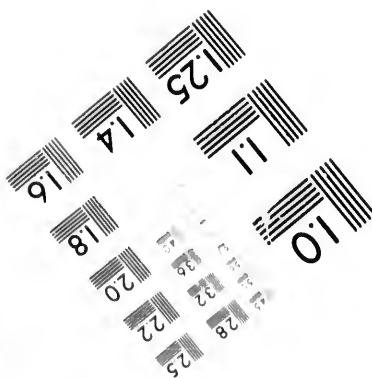
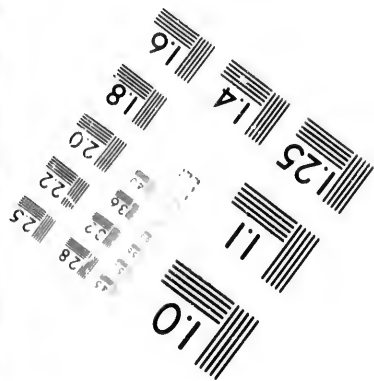
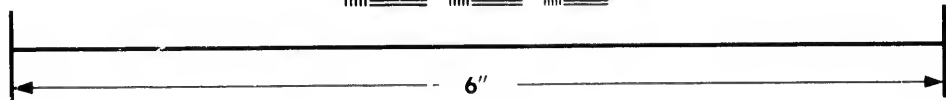
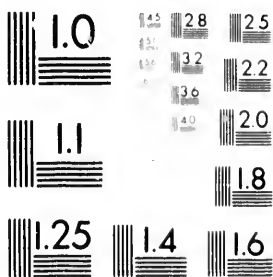


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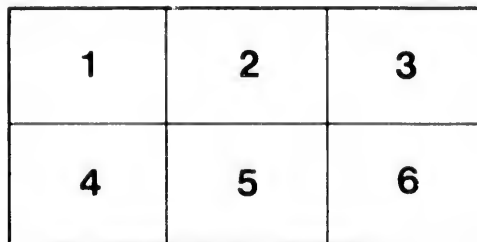
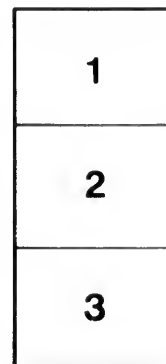
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A TRUE PICTURE  
OF THE  
**Effects of Intemperance**

BY

HENRY ADAMS,

A Working Man of Yarmouth.



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YARMOUTH, N. S.  
C. CAREY, PRINTER  
1888.



A TRUE PICTURE  
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**Effects of Intemperance**

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HOW frequently we hear individuals discussing the horrors of war, and deploring its evils. There can be no doubt that it is an evil, and yet there are certain honors connected with it that throw a ray of sunshine upon the dark and sombre clouds, and causes the silver lining to break through in radiant beauty. What fond mother does not feel proud that her son died upon the field of battle, nobly defending his Queen and Country? What fond mother would not cherish the last words of her dying boy, "Tell mother I die for my Country?" What fond wife as her companion bids her farewell, to face the cannon's mouth, does not offer up a silent prayer to God, of the safe return of him to her and the little ones? What young man after facing the enemy, would not like to return and relate the history of the battles he has fought and won? Yes, there is a ray of sunshine in war, but there is an evil upon which no Angel in Heaven can throw a ray of light to illumine the darkness that rests upon that dark and damning evil, "Drink". Nothing can uphold it, nothing can vindicate it. It is an evil that causes misery, despair, and crime, of the darkest dye. There can be no bright side to the picture. Let us look at the once happy home, as we gaze upon the cheerful countenances of father and mother surrounded by their little ones. How eagerly they listen as father and mother read from the Book of Books, and relates to them the story of God's love: watch them at noon or night as they hear the father's footsteps upon the threshold, how they run in childish glee to greet him; watch them at even as the mother teaches them to lisp their first prayer to that



