

—the good a molehill. Weigh them. The evil is a millstone—the good a feather.

In abstaining from a thing so dangerous as our strong drinks, I am sure there can be no sin. I am not sure, especially in present circumstances, that there is no sin in using them. In abstaining, I am certain that I am on the safe side; and in a case, where the danger is so great, and the falls so numerous, and the destruction so fearful, to be on the safe side its clearly the path of duty. To be on the other side, is throwing myself 'into temptation, and a snare,' and it may be, into 'many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition.'

As to the *self-denial* implied in abstinence, and which many of our opponents regard as such a severe privation, we do not feel it to be a privation at all, but the reverse, being healthier, happier, in all respects better. But, supposing we call for a degree of self-denial, we give you far more in compensation—the assurance of your own greatly increased comfort and safety, and the prospect of doing great good to others. As an abstainer, I exhibit my protest against the dangerous drinks and drinking customs of our country, so that whosoever shall henceforth be injured by them, I shall be blameless. As a drinker, you not only help to perpetuate the system, but in doing so support the evils that flow from it. As an abstainer, I, as it were, advertise out of a company that has for centuries been our country's curse and shame, and is now sinking every day in character and credit, so that lose who may by it, none shall be able to charge his losses on me. As a drinker, you are upholding this mischievous company, and must therefore be held responsible for the consequences. If your example is followed, drunkenness will continue. If mine is followed, it will cease. If the temperance reform prosper, it will

help on all other reforms—not one of them will go on well without it. If the temperance reform is stayed, then I say, Wo, wo, to the land we live in and love!

'But you do not like our way of doing the thing.' Then, I say, give us a better way, and we will take yours. But, if you cannot give us a better way, then, I say, take ours.—And let us *all* at it, and *always* at it, till intemperance is banished from our land. With a good cause and a good conscience, and a good God on our side, we have nothing to fear.—All good men will be also on our side, by and by; and then—

We'll win the day—we'll win the day.'

The Irreligious Man's First Work.

Suppose the case of a profligate and undutiful son. He has often wounded the heart, and set at naught the authority of the tenderest of fathers. He advances in filial depravity, until he determines to break away from all domestic inspection and restraint. The day appointed for the carrying out of his purpose arrives. As the first grey beams of morning steal into his chamber, he rises and prepares for his journey. All within are asleep besides. His father is unconscious of his plans. With clandestine step, and a thousand mingled emotions, he bids adieu to his birthplace and his home. In a few hours he finds himself on board the vessel which is to bear him to a foreign land.—Month after month, through storms and sunshine, he pursues his way.—He reaches his destination, and exults in the thought, that now, without restriction, he can revel in all the pleasures his new home can afford.—The thought of his lost son fills the father with distress. It disturbs him in his dream at night. It scares him in the mornings. It spreads a sadness over him through the day. At length he is informed of the far-distant residence of his son, and of his