

good neighbor, a good citizen and a good Christian. These are the results of this principle, God blessing it, and we cannot but believe that it is an instrument for good in His hands. God uses human instrumentality. If you wish to convert the Chinese, you must learn their language, and use, perhaps, the very dictionary which will assist some other man to spread opium and bowie-knives among them. You take, perhaps, the ship which carries in its hold the same agencies of evil, but the instrument you both employ, is good or evil as you choose to use it. You might as well stand upon yonder banks and preach in the Chinese to English sinners, as stand talk to the drunkard, mind beclouded, reason dethroned, intellect prostrate, his moral perfections stultified, and expect him to appreciate the gospel—(cheers). I believe Teetotalism has been a great instrument in God's hands for good. Sometimes, when sad and dispirited, I have felt as if I stood between two fires; men who hale the Bible and the Sabbath and religion, hissing at me for what I am doing against them, and professors of the religion I revere, pointing at me as an infidel. I feel for a time quite heart-sick; but then I look back upon the past, and call to mind the scenes which I have witnessed, and then I can lift up my heart, and ask my father in heaven to strengthen me in proclaiming the principles of Teetotalism to the poor and debased—in laboring for their salvation, and recommending the principle to other men who do not drink to excess, that they may influence others needing their example. I remember in Boston that I was once asked by Deacon Moses Grant to call upon two young ladies whose father was a drunkard. I found a young girl sitting in what we call a rocking-chair; the room, though neat, yet feeling chilly from the want of a fire. Addressing me, she said, 'It is a hard matter, sir, for a daughter to speak of her father's intemperance, but what can I do? My father is a good man, and every one loves him, except for the drink. What shall I do? My mother has been confined to the house for six months, and to her room for a fortnight; my sister has sprained her ankle, and I am left to act for all. I have sent for you, sir, as my last hope. My father is taking away the very necessaries of life, if it were not so, I would not have asked you to sit in this room to day without a fire.' I saw a pianoforte in the room, and could not help looking at it. She saw my glance in a moment, and told me that that was her father's early gift, that it was associated with her dearest recollections, entwined with her heart's strings, and that she would suffer much more than she had yet done, rather than sell it. I saw that father, and I rejoice to say that he was prevailed upon to take the pledge. As he did this, his daughter was watching him with feelings wrought to a pitch of intensity, and when he put the pen aside, she sprang into his arms and sobbed as if her heart would break. 'He is saved,' she cried, 'I know my father, sir, I know that he will never drink those hateful drinks again. Now I can part with my piano almost without a sigh.' Why was she so willing to part with what she had only just before prized so much? It was because the bright beaming star of hope had dawned upon her path, and bathed in its liquid light she would cheerfully give up everything she possessed—(cheers). I saw that girl die, and almost her last words were framed into a blessing upon the Temperance enterprise. As they propped up her wasted body, her eye gleamed with a beautiful lustre, and looking on her father, she said, 'Father, you will try and meet me there now? Now! Now!' Yes, now, because he had been snatched from a vice which was hurrying him to ruin. 'That girl is now in Heaven, and that father is a respectable member of a Christian Church. Prove that infidelity if you can, and we will throw the charge back with indignation—(loud cheers) We don't pretend to make men Christians by Teetotalism, to regenerate them, and take the work of the preacher out of his hands; all that we maintain is, that we put them into a better state of mind to be made susceptible of the influences of religion.' Mr. Gough concluded with a promise to speak in the course of an hour.

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