Holy Being unto whose care they are consigned. Peace and contentment reign in that home. Can these scenes change? Alas they can. The scene has changed: in an evil moment the tempter has spread his wily folds. The Demon of Hell has entered that home. Look now upon that fond mother as she sits in her home of poverty and woe; look at her as she folds her babe to her breast, to protect it from the cold and chilling blast of a winter storm: look upon her pale and haggard features, her torn and tattered clothing: look at the anguish that is depicted upon her countenance. Oh God, who can read that mother's heart: look at the little ones as they nestle together and watch the dying embers of the last of their fuel: listen to their heart rending cries for bread: look upon the pale emaciated forms of those once happy children. But ah, listen! footsteps are heard: 'tis the footsteps of the man, who before heaven swore to love and protect the woman that he had torn from her home, the woman that had sacrificed all for his love. He enters his wretched home: watch him as he staggers toward that devoted wife with a fierce oath: watch the blood shot eyes, the uplifted hand as it falls upon the head of that unhappy creature: one piercing cry and she sinks upon the floor a bleeding corpse: look in love and compassion upon the helpless babes as they gaze upon the face of their mother's murderer. Did heaven ever decree that man, a being after God's own Image, should so debase himself that he should be upon a level with the brute creatures? Nay God gave to man reason, while He gave to the brute instinct only: yet in many instances man has sunk below the brute. Man will partake of that which will destroy him morally, and physically alienate him from his God, his home and family, his kindred, and all positions of honor and trust, and will finally plunge him into a vortex that will ruin both body and soul. Let us look

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upon the young man who was once the pride of the family circle, esteemed and respected by all who knew him; look at him to-day as he comes forth from some den of infamy, where he has been spending the night in drunken revelry, with vile companions who have lured him from his home, regardless of his father's entreaties, despite his mother's prayers, and the earnest appeals of an affectionate sister, who have sought to turn him from the road to eternal ruin. Ali is vain, he heeds not their warning voice, or their earnest prayers. Alcohol has done its damnable work; he has become entangled in the web, and now lies wreathing in the embrace of the subtle creature, that has wound its folds around him; soon its fangs will pierce the vital part, that will plunge him into a yawning chasm, from which no human power can extricate him. Look at him as he emerges from one drinking Hell to another, how he staggers to and fro, a loathsome and disgusting creature, with the fumes of alcohol ascending from his breath equal to the sulphuric fumes that ascend from Etna's burning mount. Crime after crime is committed; warning after warning passes by unheeded, and finally in a drunken brawl, the bullet or the knife has pierced the heart of his associate; and thus another unprepared soul is launched into eternity, without a moment's warning, and he the bright eyed boy that sat upon his mother's knee while she fondly sported with his golden tresses is now confined in a felon's cell—there to ponder over his wretched life, thinking of the woe and misery he has brought upon that once happy home. He has looked upon their faces for the last time, and bid them a last farewell. Next time he comes forth from that cell, it will be to pay the penalty of his crime upon the scaffold—and this all came from the first glass. Oh! ye rocks and hills, could ye speak would ye not invoke the powers of heaven to curse the inhuman monster that sold him the first glass:

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but ah! listen to the voice that comes from Heaven's great King, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay saith the Lord." Go into the silent grave yard, as the evening shade prevails, and gaze upon the new made grave; there beneath the sods rest the remains of what a short time ago was a blushing bride. Little did she think when she stood at the altar and placed herself in the keeping of a man who pledged himself to protect her in health or in sickness, in poverty or in wealth, that he would become her murderer. Alas! that pledge was soon broken, the serpent that charmed her soon showed his venomous fangs, and buried them deeply in the young heart that trusted in him. Listen to the feathered songsters as they warble forth their heaven-tuned lays, and the gentle zephyrs as they chant a solemn requiem o'er the beautiful bride that was stricken down by the murderous hand of a drunken husband. Free from strife and turmoil, rest on thou gentle slumberer, the trump that shall awaken thee will sound; thy pure and spotless soul will soar to realms above, there to stand before the Eternal King as a witness against strong drink. Young Ladies, can you place your destiny in the hands of a drunkard? Can you confide in the promises he has made you; can you be happy when you know that your companion prefers the company of low, drinking associates, who night after night, frequent the lowest haunts of vice and debauchery; can you feel safe in his presence when under the influence of Alcohol; can you think that he will ever perform the vows that he made you? Do not be deceived, he will not, he can not, for it is not consistent with the law of God, or nature, for the evil one to do good. All good works proceed from God. He has denounced strong drink. He has distinctly and emphatically declared that "no drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven." Then do not bring a cloud over your life, do not stand on the brink of a precipice whose yawning chasm is open to receive you; do not

bring misery and woe upon yourself and family by placing your life in the hands of a drunkard.

