

THE
LONG-PLEDGE TEETOTALER,

EDITED BY

THE REV. JOHN STAMP.

VOL. I. 1847.

“We were the big tea-bible my platform, and the world my audience; had I the pleasure of a second trial, I would not be ashamed, and I voice loud as the trumpet of doom, to say, ‘I would the great Jehovah should smite me down, that moderation is the parent of carnal ease.’”

“I wish should never be raised—let it be dealt out to the dearest, and should confer doing as the will of the Lord—God will not listen to oily means; God must preach earnestly, or there will be no carnal ease.”—T. C. S. S. S.

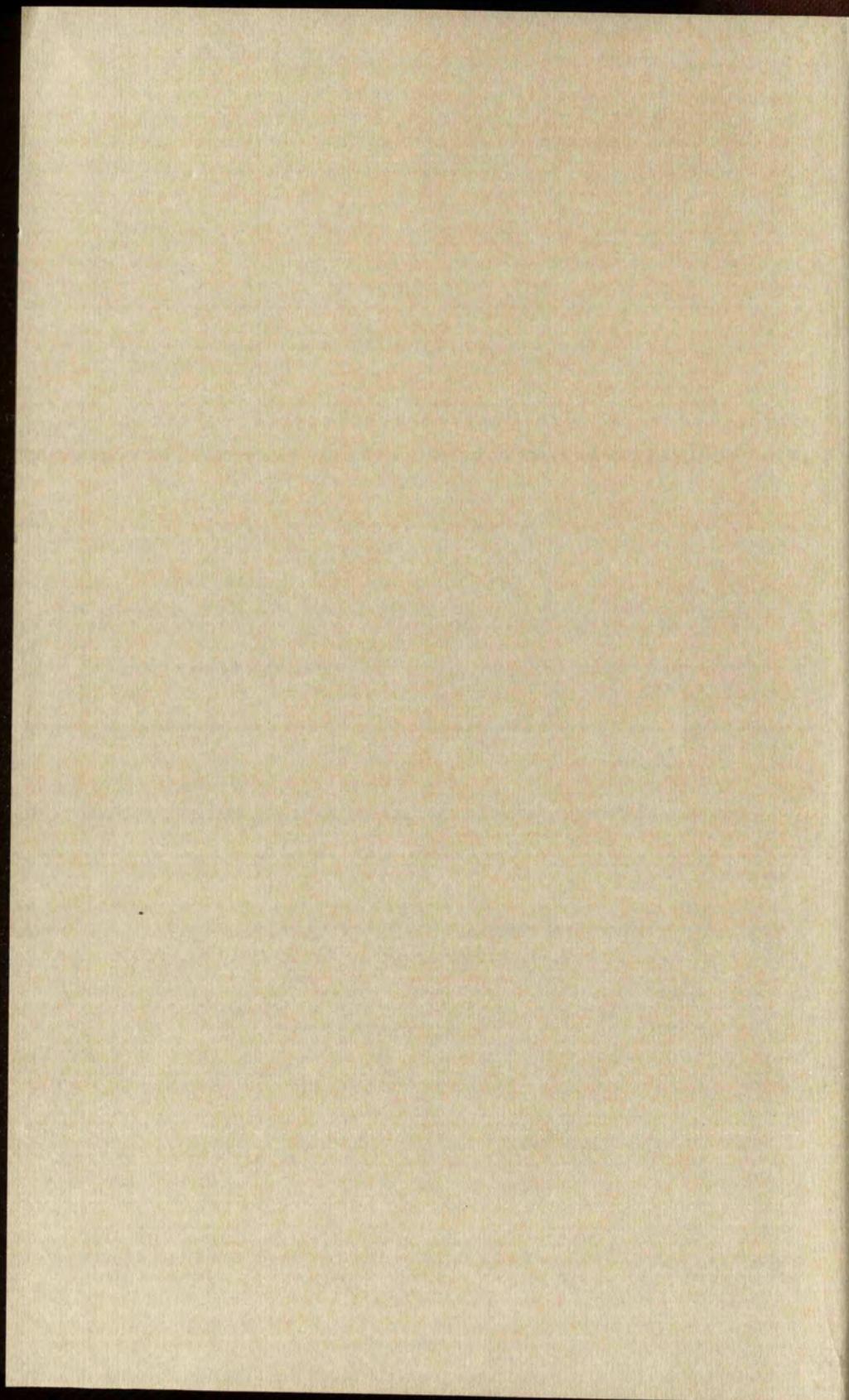
“A man fully possessed of his subject, and confident of his cause, may almost always write with vigour and effect if he can get over the temptation of writing slowly, and really confine himself to the strong and clear exposition of the matter he has to bring forward. Half of the solicitation and offensive prolixity which is so common, arises from a want of matter; and the other half from pains which do not bring to the point and luggerous out of place.”—LORD JEFFERS.

LONDON:

WILLIAM BRITAIN, PATERNOSTER ROW,

LEBETHAM, LEEDS; CUTLER, LIVERPOOL; THORLEY, HULL; SQUILF,
LOUTH; MERRY, LYNN; WILLIAM BAYLE, CORNWALL;
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"Truth should never be minced—let it be dealt out in thunder-strokes, and shocks confounding as the lightning fires—men will not listen to oily mouths; you must preach earthquakes, or there will be no earthquake."—TRUTH SEEKER.

"A man fully possessed of his subject, and confident of his cause, may almost always write with vigour and effect if he can get over the temptation of writing finely, and really confine himself to the strong and clear exposition of the matter he has to bring forward. Half of the affectation and offensive pretension we meet with in authors, arises from a want of matter, and the other half from paltry ambition of being eloquent and ingenious out of place."—LORD JEFFERY.

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THE EDITOR'S PLEDGE.*

In the Name, and by the help of God, I will abstain from all Intoxicating Drinks, as a Beverage, or as Medicine, and at the Table of the Lord: likewise from Cigars, Tobacco, and Snuff; and will do my best to rid the world and the Church of these their greatest Curse.

DEDICATION.

TO ALL

TEETOTAL CHRISTIANS,

WHO WITH HEART AND HAND

SUBSCRIBE TO THE ABOVE PLEDGE.

BUT ESPECIALLY TO SAMUEL BRADBURN, ESQ.

This Work is respectfully Inscribed, by

THE EDITORS.

* SUPPLEMENT TO THE EDITOR'S PLEDGE.

AFTER much reading—thinking—and praying on the subject,—and with the full assurance that they injure my health,—I hereby promise to abstain from Tea and Coffee.—*January 11th, 1846.*

P R E F A C E .

IN closing the first volume of our periodical, we congratulate our readers on the steady progress of our good cause in all the nations of the earth.

In Ireland, Father Mathew, Martin, and others, like angels of mercy, are scattering blessings far and near. In America, scores of towns are already without one licensed groggery. Teetotalers in that land of common sense are calling in the strong arm of the law to their aid. Good luck to their efforts. In Scotland, our noble band are waging war to the knife—and the knife to the blade—with whiskey and all other poisons. Most of the mission stations are on fire, and not a few refuse to have any more little drop missionaries stationed amongst them. *All hail!* In our father-land, the good cause not only lives, but moves onward in the proper direction. The old moderation society is considered as the wine merchants and brewers' stronghold—short-pledge teetotalism is nearly hissed off the stage—and mere *expediency* teetotalism is in a galloping consumption. The time is at hand when every cup in which the unclean demon Alcohol lurks (especially if it be the sacramental cup) will be "*labelled with death's head and cross bones.*"

But still, though much is done and is doing, much remains to be done. The four winds of heaven come loaded with sighs and groans, and cry with trumpet voice,—*Fight on*,—past success, present position, and future prospects clip the wings of fear, and strengthen the pinions of our faith for lofty flights. May the God of wisdom guide us all in the right way.

We do not like saying much respecting ourselves, but fashion compels us to say a little. Well, then, to commence (as a kind of apology for all errors, delays, neglects, &c. &c.), we may truly say that we have had a year of great bodily and family affliction; but still, we have led a thousand to the pledge, and one hundred to the cross. If we were so minded, we could produce a long list of private, and some public testimonies in favour of our periodical, but forbear. As to the many errors which the work may contain, we shall not even try to point them out. "The very publication of a work presupposes that the author thinks it worth reading. And surely the charge of ignorance, or vanity, dwindles into insignificance, when compared with that downright and positive *knavery*, to the charge of which, every author must be liable, who publishes a work, and does not think that it possesses some merit." We have, therefore, not only the self esteem, to think that our little work has—may—and will do good; but we have either the *ignorance* or *boldness* to say so. We must now take leave of our readers until January 7th, 1846, when we hope to meet them under very favourable circumstances.

On January 7th, 1846, will be published No. 1, of the *Long-Pledge Teetotaler, and British Washingtonian*,* same size as the *Truth Seeker*, price 2d., to be continued monthly. It will be printed in the Isle of Man, consequently can go post-free to any address in the three kingdoms. Parties wishing to have the work by post, must send 2s. to the editors, and it will be forwarded to any address.

Till then, Farewell,

Teetotal Cottage, Manchester,
November 30th, 1845.

THE EDITOR.

* Agents supplied at the following charges:—12 copies, 1s. 6d.; 25 do. 2s. 9d.; 50 do. 5s.; 100 do. 9s. 6d. paid in advance. Advertisements for the wrapper very low. Warranted circulation, 3,000.

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The Long-Pledge Teetotaler,

AND

EVANGELICAL REFORMER.*

Were the highest hills my platform, and the world my audience; had I the eloquence of a seraph, a life long as Methuselah, and a voice loud as the trumpet of doom, I would sound aloud through Jehovah's boundless empire, that moderation is the parent of drunkenness.

No. 1.

JANUARY, 1845.

Price 1d.—Stamped, 2d.

OPENING ADDRESS.

We have much pleasure in issuing the first number of the Long-Pledge Teetotaler, and Evangelical Reformer.

In addressing our readers for the first time, it will naturally be expected that we explain to them somewhat of our plans, and the mode in which we intend to conduct our DREADNOUGHT PERIODICAL. Perhaps the following, from our prospectus, will fully explain the matter.

The Editors beg leave to tell their readers 1st, WHAT ARTICLES THEY WILL NOT ADMIT:—

1—No Infidelity, Socialism, Unitarianism, Antinomianism, Party-Politics, or Sectarianism.

2—No half-and-half teetotalism—the grounds of *mere expediency will be entirely abandoned.*

3—No short-pledged teetotalism.

4—No pleading for the cup of devils at the table of the Lord.

5—Not a line in favour of drunkards' drink as a medicine.

6—Not a word in praise of tobacco, cigars, or snuff.

7—No milk and water divinity—Arguments against Lord's Day Temperance Meetings.

8—No favorable notices of *Gambling Houses, called Temperance Coffee Houses.* No, no, no.

9—No notices of *mere ORDINARY* meetings.

10—No Advertisements.

2nd.—WHAT THEY DO INTEND TO ADMIT:—

1—Teetotalism, and its close connexion with the revivals of religion will be shown.

2—Numerous strong pointed articles, showing the *sin* (yes, the *sin*) of *making, buying, selling, offering, or drinking the Drunkard's Drink.*

3—Articles on the awful doings of alcohol, including murders, thefts, suicides, &c. &c., committed under its influence.

4—Unceasing war will be carried on with the *demon*, while *allowed to lurk on the altar of God.*

5—Dark sketches of some of the worst (breathing holes of hell) jerry shops will be given in plain language.

6—Strong epistles to conferences, district meetings, quarterly meetings, convocations, associations, annual assemblies, church meetings, leading ministers, &c., on teetotalism.

7—Articles from able *pens*, shewing the absolute necessity of making the teetotal pledge a test of membership into the Christian church.

8—Epistles to Rev. *opponents* and Rev. PLEDGE BREAKERS, *rather strong*, will be given.

* It is the intention of the Editors to issue this work weekly, if 3,000 Subscribers can be obtained.

9—Christians engaged in the unholy traffic will be unmasked.

10—The *names* of those engaged in the *traffic*, the *branches* of the *business*, and the *churches* to which they belong, will, (as well as their place of abode,) appear in large type.

11—Choice poetry, four pages in each number.

12—Notices of all the temperance publications, and the half-and-half editors will be faithfully pointed out.

13—Strong American articles frequently.

14—Articles on education *on real temperance principles*.

15—Strong articles against snuff, tobacco, cigars, opium, laudanum, &c.

16—Tea and coffee will be hinted at frequently.

17—Articles on *early rising*, *late shopping*, *female prostitution*, sketches of the reclaimed, *duelling*, *war*, *female dress*, &c.

Articles on the above, and other topics which Christian temperance advocates may point out, shall be given. *Hard words and hard arguments will be the order of the day,—yet all must be done in a Christian spirit.* Still we shall not mince the matter in the least. "Alcohol, whether exhibited in the wine-bottle, the rum-puncheon, or the beer-barrel, we look upon as an unmitigated evil—the bane of the church, the curse of the world, and the especial calamity of the present age. On this point we have fearful proof, and a settled and solemn conviction.

We shall therefore cease not to denounce its use in every shape and place, and fearlessly assail the opinions and practices by which its destructive ascendancy is upheld. We shall resolutely pursue the enemy into all his haunts of retreat, and unsparingly demolish every excuse behind which he may lie in ambush. We shall seek to demonstrate the incompatibility of the present habits and opinions on this subject, with the well-being of the community, and care not what amount of odium we may excite against the traffic in strong drink, but would gladly scathe the whole system with the lightning-flash of eternal truth, and the thunder-blast of national execration.

Despite all opposition, we shall unshrinkingly exhibit Teetotalism as an essential condition of human happiness—a physical advantage—and a moral duty.

But we hope to demonstrate that convictions so decided, and a zeal thus ardent, may consist with the most sacred regard for those whom we are obliged to designate our opponents."

We know that labors such as ours are sure to provoke hostility—possibly give offence, and bring down opprobrium even from Teetotalers. But we have counted the cost. We believe that the full time has come when the great battle of temperance must be fought on the ground of the Christian church. It does not escape our notice that a vast train of artillery is ready for the battle, though there is a sad want of bold engineers to undertake the siege.* Therefore, in the name of Calvary's royal prince, and in behalf of a plunder'd church and dying world, we declare eternal war with religious traffickers, tipping ministers, and the cup of devils at the table of the Lord; and may God speedily push the battle to the gate.

One word more, and we have done. We have already received promises of liberal support, and a great many able pens are dipt to the feather to write for our pages. Only let our readers and friends exert themselves in order to promote the circulation of the work, and we have no fear as to the results.

The Editors' Teetotal Cottage, Manchester.

December, 1844.

P. S. KIND READER, if you think such a work is needed,

* We thank God for a Lees, a Messer, a Burns, a Lomax, a Grindrod, a Firth, a Inwards, and others.

1—Will you *take* the said work in, write for its pages, obtain subscribers, and do your *best* to spread it *through the land* ?

