your soul, and he also will condemn you. If you hear the voice of your conscience a d, ur God, *obey*, or you are *lost*! "But what shall I do?" you ask, "what business shall I enter?" There are hundreds preferable to this. You had better be a shoe black with a good conscience than hold the most exalted rank, with your brother's blood on your skirts. And yet there is no necessity for degradation. A trade less creditable than the one you are now in can scarcely be named. Many more reputable may be readily pursued. The change of business, to most men, is rather a dread than a difficulty; and to a man of much energy is but a slight inconvenience. "But what good will result? If I do not, others will." Be it so. If they dare, let them—and they will stumble into the bottomless pit. Will you tread in their steps? Will you seek their fate?—or will their example excuse you?—or their punishment atone for you? If you distil at all, you are as responsible for the quantity you make and the effects it causes as you could be were not another drop produced in the world. Are you not? Then why not change? "I would make the attempt, but I should feel some little shame, it would appear so whimsical and scrupulous." What! ashamed to do good! Never—never. Besides, if you delay much longer you will be ashamed of your business. 'Tis rapidly becoming a disgrace. Whimsical! You had better change every day than continue in sin. Scrupulous! Alas!—'tis better so—than to be cast both body and soul into hell. I hope, that you will stop distillation. Do you want examples? Look! 1500 distilleries—many, perhaps most of them surpassing any among us—have been closed.

"I would join"—says another, "were it not that I am engaged in the *sale*. I am not a shamed to quit the trade—I do not sell because others sell—I would gladly exchange the business for some other." What, then, is the hindrance? "Simply this—others may change and prosper, but I could not." And have you come to the conclusion that the God who feeds the birds and clothes the flowers has determined that you should either sell rum, and whiskey, and other spirits, or suffer want? Or do you think that while he provides for the birds he will be careless of you? Has he not promised to sustain you, if you do that which is right? "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and *all these things shall be added unto you*." Does not this embrace your case? And look! the pledge of God! Can you hesitate? "But there is a risk." Risk! What risk? Is not God true? "Yes: and were I only concerned, I would stop—but ah! my wife and children!" *I* am thrillingly alive to this appeal. But is not "the promise to you and your children"—to your whole house hold? But let us view it in another light. Is your family as fearful as you are? What does your wife say? What do your children say? Do they say, sell!—sell! or we shall starve! Sometimes 'tis quite the reverse. "Father!" said a son, with tears in his eyes and sorrow in his heart, "Father! are you going to sell any more rum? I should not think you would. Oh! I hope you will not!" Perhaps your children have talked in the same way. Many children are grieved that their fathers continue the traffic, and many others rejoice that their fathers never sold a drop. Permit me to relate a case. I know a man, who, having failed in the china business, was kindly assisted by his friends in the establishment of a small grocery. He had a consumptive wife and three helpless children to provide for. He opened store;—but not one drop of ardent spirit disgraced it. This was several years prior to the origin of the American Temperance Society. His own reflections had convinced him of the iniquity of the trade. Indeed, he had published a small volume against it. The effect of his integrity was soon apparent—aye, *felt*. People flocked to the new store; but they came with a bottle in one hand. Disappointed by not obtaining the liquors they sought, they soon directed their steps and expended their money elsewhere. In a very short time, the store was broken up and its owner a second time cast upon the world. But he retained the best of all blessings—a pleasant conscience. At first, his struggles were almost ineffectual. But a kind Providence watched over him, supplied his need, gradually smoothed his way before him, and within a few years past has placed him in a situation more profitable than any he ever held before. And the son of that man, now standing before you, should he survive his father, would rather enjoy the remembrance of that one fact as an inheritance of honour than receive as a bequest all the blood rusted gold that the most prosperous spirit-trade could ever have acquired. And I do hope in God that I may have the further honour to day of persuading some of you who have heretofore been engaged in the traffic to abandon it at once and forever. Oh, sell it no longer! Besides all other reasons, I entreat you, in the language of a minister of the gospel, by this:—"Spare your name; spare your family; spare your children's children the insupportable shame and reproach." If you decide as you are besought, you and they will rejoice in the decision as long as life shall last. Do you want examples? Look! more than 4000 merchants who once sold it, sell it no more. With the voice of love I exhort you—"Go ye, and do likewise!" "Oh!" said a man, after quitting the trade, and with his hand on his heart, "Oh, you can't think what a load I've got off here!"