Let us look into yonder cottage, and what do we see? An aged, widowed mother partially reclining upon a chair, with an open Bible before her, her tearful eyes upturned to Heaven, her hands clasped, her aching heart pouring forth a silent prayer to God for her undutiful son, who is the only means of her support; who sought to be a solace to the fond mother that has watched over him from his infancy. Who knows the privations and the agonies that fond mother has endured on his account, since she caught the first accents that fell from his prattling tongue? Who knows the anguish, or the bitter remorse that has pierced that mother's heart, as she has watched him slowly, but surely treading the path that is leading him to eternal ruin. Watch her as she sits in her lonely room, waiting for the boy that she loves, to return. 'Tis midnight. The clock tells forth the hour of three, still he comes not. Again the clock strikes four. Harken, voices are heard, her tottering frame goes to meet him. Does he come? oh yes, but not alone. He is borne in the arms of others; the door opens, and at the feet of that unhappy mother is laid the lifeless clay of her only child. No word is spoken; one agonized look, one piercing scream, and the soul of that mother has flown to her God. Mother and child separated forever; together in death, but separated in Heaven.

Let us next look out on the vast expanse of Ocean and gaze upon the stately ship as she furrows the deep; see how she battles with the furious elements above her; watch her as she rides upon the crest of the wave, dashing the spray from her prow. She heeds not the elements, or the seething caldron beneath her, onward she speeds with her freight of living souls; they are light-hearted and joyous as they fondly think of the loved ones they have not seen for years. Heaven's breeze favours them: even

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the gallant ship herself seems to divine their thoughts and moves steadily onward; nothing occurs to mar their pleasure. All goes well, they gather in groups and admire the wonderful works of the Great Creator, as they cast their eyes to the blue vaulted sky, and behold the myriads of glittering stars that illumine their ocean path-way; or they look downward into the fathomless ocean and observe the animalculæ that are emitting such brilliant phosphorescent light from their diminutive forms; yes, they gaze in awe and admiration, at the wonderful works of God, and send up a silent prayer that He will safely guide them o'er the trackless ocean. Time has passed on, and again they gather in groups; far away on the distant horizon can be seen the peaks of their native land; thus far the dangers of the ocean have been escaped, and soon they hope to meet their friends. The day has passed, the sun has sank beneath the western horizon, they seek repose in their ocean cradle, fondly hoping that on the morrow their anxious friends will greet them; but alas! their fond hopes are never to be realized, they little think the stately ship that brought them safely across the ocean is to be their tomb, and the waters, they so often admired, their winding sheet. Drink has again accomplished its damnable work, one false order from her drunken commander has changed her course; she now deviates from the right track. Onward she speeds, faster and faster, as though the fiends themselves were in consort with the winds to hasten her on to destruction. Hark! what is the cry that comes from the lookout? It is "Breakers Ahead." Oh God, 'Tis too late, she strikes, the breakers overwhelm her, her sails are torn in shreds, her timbers creak, and all that is left of that stately ship and happy throng, are a few broken fragments and the mutilated forms the merciless waves have washed on the shore.

Let us go into the Poor Asylum, and gaze upon the inmates there. We will find among them those who once moved in the highest society, men of wealth, men of

talent, men who once thought that nothing could deprive them of their talents or their wealth. But alas! What will strong drink not do? We see what it has done for some of the nobles of the land. It has brought them, step by step, from the palace to the poor house, and those who once enjoyed every luxury that wealth could obtain, have now to subsist upon the charity of others—excluded from all society, forsaken by their wealthy connections, despised by those who once cultivated their acquaintance—they are left to drag out the remaining days of their life until it shall please the Master to call them home, when their last resting place is found in a pauper's grave. Go into the cell of the condemned murderer, and look upon him as he sits in that dismal place. Look upon his careworn brow his sunken eyes, his hollow cheeks. Listen to the clank of the chain with which he is bound, awaiting the day that he pays the penalty of his crime upon the scaffold. Ask him what has placed him in that position? In nine cases out of ten the answer will be "drink." Fellow traveller to eternity, can you look upon such scenes as these, and not allow one spark of human sympathy to pierce your heart, or shed one tear of sorrow for that poor soul who was once a bright and noble youth.