2—Will you read this number in any of the meetings which you may attend, and then forward it to some long-pledged society or friend, and urge them to do the same ?

3—Will you forward newspapers to the editors when you meet with anything of the dark doings of alcohol?—cut the part you may wish the editors to notice.

4—Will you forward all the preachers' plans you can get, marking the pledged men with T. T ?

5—Will you order six copies monthly, keep one copy, and dispose of the rest ? If a few of our most staunch friends will take twelve copies each for the first month, and send them per post (free) to different parts of the world, they will do essential service to the good cause.

6—Will you forward by post (paid) the names of all the professors in your vicinity engaged in the unholy traffic ?

7—Will you obtain a list of teetotal churches—say when established, number of members, and name of the minister ?

8—Will you say what churches have banished the cup of devils from the table of the Lord ?

9—Will you send all the choice temperance poetry you can meet with or make ?

What thine hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.—*Eds.*

WHAT IS "TIPLING" ?

By a diffusion of knowledge on the nature and properties of intoxicating liquors, a dreadful alarm has been spread among the ranks of certain classes of tipplers, but joy and gladness among the drunkards. Private tippling has exercised so powerful a sway over the respectable circles of society, that it imagines it has secured a kind of patent to an undisputed reign. My lord and my lady have taken their glass in a *respectable way* ;—the merchant—the tradesman—the operative—the preacher—the parson—the priest—the bishop—the clerk—and the grave digger ;—the epicurean—the libertine—the debauchee—the sot—the swindler—the robber : all have taken their glass in a *respectable way*. The "bon ton" of strong drink has established its supremacy, and extended its dominion over its prostrate slaves in all the subordinate ranks of society. By a prerogative of their own assumption, little drop tipplers have denounced teetotalers, for having opened their eyes, as *madmen, atheists, deists, infidels general* and *patchwork christians* ! Never were poor fellows so much belied, and trumpeted forth by the tongue of slander and misrepresentation, as teetotalers, *without their permission, without enquiring whether they liked it, or whether it would affect their characters as men, as citizens, and as christians*. Teetotalers, too, must endure all this in silence, without murmur—yea, without even a wry face ; and, as a reward to these scandal mongers, think them faithful in the performance of their *christian* duty, doing God service. Should a clear-headed teetotaler revolt against this jesuitical domination, he is tabooed from christian intercourse : the welcome eye is turned to the polar star, though advancing southward ; and skulking obstinacy retires from the position of free, generous and manly investigation. We make these remarks, introductory to our enquiry, to shew, that those who are so fond of railing against teetotalers, should take care that their own garments be clean.

From the vitiated state of society, it has virtually become, in the opinion of many, a practical axiom, that christians and ministers can do no wrong ; that

having assumed the office of expounders of God's truth, they possess a species of papal infallibility; that standing so highly elevated, by virtue of their office, above the censorship of human judgment, they are entitled to a species of dictatorialship; and woe be to the luckless wight who may dare to question their expositions, if harmonizing with the vicious customs of society.

We beg to dissent from this doctrine, and to expose error and evil, whether beneath the ermine, the bands, or the cravat. We are, too, in the exercise of the highest duty by doing so. Charity requires it. The strait jacket is for the maniac—the treadmill for the disorderly—the gallows for the murderer—the hulks and penal settlements for the destroyer of his race—the surgeon's knife for the ulcer and shattered limb—the wand for the spoiled child—misery for the wicked—and perdition for the lost. Charity thus blends her common uses through our laws, whether human or divine, to protect the good, and preserve unsnapped the bonds of spiritual relationship and of social order. Therefore, to expose error and evil, by developing their hidden causes, is to perform one of the highest functions of charity. If pernicious customs exist in the body politic, it is the duty of some one to try to expel them. If the legislature will not, the people must; if the priest will not, the layman must; if the christian will not, the moralist must; if the partizan will not, the patriot must. Such customs exist according to the united testimony of all classes. What is to be done, must be done; and it matters little who undertakes the task, provided it be done speedily.

To charge the drinkers of intoxicating liquors with tippling, will, in the estimation of some gentle souls, be, no doubt, monstrously wicked. They will recoil from it as from an inhabitant of the Somnonian regions. We must make the enquiry “nevertheless notwithstanding.”

First.—Intoxicating liquors are taken as a *luxury*, not for *nutrition*. Distilled spirits of all kinds do not contain one particle of nutrition; a glass of wine contains only as much as one-third of a grain of corn; and malt liquors not more than a penny-worth in a gallon, or half a farthing's worth to a pint. In the last two the alcohol counteracts the effects of the nutriment, and renders them noxious beverages. So that all these liquors can be used not for their *nutritious properties*, but as a *luxury*. They are thus used as a token of hospitality, friendship, courtesy, in public and private dinners, and the whole routine of our national usages.

Secondly.—No one can take intoxicating liquors without being affected by them. This is proved from the fact, that every person, in a state of health, unaccustomed to them, instantaneously on drinking them feels their effects. If a person can take them without experiencing any very sensible effect, it shews that they have so far occasioned a disease, which requires its “balm” to raise the system to its wonted tone. This is manifest from the longing desire for the little drop in those persons who regularly take these liquors. This feeling is precisely the same in quality, though less in degree, as the *ankering* of the drunkard for his accustomed quantity, to prepare him for the discharge of his ordinary duties. He takes his glass to rouse his nerves to action, or he quivers like an aspen leaf. Hence, it appears, the boast of little drop men, that they can take a little and *not be affected*, is a gross fallacy and untrue; and hence, there is strong reason for suspecting any such boast as presumptive evidence of dipping freely into alcoholic potations. It is the property of these liquors to act as a diffusible stimulus, resisting the legitimate impulse and authority of nature; and, therefore, when drunk, they must be taken as one means of sensual pleasure, which, in the language of modern refinement, mean “LUXURY.”

Let us advert to the definition of Dr. Johnson: tipple, *v. n.* to drink *luxuriously*; to waste life over the cup—*v. a.* to drink in *luxury* or excess. Thus tipple is predicated of drinking luxuriously, in various degrees, from the little drop man to the sot. We have shewn that these liquors are drunk *as a luxury*, and are always pernicious to persons in health. That luxury or sensual pleasure is experienced in the buoyancy and momentary excitability under their influence; and, therefore, all persons who take intoxicating liquors, are either *little drop tippers*, or *big drop tippers*, with this difference, the latter bathe in the puddle or the street sewer, and the former recline upon their sofa or the arm chair; the actions of the latter are before the public gaze, those of the former unseen. It is quite evident, therefore, between the two classes there is a difference only in degree. The big drop tippers drink till the alcohol has suspended the natural functions of rationality; hence alcohol is the suspender and disorganizer of the human faculties. All those, therefore, who drink alcohol, have, according to the quantity of liquor taken, their rationality disturbed; and, consequently, the little drop tippers sustain a proportionate derangement of their intellects. This is confirmed by the universal testimony of all little drop tippers, who have practised the teetotal principle: *viz.* that they are able to conduct their business more efficiently, their intellects are more collected, and their judgment cooler.

We have thus demonstrated, that little drop tippers are mentally and proportionably deranged by the same agency as the big drop tippers; and, consequently, are in danger of becoming like them. By the exemplification of superior influences through repentance, prayer, and watchfulness, they will be saved from the consequences; but, as the danger, like the sword of Dyonysius, is always suspended, "the prudent man foreseeth the evil, and shunneth it."

Light is fast emitting its rays on this subject; and the time is not far hence, when (as at present shewn) there will be only two classes; when no man will be entitled to be deemed perfectly sober, unless he practice total abstinence.*

At present much ignorance exists; and many think proper to take their drops. We must, therefore, be the more earnest in diffusing information on the most important of all subjects, and urge it with more zeal, greater earnestness, and less truckling to the vicious customs and habits generated by strong drink.

Dr. Firth.

* Finney fearlessly says, "If you can smell a man's breath he is drunk."—*Eds.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Long-Pledge Teetotaler, &c.

"I hate to see things done by halves, if it be right do it boldly, if it be wrong leave it undone." GILPIN.

Rev. and Dear Sirs,

I am always happy to see a good push in the right direction. Our poor world has got sadly wrong, and whenever God raises up bold uncompromising spirits, who are determined to endeavour to do a little to leave the world somewhat better than they found it, it is a matter for sincere rejoicing. I trust your forthcoming teetotal publication will be of the right stamp for rousing the energies of all enlightened, truly British, lion-hearted, and Christian-minded men. Some of our timid half-and-half teetotalers are frightened of our pushing the matter too far! Poor luke-warm souls! They are frightened that truth should hurt itself by running on too fast!—they are frightened that truth should break down because it has acquired such a momentum—so noble and majestic a

force, and therefore they would gag and manacle it! They love truth so tenderly that they would crop its wings, lest it should soar too high! thus they would lay truth grovelling in the dust, while they themselves lay down beside it, and let error ride rough-shod over them. You are well aware, Mr. Editors, that reformers have, in all ages, been annoyed by such obstructive characters. These obstructives come and join the ranks of the reformers, and then they turn round and try to stop the progress of reform. Why don't they stand aloof altogether, if they are not willing to come up to the standard of truth? Why will they not be either cold or hot,—either downright opponents, or thorough-going supporters? I would that they were so, and then the battle would be fought fairly between truth and error. But these truckling cowards come and enlist under the banners of truth, and then they fight for error. So it was in the great Protestant Reformation. The followers of that heroic champion of the truth, John Huss, received far more injury from a set of luke-warm, half-and-half reformers among themselves, than they did from all the opposition of their enemies.

I am glad, however, to see so good a reforming spirit at work in the teetotal ranks. I think, Mr. Editors, your forthcoming publication will be calculated to take up a position which no other periodical has yet occupied. We have got some excellent reforming temperance publications, I allow; but have we one which is at the same time an out-and-out reformer, both evangelical and physical? Most of our publications are neutral on religious matters,—yours will not be so. I am not finding fault with the position which they occupy, a position in which they have accomplished much good; but I think another publication was wanted, which should have definite religious, evangelical principles, as well as thorough-going physical temperance principles. Success, then, to your new undertaking! may prosperity attend the LONG PLEDGED TEETOTALER, AND EVANGELICAL REFORMER!

A TRUTH LOVER.

THE DUTY OF THE CHURCH, IN REFERENCE TO THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.

"The Temperance Reformation, like every thing else that turns man from his iniquities, is the fruit of the Gospel. It has taken its place among that great moral machinery which is fast renovating a fallen world, and restoring man to the love and enjoyment of God."

"The Church, in all her communions, aims at perfect purity; but not in *one*—not even in that of the burning Wesley, who raised his voice with the fidelity of an Apostle against the hydra-headed monster, Intemperance—has she been strictly a Temperance Church. She has *bought, sold, drank, and wiped her mouth*, and said, 'I have done no harm.' And awful has been her desolations through the intoxicating cup."

Where, I ask, should the Church be found on the great subject of Temperance? Her place is in the fore-front of every moral reformation. Neither indolence nor cowardice befit her high vocation. The temperance reformation is a holy enterprise. It was commenced under the influence of the Bible and its holy philanthropy, after the world had abandoned the hope of reform. It began in the Church. Devoted men of God gave it the first impulse. They discovered the grandest principles which ever rewarded the toil of philosophers—that total abstinence would rid the world of its direst curse, its deadliest plague, whose ravages were yearly widening. It was begun in prayer, and I have been surprised that Christians could doubt the propriety of praying in the public meetings connected with this subject. Cease to associate prayer with it, let it swing off to the low grounds of expediency and political economy, and the cause inevitably runs down. We owe all our success to the smiles of

God. Let the church still and perpetually seek their continuance. The church is bound by all her vows and professions, by her covenant obligations, by her duty to man, and to the cause of virtue, to sustain every society which seeks to reform the community by proper means. There are several ways by which she may act in her appropriate sphere in accomplishing this work.

1. *By preaching.* It is the duty of her ministers to exhibit this subject in the light of the Bible and eternity. If it involved a mere question of political economy, affecting the national industry and wealth; if it is a merely medical question of the healthfulness, or unhealthfulness of a certain substance; then it comes not specifically within the scope of the gospel preacher. But if the traffic in intoxicating liquors, and their use as a beverage, is a sin and an enormous sin; if the souls of men are destroyed by this traffic; if its success and extension is the overthrow of religion; if the millenium cannot come while it flourishes; then must the ministers of Christ sound the notes of alarm. They must give a clear and solemn exhibition of the guilt and the everlasting consequences connected with these practices. In fact, I see not how we may expect the discontinuance of a traffic in which so many are interested, unless the public mind is led to contemplate it strongly in its everlasting consequences to drinkers and venders. I know we often hear remarks about going too fast for public sentiment; and I would, that there was as much time as we have now occupied to discuss that point in this connection. There is a plausible, extensive, and mischief-working error concerning it. I would ask this question: Should ministers in preaching, follow public sentiment, keep pace with it, or LEAD OR REFORM IT? If a minister tells the people what they knew before, he may refresh their memories; but he cannot instruct them as a scribe who brings forth new and old. If he tells the people those things are wrong, which they knew to be wrong before he told them, he will not offend them indeed, nor incur the charge of fanaticism. But will he do them any good? If public sentiment is ignorant, who is to enlighten it? If it is wrong, who is to rectify it? Is it not the very business of the prophets of the Lord, the teachers of morality and religion? Must they not show the people, that many things which they received from their fathers, and which are now fashionable and much admired, are nevertheless wicked? Or must they always wait until the people find out through some other source, what is right and what is wrong? So did not Enoch, nor Lot, nor Jeremiah, nor John, nor our Redeemer. Public sentiment was altogether wrong on many important points in morals; yes, and it was defended on those very points, by reference to the Bible; but our Saviour plainly instructed and solemnly rebuked them. To be sure, it did not much increase his popularity. Nor can it, in the nature of the case; to oppose what is popular must be unpopular. But his satisfaction was found in purifying the moral atmosphere, and in saving millions then unborn from error, sin, and eternal ruin. If these principles be correct, we shall benefit you and the cause of temperance but little, if our discourse, snail-paced and cowardly, creep up only as high as public sentiment has reached. It is our duty to gaze into eternity, and borrow the light of that day when the pleadings of custom, and appetite, and interest will not be heard; but truth—clear, simple truth—will try every man's work and character, and fix his destiny. And if any reproaches must come on any class of men for advocating truth, let the leaders receive the first charge.

2. *Conversation and the Press.* The importance of the press is felt by most; and, perhaps, it never was more strongly exhibited than in the progress of this very cause. But it is also important that every thing said by church members on this subject be truth. One professor of religion, by holding out

the idea that the traffic in strong drink is not immoral, may perpetuate the wickedness of many venders to the day of their death, hand it as a legacy to their children, and send many of their fellow-creatures into all the horrors of a drunkard's eternity. "Be not partakers of other men's sins." It is murder, cruel murder, to sell strong drink. Let the church say so, say it in kindness; but say it as if she believed it. With the church and the ministry, more than any other class of men, it rests to enlighten and reform public sentiment. "Ye are the *lights* of the world."

