

make men sober, and persuade all to abstain from strong drink. In this way, by example, by advice, by agitation, by persuasion, we may also reach the conscience of the parties engaged in the horrid traffic. Their heart is too generally in their pocket; but if by any lawful means, the traffic can be ended, the results must be beneficial to the country. We must work—work—work. Drunkenness and drinking must prevail, unless the friends of temperance work.

WILLIAM SCOTT.

### SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

We take the following extract from an excellent address, delivered recently before the "Sons" in Cobourg, signed W. A., which we find in our contemporary, the *Provincialist* of the 26th ult. We omit the first and last parts, having more especially a local bearing, and which we hope has had its legitimate effect upon those who heard it:—

Of the origin of the order of the Sons of Temperance, it is unnecessary to say any thing; you are all aware of its origin; that it was the result of united perseverance and intense application of gigantic minds, thoroughly imbued with the noble and God-like spirit, the amelioration of the condition of mankind. The names of Oliver, Bale, Snow, McKeller, Swenarton, Sands, McKibbin, Weaver and Johnston, will be embalmed upon the brightest page of memory and cherished with the liveliest emotions of gratitude by unborn millions. The Bard will yet arise who will transmit their fame in undying numbers to the latest generation. Volumes might be written upon the devotion, the self-sacrificing spirit of these disinterested philanthropists, but this duty must devolve upon abler pens, and we confine ourselves to noticing the blessings we enjoy as the result of their labors.

Thorough organization is a feature of our order, standing out in bold relief, and constituting the foundation stone, the base of the "Pyramid," whose superstructure is built up by the successive layers of Philanthropy, Patriotism, Christianity, Morality, and Sociability, and cemented together by Love, Fidelity, Forbearance, and Brotherly Kindness.

And further, the universal experience of past ages prove beyond a shadow of doubt, that thorough organization, concert of action, is the only method of successfully accomplishing important undertakings,—for however zealous and enthusiastic individuals may be in advocating and advancing an enterprise, their individual efforts will be comparatively unavailing; they will be like the separate links of a chain, while disconnected they are useless, but united they form a perfect chain, ready for use. So by a concentration of effort, great results are brought about, mighty victories achieved. But it is unnecessary to enlarge upon this self-evident truth, acknowledged by common consent, so much so that it has long since passed into a proverb, and the whole truth expressed in three comprehensive words—"union is strength."

The next prominent feature of our Order we come to notice is Philanthropy—a deep-rooted and heartfelt desire to live not alone for ourselves, but to contribute as far as lies within our power to the elevation of man in the scale of being, morally, mentally and physically, and how can this important end be more successfully accomplished than by working for his release and redemption from the iron grasp of the demon, Intemperance, who entwines his deadly coils with such relentless fury around his devoted victims—dulling their sensibilities, obliterating their perception of justice, virtue, and morality, dimming the brilliancy of their intellects, and throwing over them the dark and gloomy pall of mental night. His devastating influence is not only seen and felt in reducing and sinking man low in the depths of moral torpitude, and increasing the density of that darkness gathering around his intellect, and casting a sombrous hue on all around, but it also saps the very foundation of the physical system, destroying its healthful tone, and throwing wide open the flood-gates through which disease effects an easy and unobstructed entrance. Here then is an ample field for the exercise of unbounded philanthropy.

In taking a retrospective view of the past, we see that physical strength, the warrior, the poet, the statesman and the philosopher, have been successively duned, and millions have bowed the obsequious knee, and rendered to each in their turn due homage, but the time is yet to be, and that not far distant when goodness

will command and receive that homage heretofore rendered only to greatness, regardless of the consequences produced by that greatness. As a prelude to the consummation of this desirable object, I would point you to the reception in the neighboring states of the magnanimous philanthropist, Father Matthew.

Why that long line, drawn up in battle array, their shield and armour being the *white collar*, and their breast plates symbolic of love, purity and fidelity. Why that prolonged enthusiastic shout of joy, sent up simultaneously by so many thousand happy beings making the very welkin ring? Why all this joy and hilarity? Were they assembled to pay their devotions to some King or ruler, or to welcome some military Chieftain, returning with the laurels of many victories? Ah, no; no such object induced them to congregate; they had assembled simply to welcome a stranger, Ireland's benefactor, Father Matthew, the apostle of temperance. No brilliant military achievement, no daring exploits decked the crown of glory upon his brow. But silently, yet zealously, and with untiring assiduity, he labored to redeem Ireland from the deadly grasp of the demon Intemperance, who has long held despotic sway over her sons—in other words, it was for goodness, not simply for greatness, that he was thus honored. And right well did he merit it; for long after Tyrants, Despot and Chieftains, renowned only for the numbers slain under their command, shall have been consigned to the shades of oblivion, will the name of Father Matthew be held in grateful remembrance.

And this brings us to the next feature of our order, that is, patriotism, love of our country and our country's prosperity and welfare. Some may be ready to ask what there is in our Society that indicates a love of country? In answer to this question I would ask, who it is would be the more capable of repelling the invader, should our shores be invaded by an enemy, the sober man in possession of his reason and judgment, or the inebriate, or even the moderate drinker, whose mind is impaired and bewildered by drinking?

Some may think it a stretch of the imagination to suppose that any serious calamity could befall a nation in consequence of indulgence in intoxicating drinks, but I will appeal to history to settle this point. Transport yourselves, in imagination, back through the long mist of years, and behold the once proud city of Babylon, mistress of the then known world, view her magnificent temples, her lofty domes, her towering spires and steeples, her ponderous gates, her huge works of architecture, her impenetrable walls, surely you would be ready to exclaim, so much grandeur and magnificence could never decay. In a few short years again behold that city! What now greets your vision? There in solemn silent grandeur stand the bare and desolate walls; while all around lay scattered, in wild confusion, the earthly remains of the once gay multitude. And what is the eloquence those ruins, those bleaching bones speak? Oh, there lurks the demon intemperance exulting over his success in being able in one short night to destroy what had taken years of hard toil, and exhausted countless coffers of gold to accomplish. You will remember the patriotism and devotion that characterized the people; they were celebrating one of their national feasts, and that very night over flowing bowls swore eternal resistance to the enemy then besieging their city, they considered every bottle of wine they drank, a seal of their doom to irretrievable ruin. Kings, lords and citizens being in a state of inebriety, the besieging army effected an entrance, and slew them all.—And from the ruins of ancient Babylon we should learn a lesson, to shun the rock on which they split, and as lovers of our country and our country's welfare, shun as we would the deadly opus, this destroyer, not only of domestic peace and happiness, but also of nations.

This brings us to the next feature of our order—Christianity. Though it does not follow as a consequence, because men become Sons of Temperance, they therefore become Christians, but it is an admitted fact, that no man can become a Christian while under the influence of liquor; besides, the habitual use of ardent spirits has a tendency to blunt his moral perceptions, to destroy his love and reverence for the supreme ruler of the universe, while the inebriated victim bows and worships at the shrine of the God Bacchus. This is man's besetting sin, the most powerful weapon the arch fiend of perdition wields in his eternal warfare against the human family. This is the sin over which the church and pious men shed many bitter tears, and the greatest obstacle to the spread of the Gospel. Who can fail to see in our glorious order the handmaid of Christianity?