Go into the Lunatic Asylum, and gaze upon the poor unfortunate beings who have been deprived of their reason through strong drink. Look upon them as they rave in frantic madness. Listen to their piercing shrieks and their blasphemy. Hear them as they curse their God, their friends, and their homes. Look at the violence that has in many instances to be used to keep them in subjection. Oh God! is it not heartrending, Should such scenes be permitted in a Christian land? Oh man! thou art the cause of these dire calamities; be aware, there are dark and dismal clouds gathering over you, there is a Judge sitting upon the Throne whose sentence is irrevoc-

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able. You cannot employ counsel to defend your cause. You cannot bribe witnesses to take false oaths. Your deeds are registered in the great Judge's book. Petitions are daily ascending to Him; not written by human fingers, but signed and sealed by the countless numbers of unprepared souls that have been ushered into eternity by the strong drink that you have sold them; by the blood of the murdered wife and mother; by the heart-rending cries of starving children; by the piercing shrieks of the dying maniac; by the condemned criminal, and by the wails of orphans and widows. Can you calmly look upon these scenes and treat the laws of God and your country with impunity? If you can your heart must be blacker than the depths of hell; and sooner or later the retribution of a just heaven will overtake you. God has placed us upon this earth, and given us some mission to fulfill. What that mission may be we know not; but we do know that it is our duty to assist each other and try to save our fellow creatures from eternal destruction.

Fathers, you that are addicted to excessive drinking. Do you realize the sacrifices you are making when you give the liquor dealer your earnings? Do you know what you are doing? You are feeding and clothing his children, and letting your own go hungry and naked, and in return he gives you that which will deprive you of your reason and happiness. You are clothing his wife in silks and satins, and your own has to be deprived even of attending divine worship, on account of her scanty wardrobe. He is giving you that slow poison that is draining your heart's blood; you are paying his rent, and allowing your own to go unpaid, and he is turning you and your family hopeless and helpless into the street. Fellow creature, stop and ponder over your case, shake off the spell that binds you. If you have not strength, go to God, He will give it thee, and sustain thee. Mothers on you mainly depends your childrens' happiness: no father can

command the same respect and esteem from the children, as the mother does. From their birth, they are under the watchful and tender care of the mother, 'tis you that ministers to their wants; 'tis you that shares their joy, and grief; 'tis you that watches over them in health, and in sickness; 'tis you that catches the first accents that fall from their lips; 'tis you that teaches them to lisp their first prayer; then do not neglect to impress upon their youthful minds, the dangers of the intoxicating cup; teach them to shun it, as they would a poisonous serpent; teach them that death and destruction lay at the bottom of it. Oh mothers! can you, will you bring a curse upon your own soul, misery and woe upon your children, by following the usages of society in tempting them with the ruby wine? Remember, the first glass you place in their hands, may be the means of creating a craving appetite, that will plunge them into a drunkard's grave. Young Ladies, remember that noble heroine, Grace Darling, who at the risk of her own life, ventured out on the tempestuous sea, in an open boat, to rescue her fellow creatures from a watery grave, are there not thousands of poor souls this day who need a friendly hand extended to them to save them from a far worse fate than a watery grave? There is a dark and turbid stream making rapid progress through this your native land. Can you not seek to arrest it in its course? There are human souls adrift upon it, and unless you reach them before they come to the roaring cataract, they will be forever buried beneath its seething waters. Will you not launch out on the ocean of life? Why should you fear the rocks and shoals that lay in your track, or the howling winds and breakers that threaten you? Take God for your pilot; the bible for your chart; you will ride safely through the storm, and finally bring those shipwrecked souls into the haven of rest. I do not believe that all drunkards should be condemned, or yet treated with con-