The church sustains it by—

3. *Her practice.* Theory, however correct, will not move the world, if those who advocate it contradict it by their practice. If the traffic is murder, how can church members continue to buy and sell it? I only ask the conscience of the church, and the common sense of the world. If the church is the light of the world, *what kind of light does that member hold out who sells alcohol?* The light of an *ignis fatuus*: it *shines to decoy and destroy.* The point is settled, that so long as religion is respected, the world will not rise above the church in morals. One professor of religion, who is consistent in other respects, by continuing to vend this poison, may quiet the conscience, and harden the heart of fifty others in a town like this, and be an effectual shield to guard them from the truth. "Be not partakers of other men's sins."

The church is bound

4. *To purify herself.* It is a murderous traffic, or it is immoral even on any other ground? then how can any christian church admit to its bosom, and welcome as a faithful, obedient disciple of Jesus Christ, one who continues in it? As a pastor, I could not welcome to our communion and christian fellowship such a person. This has been viewed as very high and untenable ground: I cannot see one inch below it a footing for consistency; I shall be thankful, if it be there, to find it. If there be a vender in the bosom of your church, labour with him in love, pray for him, weep for him; but, oh, leave him not until he has abandoned the cruel, guilty traffic. If he does not, see where he will stand in the judgment day. Jesus Christ will arraign a poor trembling culprit, and say to him, "I was sick, and in prison, and hungry, and your crime is, that you never visited nor fed me." "Lord, when?" he inquires. "In that poor creature and that: depart, therefore, accursed, into everlasting fire." Then he will turn to this vender, and say, "Come, blessed of my father; for I was sick, and you visited; hungry, and you fed me."—"When?" he inquires Jesus points to the same as before. What will the condemned wretch think of justice, when he recognizes in these very beings, those whom this church member had made drunkards—whose drunkenness caused their sickness, imprisonment, and hunger? The crime of one was, he had not attended to them after they were sick and hungry; but the virtue of the other was, that he not only had not regarded their wretchedness after it had existed, but he was the grand, voluntary, selfish author of it all, in the midst of light and rebukes. Oh! tell it not in Gath, that such are the hopes of Christians!

Vender of alcohol!—Go and write upon every vessel containing this substance, "*Thou shalt not kill!*" and may the finger of God write upon your heart, "*No murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.*"

REV. KIRK ALBANY.

LONDON:—W. Brittain, Paternoster-Row. Country Agents must send a remittance, in advance, to the PRINTERS, at the rate of 6s. per hundred. All communications for the Editors, Teetotal Cottage, Manchester, must be sent, *post paid.* Any person enclosing letter stamps, may have the work per post.

Ellerby and Cheetham, Printers, 34, Oldham Street, Manchester.

The Long-Pledge Teetotaler, AND EVANGELICAL REFORMER.

"I do not believe that any man living, unless when really received as a medicine, can partake of strong drinks, and offer God thanks for them as such, without being GUILTY OF PROFANITY."—*Rev. W. J. Shrewsbury, Wesleyan Minister.*

No. 2.

FEBRUARY, 1845.

Price 1d.—Stamped, 2d.

DRUNKARD'S WINE AT THE LORD'S TABLE.*

A LETTER TO DR. FIRTH, OF HULL.

DEAR SIR,

At the conclusion of my last letter, I promised to send you a few remarks on the sacramental wine question. In doing so, I shall no doubt incur the displeasure of those who condemn all agitation upon the subject. If it can be shown that the practice of using alcoholic wine, at the Lord's Supper, is *seemly, proper, and scriptural*, I will join them in condemning the agitation of this question. Various attempts have been made to shew that there is no necessity for a change, but I think there are very few persons who will maintain that the unfermented juice of the grape is an unsuitable emblem of the blood of Christ. They may contend for the propriety of continuing the present practice, but they surely will not have the temerity to assert, that the newly expressed, or inspissated juice of the grape, is not the "fruit of the vine." If there are any such individuals, I hope they will carefully re-examine the subject, and endeavour to overthrow the arguments which you and others have so ably urged in favour of a change. After much consideration, I am fully persuaded that these arguments are sound and irrefragable. This will be admitted by many who are teetotalers, but not disposed to take any steps to effect the desired object. In the discussion of this question, we have, therefore, to deal with teetotal members of christian churches, as well as those who are not teetotalers. We are desirous to have the subject thoroughly canvassed, and that this should be done in a manly and christian spirit. We live in exciting times, and this is an exciting theme; but let us endeavour to preserve a calm and even temper; let us cultivate a love of truth, and be more anxious, as has been well said, "*that we should be on the side of truth*, rather than truth should be on our side." In maintaining the truth, on any particular subject, we may be pronounced as ultra and extravagant, but this is not the way to convince us of what some may deem error, and bring us over to their side. "We are come," says Isaac Taylor, "to no easy and gentle mood of the world's history; this is not the hour of leisure and soft persuasion: whoever does not speak boldly, had better not speak at all. Nothing can now avail the cause of truth, but the courage which truth ought to inspire." Let us bear this weighty observation in mind in the discussion of this question, in the advocacy of the great principles and objects of the temperance reformation; and in urging the claims of every institution, based upon sound principles and calculated to improve and benefit society.

* We have received upwards of twenty epistles from America on this most solemn subject, and should our Periodical be called for weekly, we shall give the whole of them entire. The unclean devil must be driven from God's holy altar. Let ten thousand swords be drawn to pierce the monster. Teetotal Christians—agitate—agitate—agitate. Spread by thousands Firth's Sacramental Wine Question.—*Eds.*

Consistency demands an expression of opinion upon this subject. Many of the opponents of teetotalism, have charged us with inconsistency in taking, at the Lord's Table, that which we consider unfit for our own. They either gravely assume that the eucharist was established with alcoholic wine, or content themselves with adducing arguments which have been repeatedly and satisfactorily answered. This *supposed* fact is, then, considered a proof of the wholesomeness of alcoholic drinks as a beverage! But how is the charge of inconsistency established? By an appeal to our views respecting the poisonous character of alcoholic drinks. To use such an article, *as an emblem of the blood of Christ*, is indeed inconsistent; and I should be glad to know how those teetotalers who believe, on what they consider good evidence, that alcohol is a poison, can justify the present practice, and shew their own consistency in conforming to it. I am aware that these opponents consider the present custom right and proper, but they can easily perceive that, with our views, it is inconsistent to use the intoxicating cup to represent that blood which is said to cleanse from all sin. Is it not right to learn from an enemy?

Again, the present practice (as you have shewn in your *Essay*,) gives support to that traffic which is inimical to the best interests of society. It may be asked, does that part of the traffic produce any evil results? It does, if it can be shewn that the custom of using alcoholic wine at the Lord's Table, countenances and encourages its use for dietetic, social, and festive purposes. That this is the fact, is evident from the admissions of many who oppose the change, not because the ordinance would not be properly celebrated with unfermented wine, but *because its abandonment at this ordinance would condemn their conduct in using it at their own table*. I might enlarge upon this argument, but it is unnecessary. Suffice it to say, that every wine merchant may justly vindicate his business by an appeal to this practice. Let christians reflect and inquire, is it not our duty to abandon a practice which sanctions the dealing in an article which is spreading disease, crime, and death, and which may be justly denominated liquid fire? It will not do to talk of the small quantity required for sacramental purposes. The quantity annually consumed is greater than many persons suppose; but were it less than it is, the same principle would be involved. It is not so much the extent of support which it gives to the traffic, but its giving any at all that requires its condemnation.

This question has been attracting increased attention during the last twelve months. Sooner or later, it must become a subject for their deliberation by the various christian churches throughout the length and breadth of the land. Some may look upon such an expectation as vain and delusive; but, when I look at the opposition first raised to the other great and important movements, and their subsequent spread, I feel persuaded that we have nothing to fear. Let us diffuse correct information on the wines of scripture; and in this way endeavour to remove that ignorance which is one of the greatest barriers to the proposed change. I do not think that it is necessary, except under peculiar circumstances, to introduce the subject at our regular meetings. By the spread of the various publications, on this subject, we may do much to produce a conviction of the necessity and importance of returning to what we conceive to be the primitive mode of commemorating the death of Christ. We may be accused of undervaluing the ordinance itself, and drawing attention from its design to one of the elements. We shall be branded as disturbers of christian churches, and schismatics. These, and other calumnies, we may expect; but let us not, however our motives and objects may be misrepresented, be deterred from discharging our duty. Above all, let us endeavour at all times to manifest a christian spirit. Whilst determined not to sacrifice principle, let us give no

just cause for offence by the manner in which we advocate and maintain our views.

I have for several years been convinced of the impropriety of using the intoxicating wine at the Lord's Table, but I did not at first think there would be so much opposition to its banishment as has been manifested already. It appears to be a greater stronghold of the enemy than I at first thought. That he will be ultimately driven from his position, firm as it now appears, I have no doubt whatever. On some future occasion, I may return to the subject. With best wishes for the success of your efforts to suppress intemperance, and all the customs by which it is supported,

I remain, Dear Sir, yours truly,

Leeds.

J. ANDREW, JUN.

THE HOLY RUMSELLER'S DIARY.

"December 26.—Up early this morning to give morning drams to thirsty soakers who had been powerfully refreshed last night, being Christmas; my son told me that, in three hours, he heard two hundred blasphemies in our shop; strange that people keep all their newly-coined oaths to swear them off in my shop.

"December 30.—Lost two of my customers to day, one by delirium tremens, the other by a drunken fall; a coroner's inquest was held on the first, and a verdict returned, '*Died by the visitation of God;*' the god Bacchus, I suppose.

"December 31.—On this last day of the year led to make a few reflections; very odd that so many of my customers desert me for the workhouse, and some for the madhouse; wonder what will become of the poor fellow who went from my counter, and set fire to his neighbour's cornstack; hope he won't go the same road as my old couple, poor creatures, who cut the lodger's throat to sell his body for drink, for I should lose his custom.

"N. B. Attended to day the funerals of two good customers, who complained of a pain in the side; some say they died of a liver complaint; cannot understand how my eldest son, only eighteen, has become a drunkard, though I gave him good advice, not to drink spirits at all, except the least drop in the world; very awkward that no medicine cures my eyes; so that I wear goggles: Joshua Mim, the Quaker, had the impudence to tell me, '*If thee would wear goggles on thee mouth instead of thee eyes, thee eyes would get better.*' While so many old customers are dying off, happy to see their places filled by sons and daughters, imitating their parents nobly in supporting a trade countenanced by the best in the land, and *licensed as honest and honorable by the wise laws of my country.*"

"January 1.—Five of our dear ministers took supper and spent the evening with me; I was much pleased to see them drink so freely of my best rum, and hear them laugh so heartily at the silly teetotalers; I presented the Rev. Dr. N.— with fifty pounds* towards the holy mission cause, and I intend to give one hundred pounds next year, if the ministers continue to frown upon teetotalism as they have hitherto done."

January 5th.—We had a glorious time, especially at the prayer meeting after the evening service. After I had prayed three or four times, an insulting teetotal local preacher handed me a note as follows:—

THE DRUNKARD-MAKER'S PRAYER.—Sir, I send you a specimen of the way in which I would pray were I a drunkard maker: for it is impossible I could pray

* It smells of blood.—Eds.

as a Christian. How could I pray for the prosperity of Christ's kingdom, when by my traffic I am doing all in my power to destroy that kingdom? How can I pray for the destruction of Satan's kingdom, when by my traffic I am doing all in my power to promote the kingdom of darkness? How could I pray for the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, when by my traffic I am doing all in my power to quench that Spirit? How could I say thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven? I could use none of these petitions but in the grossest hypocrisy. I must therefore pray after this manner:—Lord, I beseech thee send shoals of drunkards to my drunkery; let them come early every morning, having their pockets well filled with silver and gold; may they drink, yea drink abundantly; and when their money is all spent, let them go or be carried home, and let their places be quickly supplied by others, equally well provided; and thy servant will bless thee for evermore. Amen.

January 12.—After I had preached a sermon against murder, a busy teetotal minister slipped the following into my hand:—

“Neither may we gain by hurting our neighbour *in his body*. Therefore, we may not sell any thing which tends to impair health. Such is eminently all that liquid fire, commonly called drams, or spirituous liquors. It is true, these may have a place in medicine; they may be of use in some bodily disorder; (although there would rarely be occasion for them, were it not for the unskillfulness of the practitioner.) Therefore, such as prepare and sell them only for this end, may keep their conscience clear. But who are they? Who prepare them only for this end? Do you know ten such distillers in England? Then excuse these. But all who sell them in the common way, to any that will buy, are poisoners-general. They murder his Majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell, like sheep; and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them—the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there: the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, O thou man of blood, though thou art ‘clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day,’ canst thou hope to deliver down thy fields of blood to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in heaven; therefore thy name shall be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed, body and soul, ‘thy memorial shall perish with thee.’—*Wesley's Works, vol. 6.—Sermon 50, page 128, third edition.*

(To be continued.)

