

Boardman (G. S.)

ADDRESS,

DELIVERED IN WATERVILLE, BEFORE THE

ONEIDA COUNTY

TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,

BY G. S. BOARDMAN,

PASTOR OF SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN ROME.

~~~~~  
PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE SOCIETY.  
~~~~~

ROME :

HORACE N. BILL, PRINTER.

1844.

AN
ADDRESS,
DELIVERED IN
WATERVILLE,
BEFORE THE
ONEIDA COUNTY
TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,
AT THEIR
ANNUAL MEETING FEBRUARY 22, 1844,
BY G. S. BOARDMAN,
PASTOR OF SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN ROME.

Published by request of the Society.

24615
LIBRARY
Washington, D.C.
R O M E :

HORACE N. BILL, PRINTER.

1844.

A D D R E S S .

Unnoticed and undistinguished in its native woods, laid the acorn which had just burst with incipient vegetation. How easily might its tiny shoot have been destroyed! The foot of the wild beast might have crushed, or the cold wind have nipped it, and then it would have mouldered into dust. But through its insignificance it lived, and no one foretold its high destiny. It grew and became a tree. Some unseen and mysterious power lifted up its vast trunk, like a massive column, and stretched out its giant arms until, towering heavenward, it out-braved the tempest and gave sustenance and protection to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. But its greatness was not for itself, nor solely to give majesty to the forest. When felled, it was destined to outride the fiercest rage of the ocean and save its precious freight of treasure and of souls. In the battle for freedom, it became the bulwark for brave hearts, and bore our country's flag triumphantly amidst enemies. Victory sustained the rights of man and gave us influence, till nation after nation felt their claim and meliorated the political condition of the people. How mighty the ultimate influence of that sprouting acorn, when associated with other agents, on the world!

Like to it, is that of the tender infant which reposed in its nurse's arms in the State of Virginia, on the 22d of February, 1732. Its breath was so gentle that it seemed not to live. A finger might have stopped it, or a cold wind have carried it away forever, or it would have ceased if neglected. Who could have seen in this delicate being, the agent, by whom the greatest powers on earth would be controlled, the face of society changed and the human race exalted? Who could have seen in it the future

WASHINGTON? Had some silvery star guided wise men to his cradle, many a despotic Herod would have "sought the young child's life," and would have involved multitudes of infants in destruction, till, as in Ramah, there should be "a voice heard, lamentation and weeping and great mourning, mothers mourning for their children, and would not be comforted because they were not." But a mother's prayers were around him and the hand of God was his shield.

The time had arrived when the great Friend of man would arrest the strides of tyranny, loosen the grasp of power, pour contempt on the divine right of kings, and demonstrate the great problem in politics, that man is capable of self government; and he formed a WASHINGTON for his purpose. He endowed him with the rare qualities which fitted him for this great work. He made him the intrepid Soldier, the wise Statesman, the prudent General, the magnanimous Ruler, and the christian Philanthropist. The infant whose obscure birth was not announced by the thunder of cannon, the merry peal of bells and the shoutings of the populace, but whose name should stand on the roll of fame, far above that of all princes, was lifted up before the nations to direct the councils and guide the armies of our country. To him whose birth we this day celebrate, more than to any other man, are we indebted for our country's independence, and is the world obligated for the benefits of its example. His name is a tower of strength reared by an Almighty hand in the sight of all people, and is as durable as the everlasting hills. Well does he merit the appellation of "the Father of his Country," and well does it become us to observe the day of his birth—to remember it with gratitude, and to emulate him in deeds of patriotism, benevolence and piety.

Such an observance of the day is that which employs you at this time, for you are engaged in a second revolutionary struggle—in effecting a deliverance of our country from more than British tyranny. You seek to free it from a moral despot, from one that would convert our homes into utter destruction, leaving not a remnant of peace and joy behind—one that would rob us of character and conscience, of intellect and affections, of proper-

ty and freedom, of life and soul. For these, all these, and more, are the ravages of intemperance—from which God deliver us.