"But," says a third, "I keep a *tavern*. Else, I would join. A well stored bar is essential to my prosperity." The answers already given will avail here. You see the light. In this light, examine your condition. Does your conscience say, *it is well*. If not, you are sinning against God. With sin are associated wrath and punishment. But I will not threaten—I pray. Look at the character of your customers. Have they not daily grown more and more debased? Will you—can you longer minister to their ruin? Nay—but rather close your bar. I recently heard a poor man speak, in substance, as follows:—"I have determined to pull down my bar. I cannot endure the thought of living poor—dying poor—and suffering in eternity. I'll starve in this world, rather than be miserable in the next." In the morning, down came his bar. His condition, I believe, is already improving, morally and temporally. Do you want further examples? About 150 tavern keepers have discontinued the sale. Go thou, also, and do likewise.

But a fourth voice is heard. "I have been in the habit of inviting my friends to drink, when they come to see me. Could I continue this, I would subscribe my name." And can you compliment a friend by offering him that which you would not touch yourself? Besides—if your friend be a good man, he will decline the offer and pity you for making it; and if he be a bad man you will only make him worse.

"On *Election day*," says a fifth, I must *treat*. The party will suffer—we can do nothing unless we treat. Were it not for this, I would sign the pledge." But this, certainly is an extravagant assertion—or else the party is very unfit to possess the ascendency. But *how* is this—you will pledge yourself to abstinence—if you may furnish others. One remaining sober, if he may make many drunk! If there be no sin in giving to others, how can it be sinful to indulge yourself? If to drink, yourself, be wrong, how can it be right to supply others? Shameful perversion! away with it! Drink none—give none. Could I gain the ear and the heart of every poor man in the county, I would teach him to suspect and shun the politician that treats.

"But," says another, "I am a *mechanic*. My workmen have been used to spirits, and they will not consent to work without them." Then turn them off and get others. Before this, however, employ every proper means to persuade them to do as you wish. You may yet succeed. Behold the reform among your brethren. It is thought that more than 50,000 mechanics have abandoned the practice of allowing their workmen spirituous liquors.

And yet another objects. "I am a *farmer*. My labourers work hard. They cannot do well without whiskey." Do not say so—I beseech you do not. They can do far better without, than with it. Had you made the experiment, you would know that I speak the truth. "More than 100 tons of hay,"—said an old man,—"more than 100 tons of hay I have gathered this summer off my own farm, and not a man in my employment has used a drop. I finished the business of the season much sooner than my neighbours who kept on in the old way, and much better than ever before. Oh! said he "it's a great improvement!" There have been hundreds of such cases. An experiment was tried on a large farm. These advantages were gained:—"The *workmen* had better health—did more work with greater ease—got more property—were more happy and useful. The *employer*—had more work for his moneys and better—fences, tools, barns, were all kept in better order—the farm was more productive—the fruits gathered in better season—the deportment of his men more pleasing—and the very cattle and horses, being no longer beaten by the cudgels of rum-drinkers, grew gentle and mild in their tempers!" Similar experiments have resulted in similar good in this section of country. I hope, therefore, that you will join us. "But I can not get hands unless I promise them whiskey." This, also, is a mistake. *Raise their wages*, and you will find enough. Many have done so and gained much. "But I have tried it, and none would work for me." But you may succeed in future. Sign the pledge—many of your neighbours will do the same—then exert your united influence in inducing others to imitate your example;—and then labourers *must* work without spirits. But the hands are not, perhaps, as unreasonable as you suppose. Many of them will cheerfully acquiesce, without much urging. Besides, there is yet another way. Promote temperance among the *coloured people*. Encourage them to form societies. Show them the advantages. Assist them in the work. They will join. Their character and condition will be wonderfully improved;—and the whites will find cause to rejoice in their amendment. Temperance Societies among the coloured people have been organized in many places and flourish. It is said that they adhere to the pledge with remarkable fidelity. I hope that a similar state of things will be soon seen here. If our coloured people shall be prevailed upon to engage heartily in the work and our white people afford them the requisite aid, they will soon become, under the divine blessing, a hundred fold more comfortable in their circumstances than they have ever yet dreamed they should be. Their houses, or rather their huts, instead of remaining such cheerless abodes as most of them now are, would be made tight and neat, and clean, and pleasant, and be surrounded by beautiful and fruitful garden patches, from which they could produce enough, in addition to the savings of their honest and constant industry, to make their hearts glad all the year round. And doubtless religion would soon gain over them a stronger and more extensive control. But, to return from this digression—what says the farmer? Will he unite with us? Does he want examples? Lo! 60,000 farmers are supposed to have banished ardent spirits from their farms!