TWENTY-FOUR IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

1. Is a tee-total magistrate acting consistently with his pledge, when he signs a poison vender's license?—*To W. Bentley, Esq., America.*
2. Are distillers, maltsters, brewers, wine and spirit merchants, publicans, jerry-lords, &c., as great a curse to the church and to the world as slave-dealers, highway-men, and the keepers of gambling-houses, brothels, theatres, &c. &c.?—*To G. E. Lomax.*
3. Has the Almighty ever shortened the days of man below one hundred and twenty years?—*To T. A. Smith.*
4. Should tee-total christians attend or support a little-drop ministry?—*To T. Harris, Esq.*

5. Should tee-totalism be made a test of membership in the christian church—if so, why?—*To Rev. T. J. Messer.*

6. Is it a *sin* for christians to use drunkard's drink in moderation? If so, why?—*To James Tear, Preston.*

7. Should a tee-total advocate, or christian minister, smoke or take snuff? If not, why?—*To J. Inwards, Esq.*

8. How many tee-totaler's tickets did the Rev. — Rule, of Lynn, tear up? Why did he tear them? And what is the Rev. Gentleman doing to split the circuit?—*To any of the Teetotal Wesleyans in the Lynn circuit who dare inform us.*

9. Can a long-pledged teetotaler take the cup of devils at the table of the Lord without violating his pledge?—*To J. Andrew, Esq.*

10. Is teetotalism a help or a hindrance to revivals of religion in America?—*To Rev. J. Caughey.*

11. How should Lord's-day temperance meetings be conducted?—*To Rev. David Thomas.*

12. Should teetotalers petition the Queen and the two houses of parliament, to put a stop to the sale of drunkard's drink?—*To Joseph Sturge, Esq.*

13. Were the three anti-teetotal resolutions, passed at the Wesleyan conference, 1841, christian or anti-christian? If anti-christian, why so?—*To Dr Firth.*

14. Can drunkard's drink be dispensed with, even as a medicine?—*To Drs. Courtney, Syder, Grindrod, Higginbottom, and Oxley.*

15. Should the dread of dividing the Christian church prevent teetotalers from agitating the sacramental wine question?—*To Dr. Firth.*

16. Is it in any way inconsistent with female modesty for women to advocate the cause of temperance publicly?—Is it done in America?—If so, with what success?—*To J. S. Buckingham, Esq.*

17. Can a real out-and-out teetotal, physical, moral reform training school be set on foot, and supported?—And in what way?—*To G. Wilson, Esq.*

18. Can an infant be made drunk with its mother's milk, if she be an excessive drinker?—*To Dr. Grindrod, and Thomas Smeeton, Esq.*

19. Should strong, plain, pointed temperance epistles be sent to the Rev. Drs. Bunting, Newton, Harris, Raffles, &c.?—If so, please write them?—*To Rev. John Stamp.*

20. Are little drop persons fit to teach teetotal children in a Sabbath school?—If not, show strong reasons why?—*To W. Inwards, Esq.*

21. Are teetotal ministers doing their duty, while they remain silent on the subject of temperance, in the pulpit?—If not, what is their duty?—*To the secretary and committee of the Bradford long-pledge teetotal society.*

22. Should teetotal parents send their children to little drop school masters?—*To S. Catton, Esq.*

23. Should a wholesale brewer take the chair at a home missionary meeting?—If not, say why?—*To Rev. T. J. Messer.*

24. Is rechabitisism a help or a hinderance to teetotalism?—*To D. Morris, Esq.*

Will the talented gentlemen, to whom the above questions are propounded, favour us with strong, plain, pointed answers.—*Eds.*

GLORIOUS NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

Our American Correspondent has recently sent us a very large stock of Temperance publications, full of the most soul-stirring information. Several articles on the soul-damning traffic we shall give entire as soon as possible; likewise articles respecting the

cup of devils at the Lord's table. In the mean time, we think it right to inform our readers of a few cheering facts which we have gathered from the said publications.

- 1.—Near two thousand churches have banished drunkard's wine from the holy ordinance, and the number is increasing weekly.
 - 2.—Out of two thousand ministers in the North, nineteen hundred and fifty are sober men, (teetotalers.)
 - 3.—Scores of towns, hamlets, cities, and villages, are without one devil's slaughter house. (We mean places where drunkard's drink is sold.)
 - 4.—Hundreds of churches refuse to support tippling ministers.
 - 5.—The Wesleyans in America are up to boiling point in the holy cause of sobriety.
 - 6.—The trumpet-tongued press is earnest in the teetotal cause.
 - 7.—All ministers who tipple at all, are **BRANDED** with the true and proper **BRAND—DRUNKARD**.
 - 8.—Teetotal magistrates are refusing to sign a poison vender's *license*; nay, they violate their pledge, in that land of common sense and common honesty, if they do *sign such license*.
 - 9.—Several ladies of family and influence have become public advocates of the good cause.
 - 10.—The Methodists are expelling rumsellers who will not give up the murderous business.
 - 11.—Malsters, Brewers, Wine and Spirit Merchants, Publicans, &c., are already classed with the worst of characters.
 - 12.—Women who drink wine are classed with harlots.
 - 13.—Parents who set up their children as retailers for the devil, (to sell poison) are branded as soul-murderers.
 - 14.—Teetotalers, who give the infernal stuff to their friends, are considered worse than drunkards.
 - 15.—Gentlemen teetotalers, who will not work in the cause, are called drones in the hive.
 - 16.—Reformed drunkards, who refuse to help on that cause which has saved them, are very justly termed thieves and robbers.
- But our readers will prefer to see the American articles in print. Well, let three thousand of them give orders for our periodical **WEEKLY**, and they shall see them.—*Eds.*

IRELAND.

From the latest reports which have come to hand, we gather that teetotalism is spreading its full-fledged wings; and, like an angel of mercy, brooding o'er that once whiskey-drowned country. Long life to Father Mathew and Grandfather Martin.—*Eds.*

SCOTLAND.

Work, WORK, WORK, is the fashion amongst the Scotch teetotalers for the entire year of 1845. May English cold-water men put on the same dress.—*Eds.*

ENGLAND.

- 1.—G. E. Lomax, the Manchester champion, is dealing out some heavy death-blows to the human butchers, (traffickers.)
- 2.—James Tear is going on at rail-road speed.
- 3.—Dr. Firth has dipt his mighty pen again. Let Rev. tiplers take heed.
- 4.—Dr. F. R. Lees, the champion of England, bids fair to conquer the world in his "Truth Seeker."
- 5.—Mrs. Stamp has recently given the pledge to upwards of one thousand, most of them professors of religion.
- 6.—The Editors of the London Temperance Journal still keep up to high water mark, (weekly.) *Do, do, DO* take it in.
- 7.—Rev. T. J. Messer still keeps his place in the fore ranks as the pastor of the first teetotal church in England. A friend offers five shillings towards his portrait, who will say ditto.
- 8.—J. Inwards still lives, although burnt to death (in effigy) by a Rev. Wesleyan brewer.—*Eds.*

REVIEWS.

- 1.—The **HOVEL**, the **HOUSE**, and the **PALACE**—a Temperance Allegory, by that noble champion, in our good cause, Mr. Thomas Smeeton, is above all praise. We are quite bankrupt for language to set forth half the merits of this penny portion. We venture to

prophecy that one million copies of this tract will be called for within five years from this time. Let rich teetotalers scatter them by thousands.

2.—**HOW TO PRESERVE THE HOUSE I LIVE IN.** This is a tract from the pen of the immortal Dr. Courtney, Ramsgate. It is the very cream of common sense. Dr. Johnson's Letters to brother John are dirt cheap at 7s. What then shall we say to Dr. Courtney for giving us a ten times better book for one penny? If a copy of the above tract was read and acted upon in every family in the land, more than one-half of the aches and pains of mankind would speedily take their flight. Both these soul-stirring tracts are from the press of Westbrook and Isaac, Northampton.

3.—**THE OLD METHODIST REVIVALIST.** We find the above work contains six lectures on entire sanctification, (by the Rev. J. Caughey, from America,) with notes appended from all the best writers in the great Methodist family. 25 Skeletons of Sermons, 20 Spiritual Letters, 80 Revival Hymns, and not a little out-and-out teetotalism.—*Published by Britain.*

4.—**THE METHODIST LOCAL PREACHERS' COMPANION,** by Ministers of the Old School. All we can say at present respecting the work is, that we think every Methodist Local Preacher in the land should make haste and read it. It is full of teetotal and revival glory.—*Published by Britain.*

5.—**DR. FIRTH ON DRUNKARD'S WINE AT THE LORD'S TABLE.** Should no other writer ever dip his pen on the Sacramental Wine Question, this pamphlet alone will drive the demon from God's holy altar.

6.—**RULE'S BRIEF ENQUIRY RESPECTING WINE.** If the wine merchants of Norfolk do not present this sober follower of John Wesley with a gold cup, *shame! shame! shame!* upon them.

TOBACCO AND SNUFF.

The customs of the country are so numerous, that to a careless observer they may appear in general isolated and harmless, but, on careful examination, they will be found both numerous and hostile to the spread of morality. If we enter a public room, we meet with fumes of tobacco which half choke us. The pure breath of heaven is contaminated, and we are compelled to inhale the noxious cloud. Strutting about with a pipe two feet long, the devotee measures his dignity by the magnitude of his puffs; and often have we witnessed more consequence under the use of the pipe than the most splendid effort of genius. Were the custom confined to men, it would be less pernicious. Mushroom of lads, fancying the pipe the measure of a man, must smoke to prove their manhood; and boys too imitating their MAJORES follow in the rear: thus is that nauseous, filthy practice perpetuated; and unless an effort be made to bring it into disrepute, we shall soon be as bad as the Chinese. One man says, he would rather have a pipe of tobacco than his tea; another, he cannot sleep without it; another, he cannot think without it; another, he cannot arrange his plans without it; another, it gives him an appetite: any thing as an excuse to justify the dirty habit. Whilst one person is puffing away, and almost hiding himself from mortal ken, another is rolling a quid about in his mouth, and expatiating upon its delicious flavour. A third is snuffing and cramming up his nostrils what is not fit for certain long-eared quadrupeds. These habits are intimately connected with the ale bench. If a man is everlastingly parching his mouth, he must have something to drink. The human system is like the green fields: if there is no moisture to refresh the ground, the green herbage is soon transformed into a barren waste. The fluids of the body being dried up by unnatural causes, the system must be replenished. Let us at once abandon this nauseous practice. Smoking and snuff taking are but approaches to barbarism, and the remains of the old drinking system. We are persuaded, when teetotalism becomes universal, smoking and snuff taking will be supplanted by intellectual conversation and more rational amusement.—*Dr. Firth.*

TEA AND WHISKEY MEETING, MANCHESTER.

Messrs. Editors,

The stewards of a chapel not fifty miles from Bridgewater-street, have just had a Tea Meeting. Whether they were short of cream or not, I cannot tell; but it is well known that they sent for a gallon of whiskey. Do, Messrs. Editors, urge the said stewards to send for the next gallon they want rather more sly, and tell them to call a special leaders' meeting to try that teetotal leader who has let puss out of the bag.

January, 1845.

A TEETOTALER.

See Wesley's rules on dram drinking.—Eds.

THE RUMSELLER'S DREAM.

WELL, wife, this is too horrible! I cannot continue this business any longer.

Why, dear, what's the matter now?

Oh, such a dream, such a rattling of dead men's bones, such an army of starved mortals, so many murderers, such cries and shrieks and yells, and such horrid gnashing of teeth and glaring of eyes, and such blazing fire, and such devils. Oh! I cannot endure it! My hair stands on end, and I am so filled with horror I can scarcely speak. Oh, if ever I sell rum again!

My dear, you are frightened.

Yes, indeed, am I, another such a night will I not pass for worlds.

My dear, perhaps—

Oh, don't talk to me. I am determined to have nothing more to do with rum, any how. Only think! Tom Wilson came to me with his throat cut from ear to ear, and such a horrid gash, and it was so hard for him to speak, and so much blood; and, said he, see here Joe, the result of your rumselling. My blood chilled at the sight, and just then the house seemed to be turned bottom up; the earth opened and a little imp took me by the hand, saying, follow me. As I went, grim devils held out to me cups of liquid fire, saying, drink this. I dared not refuse. Every draught set me in a rage. Serpents hissed on each side and from above, reached down their heads and whispered, RUMSELLER. On and on, the imp led me through a narrow pass. All at once he paused and said, are you DRY? Yes, I replied. Then he struck a trap door with his foot, and down, down we went, and legions of fiery serpents rushed after us, whispering, RUMSELLER, RUMSELLER. At length we stopped again, and the imp asked me as before, are you DRY? Yes, I replied. He then touched a spring—a door flew open. What a sight. There were thousands, aye, millions of old worn-out rum-drinkers, crying most piteously, rum, give me some rum! When they saw me, they stopped a moment to see who I was. Then the imp cried out, so as to make all shake again, RUMSELLER! and hurling me in, shut the door. For a moment they fixed their ferocious eyes upon me, and then uttered in a united yell—DAMN HIM!—which filled me with such terror, I awoke. There, wife, dream or no dream, I will never sell another drop of that infernal stuff. I will no longer be accessory to the miseries that come upon men in consequence of the traffic in intoxicating drinks. I will not—*Middlesex Washingtonian.*

LONDON:—W. Brittain, Paternoster-Row. Country Agents must send a remittance, in advance, to the PRINTERS, at the rate of 6s. per hundred. All communications for the Editors, Teetotal Cottage, Manchester, must be sent, *post paid*. Any person enclosing letter stamps, may have the work per post.

The Long-Pledge Teetotaler,

AND

EVANGELICAL REFORMER.

Resolved—"That this synod decidedly disapproves of the practice of using intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, by ministers of the gospel, and regards all who are guilty of it, as justly deserving of the severest censure from the body to which they belong."—*German Reformed Church, Ohio, 1844.*

No. 3.

MARCH, 1845.

Price 1d.—Stamped, 2d.

TEETOTAL EPISTLES TO LEADING MINISTERS.

No. 1.*—TO DR. R. NEWTON.

Reverend and dear Sir,

May peace, joy, faith, hope, love, holiness, and every grace of God's Holy Spirit be your portion in life, and through the blood of the cross may you have victory in death—a part in the first resurrection—shelter in the day of doom, when this world and its lumber is given to the flames, and glory, honour, immortality and eternal life in the kingdom of your Father and God for ever. Amen. Doubtless some apology ought to be offered by me, and will be expected by thousands, for thus addressing a minister of your standing in the church. I am not fond of apologies on ordinary occasions, but this is an extraordinary occasion, so I offer the following:—

1. I have felt a deep impression on my soul for five years and upwards, thus to address you through the medium of the trumpet-tongued press.

2. I believe, before God, that no other minister living has travelled so many miles, preached so many sermons, and collected so much money for the holy cause of Christian missions, as yourself. Why I make this as an apology, you shall hear by and by.

3. The amazing influence which God has given you in the Methodist world.

4. I am most anxious that the Wesleyan Mission Fund should increase a hundred fold, and, ere I close this epistle, I will show you how *you* may accomplish so desirable an object.

5. I gather from the plainest signs of the times, that a most serious division is threatening the Wesleyan connexion in England, *and I can point out the way by which you may prevent it.*

6. The momentous subject to be treated upon.

Such, Rev. Sir, are my apologies for addressing you. But I have heard you say, on the missionary platform, more than once, that you did not like apologies. You once said to the Rev. Thomas Galland, at a missionary meeting in Lincolnshire, "Don't beat the bushes so long, my brother, tell the people what you mean at once; tell them what you want—why you want it, and when you want it; and if it be a reasonable scriptural request, they will at once comply with it."

I will, therefore, Rev. Sir, cease apologising, and in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I will now tell you plainly,—First, What I wish you to do, (and millions join me in the wish.) Second, Why I wish you to do it. Third, The glorious effect which your compliance with such a wish would have upon yourself, the church, and the world. Fourth, I will tell you plainly

* No. 2.—To Dr. Harris—will appear shortly.

and faithfully what I fear will be the sad results, if you say nay to my urgent request.

1. Then I am most anxious that you should sign the teetotal pledge without delay.

2. Use your influence to get the three anti-teetotal resolutions, which were passed at the conference of 1841, rescinded.

3. Spread the God-like principles of temperance in every place that you may be called to visit.

4. Do your best to suppress the jerry-lord pleasing pamphlets of Stanley, Osborne, Bromley, Turner, Rule, &c.

5. Write articles frequently on temperance in the Watchman Newspaper, Wesleyan Magazine, and other periodicals.

I admit that it is an easy matter to ask a man to do a thing, but often not so easy a matter to assign any thing like a reason why he should do it. But, if I am not greatly mistaken, I can assign sufficient reasons why you should comply with my urgent request.

