

man, I say, lives in a world of excitement, and then the services of the sanctuary and the prayer-meeting become to him tame—are not exciting enough. What is the evident consequence of this? I believe, young men, I believe that most of the scepticism, so-called in this land, is produced, first, by the deviation from the right way, and then from the consciousness that the way is a wrong one, and a desire to get rid of the responsibility. I don't mean that bold brazen infidelity which openly says that God is matter, and that there is nothing else. I don't mean the atheism which prompted the poet Shelley to write in the album at Mont Anvern "*Atheos*," but the rejection of the religious truth sufficient to lose a man his soul. Let the young man break the Sabbath, or go into our drinking saloons, casinos, or other such places of public amusement. He knows he is doing wrong. Now, there is no happiness without perfect security, and we are placed here in this world to be happy. Sources of enjoyment are above us, about us, beneath us. To be happy! Capacities for enjoyment, worthy of God to give and man to receive. Young man! did you ever, in your life, stand up, and, clapping your hand to your breast, say, "I am a man, and not an animal?" There is no loveliness in the flower to the mere animal, but there is to me! There is no beauty in the landscape to the mere animal, but there is to me! There is no glory in the sunset to the mere animal, but there is to me! I see day go out in a flood of glory; I see the clouds tinged with the golden light, and my heart glows with a consciousness of enjoyment; but the mere animal lifts its dull eyes, and gazes around with a brutish meaningless look and sees no beauty. No! there is no grandeur there,—no sublimity, no beauty there. Where, then, is it? *Here!*—(clapping his breast). *Here;*—in my soul,—an urn full of light, shedding rays on all creation, and making it beautiful. Sublimity tabernacles not in the chambers of thunder, nor rides upon the lightning's flash, nor walks upon the wings of the wind, but man's spirit up there yoking itself with the whirlwind, riding upon the northern blast, scattering grandeur and glory around it on its upward, wondrous, circling way. But there are other sources of enjoyment that God has given to us. Take some glorious book, and, as you converse with the spirits of the departed, turn over leaf after leaf, your body here, but your spirit roaming in regions hitherto unexplored by you. Take God's book, that Holy book, and read it year after year, and you will always find something new and delightful and sublime. It never is an old book where one reads it looking and wishing to enjoy it. We are all seeking for enjoyment, and it is a lawful seeking,—but there is no happiness, as I said, without perfect security. The proverb says that the righteous "has hope in his death,"—but some will say, the infidel, the mere worldling has hope: Yes, but their only hope is, that the Bible is not true. The Christian is the only being on the face of the earth that can meet death with a smile, and can have hope in his death, fully believing in the inflexible justice of God. I and my companions had acquired bad habits. We felt ourselves unsafe. We had heard and knew of those who believed that God was too merciful to punish us eternally for the sins and evil deeds extending over so short a space of time as the human life, and we thought it an exceeding comfortable doctrine, if we could only get hold of it so as to be satisfied of its truth. I know that we glared greedily over the Bible to find a peg to hang a hope upon, that we might hold our enjoyments that were sinful. We tortured particular texts, and stretched certain passages, but I for one could never find it. The next point was—for man is progressive; he must be going on,—he cannot stand still—he is either getting better or worse,—we began to destroy or to attempt to destroy the conviction we had that the Bible was true. There it was said, "Rejoice, Oh young man, in the days of thy youth," and so on; but "remember that after all these things there cometh judgment." We did not like that. "The soul that sinneth it shall surely die,"—we did not like that. We could not enjoy ourselves as we wished, believing that. We must undermine it,—and how did we set to work? We put on one side every evidence of Christi-

anity,—went to work to pick flaws in the characters of professors of religion. "How inconsistent," we said, "is such a man? How short he falls of his profession!" And then we took to Volney, and Voltaire, and Taylor. We strove to cram ourselves with scriptural errors and contradictions, as a boy at school crams himself with a particular branch of study before an examination. In such a way we crammed ourselves with infidel sentiments; we drugged conscience with bad habits, and then walked out into the world, full-fledged infidels, just as I verily believe nine-hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of the so-called sceptical young men of London do at this day. We tried to make ourselves believe that we didn't believe, and couldn't. Therefore we got very angry at every influence that disturbed us, and spat our venom on the Bible, the religion of the Bible and its ministers. Now I maintain that scepticism was engendered in us by the power of evil habits having become a fascination. These evil habits are, in my opinion, the influences and instrumentalities which are doing more than anything else to ruin men's souls. I have spoken of the habit of thinking, and of the habit of visiting scenes of demoralization. I will now speak of another habit, which, I believe, is more than any other, debasing, and degrading, and embroting to a man, both physically, intellectually, and morally. I am not going to give you an address full of my favorite theme, but I must speak of it. I must speak of it before this assembly, for I shall never see you again till we meet on that day when we shall see things as they are. Let me speak of one habit, which, in its power and influence and fascination, seems to rear its head like a Goliath or Saul above all its kindred agencies of demoralization,—I allude to the habit of using intoxicating liquors as a beverage, until that habit becomes a fascination. But allow me to give my opinions upon these points freely. I consider drunkenness not only to be a moral evil, but also a physical evil. A physical evil; and it depends a great deal more upon the temperament, and constitution, and disposition of the young man, whether, if he falls into the drinking usages of society, it becomes a habit or not, more than it does in his strength of mind or firmness of purpose. Here is an illustration which I have used more than once, and when I find a better, I will give it up. Take three young men,—place them in the same position in society—in the same establishment if you please—and I will ask you which of the three is most liable to form the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. Let me describe them—We often meet men amongst us of a cold, phlegmatic temperament; they seldom laugh or cry about anything. They have feelings as other people, but are moderate in all their manifestations. Constitutionally moderate men. They have always been moderate, and always will be. They are very much like a lot of tunes boxed up in a barrel organ. Turn the handle, and you get the tunes without a variation for twenty years, save perhaps a few cracks in the notes—nothing else. That man's temperament stands between him and excess. He always wants a joke explained to him, before he appreciates it. He is moderate in his affections, and it is very hard to offend him. Sharp, indeed, must be the arrow which can penetrate the thick bosses of his impenetrability. This man may use intoxicating liquors without injury. I am not speaking, observe, of converted men. I read in the *Christian Almanac*, the other day, of an old gentleman who said to his friend, "I have drunk a bottle of wine a day for twenty years, and have enjoyed good health." "Ah!" said his friend, "but where are your companions?" "Oh!" was the reply, "I have buried six generations of them." Yes, young men, that's it. Let many here to-night look back upon the fate of the companions of their youth, let the long fingers of the memory draw into that memory's chamber the forms of those dear friends, and how many would they find have gone to death and destruction through a bad habit working with an easy temperament. Take another man. He shall be close-fisted, and mean, and shabby. He shall be of a calculating turn of mind, always looking out for the main chance. Such an one as he who, upon a certain season, got up before a Christian congregation at Albany, New