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tempt, as it is a well established fact that drunkenness like some diseases, is not contagious, but hereditary. It has been asserted upon the best authority that the offspring of parents, who are habitual drunkards, inherit that craving appetite for strong drink, and they also become drunkards, and in that instance they are more to be pitied than treated with scorn. Yet there is a remedy provided even against that craving appetite, it is simply this: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Still another: "My grace is sufficient for thee." Then why not accept this remedy? It will surely heal you. But as to the liquor dealer there should be no sympathy, for I believe, that in the sight of God, he is equally guilty as the man who plunges the knife into another's heart. In fact what is the difference between administering slow poison, or striking the fatal blow at once? The latter sends the victim at once into eternity, while the former leads the victim a life of misery and woe, and finally plunges him into everlasting despair. Some will argue, that had strong drink not been designed for man, an all wise being would not have put it upon the earth. He never did! He gave to man roots and plants, but man has put them to an improper use; he has used them for what they were never designed. God gave us the luscious peach as a delicacy: Did He tell man to extract the deadly narcotic that is contained in the kernel, and distribute it to his fellow beings? God gave us the viper and the rattlesnake. Did He tell us to take them into our homes, to nourish and cherish them? Nay, such theories as these are not based upon the divine law, they are based upon the works of the devil; they will not stand test, and if there be a God, a judgement day, a bar of justice, the liquor dealer must stand before that bar charged with the foulest of crimes; and what can you say to that charge? Can you deny it? Nay, you cannot! you have robbed the land of some of the

brightest of its youth. You have separated husband and wife, you have desolated homes, you have filled the prisons, the poor house, the lunatic asylum; you have supplied victims for the gallows, and last but not least, you have robbed God of what justly belongs to Him,—the souls of victims that you have ushered into eternity. You say you are not guilty! There is not an angel in heaven, that will not sustain the charge against you. The Lord has given to each of us one or more talents—are we using those talents to the honor and glory of His name, or are we like the unfaithful steward, burying our Masters' money in the earth? Ministers of the gospel what say you? Are you as ambassadors of the Lord Jesus Christ, doing your duty as such in regard to the Temperance cause. Do you hesitate to proclaim it from the pulpit, the sabbath school, or the private residence. Do you impress it upon the minds of your congregations that most dark and damning vices emanate from the free use of intoxicating drinks, or that nine-tenths of the crimes that are committed, are committed under the influence of strong drink. Why should you hesitate in doing your duty to that God who has placed you in a position to shew and teach the way to the gates of heaven? Do you fear man more than your heavenly Father? Nay, you cannot! then why not unfurl the banner of Temperance in your respective churches? Preach it, teach it, and practice it; you will be honoring your position as a teacher of God's law; and doing your duty towards your fellow-creatures who will stand at the same judgement seat as yourself.

Sabbath School Teacher, are you doing your duty to the little ones that are entrusted sabbath after sabbath to your care and religious training? Does a shadow ever cross your mind, that you may have in your class some poor uncared-for soul, whose parents are drunkards? Do you instill it into their youthful minds, that it is wrong in the sight of God

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to indulge in a practice that eventually will plunge them into a yawning chasm, that will destroy both body and soul. The acorn is small and insignificant looking, yet, in that little germ, you behold the mighty and majestic monarch of the forest, which defies rude and angry winds and stands there proudly rearing its head above all others, declaring the wonderful power of an Almighty God.

May you not drop some little seed that will be transplanted into the heart of some poor drunkard, where it will germinate and bring forth a majestic tree that will bear many good fruits, and nobly withstand all the assaults of the enemy—Drink? Would it not send a thrill of joy through your own soul when you knew that through your instrumentality one of God's creatures had been snatched from eternal ruin? Temperance men and women, how do you stand in the cause? Are you using the talents the Lord has given you? Does the question ever arise in your mind: Who is my neighbour? Are you earnest and sincere workers for your fellow-creatures? Methinks I hear one say: I belong to a Lodge, and I attend it regularly. Is that sufficient? Faith without works is dead. You meet in your lodge room night after night and discuss temperance principles; you have a social time, but you have all signed the pledge. You want those who have not signed it. Do you ever have an opportunity after leaving your lodge room of showing that you are indeed a temperance worker? Should you on your way home fall in with some poor soul that is reeling to and fro, or perchance lying helpless in the gutter, what part of the drama would you enact? Would you, like the Priest and the Levite pass him by because he is a drunkard? Remember he is your brother, and if you do not become like him it is only because the Grace of God abounds in your heart, whilst it has been withheld from his. The part you should take would be that of the good Samaritan;

take him by the hand and lead him to his home ; read with him, plead with him, pray for him. Think you the Almighty God would turn a deaf ear to an earnest prayer in behalf of one of His creatures ? That act may be the means of snatching him from eternal destruction and adding another star to your crown. You say you have temperance lectures and open lodges ; all very well, but how many drunkards attend those lectures ? Do you ever give them a personal invitation ? Do you visit their wretched abodes, and speak a word of consolation to the poverty-stricken wife and children ? Do you minister to their temporal and spiritual wants ? If you do not you are not doing your duty as Temperance Workers.