1. I ask you to give up the drunkard's drink for the sake of your own health. I pray that you may renew your strength like the eagle—live long to preach Jesus—advocate the cause of missions—help to steer the Wesleyan ship, and lead thousands to the cross; but this you cannot do, to the same extent, if you take any portion of intoxicating drink, **ESPECIALLY BRANDY**. Unless God works miracles, and he does not in such cases, no man can take alcohol into his system without shortening his days. This is no random declaration, but true as the book of God, so says the cream of the medical faculty in England, Ireland, Scotland, France, America, &c. &c. Thousands of ministers who once took the poison, in ignorance, have given it up, and now they bless God for almost new bodies. Will you sign for your health's sake?

2. I urge you to sign, and give your influence to the temperance cause, for the sake of deathless blood-bought souls. No minister, with the influence which you possess, can stand aloof from the temperance cause, without his hands being red with blood. I write it with solemn trembling, but, I believe from my soul, that there are thousands now in hell who might, and would have been in glory, if you had given your example and influence on the side of temperance ten years ago. Every step a man with your influence takes, he treads on strings that shall for ever sound, and is it not of importance whether such sounds plead for **GOOD** or **EVIL**? It is my settled opinion that you cannot drink a single glass of wine without damning souls. Will you, for the sake of souls, be a teetotaler? Oh what tipling you have it in your power to prevent! Oh what backslidings you will prevent, if you will only sign! Oh the tears you will dry! Oh the rags you will displace! Oh the houses you will furnish! Oh the chapels you will fill! Oh the millions you will put into the Lord's coffers! Look at a Messer, Burns, Holt, Shrewsbury, Sherman, Jay, Pye Smith, &c. &c. See the good they have each done, and yet they all put together do not possess one tithe of the influence which heaven has given you.

3. Will you comply for the sake of the mission cause? You have already convinced the world that you have the cause of missions at heart. You have ever been ready to sacrifice home, ease, honour, comfort, and family to preach, pray, weep, plan, and beg for it. Suffer me, dear Sir, in the name of Jesus, and on behalf of millions of dying heathens to ask, **WILL YOU SACRIFICE YOUR GLASS OF WINE, AND YOUR GLASS OF BRANDY, for that holy cause?** When the collections on behalf of your missions rose to one hundred thousand per annum, you rejoiced, as those that take great spoil, and thousands of good men rejoiced with you; but, Rev. Sir, you have it in your power to raise the

annual income to millions. Will you then sign the pledge for the sake of the mission cause? Will you think upon the subject? Will you pray over it? Will you adopt our principles? Will you do it now? You need not FEAR, the ground is good—the BIBLE is a TEETOTAL BIBLE, and METHODISM, as established by JOHN WESLEY, is TEETOTAL METHODISM.—(see Shrewsbury.)

Thousands of ministers, doctors, poets, statesmen, &c. have tried the plan, and pronounced it good, yea, very good. It is known that upwards of one hundred thousand, once wretched drunkards, have not only been reclaimed, but led to the cross of a dying God, and are now united with the church below, and bid fair to join the church above. Nearly all the ministers of Christ in America are with us. The Methodists, in that land of revivals, stand in the fore ranks, and the blessed consequence is, they average one hundred and twenty thousand increase annually. "All hail!" I would fain draw my epistle to a close, but I feel that I must tell you what will be the consequence if you refuse to lend your powerful aid to the temperance cause. First, I think you will cause a most serious rent in the connexion, and, if so, it is my settled opinion that tens of thousands will leave the body, and God will see that the guilty party bear the blame. Already you have had warnings of the gathering storm. Witness Cornwall, Bingham, Leeds, Malton, St. Albans, Lynn, and several other places. Thousand of teetotalers in your society are quite weary of meeting in class with *wicked spirit merchants, wine merchants, brewers, jerry-lords, &c.* I tell you, as a friend, that thousands are on the eve of stopping all supplies—they mean to introduce true temperance into every official meeting, and woe be that minister that shall commence the work of wholesale expulsion. Thousands of your members already refuse to take of the poisoned cup at the Lord's table. They have hitherto gone to other churches to partake of the holy supper, or have kept away entirely, almost at the sacrifice of conscience; but, Sir, the great question must and will be mooted; the church must and will be agitated, if she still gives her influence on the side of drunkenness. The sober part of your people will not support a wine-drinking ministry much longer. If a minister, in America, drinks a glass of wine, he runs the awful hazard of losing his character as well as his pulpit; and the Wesleyan teetotalers in England are coming up to the same standard as fast as possible. The full time has come when the great battle of temperance must be fought on the ground of the Christian church. Mere expediency teetotalism is one of moderation's blunders, and the laugh of jerry-lords. Is it a sin to drink drunkard's drink or not, that is the question? If to injure our health, throw away God's money—squander precious time—set a bad example—give our influence on the side of drunkenness, and do our best to prevent the cause of true sobriety spreading through the land—I say, if to do these things make up a sin, then every minister who takes one glass of drunkard's drink in a month, is a sinner. Do you say this displays a sad want of charity, I only reply, that it is ten times more charitable than the Wesleyan Conference was, when it pronounced slavery sinful. The fact is, the monster reptile must be ferreted out of the church. To prevent a serious split in the Wesleyan Societies, will you sign the pledge? See how Bishop Andrews has split the Methodist societies in America by clinging to slavery in moderation, and the Methodist ministers in England will do the same, if they tipple much longer; but, Sir, you have the power to make and keep peace. Sign the pledge, and spread our principles through your Israel, and hundreds and thousands will rally under the same spotless white banner. In addition to the above, the cause of missions will receive a fatal wound from your refusal to sign the pledge; nay, your love and zeal for that cause will be called into question; and how can it be otherwise, when

you have the power to increase the annual income to millions? I say, if you refuse, then your zeal and love, after all your toil, will stand in a very doubtful light. You have men, money, and influence in your wide-spreading connexion, to mission the world with. One of your own members has said, "That he fears the Wesleyans, under the British conference, spend annually in drunkard's drink, cigars, tobacco, and snuff, upwards of two millions of money." Oh that your missionary committee had hold of this mighty sum! Do, Rev. Sir, sign the pledge, and try to turn this golden tide into a holy channel. The Macedonian cry comes swelling on every breeze—sign the pledge. Hark! methinks the angels of God sing—sign the pledge. The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit command—sign the pledge. Glorified human spirits say—sign the pledge. Conscience whispers—sign the pledge. Dying drunkards, by millions, groan—sign the pledge. All the teetotal Wesleyans urge—sign the pledge. The deep, deep curse that tippling has brought into your societies, entreats—sign the pledge. Lost drunkards wail—sign the pledge. Nay, thousands of teetotal Wesleyans say, unless you mean to drive us and split the societies, you must sign, and that speedily. I know that you are the last man in the world to be terrified by threats; nevertheless, let me tell you, that this letter will be scattered by tens of thousands in your societies, and every place you visit to plead for missions, some friend shall whisper in your ears—sign the pledge.

Some lovers of missions, lovers of peace, and lovers of God, and especially lovers of Temperance, seem anxious to come, *en masse*, to Exeter Hall to the May meetings, and meet the holy subject there. I pray God to raise up a host for each meeting held there during the month. But, I ask again—will you sign the pledge, and help to push our principles through the world? If you come, the great body of the Methodists will follow. Pardon me, dear sir, for thus singling you out of the Methodist Conference. The fact is, you have more influence than any other man in the connexion, and I am most anxious that such mighty influence should be given on the side of sobriety. I conclude by calling heaven to witness that I am your well-wisher for time and eternity,

A METHODIST OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS OF ONE OF THE EDITORS.

It was in the year 1836 that I first signed the Teetotal Pledge, and since that time I have persuaded upwards of five hundred drunkards and 10,000 moderationists to adopt the same principle. I have said something on the subject in the pulpit every Lord's day (when able to engage in the holy duties of God's house) for several years past. Extracts from my teetotal journals have frequently appeared in different temperance periodicals up to the close of the last year, consequently it will not be expected that I shall re-insert the same here, but will commence with my engagements in Manchester.

October 17, 1844, I visited Manchester, the metropolis of teetotalism, and from that time to the end of the year I visited and spoke at not a few real out-and-out teetotal meetings. I had, previous to my entry into the place, heard much respecting an active influential executive, working agents, stirring branch committees, hosts of male, female, and juvenile Rechabite tents, &c. &c., yet still I say with pleasure that the half had not been told me. Heaven increase them ten fold. Amen.

December 31, 1844.—We assembled in our preaching room to hold a Teetotal Christian Lovefeast. Several reformed drunkards have lately been made of Jesu's favour sure, and snatched from hell to heaven. They spoke with great freedom, power, and glory. After we had sung the death-dirge of the year, I gave the teetotal pledge to twenty-five.

On the 29th of January, we held a temperance meeting in our preaching room, and nearly 100 took the pledge.

February 2.—I gave the right hand of Christian fellowship to fifty new converts—most of them have been converted under my own ministry. All hail to Calvary's Prince. We have great excitement—crowded place—a real zealous, working, self-denying church, and souls converted weekly. But we shall see greater things than these. We have decided to build a large chapel. We could easily fill one that would hold 2000. Lord open thou our way. I give the pledge every Lord's day morning—Monday at my own house—Monday evening after class—after week-night preaching, as well as at the fortnightly meetings.

February 11.—My dear wife gave a lecture to ladies exclusively, 600 or 700 attended, near 70 took the pledge, and the cry for another meeting was urgent. My beloved has recently given the pledge to 400 in Norfolk (exclusive of the 1000, as stated in No. 2). We have, of course, banished the demon from the cup of Jesus our God. We have likewise a strong pledge against cigars, tobacco, and snuff, and nine-tenths of all who sign, sign that consistent pledge.

(To be continued.)

MODERATION, THE PARENT OF DRUNKENNESS.

Did all who drink, at once drink to excess, alcohol would be viewed with dread, as is *laudanum* and *arsenic*. Better that all who tasted it were at once made drunkards; then drunkards would be as scarce as suicides. But men now sip moderately, and are reputable, and think themselves safe; and one in every forty sinks to drunkenness; and thus, among twelve millions of people, drinking moderately, the demon has perpetually 300,000 victims. And for these, while all are thus paying homage to the bottle, there is, there can be, no hope. The lost wretch may wake from his brutality and crime, and resolve that he will reform, and his broken-hearted wife may hope that the storms of life are over, and his babes may smile at his strange kindness and care; but the universal presence of the intoxicating fluid, and the example of the wise and good around him, will thwart all his resolutions, and he will inevitably go back, like the dog to his vomit. All the drunkenness, then, that shall pollute our land, must be traced to moderate drinkers. They feed the monster. They keep in countenance the distillery and the dram-shop, and every drunkard that reels in the streets. Moderate use is to this kingdom of blood what the thousand rivulets and streams are to the mighty river. O! how have we been deceived. We long searched for the poison that was destroying our life. The drop said, It is not in me—I am but a drop, and can do no harm. The little stream said, It is not in me—I am I not a little one, and can do no harm. And the demon intemperance, as she prowled around us, said, Let my drops and my rivulets alone, they can do no harm—go stop, if you can, the mighty river. We believed her. But the river baffled our efforts. Its torrents rolled on, and we contented ourselves with snatching here and there a youth from destruction. But we now see that the poison is in the drops and the rivulets; and that without these, that river of

death, which is sweeping the young and the old into the ocean of despair, would cease for ever. And we call upon these self-styled prudent, temperate drinkers to pause, and look at the tremendous responsibility and guilt of entailing drunkenness upon their country for ever.

The use of drunkard's drink meets with no support in the Bible or the conscience, and the traffic meets none. Be firm. Be decided. Be courageous. Connect your cause with heaven. It is the cause of God—the cause for which Immanuel died. O! as men and patriots, banish intemperance, with all its sources, from your country and the land. As ministers and Christians, banish it for ever from the churches of the living God. Let the demon no longer hide in the sanctuary. Let ENTIRE ABSTINENCE be written in capitals over the door of every church. Expel for ever the accursed enemy, that the Spirit of the Lord may descend and bless us with life and peace.—*American Correspondent.*

ALCOHOL AND JUGGERNAUT,

THE GODS OF INDIA AND ENGLAND.

We talk of our religion, and weep over the delusions of the false prophet, and the horrors of Juggernaut, but a more deceitful prophet is in our churches than Mahomet, and a more bloody idol than Juggernaut rolls through our land, crushing beneath its wheels our sons and our daughters. *Wo, wo, wo* to Zion. Satan is in Eden. And if no check is put to the ravages of the demon, our benevolent institutions must die, our sanctuaries be forsaken, our beautiful fields be wide wastes, and the church will read the history of her offspring in the third of Romans—"Their throat is an open sepulchre; their mouth is full of cursing and bitterness; their feet are swift to shed blood"—all blasting our bright hope of the speedy approach of millennial glory.—*American.*

Devils sing, Juggernaut has slain his thousands, but Bacchus his tens of thousands, nay millions. It is nothing short of humbug to hear ministers tell of the horrors of Juggernaut, and express their anxiety for its annihilation, while they are helping to drag the body-crushing, soul-damning car of the English idol. But a long article on this head by-and-by.—*Eds.*

ALCOHOL AND DESTRUCTION OF INTELLECT.

It reduces man to a *beast*, to a *fool*, to a *devil*. The excessive drinker first becomes stupid, then idiotic, then a maniac. Men of the finest geniuses, most acute minds, and profound learning, have dwindled under the touch of this withering demon to the merest insignificance, and been hooted by boys for their silly speeches and silly actions, or chained in a mad-house, as unsafe in society. Of eighty-seven admitted into the New York hospital, in one year, the insanity of twenty-seven was occasioned by ardent spirits; and the physicians of the Pennsylvania hospital report that one-third of the insane of that institution were ruined by intemperance. What! if one-sixth of our maniacs were deprived of their reason by the bite of the dogs, the friendly inmates of our houses, or by some vegetable common on our tables! Who would harbour the dangerous animal, or taste the poisonous vegetable? But one-third of our maniacs are deranged by alcohol. Indeed, every drunkard is in a temporary delirium; and no man who takes even a little into his system, possesses that sound judgment,

or is capable of that patient investigation or intellectual effort which would be his without it. Just in proportion as man comes under its influence, he approximates to idiotism or madness.—*American.*

If at some of our wine-bibbing Christian ordination dinners, some correct reporter should be admitted, and take down every word spoken, what kind of an epistle would it be, think you, kind reader? It is a sin to taste the poison.—*Eds.*

TIPPLING MINISTERS LOOK HERE!