Methinks I hear another say—"I would join, were you *less exclusive* in your requirements. To drink to excess is unquestionably sinful, but to drink *a little* is not improper." Why so? "Because no evil results." A mistake—a total—an awful mistake. What say *physicians*? Dr. Harris says:—"The *moderate* use has destroyed many who were never drunk." Dr. Kirk:—"The *respectable* use of this poison kills more men than even drunkenness." Dr. Cheyne:—"Should ten young men begin at twenty one years of age to use but one glass of two ounces a day, and *never increase the quantity*, nine out of ten would shorten life more than ten years." What says *experience*? She states, as you have already been told, that "*temperate drinking is the down hill road to intemperance*." One fact proves it. It is thought that near 40,000 drunkards die every year in our own country. Still the number increases! How is this? More than 40,000 temperate drinkers become confirmed drunkards every year. Look at it! 'Tis horrid! Never—oh! never speak a word in palliation of the crime. "But a little is good for me in *cold weather*." Not so. Thousands have endured the cold of seventy winters without it, *better* than they who used it. "But 'tis certainly serviceable in *warm weather*." Not so. 'Tis a poison. Thousands who once used it, now say it was an injury, and exult in deliverance. The Israelites wandered in the hot desert 40 years, with "neither wine nor strong drink." All they wanted was, water. Moses struck the rock—and the water gushed forth. Had wine been better, doubtless it would have been given;—the flowing streams would have been ruddy and strong. "But I am *old* and *infirm*—a little spirit relieves my infirmities and lessens the weight of years." Old age claims respect—infirmity excites tenderness. But I may say that perhaps the spirit aggravates instead of lessening your evils. Many such cases have been discovered. Old men have abandoned the use of it, and soon their infirmities fled. "But ardent spirits give inspiration to genius." And how few are there of great genius. Are you one of them? Is it not a fact that many cherish this silly excuse who make no pretensions to genius! What, then, would it avail such, even were it sound? But how pitiful is it! how senseless! Never was a man great who drank intoxicating liquors but might have been greater without them. No protracted argument is here necessary. A reference to the nature of the soul is sufficient. Your own reflections cannot fail to sustain the assertion. What, then, is your conclusion? Will you pledge yourself to abstinence? Do you ask for examples? Lo! there appear nearly 500,000!

But another is heard. "Alas, sir!" says the suffering speaker, "could I hope for redemption, I would rejoice to come forward and sign my name. But I fear that I am too far gone, ever to be reclaimed." Do not despair. As previously stated, your case is alarming, but not hopeless. Two things are requisite;—resolve to touch not a drop, and keep the resolution. Begin in the fear of God—and the grace of God will keep you to the end. Can you resolve? Certainly. Can you *keep* the resolution? Certainly. Let this be your motto. Touch not, taste not, handle not." If you *touch*, you will *taste*; if you *taste* you will *handle* again and again. Then refrain entirely. No more *touch* the *bowl* than you would a *scorpion*; no more *taste* the *spirits* than you would *arsenic*; no more *handle* the *bottle* than you would a *viper*. Do you hesitate? I hope not. You know not what crimes you may commit, if you delay. You may become meaner than a miser and take the last sixpence from your hungry family to buy yourself drink. I lately read an account of a drunkard who sent his son, with the last sixpence, to spend half for whiskey and half for bread. But the boy had not gone far, when his wretched parent ran to the door and hallooed after him, "get all whiskey, bread's too dear!" You smile—but beware!—pause—reform—or your wife and children may yet weep for your deeper depravity. Aye, you know not but you may yet imbrue your hands in the blood of some of your dear ones. In the state of New York, in a few weeks, four drunkards murdered their wives. Others have murdered their children. Others, their friends. A sot lately killed his friend in a quarrel for *a cent!* He is now in prison for twelve years! But did I say, *your dear ones*? Are they *yet dear*? Have you yet natural affection? For their sake, then, break off from your sin. Look! there is your bottle! here is your wife! Which do you love best? Sad question! Oh! to what foul depths may man descend! Can such a question be appropriate to any? It is. Is it to *you*? Then regard it again. There is your bottle, here is your wife; there a liquid poison, that will make you miserable in life and send you to hell after death; and here a meek, patient, gentle, intelligent, lovely woman, who has given you her heart and her hand; who has loved you for years, and loves you still; who has cherished and will cherish you in sickness and in health; who has "forsaken all others," relatives and friends, to heighten your joys and relieve your sorrows; who will bless you on earth and do all she can to prepare you for Heaven! Which ——————— alas! the inquiry is too disgraceful to be made. It might be strengthened by reference to your children. But I will not dwell on it. If you love the bottle better than them, I have no wish to know it. I trust, however, it is otherwise. I hope you are ready to sign the pledge. "But will it not injure me to stop suddenly and entirely?" Not at all. It will be the best thing possible for body and soul. And if you want encouragement, look! 4500 already reclaimed!