And it is time, full time, that the people should assemble to deliberate on their grievances, and that the cold water armies should organize and fling their white banner to the breeze; for who can tell the extent of desolation and the depth of wretchedness produced by intemperance? And who can conceive of what further ruin it would have wrought, if its progress had not been checked? Who could have escaped its power and what could have been saved from its pollution? Well may we be horrified at the thought, and shudder at our peril. For, whilst strange delusions prevailed as to the utility and even necessity of intoxicating drinks, whilst the use of them was almost universal, and whilst they were associated with friendship and hospitality, no limit could be placed to the greatness which this direful evil would have attained.

Already was its deathful influence felt every where. No station is so high that it did not reach it—Judges, Governors and Statesmen have been overwhelmed by it; no place is so sacred that it did not invade it—the pulpit and the sacramental table have been polluted by its power; no place is so low that it did not descend to it—the haunts of beggars, the prison of the felon, and the cell of the condemned murderer have been made more terrific by its presence. There is no scene too solemn for its approach. It has revelled around the bed of the dying; it has shouted its obscene songs in the presence of the unburied corpse; it has poured its vile drink into the open lips of the dead; and it has staggered, whilst dressed in the habiliments of the mourner, to the burial. It has taught men to drink on a father's grave, and to tittle over a mother's coffin.

Already 70,000,000 gallons of alcoholic liquors were annually consumed in these States. Already, the cost of liquor and the losses consequent on its use, were 150,000,000 dollars annually. Already, there were 300,000 habitual drunkards in our land, and other hundreds of thousands who became drunken occasionally, though not habitually. Already, 30,000 human beings were annually sacrificed on the shrine of this vice. Already, three

fourths of the crimes, three fourths of the pauperism, and two thirds of the lunacy, were attributed to this cause. Already, the burning and disfigured countenance, the fetid breath, the blood-shot eye, the trembling limbs and ulcered body were found in all our public places; whilst in private abodes, consumptions, dropsies, disordered viscera, delirium tremens and other horrid and fatal forms of disease were seen as effects of alcoholic drinks.— And these caused no loathing. The young and virtuous came in contact with them and did not shudder. They were our familiars, and happy were we, if they were not inmates of the same dwelling with us, in the person of our husbands or wives, our parents or children, our sons or daughters, our brothers or sisters; for already, nearly every heart throbbed painfully at the recollection of some ruined friend or endeared relative, whilst thousands and tens of thousands mourned daily, until the grave dried up the fountain of their tears, and gave rest to their wearied bodies, bodies wearied and heavily laden with untold sorrows, and often, alas! very often, bruised too, and that by hands which should have protected them. O Intemperance, thou demon of hell, thou hast caused rivers of tears to flow in our pleasant land: thou hast shed the blood of myriads. Like the war God of Mexico, thou wouldst glut thyself only with human hearts, whilst warm and reeking with blood. Glut, did I say? No, he is insatiable. Though daily an hundred human beings were sacrificed in our country alone, as fresh victims to him, his harsh and grating voice never cried enough, enough; but ever, give, give. Like Saturn of the Greek mythology, he devours all his offspring; but, unlike him, he multiplied them daily in greater numbers.

It would seem that by the daily and dreadful destruction of inebriates, and by the woes which the survivors and their kindred experienced, the witnesses of their lives and oftentimes indescribably horrid deaths, would have been deterred from tasting the poisoned cup, and their numbers have diminished; but no, the place of each victim was voluntarily supplied by another, if not by many, and perhaps, from his own family, by his wife, or his son, or his daughter, or by them all. As Christian in the delightful dream of Bunyan, when he fled from the city of Destruc-

tion, and had entered the city of the New Jerusalem, was followed by Christiana and all her children; so sometimes the drunkard was followed by his wife and all of his children to destruction. O madness incredible, was it not proven by a thousand facts!—An army wastes away by disease and is consumed before the fires of the cannon, but the army of drunkards multiplied as they fell, and grew with the increase of the fires of the still and the means of destruction.