RESULTS OF A WINE-DRINKING MINISTER'S EXAMPLE.—The following was recently related to us as a *positive fact*. A certain Doctor of Divinity in Philadelphia was delivering a lecture on temperance, in which he undertook to defend wine-drinking from the scriptures. After he had closed, a gentleman rose and requested permission to address the meeting. Permission being granted, he remarked he had known a young man who was addicted to intemperance, who, at length, by the affectionate and persevering persuasions of his friends, was induced by them, to their great joy, to sign a pledge of total abstinence from all that intoxicates. Still the appetite was strong, and he found it difficult to control it. At length, being present where the glass of wine was offered, he saw a clergyman take the intoxicating cup, at the same time saying a few words in defence of the practice. This was too much for the young man's resolution. If a *clergyman* could drink wine, and quote scripture for authority, why not he? He yielded. His downward course was then rapid, and he soon died of *delirium tremens*. Pausing for a moment, while his bosom seemed bursting with emotion, he added—that young man was *my only son*; and the Reverend Doctor, who has addressed us this evening, was the *clergyman* by whose example he was induced to break his pledge.—*Maine Temp. Adv.*

We conjure teetotal christians not to attend a tipling ministry, for he that biddeth such God-speed is a partaker of their evil deeds. Slavery never got its death-blow in England until it was branded with sin—no more will tipling.—*Eds.*

EDUCATION.—The columns of the 'Cornwall and Devon Teetotal Journal' furnish, in the letter of a correspondent, the following well-defined and truly shocking statement:—

"Last year one hundred individuals, who had been pupils in the Launceston Wesleyan Sunday School, were inquired after, twenty-six could not be found, of the *seventy-four* others, *forty-four were found to be DRUNKARDS!*

"Query.—Will any of the public and religious bodies now moving for the extension of education have courage enough to cut up this deadly hinderance by the roots? Or will they crave donations and subscriptions from *spirit-merchants and publicans*, and be afraid to speak out the whole truth on the awful subject? Time will *soon* show."

If Sabbath school teachers won't give up tipling, they should be expelled by the teachers' meeting. They may, by their example, vaccinate our offspring with drunkenness.—*Eds.*

DRINKING MINISTERS WANT RE-CONVERTING.

PENZANCE.—On Wednesday, the 15th September, a teetotal prayer meeting was convened by a public notice inserted in the Penzance Gazette, of which the following is a copy:—

"TEETOTALERS AND MINISTERS OF RELIGION. 'Brethren pray for us.'—Thes. v. 26. 'I know not: am I my brother's keeper.'—Cain.—Gen. iv. At a meeting of the committee of the Penzance teetotal society, held at Hamlyn's temperance hotel, in the usual way (a quorum being present), on Monday evening, 16th August, 1841. *It was resolved*—That the following notice should, if approved by the regular weekly public meeting, to be held on the succeeding Wednesday, be inserted in the Penzance Gazette, twice.—'The teetotalers of Penzance, believing that the ministers of the gospel, generally, are great opponents and practical enemies of the temperance reformation, consider it to be the duty of the members of total abstinence societies, to appoint a day for *prayer to Almighty God*, that those ministers may be enlightened and convinced of the *wickedness* of drinking the *drunkard's drink*, and by that, if not other means, preventing the spread of general sobriety and vital godliness among the people. A public meeting for that purpose will therefore be held in the Wesleyan Association Chapel, on Wednesday, the 15th day of September next, at seven o'clock in the evening, when the circuit delegates are expected to be present.' The above notice was embodied in a resolu-

tion and unanimously (*nem. con.*) adopted by a large and respectable public meeting on Wednesday last, with an amendment that the word 'immorality' be substituted for that of 'wickedness.' A public special prayer meeting of persons of all denominations will therefore be held as above, on Wednesday, 15th September next, in Queen Street (Association) Chapel, Penzance, unless a larger one is lent for the occasion.

By order of the Committee,

A. T. J. MARTIN, one of the Secretaries.'

A great number of delegates attended the meeting, and publicly prayed on the occasion, whilst our hearts felt it was good to be there."

A minister who professes great zeal and love for sinners at home and the heathen abroad, who will not give up his wine and brandy to save them, should write his name HYPOCRITE. Tippling town missionaries curse every house they enter into. The Christian ministry has the power to give the death-blow to Bacchus at once.—*Eds.*

REVIEWS.

1.—We have received Nos. 1 and 2 of a monthly periodical (for review) called THE TEMPERANCE RECITER, and if our opinion goes for anything, we pronounce them *good, good—yea, very good.* In looking over the poetic department we are greatly mistaken if we did not discover the shade of the hand of Joseph Andrews, Esq. The work can be had of any bookseller, from Britain, London.

2.—THE CITIZEN, a monthly paper, has been kindly sent us by the Editor. We have read the number for February, and urge our readers to order a number to look at, and then, if they do not take it in regular, we shall wonder much indeed. We like its temperance, religion, and politics much, much indeed.

3.—THE CHESHIRE AND LANCASHIRE ADVOCATE. This work is short, sweet, kind, plain, and tame. It is indeed milk for babes, but those who want strong meat must look elsewhere to find it.

4.—HULL PIONEER. The best work in England on the Temperance question—One Penny monthly.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Irons.—Over late for No. 2, and we think the address to Dr. Newton, in this number, will answer the same end as the insertion of his excellent epistle; but, if Brother Irons think different, it shall shortly appear.

M. A. S.—We wonder that you should make the inquiry as to how you are to get the Long-Pledge Teetotaler, when you see the name of the London Publisher; but to make all plain, we may just say that it can be had of any bookseller in the kingdom by giving the name of Britain, the London Publisher. Published on the 5th of each month.

Mr. H.—How could you think that each bookseller kept the works on hand? Order them of your bookseller, and with less than a week's notice he will get them for you.

10,000 thanks to Mr. Dexter, J. Kirr, and J. Hunt, London; Harris, St. Albans; J. Merry, Lynn; Battram, Tidd, Gote, Duncan, Duxbury, Gould, Theobald, Davis, and Warburton, Manchester, for their kindness and activity in spreading our publication. A few such friends in every large town would increase our circulation fifty fold. We entreat each of our friends to order six copies of this number, and spread them through the Wesleyan Connexion, and give them away if they cannot sell them—send them to friends at a distance (especially Wesleyan teetotalers) per post paid.

LONDON:—W. Brittain, Paternoster-Row, and all Booksellers. Country Agents must send a remittance, in advance, to the PRINTERS, at the rate of 6s. per hundred. All communications for the Editors, Teetotal Cottage, Manchester, must be sent, *post paid.* Any person enclosing letter stamps, may have the work per post.

The Long-Pledge Teetotaler,

AND

EVANGELICAL REFORMER.

Resolved—That henceforward no person shall be admitted to membership in this church who uses any kind of intoxicating liquor as a beverage or is engaged in the sale or manufacture of the same.—Baptist Church, Philadelphia, 1838.

No. 4.

APRIL, 1845.

Price 1d.—Stamped, 2d.

REVIVALS OF RELIGION AND TEMPERANCE.

To the Editor of the Primitive Methodist Magazine.

Rev. Sir,

In your Magazine for January, 1845, at page 27 you cry out—"O! for revival intelligence—how scarce it is—what is the reason? May God lay this query to all our hearts, and may we arise and thrash the mountains of iniquity till they flee before us as the chaff before the face of resistless wind." To your fervent, sincere, faithful prayer I most heartily say Amen! But, Mr. Editor, as you so loudly complain of the scarcity of revival intelligence, and inquire, "What is the reason?" I think I can easily tell you "without the aid of fluctions."

1. "Your leading preachers drink brandy to the glory of God;" and, Mr. Editor, when I travelled with you in Hull Circuit you yourself was one of these holy drinkers. But I hope you have got converted. If you and the leading ministers still are clapt off in quarter day for drinking brandy to the glory of God, don't wonder at revivals being, "like angel visits, few and long between."

"The time has come that it can no longer be innocent in a church to stand aloof from this glorious reformation. The time was when this could be done ignorantly. The time has been when ministers and Christians could enjoy revivals, notwithstanding poison was used among them. But since light has been thrown upon the subject, and it has been found that the use is only injurious, no church member or minister can be innocent and stand neutral in the cause. They must speak out and take sides. And if they do not take ground on one side, their influence is on the other. Show me a minister that has taken ground against the temperance reformation that has had a revival. Show me one who now temporizes upon this point, who does not come out and take a stand in favour of temperance, who has a revival. It did not use to be so. But now the subject has come up, and has been discussed, and is understood, no man can shut his eyes upon the truth. The man's hands are RED WITH BLOOD, who stands aloof from the temperance cause. And can he have a revival?"—*Finney*.*

2. But, Sir, your connexion swarms with unholy traffickers. Such Julians would paralyze the influence of all the angels in heaven, grieve away the Holy Spirit, and draw down the curse of God, instead of his blessing. Do, Sir, read, mark, learn, and digest the following quotations:—

"That as the use of intoxicating drink is injurious to both the body and mind, it is morally wrong, that it is a sin against God to manufacture, buy, sell, or use such liquor."—See resolution 12, passed at the Temperance Conference, held in the City of York, 1843.

* All your increase last year was in teetotal Norfolk.

"If the Bible or the Methodist Magazine be true, then maltsters, brewers, spirit-merchants, and publicans, who live and die in their unholy traffic, cannot enter heaven."—*Lomax's Speech*.

"It is enough to break the heart of a good man (who is anxious to save the poor drunkard from hell,) to see a brother local preacher on the same plan, desolating the town with the dark damning streams which roll from his polluting fountain of death.

"To see a man enter the pulpit, to warn the drunkard to flee from the wrath to come, while he himself keeps a *drunkard making establishment*, is enough to rouse a dead man into rage, and warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

"You ask me to tell you plainly, whether I think it to be a sin for a preacher to make malt, keep a public house, or in any way to encourage the sale of drunkards' drink. I answer, that as they are not works of mercy, necessity, nor charity, it is a sin to break God's holy day as the maltster does. I pass by the nameless woes which strong drink inflicts upon society, and only just ask you if it be a sin to kill time, waste property, and damn souls; if so, the man who makes, buys, sells, drinks, or gives these poisons, does all these in a greater or less degree. He cannot help it."—*Extract from a letter by Rev. J. S.*

"The hell-broth from these caldrons of wickedness (jerry shops) hot at all times. Yet on the Sabbath of God it boils over and fills the town with its deadly scum."—*Hull Pioneer*.

"The maltster and brewer are cursing our land—
The landlords and jerrys have joined hand in hand;
And little sup Christians in little sup fees
Are paid for becoming the devil's trustees."

American.

"The darkest frown that ever sat on Jehovah's brow, and the hottest and heaviest thunderbolt ever hurled from his divine hand, awaits the man who shall continue, amidst the present light, to manufacture or sell drunkards' drink."—*American Pulpit*.

"If the Church does not shake her lap of such arch-sinners as preaching jerry-lords, the sooner teetotalism sounds an alarm in the camp, the better."—*Anon.*

"Is it said there is no express Scripture warrant for the Church to decline receiving any who habitually sell or drink ardent spirits; neither is there for excluding the gambler; but the Bible is addressed to men of conscience and common sense, who are governed by its general spirit. And in no other way can the Churches make suitable acknowledgment of the wounds and deep damnations they have inflicted through intoxicating liquor, but by according their decided testimony against it."—*American Prize Essay*.

"Beware drunkard maker, and little-drop professor, or God will cast you into hell."—*Rev. J. C., Kingston Chapel, Hull, Nov. 19, 1843*,

"It is abominable to see so many professing Christians engaged in the business of ale selling, some who profess to be called of God to preach the gospel. But, do they understand the gospel? The gospel commands all men to be sober. It prohibits drunkenness as a great crime, and says that "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." If drunkards cannot inherit the kingdom of God, how can drunkard makers inherit the kingdom of God? They may blaze away in the pulpit—they may tickle the ears of their congregations—they may gain the applause of men—they may talk against drunkenness, and recommend sobriety; but while they follow such a business, they are only mocking God to his face, and causing devils to laugh at them. They are

abetting and promoting drunkenness, instead of retarding its progress.—*Rev. S. Henn.*

“If the Church does not expel all the traffickers in drunkards’ drink from her bosom, she will speedily find that God will curse her blessings.”—*Anon.*

“I consider all preaching, class leading malsters, brewers, wine and spirit merchants, and jerry lords, are the devil’s *home missionaries*, and the greatest enemies to God and man.”—*Anon.* *

“Malsters, brewers, and jerry lords should be put out of the Church with as great dispatch, as adulterers, gamblers, harlots or thieves.”—*Rev. J. S.*

“Without a prophet’s vision, I foresee the day when the manufacture of intoxicating liquor for common distribution will be classed with the acts of counterfeiting and forgery, and the maintenance of houses for midnight revelry and corruption. Like these, the business will become a work only of darkness, and be prosecuted only by the outlaw.”—*American Pulpit.*

“If endless exclusion from heaven be the drunkard’s doom, can he be held guiltless who deliberately prepared for him, and perhaps placed in his hand the cup of death and damnation.”—*American Pulpit.*

“Since public attention has been turned to this subject, thousands have come to the conviction that drinking (what, then, to make and sell?) distilled liquor, is a wicked as well as a filthy practice.”—*American Prize Essay.*

“I call jerry shops, slaughter houses—devils’ dens—human butcher shops—soul traps—hell’s chapels, etc., etc.”—*Rev. J. Holt.*

“That man who, for the sake of gain, will sell rum or any intoxicating drinks to his neighbour, and puts a cup to his mouth, and would thus consent to ruin him body and soul, would consent to sell him into slavery to promote his own selfish interests, if he could do it with impunity; and if he did not rob or murder him for the sake of his money, it certainly would not be because the love of God or man restrained him.”—*Finney.*

“Shall a man who will sell rum and make whiskey, and deal out death and damnation to men, and make them pay for it; and thus not only poison them to death, but worse than rob them of their money, shall he pretend to love God? For shame, thou hypocrite! thou wretch! thou enemy of God and man! thou wolf in the clothing of a sheep! lay aside your mask, and write your name Satan, on your sign board.”—*Finney.*

But thirdly, Mr. Editor, you have lent your influence to prevent the teetotalers from holding meetings in your Chapels. Witness the jerry-lord-like resolutions which stand in the Hull circuit book, written by your own hand. Did you not frown upon any and every man that dared to whisper anything in favour of teetotalism in the official meetings? Nay, have you not wickedly expelled men for teetotalism? (see Stamp’s Defence, and Supplement; likewise his address to your conference of 1841.) I am aware that you made an excuse for your anti-teetotal conduct, by expressing your fears that teetotalism would divide the societies. Finney says, “There are some individuals who are *themselves* disposed to quarrel with this subject, who are always ready to exclaim, ‘Do not introduce these things into the church, they will create opposition.’ And if the minister and praying people feel it their duty to bring the matter forward, they will themselves create a disturbance, and then say, ‘There, I told you so; now see what your introducing this subject has done; it will tear the church all to pieces.’ And while they are themselves doing all they can to create division, they are charging the division upon the subject, and not upon themselves. There are some such people in many of our churches. And neither sabbath-schools, nor missions,

* Unholy Traffic, 1d.; Britain, and all Booksellers.

nor revivals, nor anti-slavery, nor anything else that honors God or benefits the souls of men, will be carried in the churches, without these careful souls being offended by it.