Citizens of the Village and of the County! shall we be successful? Will you abandon the distillation, the sale, the gratuitous distribution, and the drinking of ardent spirits? You may be ready to ask—"Shall we give up all connexion with it?" And the answer is—yes, ALL! In the language of Mr. Kittredge I would say—"one gallon for this town"—nay, I would extend it—one gallon for this county "*is just four quarts too much*." In many towns, not a drop is sold. In Scottsville, a flourishing village in Virginia, on the 4th of July—mark the day!—a boy went to all the stores in town, 12 or 13 in number, seeking *whiskey*, but finding none. He had to go home with an empty jug! The account states that "*no alcoholic liquor could have been obtained at any price*." When shall it be so here? As soon as all our energies are exerted. The call, then, is to all classes. Fellow citizens! arise! unite your efforts, and the work shall be accomplished! Let the Ministers of the Gospel enforce from the pulpit the principles of Temperance. Let the Physicians advocate them in their daily practice. Let the gentlemen of the Bar help us. In many places, the Lawyers have formed Temperance Societies, and delivered addresses at the sitting of courts, and effected much good. Let the local authorities take the work in hand. In Athens, Georgia, the commissioners "have imposed a tax of $500 on every person who shall retail spirituous liquors." Let the teachers of schools instruct their scholars in the blessed system. And let the ladies be respectfully entreated to assist. They need no compliments to induce them to engage in a cause so good. It is enough to say that by their signatures, their voices, and their family regulations, they may render essential service. In short, let all who can speak, or write, or act, promote the high and holy object. General prosperity will ensue. The prevention of crime will secure the comfort of hundreds of families who would otherwise be sorely afflicted. Public tranquility, as well as domestic, will be our portion. The peculiar diseases of our climate and most epidemics will lose half their power to harm, and many a man, who would else go down in haste to the grave, will survive for years, respectable abroad and a blessing at home. *The town will flourish*. More business will be done, for more money will be earned and more expended,—not, indeed, for spirits, but for articles that will profit both *buyer* and *seller*. A certain merchant declares that "the year after he relinquished the sale of ardent spirits, his profits on other goods amounted to $200 more than those of the previous year." Thousands upon thousands of dollars have been saved by towns that have declined this business. The town *might* flourish in other ways. Public meetings might be called and proper measures taken for general improvement. *With the savings of temperance*, all the streets might be paved from end to end—every house might be repaired and made neat and comfortable—every nuisance that contributes to the production of disease, might be removed—every poor family, white and coloured, might be put in a way of obtaining a good living—peace and harmony might be established among all classes—and perhaps an altar of religion be erected in every household. Besides all this, while strangers should witness the handsome appearance, and thriving condition of the town, your happy inhabitants might say "we have money to spare and are still improving." Similar advantages would result to the *county*. In a certain county, while the use of ardent spirits was general, scarcely grain enough was raised for home consumption; but in one year after the formation of temperance societies 30,000 bushels were exported. In another place, where, also, there had been a scarcity, about 60,000 bushels were sent abroad after the temperance reform. All this had before been lost, utterly lost; as much so as if it had been ground into flour and then cast upon the winds. People of the county! your cordial and vigorous co operation is earnestly solicited. Form societies in your various neighbourhoods. Be diligent and persevering, and our inheritance will soon bloom as the garden of the Lord.