Parents, how is it with you ? You have a bright and promising boy, he has been the joy of your hearts, you have watched over him from his infancy, his sorrows were your sorrows ; his joys were your joys ; upon him you have bestowed all your affections ; you have taught him to love and fear God ; to respect the poor and the aged ; you have supplied his every want ; he has knelt at the family altar with you night and morning. You have given him a good moral and religious training ; and occasionally you have indulged him with a glass of the ruby wine. He matured into manhood, and is all that your heart could wish. He is about to leave his parental home to seek another elsewhere. He carries with him a father's and mother's blessing. Kind friends and associates bid him farewell. In his trunk can be found a copy of the Holy Scriptures, the last gift of a fond mother. On the first page can be found several texts, inscribed by her own hand ; but not one of them contain a word of warning against the ruby wine. Years go by. Nothing is heard from that beloved son, until tidings are conveyed across the ocean that he is incarcerated in a murderer's cell. The habits that he acquired in childhood have grown upon him, step by step he has been brought into low degrading company, and finally in a drunken brawl he

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has plunged the assassin's knife into the heart of an associate. Mothers, look at him now as he stands before an earthly judge to receive the sentence of death, then look back at him as he sat upon your knee, or knelt beside you at evening prayer. You have bid him a last farewell; your next meeting will be at the bar of God. Can it be possible, that on that day your own child will condemn you. Oh! mothers, be aware of the first glass.

Merchants and business men, does it not concern you, whether you employ an honest, sober man or a drunkard? Can you expect a child to perform the duties of a man? It cannot, neither can the tremulous hand or the excited brain perform that which requires skillful and judicious management. Can a man who studies not his own interests study yours? It is preposterous to think so; nature requires the human system to receive a certain amount of rest—how then can a man who spends his nights in drinking and carousing be able to perform the duties that are assigned to him? I care not though he be wise as Solomon or strong as Hercules; want of rest, excessive drinking, and other vices, must impair the health, weaken the intellect, and utterly unfit him for any responsible situation. Tavern keepers tell you they are engaged in a legitimate business. When God created man He gave to him an immortal soul; that soul belongs to God alone, yet through the agency of alcohol you are robbing God of that soul, and giving it to Satan. Is that legitimate? The Divine Scriptures say: "What God has joined together, let not man put asunder." You are doing that through the strong drink you sell them; you are making orphans and widows; you are guiding the assassin's knife; depriving men and women of their reason, and plunging them into everlasting despair. Is this legitimate? God forbids it—the laws of your country forbid it. Look upon the poor frail mortal that has been hired by some miscreant to commit a foul and

dastardly murder. The time draws nigh for its accomplishment, his courage fails him, he cannot do it alone; he seeks an ally; does he find help? aye, readily in the form of alcohol; he is no longer a man, his moral reason has fled, he becomes a demon through false courage, and thus at the hour of midnight, through your agency, he does what man alone could not, dare not.

Why an All-wise Being allows these things is beyond our conception, neither dare we question His authority; yet, may we not presume to think that it is to shew us what frail creatures we are when left unprotected, and unsupported by His Almighty Hand. You say these are imaginations; 'tis false; they are every day occurrences, soul-stirring facts that should kindle a flame in the breast of every man and woman, and I defy you, in the face of heaven, to show one single instance where strong drink has ever elevated man, woman, or child, either morally, physically, or socially. But on the contrary you can find where it has brought millions to a premature grave, to misery and woe, and to eternal destruction.