These things, however, have been introduced, and carried, one by one, in some churches with more, and others with less opposition, and perhaps in some churches with no opposition at all. And as true as God is the God of the church, as certain as that the world must be converted, this subject must be considered and pronounced sin by the church. There might, infinitely better, be no church in the world, than that she should attempt to remain neutral, or give a false testimony on a subject of such importance; especially since the subject has come up, and it is impossible, from the nature of the case, that her testimony should not be in the scale, on the one side or the other.

The church cannot turn away from this question. It is a question for the church and for the nation to decide, and God will push it to a decision soon.

It is in vain for the churches to resist it for fear of distraction, contention, and strife. It is in vain to account it an act of *piety* to turn away the ear from hearing this cry in behalf of drunkards.

The church must testify, and testify "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," on this subject, or she is perjured, and the Spirit of God departs from her. She is under oath to testify, and ministers and churches who do not pronounce it a sin, bear false testimony for God. It is doubtless true, that one of the reasons for the low state of religion at the present time, is, that many churches have taken the wrong side on the subject, and have suffered prejudice to prevail over principle, and have feared to call this abomination by its true name.

That minister who holds his peace is counted among those on the other side. Every body knows that it is so in a revival. It is not necessary for a person to rail out against this work. If he only keep still and take neutral ground, the enemies of the revival will all consider him as on their side. So on the subject of temperance. It is not needful that a person should rail at the cold-water society, in order to be on the best terms with drunkards and moderate drinkers. Only let him plead for the moderate use of wine, only let him continue to drink it as a luxury, and all the drunkards account him on their side. If he refuse to give his influence to the temperance cause, he is claimed, of course, by the other side, as a friend. On all these subjects, when they come up, the churches and ministers must take the right ground, and take it openly and stand to it, and carry it through, if they expect to enjoy the blessing of God in revivals. They must cast out from their communions such members, as, in contempt of the light that is shed upon them, continue to drink or traffic in ardent spirits.

Thus, Mr. Editor, I think I have clearly shown you why revival intelligence is so scarce in your connexion; and as you feel so anxious for all the preachers to arise and thrash the mountains, I hope that you may thrash the three high ones I have named until they sink into plains, then I will point out a few more.

Yours,

A real lover of Primitive Methodism.

P. S. William Harland's Pity for the American Slave, shall appear shortly. See your Magazine for January, 1845, page 39.

FAITHFUL CORONERS.—At Hubbardston, Mass., an inquest was recently held over the body of Joseph Waite, a poor drunkard, who was found dead by the road-side. The Coroner and jury had the boldness to declare—

"That the said Joseph Waite, Junr., came to his death on the morning of the nineteenth day of December current, about five o'clock, A.M., at Hubbardston, aforesaid, by intoxication, occasioned by spirituous liquors drank by him at the house of Geo. W. Reed, in said Hubbardston, and by spirituous liquors drank by him with Whiting M'Clanathan, at the house of Solomon Wilson, in Princeton, in said County, on the afternoon and evening of the eighteenth day of December current."

This was noble, to come out with the names of the rumsellers who sold the rum. These gentlemen, it is said, had threatened to flog any persons who should put their names and doings into a newspaper. But the Coroner and Jury have dared to do it, and 150 papers, containing the report, are ordered for distribution in Hubbardston, that every family may read them. This is doing up the business in style. Rumsellers have bullied the community long enough. It is time they were shown up.—*Journal American Temperance Union.*

When a man is poisoned to death by any of the BURKERS, (as thousands are) for any Jury to bring it in, "DIED BY THE VISITATION OF GOD," surely this is one of guilt's blunders, and the loudest laugh of Hell.—*Eds.*

A RUMSELLER CAUGHT.—One of the speakers at a meeting in the Northern Liberties' Hall, a short time ago, related the following striking incident. He had been lecturing at a meeting in Jersey, and dwelling quite plainly on the course of the rumseller, when a man rose and said, "Sir, I am one of the trustees of this church, and you call me a murderer. You can't have this church to lecture in any more. I appeal to those around me to say if I am a murderer." A woman instantly rose and cried out, "yes, you are a murderer, you murdered my husband by giving him rum." Another woman exclaimed, "yes, and you murdered mine also!" This was plain dealing, and the rumseller and trustee must have felt his casks of liquid fire pressing with heavy weight on his soul about that time.—*Am. Paper.*

If a man sells stinking meat in the market, he is at once branded as a monster, and hunted out of society; but monsters who sell "liquid death, and distilled damnation," and make beggars, and widows, and orphans, and paupers, by wholesale, are considered respectable; but their days are numbered, *bless God.* See the following by an American Minister.

"If there are some so hardened and dead to all the best interests of men as to persist, against the light of the age, in the business of making drunkards, let the public indignation burn against them till they can no longer stand before its fires. Let a brewhouse be viewed as a Protestant would view the inquisition, where the racks, the tortures, and the fires, consume the innocent. Let the dram-shop be ranked, as Judge Dagget says it should be, with the haunts of counterfeiters, the depositories of stolen goods, and the retreats of thieves; and over its door let it be written, 'The way to hell, leading to the chambers of death!' The time has been when a vender could deal out, day by day, the liquid poison to the tottering drunkard, attend his funeral, help to lay him in the grave, then go home, post up his books, turn the widow and her babes into the street to perish with hunger, or be supported by charity, and yet sustain a good reputation. But in future, whenever the community shall stand around the grave of a drunkard, let the eyes of all be fixed on the inhuman vender; let him be called to take one solemn look into the grave of the slain, and the pit of the damned; and if he will return to the ruin of his fellow-men, let the voice of his brother's blood cry to him from the ground, and his punishment be greater than he can bear.

Perhaps some vender is offended at the freedom of these remarks. I would ask him if he has never been offended at the smell of that filthy drunkard who

has hung around him? I would ask him if his conscience has never stung him, as ragged children came to him in bleak November to have him fill their father's bottle? I would ask him if his soul has never shook within him as he passed, in the darkness of night, the grave-yard where three, four, or five of his neighbours lie without even a tomb-stone, who found their death at his counter? His traffic may be profitable, but let him beware, lest while he feeds the monster, it turns and devours him and his offspring. At least, let him solemnly inquire before God, whether he can be a virtuous man, and knowingly promote vice; or an honest man, and rob his neighbour by selling an article which promotes sorrow, disease, and death? *

DRUNKARD'S WINE AT THE LORD'S TABLE.

SIR,—Upon inquiring into circumstances relating to the institution of the *Lord's Supper*, I find that unleavened bread was commanded to be used at the Passover, otherwise called the feast of unleavened bread; and so strict were the Jews in keeping to the letter of the law, that they searched their houses on the eve of the feast, and left not so much as a crumb of bread in any corner, so that, as a matter of course, such must have been the bread which was used by the Saviour at the Passover immediately preceding his death.

Now, allowing that *fermented wine* was used by him at that time, why have Episcopalians and Methodists thought proper to use *leavened bread* in the place of *unleavened cakes*, when, at the same time, they are so very tenacious about the use of "*Old Port*," that they will actually see one half of the church go to perdition, (for ought they can help) than make a similar change in the use of *wine*. Nothing very urgent has called for a change in the bread, yet they have made it; and now that *thousands* are *conscientiously* asking for a change in the wine, (which surely cannot be a greater *sin* than changing the bread) they will not grant it; why is it?

Hull Pioneer.

A WESLEYAN METHODIST,
Manchester.

Allow me, Sir, to congratulate you on your watchful and arduous toil, especially your unflinching advocacy for the banishment of the drunkard's wine from the Holy Eucharist. This event, though in the distance, is fast coming, as manifest from the agitation at present in the church of Christ. Though ministers, in conclave, pass resolutions and edicts, condemnatory of the pure wine, yet the light will ere long break forth as the morning, and all own that the drunkard's drink is no fit emblem of the Saviour's blood; that what is impure in itself, cannot be a proper representation of that which is pure. No, if the blood of Christ is *immaculate*, oh, how insulting to heaven, to have that blood, in which centres the world's redemption, thus represented by that thing which opposes the conversion of the world.

Hull Pioneer.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

Teetotalers who take the poison at the Lord's Supper, are monthly pledge breakers; nay, it is ten times more inconsistent to take drunkard's drink at the Holy Supper, than to take it daily at common meals.—*Eds.*

* No 5 will contain a Sermon to the Methodist traffickers, by an American Minister, dedicated to Timothy Beudly, and T. Hardy, Esq.—*Eds.*

LAW AGAINST SEDUCTION.—The State of Michigan have just passed a very severe law against seduction and licentiousness—the penalty being imprisonment in the State prison for three and four years.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

If a female is known to be unchaste, her character is damned for ever; but hundreds of male monsters pass off for gentlemen, although they are known to be filthy fornicators, &c., &c. Let every modest wife, mother, sister and daughter, shun such wholesale polluters; and let chaste men frown them out of society, as modest women do harlots.

Every mother who suffers a seducer to enter her dwelling, (no matter how rich he may be,) and introduces him into the company of her daughters, renders her very house suspicious.—*Eds.*

TIPPLING MINISTERS LOOK HERE!

Extract from a letter in the *Nonconformist* newspaper, of April 10th, signed "C. RATTRAY, Missionary," and dated "Demerara, Feb. 2nd, 1844;"—"My own opinion is, that no man who will not abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors should be sent out as a missionary; and I know that most of my brethren in this part of the world are of the same mind. Our convictions are so strong on this view of the subject, that the arrival of a drinker, however moderately, to become one of our number, would be deemed a curse rather than a blessing,* unless he at once, and for ever abandon the use of strong drink. And if there be in this colony one Missionary who does conform to the drinking usages of society, there are at least ten nonconformists to whom only the conversion of such a one to total abstinence would be greater cause of joy than his departure from the country, never to return. At each of our stations there are hundreds of staunch teetotalers. At the one with which I am most intimately acquainted, there is not, so far as I am aware, a single member of the church who uses any kind of intoxicating drink, unless it be strictly for medical purposes."

The time has come when teetotal christians must make a dead stand against litte-drop ministers. *Stop the supplies. STOP the SUPPLIES. STOP the SUPPLIES.*—*Eds.*

ALCOHOL NOT A GOOD CREATURE OF GOD. A short epistle to the Rev. * * * * Next comes canting hypocrisy, with his bible in his hand, telling us that "every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving." What, does he mean that ardent spirit is the gift of God? Pray, in what stream of his bounty, from what mountain and hill does it flow down to man? O, it is in the rye, and the apple, and the sugar, and the Mussulman has taught us Christians how to distill it.

"No brandy drinker is a Primitive Methodist."—*Rev. Hugh Bourne.*

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER. "I dare say before this time you have heard what has taken place at Lynn. The poor cold water people are not to use any unfermented wine, neither at their own chapels nor any where else, upon pain of excommunication from the Methodist body.† When will this state of things end? May God alarm professors, and show them their danger and responsibility.

D. B. Wesleyan, Norfolk.

* Several professors of religion are like the night-mare to this society, for they have kindled a fire in their throats which the waters of Niagara cannot extinguish; and they regard with jealousy and suspicion all exertions made to discontinue the use of inebriating drinks. So violently are some of the professed friends and followers of Christ opposed to this cause, that common hospitality and every day courtesy is withheld from those who endeavour to promote the advancement of Temperance.—G. W. BUNGAY, Minister.

† If they are expelled, the Press shall groan aloud on the subject.—*Editors.*

REVIEWS.

1.—THE NORTHERN COUNTIES' JOURNAL, monthly; good type, good paper, good size, good matter, and we hope it may have a good wide circulation.

2.—THE CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE SABBATH SCHOOL MAGAZINE, monthly. Published by Evans and Co. Snow Hill, London, and may be had of all Booksellers. We shall do our best to flood Sabbath Schools with this long needed periodical. The circulation ought to be 10,000 monthly.

3.—TEETOTALISM DEMOLISHED BY WILLIAM HIDE. William raves, rants, foams, quotes Scripture, and enters the field with a strange flourish of trumpets; and with more threats than Goliath of Gath, he swears by the gods that the temple of teetotalism shall fall. But just at the time when he wishes to be led like another Sampson to the pillars of this teetotal temple, that wicked teetotal Jabez Inwards not only puts out William's eyes, but actually has issued a penny pamphlet, of sixteen closely printed pages, in which he makes sport of William's arguments, quotations, grammar, logic and nonsense. *Shame, SHAME, SHAME* upon him. Perhaps the whole of Mr. Hide's pamphlet may be summed up in the following lines:—

There was a Bee sat on a wall,
It said hum, and that was all.

And for Jabez Inwards, Dr. Lees, and other intellectual giants to fall so unmercifully upon William Hide, is something like the old ditty which says,

"My father, and me, and my brother,
And six great lusty men,
All beat a little lad
Till he could not stand by his sen."

But, to be serious, we most strongly recommend our readers to secure Jabez Inwards' answer to William Hide. Send two letter stamps to the author, Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire, and he will send it post free.

4.—STAMP'S DEFENCE, 6d.; Britain and all Booksellers. Supplement to the above, just published, price 2d. Let all who are anxious to see the conduct of brandy drinking ministers exposed, read these pamphlets. The writer was expelled the ministry for teetotalism.

5.—THE METHODIST REVIVALIST, weekly, one half-penny. (Full of Revival glory.)

6.—A VOICE TO THE GREAT METHODIST FAMILY, or Soul saving made plain, 6d. The best tract we ever read on human agency.

7.—THE WESLEYAN. This is a weekly paper of the first order. Every Methodist in the land should read it. It is very large, very good, and very cheap. We conjure teetotalers to support it in every possible manner. Read it in the meetings—recommend it from the platform—take it in—secure subscribers, and urge teetotal authors to advertise in its columns.

8.—THE TRUTH SERKER, is full of truth, Scripture, argument, and common sense. It should, and doubtless will, take the lead of all other Temperance periodicals. Dr. Lees, the Teetotal Champion, is the Editor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Received £1. from J. Hull, Esq. to enable us to circulate this work post free. W. Martin, Esq. 6s. A Methodist, 10s. Our circulation is 3000 monthly.

We most earnestly beseech our friends to send us all the choice Temperance Poetry they can meet with or make.—Eds.

Can any friend inform us how we may obtain the American temperance publications regularly.—Eds.

LONDON:—W. Brittain, Paternoster-Row, and all Booksellers. Country Agents must send a remittance, in advance, to the PRINTERS, at the rate of 6s. per hundred. All communications for the Editors, Teetotal Cottage, Manchester, must be sent, *post paid*. Any person enclosing letter stamps, may have the work per post.