Had this destruction been confined to inebriates, it had been an incalculable evil; but they involved others in woe, and brought ruin on those who were innocent of their crime and dependent on their care. They were the causes of the poverty, disease, bruises and broken hearts which slew their tender offspring. Who can read of the slaughter of children in the French Revolution, at Nantes, by order of Carrier, without horror? Five hundred, of both sexes, the eldest under fourteen years of age, were led out to be shot, because they were connected with proscribed families. Owing to the smallness of their stature, most of the bullets passed over their heads; when, in their agony, they broke their bonds, rushed to the ranks of the soldiers, clung to their knees and begged their lives; but, they were murdered at their feet. We wonder that such monsters were suffered to live. But have not inebriates slain hundreds of children? Have they not spurned them at their feet and trodden on them? And have they not caused the death of their mothers too, and that by thousands?—These soldiers slew strangers, but inebriates have slain their own wives and their own little children. One took his sick infant and threw it into the fire, because its moans disturbed him. They have killed them by a protracted and agonizing death, by want and grief, as well as by violence.

To such an extent had the evils of Intemperance reached, that seemingly they could not be removed, nor their increase checked. They increased as they went. Like the devouring flames, they become more destructive by what they consumed. The evil seemed incurable. Good men mourned over it, and spoke against it, but in vain. The grossest scenes were common in our streets, and were expected continually to occur. I have seen in

the most public places in the Capitol of this State, the body of the drunkard lying day after day, as motionless as if dead, whilst foam oozed from his mouth; and yet he was scarcely noticed.

The recovery of the drunkard was deemed utterly hopeless.— In my childhood, I saw a reformed inebriate, but he was the only one for many years, and he was one of the wonders of the world. At a public meeting in Boston a Clergyman said: “After twenty five years of careful observation, I have never known but one reformation.” At the same meeting, Dr. Warren, an eminent physician said: “In twenty-five years I have never known but one reformation. I pronounced it an incurable disease. If there are cures, they are exceptions. I have now on my hands a man who must die to-night, with whom I have labored seven years. I began with him when he drank wine only. He drank too much. I expostulated with him. He promised to reform, and did for a while; but soon returned to his wine. Sufficient wine to stimulate him became burdensome, and he took to brandy. He is a young man in good circumstances, and has every temporal comfort he could desire;—but to night he must die. He cannot see the light of to-morrow morning.”

The wretched inebriate too, thought that he could not be restored. “I know that I am a ruined man,” said one, “that I am dying, but I cannot stop.” General ——, in those days, having recently contracted the habit of mingling strong drink three or four times a day, was visited by a friend who proposed to have a serious talk with him on the subject. The General replied, “Please to hear what I have to say first. I am sensible that I drink more than is necessary. I am sensible that if I persist in my present course, the habit will increase upon me and my present standing in society will be lost. I am sensible that my estate will be lost for want of proper attention; I am sensible that my amiable family will be involved in disgrace and wretchedness; I am sensible that my constitution will be undermined—my health will be gone—my countenance will carry marks of my depravity, my mind become enfeebled, and my *soul lost forever*, except I repent. Now, sir, if all these considerations flashing full conviction on my mind, and sometimes filling me with hor-

ror, cannot deter me from this detestable habit of drinking—think you that your eloquence is going to do it.” His friend made no reply, but went away sorrowful. Surely “wine is a mocker.—Strong drink is raging.”

All classes of society thought that the drunkard could not be reclaimed, and thought correctly too, with their principles and practices. When the lover of strong drink met the scent and the offer of it every where, and when all deemed it beneficial or necessary to health, and used it, how could the miserable slave to appetite become free? Every hand kept him down when he attempted to arise; and his warmest friends fastened his chains upon him, when he had loosened them. And then, the want of public sympathy, and the presence of bitter contemptuous prejudice weighed upon him like a mountain, and crushed his spirit. He gave up in despair, saying, “It is of no use—I never can be any thing;” and then, sought to drown his agony in the deathful cup.

