

another, also feels deeply the wrong he has performed. So, likewise, the man who becomes intoxicated, for the first time, is well aware he is committing a violation of rights. But had all three been habituated to such vices from infancy, they would not so acutely have felt the sin of their position. *The violation of the law was felt, because it was a sudden transition from virtue to vice.* Our normal consciousness of evil becomes less and less acute, in proportion to the frequency of moral delinquency.

Suppose the parents of a child to be of the superfine class of liars, who, instead of boldly telling falsehoods, have a system of duplicity that passes muster in society as genuine truth—who, in private and in public, are different individuals, and are pretty prosperous in the world, having, moreover, a great show of religion, and you will find very little consciousness of evil in the child following this example. So again, suppose the parents of a child to be guilty of the petty thefts that are looked upon as trivial, when done in the way of business, such as mixing an inferior, and selling it as a superior article; or, by calling other things of higher value than they really are; and you will not find a keen sense of outraged morality in the child when it follows the parent's practices. The same may also be said of the child whose parents have associated every joyous and happy hour with the use of intoxicating drinks.

If either of the above had been committed once only, and that in a decided and unequivocal manner, nature or moral feeling would have protested; but as the constant dropping of water wears the adamant rock, so does the constant contact with evil petrify the moral sensibility of man. In this running analogy between the three vices named, their equal turpitude may be said to be established; but it will appear yet more positive, if we consider, very briefly, for want of space, wherein their peculiar evil consists.

The equality of the three vices might be shown in their evil effects as regards the state of society; but we shall confine ourselves to the consideration of their evil effects on the person guilty of practising them.

The man who tells a lie, the man who robs another, and the man who perpetuates the drinking usages of this country, inflicts much greater injury to himself than to society. *The evil is not only the consciousness of outraged conscience, BUT THE LOSS of this consciousness.* While conscience protests, a man's case is not hopeless; but when apathetic indifference is evinced—whether from early associations which have blunted the moral sensibilities of our nature, or from wilful continuance of practices that are known to be wrong—then is *man fallen*—his divinity is *entombed*—and what is left? *A vicious animal!*

As a slave, who is content in chains, is more to be pitied than the aspiring captive who nightly gathers hopes of freedom from some friendly star, so is the man who, living unconsciously in the commission of moral delinquency, more to be pitied than the man who, with anguish of soul, feels the voice of God in his conscience pronouncing judgment upon his wrong-doing.

The religious public, from early habits, and fostered appetites, are, at present, in the lethargic state, in regard to the evil effects of intoxicating drinks, and, therefore, our duty to arouse them is imperative.

If a new argument was wanted to complete the demonstration, that intoxicating drinks are inimical to man's good or God's glory, it would be found in the prostration of all moral sensibility as to their results in the people who use them.

It is, then, the duty of all who love their fellow-men to raise loud their protestations against these drinks. Let not the cry, "Let us alone," deter them. "A little more sleep, and a little more slumber" the sluggard ever craves; but imperative duty says, "Man, arise!—move on!"

Temperance reformers, go on spreading your principles, fearing no frown and courting no favour!

Firmly utter what you know!
Truth can bear the hardest blow!
Strokes but make the metal glow!
Never yield—never yield!

Female Influence for the Maine Law.

"He comes not. I have watched the moon go down.
But yet he comes not. Once it was not so,
He thinks not how the bitter tears do flow
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come and chide; and I shall weep,
And he shall wake my infant from its sleep
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
I had a husband once who loved me; now,
He ever wears a frown upon his brow;
But yet, I cannot hate. O there were hours
When I would hang for ever on his eye;
And time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strewed, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
I loved him then; he loved me too. My heart
Still finds its fondness kinde if he smile
The mem'ries of our love will ne'er depart.
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness; and should sickness come and lay
Its paralysing hand upon him, then
I will with kindness all my wrongs repay
Until the penitent shall weep and say
How injured and how faithful I have been."

Women of Canada! Were this the last hour in which this soliloquy of woe, ten thousand times repeated by your suffering sex, should ever be uttered, and women henceforth should never be dragged by a drunken husband or son to the grave, would you not consider it one of the most blessed hours on the dial of time; and could you by any act of yours hasten it onward, would you not be grateful to the God of providence that he gave you the heart and opportunity to do it?

Women of Canada! The hour is come when the hydra Intemperance may be destroyed. The weapon is forged and put into our hand; and heaven only waits for man to strike the blow, to write upon its eternal scroll—It is finished. The Maine law is that weapon. You have heard of its provisions. The sound of its operation has reached your ears and gladdened your hearts. Now, in that noble State, no woman need fear that her husband will become a drunkard, or that the son of her love will be scathed with that which is worse than the lightning's stroke. Hundreds of wives have had their intemperate, abusive, cruel husbands handed over to them sober because of the law, and their homes are happy. Thousands of children on her broad domains, in all her schools and at the firesides of parents, will not now as in time past be tempted with the drunkard's drink or caught in the vender's snare. Poorhouses and jails, those creations only for the outcast, the houseless and the vile, are scarcely needed. The Sabbath is delivered from its worst desecration, and the gospel of the grace of God may have free course and be glorified.

Women of Canada! Is this nothing to you? Who have been the torn, bleeding, scathed sufferers from Intemperance? Whose heart-strings have been broken by this loathsome vice? Who have been robbed of beauty, comfort, friends, home, reason, life? Do not answers come from every hill and valley,—Woman. "The tears she has shed would make a river; the groans she has uttered, collected and concentrated, would be louder than the earthquake." But what, it will be asked, can we do to secure the Maine law? Much, every way; in your own houses, in the fashionable circle, among all minds, where, by your indignant frown on vice and approbation of virtue, you can bear sway. As you have helped on the terrific evil, enticed