

the sex—by your love of self—by your fear of God, and your hope of heaven—unite to destroy this great, this fearful, this almost sole cause of all your earthly troubles. If you do so unitedly act, you are invincible. Your weak yielding to habit—your kind obedience to assumed authority—your deference for reputed superiority—your fear of singularity—your respect for fashion and custom, has dragged you on to be the very cause of much of the evil that exists, and therefore you justly suffer much of the penalty. If you would save your husbands from the drunkard's doom—if you would redeem your sons, and save them from ruin—begin yourselves by an entire abstinence from all that can intoxicate. Hoist the temperance flag—a sober man or no husband—and you are safe, and the cause itself also will be safe. You have, perhaps, seen an account of the Black Valley Railroad. I met with it the other day in Montreal, and here it is: You have in this a vignette or cartoon of this road in full operation. It would be ludicrous if it were not an awfully true delineation of the way in which multitudes take passage to destruction. The trains move by a progressive timetable, beginning at Sippington, passing by Topersville, arriving at Drunkard's Curve; thence rapidly running by express to Demonland, and then by lightning express through Black Valley to Destruction. We are told that persons desiring to leave the train will find the stages of the Temperance Alliance at Drunkard's Curve, and all the stations, above, ready to convey them free to any of the villages upon Coldstream River. Below Drunkard's Curve, ambulances will be used. Passengers in the sleeping-cars, especially stock-holders, will be waked up at Screech-Owl Forest, Thunderland, and at the end of the road. And then we are told that stages from Tobacco-land connect with all the trains. If any of you have taken passage on this road, you had better leave the train at once. If you have reached the station where an ambulance is needed, be quick to avail yourselves of the opportunity of deliverance—go further and you are lost. This Black Valley Railroad carries more than 30,000 into eternity annually. It is said the business of the road increases rapidly, but I trust that in this locality the business will decrease. It is worthy of much consideration that the only telegrams that come over the wires from the lower terminus of the road is, "At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." I fear there are very few who never went even as far as Sippington, but let us hope that many will see and feel the duty of avoiding that road altogether, and travel henceforth on the only safe road of Total Abstinence. Various methods have been tried, and a great variety of machinery is in operation to promote temperance. The excellent association with whom we meet this evening, has done much, and is well calculated for executive and administrative work, and for operating on the Legislature, and as

an ally of the "Alliance" will do much. The "Alliance" for Canada, whose first anniversary was recently held in Montreal, is intended to unite all possible strength on the question of legal prohibition. Every man who desires to remedy or reduce the evil, though not himself a teetotaler, can lend his aid by becoming a member of the "Alliance." It has no pledge, but is designed to combine the influence of all who are convinced of the public evil of intemperance and the traffic. The Sons, the Good Templars, the Social Circle, the Knights, and the old Temperance Societies, can unite in getting up petitions, and calling upon the Government to pass Mr. Dunkin's Bill, which would give power to every municipality to deal with the evil, and to punish the violators of existing laws, which is found now to be almost impossible. We cannot get all we want at once, we must be content with an instalment. The man who asked of his neighbor timber to build a barn or stable, was refused; but when he asked for a couple of sticks for gate-posts, he got what he asked, which was, in reality, all he wanted. We shall have most of what we want if we succeed in obtaining the passage of Mr. Dunkin's Bill. He is a worthy man, co-operating with us in a good work, and let us hope that success will attend us in the Legislature of the country. Meanwhile let us keep at work in the old Temperance Societies. I am always in the habit of recommending everywhere the keeping up of the good old fashioned society, with a pledge to be signed at the meeting, at the secretary's office, and at open monthly meetings—free of charge, ceremony, secrecy or badge. With a good committee this will always bring in many who would never join any other, but might be faithful and useful in this. I fear you are wearied of me, but I could easily go on for hours. There is the pathology, the philosophy of drunkenness untouched—the question of nutriment in alcohol—the wine question—the wedding of Canada—the advice to Timothy, which last must always be considered a testimony in our favour. Timothy was a man more than 30 years of age. Up to this time he had been a water drinker, but by reason of infirmity or sickness, was urged to take a little wine, not such as is now called wine, made up of logwood and whiskey, but the pure juice of the grape. We might take up the case of Noah, or Lot, or Eli's sons, the fat drunkard of Ephraim and Holofernes. Then the opposite cases of Manoah, Hannah, Samson, Daniel. John the Baptist, and the Rechabites of an earlier age. All these are untouched or only thus referred to as topics worthy of discussion. Then we might consider the effects of drinking on men of genius. There are Burns, Byron, Savage, and others. Then there are the effects of drinking on parson, doctors, lawyers and other professional men; and alas, Canada furnishes innumerable facts, many of which will come up to the recollection of many who have noticed the career