As his case was so hopeless, there was no kind Samaritan, who ever thought that his brother so wounded could be restored, and he gave his care to other sufferers; whilst there were plenty of Priests and Levites, who had been drinking at the last house just enough to fill them with self complacency, who passed by on the other side, wondering that any one should become more intoxicated than they were, and confident that they could restrain themselves. And yet, the next poor wretch found by the road side was one of them:

This was the Bacchanalian age. All shared the foul orgies of this vice—whilst every day witnessed them, every public meeting and every holiday was a drunken festival. Intemperance daily increased and menaced the land with desolation. It threatened to pervert our liberty and prosperity into causes of libertinism and inebriety, and render vain the sacrifices of our fathers, the wisdom of Washington, and the blood of patriots. This was the darkest day in the Republic. Foreigners reported us, and with appearance of truth, to be a nation of drunkards. The intemperate were numbered with the lost. The inscription which

Dante placed on the gates of hell, seemed appropriate to every grog shop:

“ALL HOPE, ABANDON YE, WHO ENTER HERE.”

It seemed as difficult for them to reform, as for one who had plunged headlong from a precipice, to stop mid way. But “that which is impossible among men, is possible with God,” and he brought deliverance. They were dead; and in despair it was said, “who will roll away the stone from the sepulchre?” Our country was full of the dead. “It was full of bones. Did we pass by round about, behold! there were very many in the open valley; and lo! they were very dry. A voice said, can these bones live?” Despairing of help from man, we turned our eyes to heaven and said, “O Lord God, thou knowest.” Then the voice replied, “prophecy upon the bones—thus saith the Lord God unto these bones, behold I will cause breath to enter into you and ye shall live.”

The simple and certain remedy for the evil was suggested to man—*pledge yourself to abstain from all that can intoxicate.*—This was the breath that should cause these dry bones to live, and stand up, an exceeding great army. Active minds were led to investigate the nature and effects of intoxicating drinks, and Providence furnished facts in abundance to prove their inutility and injurious nature, and the danger of using them habitually, in the smallest quantity. Many were raised up to prophecy, and all with effect. The learned and ignorant, the aged and young, gradually adopted the pledge and became advocates of this righteous cause. Amidst unbelief, scorn and opposition, arising from prejudice, appetite and interest, truth prevailed. Many were saved from becoming inebriates, and some were reclaimed from the grave’s mouth.

Joyous as was the progress of Temperance, still it was slow and incomplete. Few ardently sustained it excepting the professedly pious, and they bore it onward almost to the extent of their ability, whilst unassisted by other classes of society. It was almost identified with the church, which gave its intellect and time

and money freely. Like most of the early advocates of a good cause, in opposition to the vices of men, they fought the first and fiercest battles, the few against the many, and incurred sneers and slanders. The reformation was eyed suspiciously by the politicians who raise the cry of "Church and State." It was regarded with anger by the moderate drinker, as if it insulted him by the intimation that he was in danger of becoming a drunkard, and could not take care of himself. It was opposed by the rum-seller for interfering with his sales and making his lawful business odious, and by the farmer for interfering with the sale of his grains for distillation. It was condemned by the overmuch righteous, as supplanting the church and being wiser than God, who had made every creature good and to be received with thanksgiving. And it was hated by the drunkard, as it conflicted with his lust, awakened his conscience and tore away his companions by reforming them. Having all these foes to encounter, it needed other associates, some against whom the *heavy* charge of religion would not stand, some from all political parties, that it might not belong to one; some from all classes of society, that they might sympathise with all, and have access to all, and that "every man might hear them speak in his own language."