But, sir, I trust there are many here whose sympathies extend *beyond* the town and the county. Are there not *patriots* here? To you I appeal. Are you not gratified by the reflection that the society we advocate originated in our own country? It is the *American* Temperance Society. The abolition of the Slave Trade, "the glory of modern times" is already acknowledged, even in Europe, not fit "to be once named in comparison of the Temperance Reformation." I am thankful to God that he gave to our country the honour of founding this superior institution. It has exalted us high in the eyes of the world, and has procured us the pleasure, not vain, but cheering, of beholding elder nations, which had heretofore regarded us, simply with the courtesy due their followers, now falling back from our front and walking in our train. What cause, in so brief an interval, has made half so much progress? In 1826, the society was composed of but sixteen individuals; and now, within our own limits alone, it comprises, by its auxiliaries, hundreds of thousands, and exerts an influence on millions! Do not your hearts expand and their pulses beat quick and strong at the sound of such tidings? And do you not desire, ardently desire, that temperance associations may soon be established and be powerfully supported, not only in your own, but in every county and town in the Union? Where is the patriot who will not haste to the work? I trust there is not one. The prosperity of individual states, the union and glory of the whole, will be promoted by temperance. The purity and stability of all orders of government, subordinate and supreme, it will cherish and confirm. It will exert a soothing and harmonizing agency in all our borders. And the sun shall rejoice to look down on our lands; the moon and the stars will exult in their night-watches over it; and our imparadised forefathers, standing on the high places of immortality, shall see the land of their birth and the children of their love emulating the holiness of the Saints and the beauty of Heaven.

But again. Are there not some here whose sympathies occupy a yet wider range? Are there not *philanthropists* here? I trust there are many. Oh surely it is one of the most ennobling and delightful exercises of the heart to mingle its hopes and its fears, its joys and its sorrows with the interests of all mankind! Hence, if I may here introduce the sentiment, I prize a well conducted newspaper, for it brings with it an enlargement of soul. It goes far toward the consummation of all the proper degress of feeling. Self-love, family-love, town-love, county-love, and the love of country, are all either natural or readily acquired. But a well edited newspaper, by furnishing intelligence, which could not otherwise be generally learned, of every thing important concerning even the most remote nations of the world, exercises an influence only inferior to that of the Bible, in giving our love an expansion embracing the globe. This philanthropic affection runs strong in American bosoms. Hence the large contributions of money and food and clothes and other articles which have been sent to the destitute and oppressed of foreign countries, within a few years past. Hence, also, I have hope when I entreat every philanthropist present, to aid in the cause of temperance. It is a cause that regards all the tribes of the earth. It has blessings in store for the whole human race. Already it has been established in the four continents of the world, and in many of the islands of the sea. "But what can we do?" you may be ready to ask. Much—very much. An individual at home may act upon nations abroad. An incident, supposed of small moment here, may affect the destinies of the most distant people. One of our southern merchants, having been convinced of the sinfulness of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, emptied his casks on the ground. The fact, as if wafted on the wings of the wind, was soon borne over the billows to the far Sandwich Islands; and a young king, who had a cask of spirits on board one of his brigs, ordered it at once to be poured into the sea. Doubtless his example and counsels will have a happy influence on all under his authority. Perform your duty, and the whole work will feel the added impulse. And who is there that does not rejoice in the privilege of forwarding a work like this—universal emancipation from vilest bondage! What were your feelings when you read the account of the recent eruption of Mount Vesuvius, by which a town, with its ten thousand inhabitants, was suddenly and totally destroyed? You were sorrowful. In that case, however, your sorrow availed but little. The evil was wrought and could not be remedied. But you are called upon to day to aid a cause that has for its object the prevention of greater horrors, by the suppression of an evil of greater magnitude. Here it is not too late to do good. Here there is a possibility—a probability, a certainty of success. Yes, intemperance is a volcano a thousand fold more terrible than either Vesuvius or Ætna—and further still, *it is in constant action*. It has poured forth greater floods of fire within a few years past than Ætna and Vesuvius combined have issued from the foundation of the world. But, as the flaming torrents of these fearful mountains, after rushing over the landscape consuming all they touch, are at last met and stopped by the ocean; so the lava of intemperance shall ere long be checked in its desolating course, and the waters of temperance sufficiently abound to quench its burnings.

