly built for themselves. They had their sport, but I presume some of them got tired of it before evening, perhaps lost their money, for while I was making the much wrangled and objected-to statement, TWO of those very men, who turned up the alley in the afternoon, were sitting in a pew in this church. But since that den was exposed on that evening, none of the old birds have returned to the new nest. The same result followed, as that which followed the exposure of the Milton fire hall set of gamblers. When men so-called respectable men, will desert their homes and their families on the only day when they can be at home more than any other, for a dirty room in an empty hotel; when they can drink and smoke and gamble on God's holy day; when they can trample under foot all that is dear and sacred, by setting their children such a wicked example, I ask in the name of Truth, "What is the relation between strong drink and morals?" The drink makes men SLY. Why did they not take a FRONT room, and like true men let others see from the street that they would not dare to do a thing of which they were ashamed? If it is right to drink and gamble on the Lord's Day or any other, why not do it in a front room, where their wives and children could see the sport going on? WHY? I will tell you why. It is because strong drink takes the manhood out of men; degrades them morally; lowers their sense of fidelity to wife and children and God, and drives them into the dark holes of the town to do their tippling and tossing. IN SHORT IT DEMORALIZES MAN.

I fancy I hear some one say "now Mr. Adams, if those men had such a well appointed and furnished hall as the more tony men have in another block where they could gamble, they would not resort to back rooms to do it." But that would not affect the point at issue. That would not alter the relation between strong drink and morals one jot or tittle. Those who meet for evil purposes in a carpeted room and lounge in rocking chairs, experience the same effects morally, as those who meet in the back offices of their master's stores. The men who frequent a higher class of gambling halls are just as cruel to their wives, in choosing the company of a number of men in preference to hers, as those lower down. And they are as great a curse to the town morally, as the poor ragged RUNNERS, who emerge from the rum holes of water street. 'Tis true, the evil is more disguised by the upper class, for some of them go to church, have a business standing, and if THEY get drunk, their companions see them home safely in a carriage after dark; but if the poor man gets drunk, he is sprawled out on a truck, and hauled home in broad daylight. But the effects on the moral nature of both rich and poor are the same. Who has not seen men coming out of the main entrance of a block as we were returning home from Sunday School? What do men want in that building on the Lord's Day? Are they not content with six nights dissipation, without desecrating God's Sabbath? Surely they do not board and lodge in that billiard hall?

Now if you take the trouble you can find the same card-playing carried on in the back offices of some of our stores among a number of our young men. Imagine clerks taking their chums into their employer's office and gambling night after night. I suppose this is done without the employer's consent, but if he winks at it, he must be rather generous to afford them fire and gas till two and three in the morning. Now what kind of morals are those young men cultivating under the exciting influence of cards and liquor? What destinies are their lives going to influence for the great eternity? How are they going to fulfill the great mission of a human being? Now what is the relation between strong drink and the morals of our young men? Look at them. Study them and what do you see? Yea, I might almost say, "what do you smell?" You perceive a studied effort to conceal the EFFECTS of their dissipation, but to a practised eye, accustomed to read men it is clear that there are undisguisable evidences of their downward trend. One can see that their manhood is fast ebbing away; the eye droops for an inward unquenchable sense of degradation, is stealing from them the once pure straight-onlooking glance. They are unstable, for dissipation is frittering away their old power of will. The blessed habit of nightly praying taught them in boy-hood days, is no longer observed. But creeping upstairs at mid-night in their stocking feet, they roll into bed like a poor degraded heathen, ashamed of themselves and cursing their lot. The relation between strong drink and the morals of our liquorous "boys," is the same as between heaven and hell, Christ and Belial.