Notwithstanding the progress of this great moral revolution, comparatively few inebriates had been reclaimed. It is a part of the plan of the Almighty in moving the various classes of men, to use as agents, some of their own order; for it is by the chain of sympathy that the celestial spark is communicated. Thus in saving men, he employs reformed sinners, and not angels, who however perfectly they act their part in heaven, could accomplish little on earth. He commits the treasure of the gospel to earthen vessels that it may be communicated to others. So in the temperance reformation, reclaimed inebriates were needed to reach our fallen brother. They would know his delusive reasonings, his passions, his appetites, his temptations, his feelings, his griefs and his heart of agony, that earthly hell. Perhaps in their degradation, their affections had entwined, like roots which interlace each other in the mire. Their motives were above suspicion.

They could appeal to their own successful effort to reform—to their improved condition, to their health, to their property, to their respectability, to their peace, to their smiling wives and happy children. They would not speak the language of contempt and denunciation, for they themselves were great offenders by the same sin. But they would naturally speak words of kindness and encouragement, that sweet language to the distressed. In their deep sympathy, they would use tones of love to soothe the troubled breast. They would neither blush, nor fear to enter the ditch to lift up one who was helpless—that aid may have been rendered to them. They could raise up a fallen brother and wipe the clotted blood from his lips and the filth from his brow, and guide his staggering steps, saying, “brother lean on me;” nor would they fear the soiling of their now clean apparel, nor dread the scornful laugh of the proud. They could take off his tattered garments and clothe him, that he might not be ashamed among men. In his depression consequent on the want of an accustomed stimulant, they knew how to nurse him, and to bear patiently his fretfulness. They could walk with him in the streets—seek employment for him and countenance him in the world. Yes, yes—such a class of men was needed to reclaim the poor drunkard—and God raised them up. Raised them up as wonderfully as he called Moses, or converted Paul, or sent forth Luther or Washington for their appropriate work. Then it was that the “breath came from the four winds” and breathed upon the slain; then, was the stone rolled from the sepulchre and the dead came forth; then, was there a resurrection unto life, and “corruption put on incorruption.” Then did mothers receive their dead to life again; then did those who were more than widows, receive their long lost husbands, and then did those who were more than orphans regain their parents. Many bleeding hearts sang for joy, and many lips praised the Father of mercies who had “bound up the broken hearted, given the oil of joy for mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.” Wherever the tender-hearted temperance advocate went, flowers sprang up in his path, “the desert became a fruitful field

and the wilderness blossomed as the rose." The fields smiled as tilled by the hand of renovated industry, the cattle improved under their reformed owner, the dwellings were beautified through his sobriety, and all his possessions were changed by his temperance. The world beheld and said, what hath God wrought! Even the sceptical said, this is the hand of God.

But, there were some who mourned—not over their neighbors' welfare, but over their own desolation, which seemed to be increased by the prosperity of others. For them the reformation had come too late. Their sons or their husbands were beyond its reach. Had it come a little sooner their firesides might have been gladdened by the presence of those whom they have borne to a drunkard's grave. Like the Otaheitan mother who wept over her childless age, as she saw others surrounded by children who had been saved by the preaching of the Missionary and said, "O why did you not come before? Then I too might have been living with my sons and daughters. I have had ten children, and murdered them all in infancy. O why did you not come before." So, many in our land have thought, O why did you not come before? We may weep with such but cannot comfort them. The past is irreversible—the present is our time for labor, and for good; let us improve it.

