

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE,

He that hath eyes to read, let him read;
he that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

“ Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father’s heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness not strength, sickness not health, death not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease, and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for your scaffolds. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the ailment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverence, fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher the helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and helps the child to grind the parricidal axe. It burns up man and consumes woman, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine.— It bribes votes, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislature, dishonors the statesman, disarms the patriot. It brings shame not honor; terror not safety; despair not hope; misery not happiness.— And with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations, and, insatiated with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin.”

There, it does all that and more. It murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies; the curse of curses; the devil’s best friend.

 LOVE, THE LAW OF THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL.

No Christian employment more constantly or indispensably demands the law of kindness. And no talents or gifts can compensate here for a rough or unkind deportment. The law of the Sabbath school must be love. When often asked for the constitution and rules of my schools, I answer that they are comprised in the four letters, L O V E. Here is the law—and this is the only fulfilling of the law, in a Sunday School. I have passed more than once, classes under my care, when a teacher has called me to say,—Here is a boy or girl that I can do nothing with, can you not remove him or her to some other class?— Now how manifest was the incompetence of the teacher under such circumstances. Impatience, want of sympathy and tenderness, to say the very least, were at the bottom of the whole; great want of discretion in openly announcing the disappointment, which was a confession of incompetency to the whole class, and extremely injudicious and irritating to the child proscribed, was very apparent. Indifference to the feelings and convenience of fellow-teachers was equally clear. In such a case, nothing could be done but to remove the child. But I should have felt more disposed to remove the teacher, if a greater result of evil would not have probably flowed from it. A complaining teacher can do no good. A fretful, peevish, hasty teacher can do no good. If a child is rebellious, let a teacher remember what fighters against God the ministry must meet; and how surely everything will be unavailing in them all for a blessing, without a forbearing, patient spirit. A smiling, genial habit, a cheerful, welcoming countenance—a morning face, radiant with joy in the work of the Lord—comes into the school like the sunshine of heaven. It is God’s own work, and God’s own mark. I cannot but say I will rejoice and be glad herein.—*Dr. Tynge.*