But once more. In speaking of the degrees of feeling, I omitted the name of the highest. There is something more exalted than philanthropy; I allude to religion. Religious feeling is the crowning excellence of the soul. The man who is wholly under its influence, seeks, not only the partial improvement, but the full salvation of his fellows. His love embraces them in life, consoles them in death, and follows them into eternity; even there, if possible to better their condition. And are there not some in the house who are thus more than philanthropists? Are there not Christians before me? Yea, hundreds. To you, my brethren, to you I make my last appeal. Do you wish religion, here and every where, gloriously to revive? If so, promote temperance; for wherever temperance has prevailed religion has flourished. You have often dwelt with rapturous anticipations, on the glowing predictions in the Bible, of the "latter day glory." You have fondly hoped that the time is at hand when all shall be fulfilled. But where have you looked for the accomplishing agency?—the means, under God, of effecting the work? You answer at once. "To Missionary, Bible, Sunday School, and Tract Societies, and their kindred institutions. But have you not seen and felt that there are at least two difficulties in connexion with all these? *First*, there cannot be money obtained to carry on their operations as extensively as desirable in *foreign countries*; and, *secondly*, the people *at home* are lamentably hardened to the gospel. But both these obstacles may be surmounted by the encouragement of temperance. The people at home will be more easily persuaded to embrace Christianity. Indeed, some of the wicked have made this an objection to the society. Thus, for instance, a certain man in Vermont, to whom a temperance circular was tendered, at his own door, refused to receive it. "It's a plan to make people religious," said he, "and I'll have nothing to do with it!" So it is; a very gentle and a very successful plan. But, when the Gospel shall have gained, in a good degree, its rightful ascendency over our own people, what then? What then! Religious institutions will be enabled to act more vigorously *abroad*. Do you remember a statement made in a former point of the address? In our own country, the money annually spent and lost for and by spirituous liquors, would be sufficient to "furnish every family on earth with a Bible, in eight months or to support a missionary or teacher among every two thousand souls on the globe." What a great outcry has been heard in our land from the scoffers at religion, respecting the enormous sums of money collected by benevolent institutions for the good of mankind! And yet it is said that the cost of the favourite poison "is *sixty times as great* as the *aggregate income* of *all* the principal religious charitable societies *in Europe and America* combined! What inestimable blessedness might this money be the means of accomplishing, if, instead of being thus lost, it were brought within the sphere of the sanctifying and liberalizing operations of the gospel of Christ! Do you see it, brethren? The point is obvious and cannot, therefore, require any further explanation. In view of it, I pray you to assist, by the exertion of every energy you can command, in the great work before you. Yes! it is true and well may we triumph in the truth, that temperence aids religion. Methinks I see her walking abroad with the grace and beauty of an angel. Made glad by her appearance, the sky brightens and the earth blooms. Sin and her offspring, Disease, Poverty, Ignorance, Sorrow and Death—all fly from the radiance of her countenance. Health, Opulence, Knowledge, Happiness and Life, attend at her side. Thousands upon thousands of her disciples, men, women and children, follow her steps. She wears the Crown of Blessing, placed on her brow by the grateful world. Whither bend her steps? and where doth she lead her train? I see her draw nigh to the altar of religion. She takes off her crown and lays it on the altar. She assembles around it the thronging host. She waves her hand, and they kneel at the signal. She humbly bows in their midst, folds her arms on her breast, looks up with timid eyes, and utters, in reverent tone,—"Here Lord! am I;" and then extending her hands, a pleasant beaming plays on her face as she adds with thankful voice "and those that thou hast given me!" Thus she will continue to dispense favours, acquire honors, and collect disciples; but her honours shall be laid on the altar of religion, and her rejoicing multitudes gather around it adoring their God.

Mr. President:—In reviewing the course of this long address, I cannot forget that I called your attention to the subject of *ancient intemperance*. To some, this proceeding may have appeared irrelevant to the character of the meeting and the object of the Society. The meeting was not convened to adopt measures for the suppression of *wine drinking*; nor does the pledge in the constitution require its abandonment. But I cherish the hope that the remarks alluded to, with a few which I now propose to offer in conclusion of the whole, will exert some influence in the check of this evil, as well as strengthen our efforts to banish indulgence in distilled spirits.

The effects of excessive wine drinking were shown to be mournfully correspondent with the consequences of an intemperate use of ardent spirits. Some brief illustrations of this were furnished from sacred and profane history. The question, therefore, naturally arises here—was it left entirely to modern times to oppose this ancient sin? And the answer is—No. A second question then occurs—What methods were adopted by either Jews or Gentiles to subdue it? *Many* by *both*. A few of these, I have reserved for this place.