You may visit all portions of the globe and you will find traces of the wreck and ruin that you have caused; go visit large cities and towns; behold your work there. Go into the back slums and visit the abodes of habitual drunkards; look upon the poverty, the filth, the blasphemy—no brush can paint, no pen can portray it; it would beggar description, it would change the countenance of an angel of God. Then think upon the luxurious home that you are feasting in, that home has been purchased by you at a fearful price—men and women's immortal souls. Think of countless numbers of homeless wanderers, as the earth spreads her mantle of darkness, throwing themselves upon the cold cold ground, a stone for their pillow, the canopy of heaven for a coverlid; think you no one sees them, or knows the cause of their misery? Yes, there is a God above who does not allow a sparrow to fall to the ground without His consent; He watches over them, He knows

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that you are the cause of it; He has it all charged against you, and at the Judgment Seat you must answer to that charge.

Then let me relate another incident that occurred in South Clark St., City of Chicago. A middle aged man, bearing an air of gentility, despite his thread bare garments, enters a pawnbroker's shop; upon the counter he lays a small parcel, and demands for it the sum of ten cents; the pawnbroker opens the parcel, and gazes upon a tiny pair of shoes scarcely soiled. Where did you get these? was the question asked: At home, was the response. You had better take them home again to your child, said the pawnbroker. She does not want them, said the father, she died last night; but I want a drink and must have it. Fathers, what a picture, your only child sleeping safely in the arms of Jesus, your broken-hearted companion watching beside the lifeless form of her loved one, and you in the pawn-shop pledging the little shoes for that which will separate you and your child forever. Fathers, you that are addicted to excessive drinking, stop and ponder. Have you ever prayed? Have you ever asked the Almighty God to give you strength to overcome your besetting sin? If you have not, I beseech of you go to your closet and in the name of Jesus of Nazareth ask for strength. Look upon your dying, bleeding Saviour; behold Him in the agonies of death, stretched upon the Cross of Calvary. He too was offered a stupefying potion. He shrank from it. Do thou likewise; "Ask and ye shall receive." You say these scenes are fiction, would to God they were fiction; there would be less misery and woe, less crimes, less dilapidated buildings and mortgaged farms, and less victims for the scaffold! Are there no sorrowing wives in this town who are ekeing out a scanty living, by plying the needle from morn to night? No broken-hearted mothers lamenting the untimely end of the beloved boy? No fathers standing with outstretched arms

waiting to receive the prodigal son? No fond sister hiding her face in shame from the disgrace that a drunken brother has brought upon her? Are there no mouldering forms in yonder cemetery, who but for strong drink might now have been enjoying some honorable position in life? I have seen the effects of strong drink, and moreover I have felt them, and feel them to this day. Were it not for strong drink, I would never have been performing manual labor in the Yarmouth Woolen Mill. Fourteen years ago, when teaching school in the vicinity of Moncton, I was an unwilling witness on a trial for selling strong drink to an Indian. The day following the trial, whilst attending to my duties, a powerful man whom I had never before seen, came to the school house door, and inquired if my name was Adams. I answered in the affirmative; that was all I knew until I was picked up out of the deep snow where I had been left for dead. So seriously was I beaten and injured that for several days my life was despaired of. Accordingly my deposition was taken before Lawyer Hanington of Dorchester. The Grand Jury was then sitting, and a true Bill of wilful attempt to murder was found by them. This act was committed by a man, who when a youth was esteemed and respected by all who knew him; he was the son of a prominent doctor; his companion a lady belonging to the first families of Moncton; and where is that man to-day? He is in the United States, a fugitive from British law; banished from his home, and his family—and this was all the effects of strong drink. It is an old adage that a rolling stone gathers no moss. Temperance workers be not dismayed; if the stone you are rolling is not gathering moss, it is gathering something much more valuable; it is gathering precious souls into the garner of the Lord Jesus Christ. Then press on, keep it rolling. You are engaged in a noble warfare. The Lord Jehovah is your leader, and as He opened



a passage through the Red Sea for the Israelites to escape their enemies, so will He open a way for you to conquer king alcohol; and may He in His infinite mercy hasten the day when every Member that you elect, shall feel convinced in their hearts that it is not lawful to put the price of blood into the Dominion Treasury.

For this time my picture is finished. It is a dark one no doubt; but is there an artist who can paint a landscape, and embellish it with all the beauties and golden hues of a summer sunset, when it is in reality a scene in the depth of a dark and gloomy winter? Neither can you throw a ray of sunshine on the dark gloomy picture of the use of alcoholic stimulants; it is the darkest, damning evil that ever man or woman allowed to find a resting place in their hearts.