We have witnessed a revolution in Temperance, as great as that achieved by our fathers in politics. It is a second salvation of our country, and that from more than political oppression. It is stated that 40,000 inebriates have been reclaimed and many hundreds of thousands induced wholly to abstain from all that can intoxicate. But, the revolution is incomplete. Our independence has not been acknowledged and we must not lay down our arms, nor remit our efforts. Our enemies have been defeated, but they are rallying again and are using many insidious arts to sustain themselves if not to regain what they have lost. Drunkards still are found in every community, the use of wine has become increasingly fashionable, and the venders of alcoholic drinks, by thousands, seek their gains, though it be the price of their own souls, and though they destroy the happiness, life and souls of

their neighbors. As a poor man who gazed on the headless body of the bloody Robespierre, at the foot of the guillotine, said—“Yes, Robespierre, there is a God.” I would say to them, yes, Rum-sellers, there is a God. He judges in all the earth, and makes inquisition for blood. Whatever apology there may be for the past, now, light has burst upon you and leaves you without excuse. He will ask of you “where are those whom you have slain? Where is thy brother? The voice of thy brother’s blood crieth unto me from the ground.” And well may you tremble to meet him; for if he will not pass over those who do not clothe the naked and feed the hungry and visit the sick, how can he pass by those who make others hungry and naked and sick and houseless and wretched?

Great as is the reformation, it is far from being perfect. Yet it can be completed as nearly as ills can be removed from this imperfect world. Should we stop now before the stone has reached the top of the hill, it will roll back upon us and bring desolation in its path. Let us then put too our shoulders till the work is done, or till the great overseer of our work shall call us to another field. The characteristics of Washington will accomplish all.—Let us imitate his intrepidity, prudence, perseverance, trust in God and love for man, and we like *him* shall save our country. We then shall be true Washingtonians.

Let the love of God, influence us. The Lord Jesus went about doing good, and countless are the blessings which he has bestowed on us. If he has loved us, then ought we to love one another. If he has raised us when fallen, and comforted us when sorrowing, let us go and do likewise to others.

The inebriate is our neighbor, our brother. He belongs to the same family with us. We are all of one blood. If we say, “am I my brother’s keeper?” The Lord replies, “love your neighbor as yourself.” Each is responsible for the welfare of another.—And you need not go far to find your brother who needs your help. He who has fallen among thieves is at your feet. Samaritan, good Samaritan, bind up his wounds and bear him to a place of safety.

Let past success nerve your arm. What glorious things have been accomplished? What blessings distributed? What triumphs gained? Complete victory is almost within your grasp, and will you stop now? Will you be contented with rescuing some whilst others are enslaved, and multitudes are perishing? Will you stop whilst the enemy is still in the land, and entrenched in the distillery, the bar-room and the grog-shop—entrenched by the strong power of law? Will you stop now? What do you say? It has been said of Americans, that they are good to commence a cause, but not to complete it. Shall this be true of Tetotallers—of Washingtonians? No. Let us still pursue the minute measures which have heretofore been successful; preserve the same organization; exercise the same love and self-denial, and plead with the same importunity. Thousands have come to your assistance—every convert is a recruit. And now it has just been announced that one is coming to your aid, who is a veteran in the cause, the leader of millions; one who owes much to American temperance, and is coming to return into our bosom according to what he has received. It has been announced that Father Matthew will arrive in this country in June. Has then the battle of late seemed to grow languid, and have you been looking about for some other aid, for some new incentive to the public mind. Here it comes. As Wellington, at Waterloo, when victory was doubtful, was observed to look anxiously around him for some new resource, or for some ally, on hearing the cannon of the newly arrived Prussians, cried out, “There is Blucher—victory is ours—guards, up and at them.” So we may say, “There is Father Matthew—the victory is ours—Tetotallers, up and at them.”

Other nations are awakening to this blessed cause. It is difficult to change the customs of the old world, and to alter the habits of ages. Therefore America long stood alone in this contest with inebriety, but at length the truth on this subject has reached almost every people on earth. Every nation in Europe now feels its power, whilst one, which perhaps was the most drunken, has far surpassed America in the reformation. She

counts her reformed inebriates by hundreds of thousands, and her hosts of pledged tetotallers, are said to amount to millions.— This is the banner nation. Honor to Ireland. Forever green be her fields, and happy be her sons. Countless are the blessings which shall flow from her sobriety. Ireland is renovated. Ireland has obtained a repeal—a repeal not of the political union with England; but what is far better, of the deathful union with rum. Yes, the tyrant is defeated—the oppressor is slain—Ireland is free, “redeemed, regenerated and disinthralled by the irresistible genius” of temperance. The moral influence of her example will be powerful on other nations. Let America be equally purified, that our example may be with hers, and thus side by side maintain the struggle for the conquest of the world.

