

in his pathway, he cannot let it alone. It is useless to say to him, "Do not drink it at all."

But to the young man, who has just entered upon the practice of drinking with jovial friends—who feel and talk as poor L. felt and talked, eight years ago, may we not say, that the lesson taught by this brief story, is the lesson which may be gleaned from the story of every drunkard, and the lesson which, if he stop not quickly, will soon come home to him as one of the fruits of bitter repentance. Let him put far from him the intoxicating bowl, remembering that "wise is a mocker, and strong drink is raging." There is no safety, kind reader, in moderate drinking. If you would not be a drunkard, and live a drunkard's wretched life, and die his death, do not drink at all.—*Tem. Ad., R.I.*

Intemperance, War, and Slavery.

Here are three great generic evils—Intemperance, War, and Slavery. We will not say that all the sinning and suffering of the world are included in one or the other of these systems; but each of them, you will admit, seems to number on its muster-roll most of the vices and miseries that afflict society. Let us take, first, the habit of Intemperance, for this is fraught with more sin and misery to mankind than both the other great evils put together. War is a temporary tornado, sweeping over nations at wider intervals than in darker ages. Seldom more than two or three countries are smitten by its thunderbolt of ruin at the same time. The fiery tempest of malignities rages but for a season, and within certain bounds. Thousands and tens of thousands of human lives are suddenly consumed by "the quick cross-lightning" of hatred and revenge. The storm passes over. The fierce elements of human depravity subside from exhaustion. The sun that looked with blood-shot eye upon the smoking desolations of the region, looks itself again, and beams upon the land in its old way. The rains and dews fall like the Samaritan's oil into the wounds made by man in the breast of nature, and blanch out the blood-stains with weeping water-drops from heaven. Slavery, though it be "the sum of all villainies," is a system of atrocities inflicted upon hardly fifteen millions of the human family. Nine-tenths of the human beings involved directly in this evil are innocent of its existence. They are bought, beat, sold, and held as beasts of burden by about two millions of usurpers, who regard them as their property. Thus, if we may so say, sheer suffering predominates in the condition of slavery—suffering, not self-inflicted by the subjects of the system in gratifying their own passions and appetites, but put upon them by the cruelty and wickedness of a few of their fellow-beings possessing the power of oppression. Then it is an evil confined to limited and distant portions of the globe.

But Intemperance is an evil that lies like a miasma of sin and misery upon all the populations of Christendom, more or less dark and deadly. Steadily, with but thin and infrequent gleamings or promise of pure sky and sun, it palls great communities, day and night, summer and winter, year and century. No plummet ever sounded the depth, no line ever compassed the circumference, or traversed the diameter of the sea of crime and wretchedness fed and filled by the torrent streams of this huge incumbent sin—streams hissing with the gurgling agonies of despair; streams swelling out of the hidden desolation of human homes in every land; streams red with the ruin of immortal souls; streams choked in the gaping gorges of iniquity with the wrecks of hopes, character, reputation, once precious as immortality to millions of warm-beating hearts; streams dashing onward to the black abyss with the maddest music of discord, in which intermingle and alternate the coarse ribaldry of midnight orgies; the sickly, whining wail of children pining for the bread that is drunk in gin, or hiding from the madness which it fires to frenzy in a father's eye; the yell of the maniac,

chased and scourged by the furies of *delirium tremens*; the blasphemies of the Sunday pot-house; and the myriad-voiced murmuring of misery, in monotonous undertone, from fireless garrets, and hovels of poverty, and the sewers of vice, half hidden and half revealed, in every town and village. The records of the prison, of the poorhouse, and madhouse, give but the facts that float on the surface of the sea of sin and misery which Intemperance has filled with its fiery flood. And where is the fountain-head, where the sluice-gate of this bottomless gulf? Where is the beelling crag from which all these millions of every Christian land have plunged into the abyss at one leap? Not on the precipitate edge. Not one that ever perished in its depth ever reached it at one bound. Higher up, far higher up, among the greenest fields of life, where the stream flowed winsome and slow among the flowers, every human soul that ever sank in this sea took its first step to ruin. The custom of moderate drinking was the gateway to the gulf. No drunkard of any clime, or country, or age, ever reached it by any other passage. Custom! not any innate or instinctive thirst for inebriating drinks in the victims themselves at the beginning, but custom; the example of others; looking at "the wine when it is red" in another's hand; looking at it longingly when it is quaffed by a neighbor's lips, by a near friend, by a brother, a father; custom, garlanded with the graces of hospitality, set all around with the brilliant refinements of social enjoyment; custom, consecrated by bishops, and Christian ministers of all denominations, by philanthropists, statesmen, and divines; custom, hidden by the Flood, "but seen on either side," continuous all the way to Adam in one direction, all the way to this morning's dawn, in the other; custom, set to music in palace and parlor; set to smiles in eyes flashing with the fascination of female beauty; set to joy in songs of the select circle; set to literature in the first works of human genius; set to painting by artists half worshipped as divine; set to statuary by sculptors that have chiselled out heathen gods from stone that seemed to breathe a claim for reverence; set to poetry in the great epics in all times and languages; the rosy, winning custom of moderate drinking is the wicket-gate through which all the myriads that have been drowned in this dead sea of destruction first set their souls on the swift-rushing stream. Go, search all the records of human experience, and see if you can find a single case of a human being that ever took a shorter cut to this gulf of ruin than this; that ever climbed up some other way, and leaped sheer over into the abyss at a bound. Ask the most experienced in the statistics of crime and misery, if he ever heard or read of man or woman who ever engulfed a human soul in the drunkard's fate through any other postern than this custom of moderate drinking. You have never read—we have never read of such a case.

Now, then, will "the simple circulation of the Bible" abolish this custom? Will the simple preaching of the Gospel abolish this custom? Will the simple conversion and regeneration by the Spirit of God of the majority of the community abolish this custom? Will every person, on becoming a sincere and devout Christian, abandon this custom, and totally cease to be a moderate drinker? In what country in the world has the Bible freer and larger circulation than in Scotland? In what country is it more widely and devoutly read, and more persons able to read it? In what country is the simple Gospel of Christ preached with more purity and power? What country is freer from heterodoxy, or can count at the sacramental table more Christian communicants, in proportion to the population, than Scotland? Not one; upon the whole face of the earth, not one. And yet in what country, of the same number of inhabitants, are there drunk such vast quantities of ardent spirits as in Scotland? In what land more intoxication? The state and statistics of inebriety in that highly-favored country have been recently pressed upon the notice of Parliament and of