Some of the *heathen legislators* exercised their wisdom and authority in attempts to restrain and destroy this ascendant vice. Lycurgus, the severe Spartan lawgiver, established among his people the most rigid habits of temperance. Pittacus, the wise sovereign of Mitylene, decreed double punishment for the drunken criminal. Niger, the strict governor of Syria, forbade his army to drink any thing stronger than vinegar and water. The Soonians put to death "any one who was found to have drunken unmixed wine, unless prescribed by a physician." The Romans had a regulation that "women, youths and servants" should not drink wine "until they were thirty years of age." In Athens, if one of their arcons, or chief magistrates, were seen "overcharged with wine," he was punished with death. And another of the Athenian laws directed the judges of the Areopagus to "take cognizance of *all* drunkards." Some of the *philosophers*, also, laboured to repress the evil, and, at times, were strikingly successful. The eloquence of Zonocrates persuaded Polemon, an Athenian youth notorious for his drunkenness, to resolve, even while intoxicated, to lead a sober life. Though formed in such an unpromising condition, his purpose was maintained; he drank nothing but water, and lived to "extreme old age." And Diceneus, the Egyptian philosopher, "gained such an influence over the Scythians, that they destroyed all the vines which grew in their country, to prevent the riot and dissipation which the wine occasioned among them." Then let these voices of the heathen world, coming down from the mist covered mountains of antiquity, encourage us by the truth, that long and widely as intemperance has prevailed, there have always been a few, even in the dark places of the earth, to lament its wasting influence and strive against it, to some advantage, according to their power.

But we may add to the *example* of *pagans* the *authority* of GOD. Let us come to the Bible, and here we shall find, as we would reasonably expect, the most positive prohibitions of the sin, in all its forms, and the most dreadful denunciations of wrath against all by whom it is committed. Before I enter upon the quotation of these, however, I will notice one or two minor matters, at least curious, if not important. Among the people of Israel, there were two classes of Nazarites; (persons who were under vows of abstinence, particularly from vinous drinks)—1. by birth—2. by self devotion. Samson belonged to the first class. Before his birth, his mother was specially charged by the angel of the Lord, to "drink no wine nor strong drink." This was requisite to qualify him for his appointed order; but it also furnishes an illustration, at least, of the connexion between temperance and physical energy. The strongest man that ever lived—the man who overturned the pillared foundations of a building burdened with three thousand of his foes, drank nothing but water from his birth to his death. An instance taken from the second class would illustrate the connexion between temperance and piety; for the man who vowed to "separate himself unto the Lord" was also bound to "separate from wine and strong drink." I turn from these miscellaneous preliminaries, however, to state now, as promised above, some *positive prohibitions* of the sin, in *all its forms*. I had marked many passages, but have room only for a few. Indeed *one* on each point; is quite sufficient, for God changes not. His sentiments are always the same. I quote, therefore, as follows:—

First, against *making*, *selling*, and *giving away* intoxicating liquors. All who are thus guilty, are embraced by the following passage in which prohibition and denunciation are combined:—"*Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that puttest thy bottle to his mouth, and makest him drunken also!*"

Secondly, against *intemperate drinking*. MINISTERS OF RELIGION *were* prohibited; *when about to engage in public worship*—"Do not drink *wine* nor *strong drink* when *ye go into the tabernacle*;" and *are*, on *ordinary occasions*—"*Be not given to wine*." Another passage will show how the Almighty recounted for the ignorance and crimes of some—"The *Priest* and the *Prophet* have *erred* though *strong drink*, they are *swallowed up of wine*, they are *out* of the *way* though *strong drink*, they *err in vision*, they *stumble* in *judgment*." II. RULERS OF NATIONS *are prohibited*. "It is not for Kings; (*supreme* rulers) O Lemuel, it is not for Kings to *drink wine*, nor for *Princes* (*inferior* rulers) *strong drink*; lest they drink, and *forget* the *law*, and *pervert* the *judgment* of *any* of the *afflicted*." To the land whose rulers refuse to submit to the restriction, God says, foreseeing the consequences, "*Woe unto thee!*" and to that whose governors are obedient, he addresses the salutation, "*Blessed art thou, O land!*" III. *All* are prohibited. "Take heed lest your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and *drunkenness*." "Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and *drunkenness*." "Be not *drunk* with *wine*, wherein *is excess*."

Thirdly, against even *looking at it*, either by such as are yet sober, but are tempted to drink; or such as are hard drinkers, but wish to reform. "*Look not thou* upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright" What a striking description! And how appropriate the warning associated with it:—"At the *last* it *biteth* like a *serpent*, and *stingeth* like an *adder*!"