The benevolence of the age encourages us. No longer are nations necessarily enemies because they are separated by a river or a mountain; nor are they longer indifferent to the interest of each other. The human mind is awakening to the welfare of the race, and the heart is enlarging. The substantial interests of one nation, are proven to be the interests of all. They were formed to aid each other by the interchange of the products of the earth, and of the mind; and the power of truth and love, is melting them into one family. This power which affects the mass of people, more deeply influences individuals in every christian nation. Their affections meet over rivers, and mountains, and seas, and they embrace each other as brethren. And this will increase with an intelligent acquaintance with human rights, and especially with the gospel of God’s love. This increasing benevolence, favors every good work, and particularly temperance.— It originated in benevolence; it has been sustained by benevolence; it breathes benevolence, and it is founded in benevolence. St. Just, one of the infidel leaders of the French revolution, said that “the foundation of every great institution, is terror.” He and his associates acted on it, and their government was “the reign of terror;” but soon they were crushed beneath its ruins.— God says, the foundation of every great institution, is Love. It is the foundation of his throne, and of his church, and of every

moral enterprise; it is the foundation of Temperance. How much therefore have we to hope from the increasing benevolence of the age.

We may be sure of success, because it is the work of God.—He is abroad among the nations, reforming the world; what changes have we seen, political, civil and moral? He advances them; man does not improve in morals, as in agriculture and manufactures, by experience and skill. The natural tendency of apostacy is downwards, and it requires the divine interference to arrest it, and to elevate the cause of righteousness. Usually he suffers an evil to grow to such an enormity, that all may see it, and feel that it is insufferable. Then he raises up deliverers, who point out the guilt and remedy, and who powerfully press forward the reformation; and then the record of the evil serves as a warning to other ages. Thus it has been with intemperance, as with many other evils which the Great Ruler of all, is removing. God is moving not only nations, but the whole world. He has got under it a great lever, which reaches up into heaven. The fulcrum is the cross, and his standing place, is Eternity. The power of the Almighty, and of the holy angels, and of good men, is applied to it. The throne of God is on it. The world moves—it rises higher and higher, and it shall continue to rise, until it is on a level with heaven. And then it shall become the spiritual abode of the Son of God, and his mighty angels. They shall dwell with men, and truth and righteousness, freedom and peace, temperance and love every where abound. “The leopard shall lie down with the lamb, the lion and the fatling together, and a young child shall lead them. There shall be none to hurt or offend, in all his holy mountain.” With such assurances, our hearts throb with joyful emotions. Let us then with fresh zeal, engage in this work, and let each one labor in purity, and be a co-worker with God, and he shall succeed.

Our youthful country has set the example in many good works. It has taught the duty of extending education to all; it has established the principles of liberty, equal rights and self government; it has shown that the church when separated from civil govern-

ment, is purest, and most vigorous; and it has proved that total abstinence from all that can intoxicate, is the only safety, and the sure prosperity of man. These are the glories of our country.— These are rich blessings to the world, and are destined largely to contribute to its welfare. Urge forward this reform to its completion, that our example may be perfect. We have “a state without a king,” let us have a country without a drunkard. Let COURAGE AND HOPE be your motto, and as you toil in this righteous cause, bear in mind the broad seal of our own prosperous state. See there the sun ascending above the hills, and dissipating the darkness, you may call it the rising sun of temperance. Look at its motto, “Excelsior,” higher, *higher*, HIGHER—EXCELSIOR.