And now, fourthly, let us notice some of the denunciations of punishment connected with this sin. It is said of the man who will presumptuously "add drunkenness to thirst," that the "Lord will not spare him, but then the anger of the Lord shall smoke against that man:" and "the Lord shall blot out his name from under Heaven!" True; it may be objected to this that the expression "add durunkenness to thirst" is metaphorical, and simply designates the aggravation of sins in general, without any specific allusion to actual drunkenness; but yet the literal application is no less proper, for Providence daily inflicts the curses here pronounced by Revelation. If, however, this application of the text is improper, I shall rejoice to find it so. But suppose it be so—shall the intemperate then escape? Ah! no! Observation exclaims; "the whole world is even now suffering"! And Revelation declares "I have other and unquestionable threatenings." Hark! "Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine and men of strength, to mingle strong drink—as the fire devoureth the stubble, and the flame consumeth the chaff, so their root shall be as rottenness and their blossom shall go up as dust!" But this—terrible as it is—has reference only to *time*." St Paul, however, standing on the summit of inspiration, looks far into eternity, and, beholding the soul of the sot falling unheard from the inexorable gates of Heaven, declares to the world that "drunkards shall shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

Thus much I have felt it my duty to say in regard to the laws and penalties of the Bible respecting the sin of intemperance. I hope that these two conclusions will be acknowledged as just 1. That the Bible most emphatically condemns excessive wine-drinking and the furnishing of wine to any that they may make themselves drunk. And 2d. That God must condemn the manufacture, sale, use and distribution of distilled spirits as certainly and as severely if not, on account of the greater evil resulting, more severely. These conclusions being acknowledged, I exhort all present, with the utmost affection, in view of the Constitution of Religion, to beware even of indulgence in wine; and in view of the Constitution of our Society, at least to pledge themselves to entire abstinence from the use of ardent spirits.

Are there any who will oppose us? If there be, their opposition will be founded on the opinion that this is *not* the cause of God—or be aroused by the fact that it *is* his cause. If the former, we must pity them, and treat them with brotherly affection; and endeavour to win them over by "light and love." But if the latter be the case—and they will persist in their opposition—we can only warn them that "in the hand of the Lord there is a cup," "deep and large;"—which "contains the mixture" and is filled with "the wine of astonishment" mingled with "the wrath of the Almighty;" and that, if they will not repent, they must drink of it. And if they laugh at the cup, we can only say to them "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, ye shall certainly drink," and then, when made to take it, although it may be "a cup of trembling" in their hands—they shall "drink the dregs of God's fury" and be "filled with drunkenness and sorrow, with the cup of astonishment and desolation!"—Alas! alas! how unspeakably awful such language as this! Surely it cannot be applicable to any, except the basest blasphemers of the Holy Ghost and revilers of his work. Oh how vile, how inconceivably vile must he the man or the nation against whom the God of Love is compelled to send such withering consuming terrors!

But, while I hope that none will oppose, I also pray that none may be indifferent to the cause. Indifference here is intolerable. Zeal! zeal! the most glowing zeal ever kindled by the love of God and man should animate our souls. We have the highest encouragement that could be asked, or desired, or imagined. What though we are battling against, not only one of the STRONGEST but, also, one of the OLDEST of the "RULERS of the DARKNESS of this world?" Instead of causing despondency, this fact should inspire the most lofty and holy ambition. It is this fact that arrays our enterprise with surpassing magnificence. I exult in it, and glory that our aim is to emancipate the globe from a tyranny by which it has been corrupted and cursed for five thousand years. Here is a vastness of plan—a boldness of purpose—a consciousness of might,—all of which indicate their origin; denote most clearly that the Eternal Spirit has been breathing wisdom and courage upon the minds and hearts of his people, and imparting to their energies a degree of omnipotence that nothing shall withstand. Yea, a voice to which the startled world cannot but listen with awe—the Voice, lone and mighty, of the Ancient of Days—sounds forth from the solitude of his light-hidden throne:—ONWARD! the command—the promise. VICTORY!

Then let us proceed in our work. Let us use all prudent means to promote it. The people, being somewhat better acquainted with the subject than they were, will see the propriety I hope of joining in our assistance. And if any distillers or retailers, should relinquish the traffic, and be in any danger of suffering in consequence of it, let the community be exhorted to patronize and sustain them. This is right. Not to do so is to encourage sin. Every man should act conscientiously in this matter. Let us go on, sir; we have advantages that will secure us members. No money is required from any man or woman. All we want is their signatures to the pledge. Were we to ask money at all, it would be to buy up the ardent spirit now in town and emp

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