The Long-Pledge Teetotaler, AND EVANGELICAL REFORMER.

"They that sell or make ardent spirits for common use, are as wicked as those that sell or make poison for the same purpose. The blood of murdered bodies and souls will be required at their hands."—Judge Dagget.

No. 5.

MAY, 1845.

Price 1d.—Stamped, 2d.

AN ALARM TO THE METHODIST MALSTERS, BREWERS, AND THEIR ALLIES.

A Sermon, dedicated to Timothy Bentley, Esq., and T. Hardy, Esq.

God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions.—*Ecclesiastes*, vii. 29.

Wo unto him that giveth his neighbour drink.—*Hab.* ii. 15.

The art of turning the products of the earth into a fiery spirit was discovered by an *Arab* about nine hundred years ago.* The effects of this abuse of nature's gifts were soon viewed with alarm. Efforts were made even by a heathen people to arrest the evil. And it shows the mighty agency and cunning of Satan, that Christian nations should ever have been induced to adopt and encourage this deadliest of man's inventions. In the guilt of encouraging the destructive art, our own country has largely participated. And, till within ten years past, the progress of intemperance threatened all that was fair and glorious in our prospects. The reformation recently commenced is one of the grandest movements of our world: and to secure its speedy triumph, the concurrence of malsters, brewers, &c., is obviously indispensable. They must cease to provide the destroying element. This they are urged to do by the following considerations.

1. The business confers no benefits on your fellow-men.

Drunkard's drink is not needed as an article of living. In the first ages of the world, when human life was protracted to hundreds of years, it was unknown. By the first settlers of America it was not used. It was scarcely used for a whole century. And those temperate generations were remarkably robust, cheerful and enterprising. To this we may add, that at least fifteen millions of persons, accustomed to use it, have given it up entirely within the last ten years. And their united testimony is, that they have made no sacrifice either of health, or strength, or any real comfort. Indeed, few, if any, except such as have the intemperate appetite, will now seriously contend that it is necessary or useful.

The talents God has given you might be applied to advance the welfare of your fellow--men. It is your duty—your highest honor—thus to apply them. And on the bed of death, in near prospect of the judgment, it will surely be a melancholy reflection, that, as regards the happiness of mankind, your life has been an utter blank.

2. The business of brewers, malsters, &c., is not only useless, but is the occasion of many and great evils.

Recent examination has developed a number of appalling facts, which few, if any, pretend to question. It is admitted, that the use of drunkard's drink has

* Malting, Brewing, &c., is of a more recent date. These are new inventions of man, under the influence of Satan.—Eds.

been a tax on the population of our country, of from fifty to a hundred millions annually. It is admitted, that three-fourths of all the crimes of the land result from the use of intoxicating liquor. It is admitted, that at least three-fourths of all the sufferings of poverty arise from the same source. It is admitted, that upwards of forty thousand of our countrymen have annually descended to the drunkard's grave. It is admitted, (by those who believe the Bible,) that drunkards shall not inherit eternal life, but must have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. In a word, it is admitted that health, fortune, social happiness, intellect, conscience, heaven, are all swept away by the tide of intemperance.

And now, what you are specially bound to ponder is, that this burning tide, with all its desolations, flows from those very fountains you have opened—the boiling flood can be perpetuated only by those fires which your hands kindle, and which it is your daily task to tend.

The position you occupy, then, is one of most fearful responsibility. You are directly and peculiarly accessory to a degree of guilt and misery which none but the Infinite mind can comprehend. I hear for you a loud remonstrance from every court of justice, from every prison of collected crime, from every chamber of debasement, and from every grave-yard; as well as from the dark world of despair. I hear the cries of unnumbered mothers, and widows, and orphans, all with one voice imploring you to extinguish those fires—to dry up those fountains—and to abandon an occupation pregnant with infamy, and death, and perdition.

3. The business of malsters, brewers, &c., destroys, to a great extent, the bounties of Providence.

Many of the substances converted into this poison, are indispensable to the comfort of man—some of them the very staff of life. But the malster not only destroys them as articles of food, but actually converts them into poison. An incalculable amount of grain is every year thus wickedly perverted in this Christian land! Who does not know that your engines of iniquity have at times so consumed the products of industry, as to make it difficult for the poorer classes to get a supply? “The poor we have always with us,” and cries of the suffering are often heard from other lands. Such facts, it would seem, might reach the conscience of all who are wantonly destroying heaven's gifts. Can you, for a little selfish gain, persist in converting the bread of multitudes into a pestilential fire? How utterly unlike the example of Him, who, while feeding thousands by miracle, could still say, “Gather up the fragments which remain, that nothing be lost.”

4. By continuing this destructive business, you greatly offend the virtuous and respectable part of the community.

The temperance reformation has been commenced and prosecuted by enlightened men. It is not the enterprise of any political party, or religious sect. It has the general support of ministers and Christians of different denominations, of statesmen, judges, lawyers, physicians, and hundreds of thousands in the walks of private life. They regard the enterprise as one, on the success of which hangs the liberties of our country, and the happiness of future millions.

You cannot be surprised, then, that they look with pain on operations directly adapted to defeat their plans, and perpetuate the dread evil they deplore. You cannot suppose that their eye will light on the fountains of this mighty evil, but with inexpressible grief, disgust, and indignation. And if you have the common magnanimity of our nature, you will surely cease to outrage the feelings of the virtuous throughout the nation.

5. You pursue a pernicious calling in opposition to great light.

The time was when good men extensively engaged in the unholy business ; and when few seemed to be aware of its fearfully mischievous traffic. The matter had not been a subject of solemn and extensive discussion. The sin was one of comparative ignorance. But circumstances have changed. Inquiry has thrown upon the community a flood of light. The evil of intemperance has been exhibited in its complicated horrors. Drunkard's drink has been found to be not only useless, but fearfully destructive. So that the guilt of manufacturing it is now enormously aggravated. It is a wilful sin.

Good men were once engaged in importing slaves. They suspected not the iniquity of the business. And an apology can be offered for them on the ground of ignorance. But that trade has now come to be regarded by the civilized world in the same odious light as piracy and murder. The man who engages in it is stamped with everlasting infamy. And the reason is, that, like you, he now sins amid that fulness of light which an age of philanthropy has poured around him.

6. Perseverance in the business must necessarily be at the expense of your own reputation and that of your posterity.

You are creating and sending out the materials of discord, crime, poverty, disease, and intellectual and moral degradation. You are contributing to perpetuate one of the sorest scourges of our world. And the scourge can never be removed till those deadly fires you have kindled are all put out. That public sentiment which is worthy of respect calls upon you to extinguish them. And the note of remonstrance will wax louder and louder, till every smoking malt kiln in the land is demolished. A free and enlightened people cannot quietly look on, while an enemy is working his engines and forging the instruments of national bondage and death.*

Without a prophet's vision, I foresee the day when the manufacture of intoxicating liquor for common distribution will be classed with the arts of counterfeiting and forgery, and the maintenance of houses for midnight revelry and corruption. Like these the business will become a work only of darkness, and be prosecuted only by the outlaw.

Weigh well, then, the bearing of your destructive employment on personal and family character. The employment may secure for you a little gain, and perhaps wealth. But, in a day of increasing light and purity, you can never derive treasures, thus acquired, of a stigma, which will render him miserably poor who holds them. Upon the dwelling † you occupy, upon the fields you enclose, upon the spot that entombs your ashes, there will be fixed an indescribable gloom and odiousness, to offend the eye and sicken the heart of a virtuous community, till your memory shall perish. Quit, then, this vile business, and spare your name, spare your family, spare your children's children, such insupportable shame and reproach.

7. By prosecuting this business in a day of light and reform, you peculiarly offend God, and jeopardize your immortal interests.

In "times of ignorance," God, in a sense, "winked at" error. But let the error be persisted in under a full blaze of light, and it must be the occasion of a dread retribution from his throne.

The circumstances of the trafficker are now entirely changed. His sin was once a sin of ignorance, but is such no longer. He knows he is taking bread from the hungry, and perverting the bounties of Providence. He knows he is

* Let Teetotal local preachers, in every preacher's meeting, make a motion for the expulsion of any brother who may be in the traffic.—Eds.

† This discourse is more especially aimed at Timothy Bentley, Esq., near Leeds, and J. Harding, Esq., near Holt.

undermining the very pillars of our nation. He knows that he confers no benefits upon mankind. He knows he is directly accessory to the temporal wretchedness and the endless wailing of multitudes. And knowing these things, and keeping on his way, he accumulates guilt which the Holy One cannot overlook. If endless exclusion from heaven be the drunkard's doom, can he be held guiltless, who deliberately prepared for him, and perhaps placed in his hand, the cup of death and damnation! This is not the decision either of Scripture or of common sense. Wilfully persevering to furnish the sure means of death, you carry to the judgment the murderer's character, as clearly as the midnight assassin.

And now, what is the apology for prosecuting a business so manifestly offensive to God, and ruinous to yourself as well as others? Do you say, *It is necessary as a means of support?* But whence have you derived authority to procure a living at the sacrifice of conscience, character, and the dearest interests of others? And is the maintenance of a *public nuisance* really necessary to your support? In a country like this, the plea of necessity for crime is glaringly impious. Many and varied departments of honest and honorable industry are before you, all promising a generous reward. And, neglecting them for a wicked and mischievous occupation, you must bear the odium of a most sordid avarice or implacable malignity.

You virtually, too, impeach the character of God. You proclaim that he has made your comfort, and even subsistence, to depend upon the practice of iniquity. It is an imputation he must repel with abhorrence and wrath. Nor is it sustained by the conscience, reason, or experience of any man.

But possibly you urge in self-justification, *Others will manufacture and sell, if I do not.* But remember the guilt of one is no excuse for another. "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God." If others pursue a business at the sacrifice of character and of heaven, it becomes you to avoid their crime, that you may escape their doom.

It is not certain, however, that others will prosecute the destructive business, if you abandon it. Men of forethought will not now embark their silver and gold on a pestilential stream, soon to be dried up under that blaze of light and heat which a merciful God has enkindled. They will not deem it either wise or safe to kindle unholy and deadly fires, where the pure river of the water of life is so soon to overflow. In the eye of thousands the death engines on your premises adds nothing to their value. Indeed, should they purchase those premises, the filthy establishment would be demolished, as the first effort of improvement. And every month and hour is detracting from its value, and blackening the curse that rests upon it.

Let the thousands now concerned in the trade, at once put out their fires, and the act would cause one general burst of joy through the nation; and any effort to rekindle them would excite an equally general burst of indignation and abhorrence. None but a monster of depravity would ever make the attempt.

But again, perhaps, you say, *No one is obliged to use the drink that is made.* But remember that you make it only to be used. You made it with the desire, with the hope, with the expectation that it will be used. You know it has been used by thousands—by millions—and has strewed the land with desolation, and peopled hell with its victims: and you cannot but acknowledge that you would at once cease to make the liquor, did you not hope it would continue to be used! Indeed, you must see that just in proportion to your success, will be the amount of mischief done to your fellow-men!

It seems hardly needful to say, that the foregoing considerations are all strictly applicable to such as furnish the materials for the malsters. Were these with-

held, his degrading occupation would of course cease. By suffering, then, the fruits of your industry to pass into his hands, you perpetuate his work of death. You share in all his guilt, and shame, and curse. And remember, too, that the grain, for which you thus gain a pittance, may be returned from the fiery process only to hasten the infamy and endless ruin of a beloved son, or brother, or friend! *

Nor is the crime of the retailer essentially different. He takes the poison from the brewer, and insidiously deals it out to his fellow-men. It is truly stirring to one's indignation to notice his variety of artifice for rendering it enticing. His occupation is one which the civil authorities have, in some places, with a noble consistency, ceased to tolerate; and one which must soon be put down by the loud voice of public sentiment.

Indeed, the retailer, the malster-brewer, and he who furnishes the materials, must be looked upon as forming a TRIPLE LEAGUE, dangerous alike to private and social happiness, and to the very liberties of the nation. And an awakened people cannot rest, till the deadly compact is sundered.—Why not, then, anticipate a little the verdict and the vengeance of a rising tone of public sentiment, and at once proclaim the unholy alliance dissolved? Why not anticipate the verdict of an infinitely higher tribunal? Why not believe God's threatening, and escape the eternal tempest that lowers for him who putteth the cup to his neighbour's lips? Why not co-operate promptly in a public reform, that is regarded with intense interest in heaven, on earth, and in hell?

O review, as men of reason, and conscience, and immortality, this whole business: and if you have no ambition to benefit your fellow-men—if you can consent to ruin many for both worlds—if you can persist in wasting and perverting the bounties of a kind Providence—if you can outrage the feelings of the most enlightened and virtuous—if you can pursue a work of darkness amid noon-day light—if you can sacrifice a good name, and entail odium on all you leave—and if you can deliberately offend God, and jeopard your immortal interests for paltry gain—then go on—go on a little longer;—but, “O MY SOUL, COME NOT THOU INTO THEIR SECRET; UNTO THEIR ASSEMBLY, MINE HONOR, BE NOT THOU UNITED!”

WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE.—Christians can no more take neutral ground on this subject, since it has come up for discussion, than they can take neutral ground on the subject of the sanctification of the Sabbath. It is a great national sin. It is the sin of the church. It is in vain for the churches to pretend it is not sin. I repeat it. It is the sin of the church, to which all denominations have consented. They have virtually declared that it is lawful. The very fact of suffering traffickers quietly to remain in good standing in their churches, is the strongest and most public expression of their views that it is not sin. For the church, therefore, to pretend to take neutral ground on the subject, is perfectly absurd. The fact is that she is not on neutral ground at all. While she tolerates such in her communion, SHE JUSTIFIES THE PRACTICE. And as well might an enemy of God pretend that he was neither a saint nor a sinner, that he was going to take neutral ground, and pray “good Lord and good devil,” because he did not know which side would be the most popular.—*American.*

A WARNING TO ANTI-TEETOTAL AUTHORS, especially the Rev. Messrs. Bromley, Daniels, Howcroft, Osborne, Stanley, Prattman, Jordan, and

* For a teetotal farmer to sell his barley to a malster to make into poison, is a direct violation of the pledge.—*Eds.*

Rule.—Great care should be taken that the press should be improved to no purpose contrary to the interest of this work. We read that when God fought against Sisera, for the deliverance of his oppressed church, *they that handle the pen of the writer* came to the help of the Lord in that affair.—Judges v. 14. Whatever sort of men in Israel they were that were intended, yet, as the words were indited by a Spirit that had a perfect view of all events to the end of the world, and had a special eye, in this song, to that great event of the deliverance of God's church in the latter days, of which the deliverance of Israel was a type, it is not unlikely that they have respect to authors, those that should fight against the kingdom of satan with their pens. Those, therefore, that publish pamphlets to the disadvantage of this work, and tending either directly or indirectly to bring it under suspicion, and to discourage and hinder it, would do well thoroughly to consider whether this be not indeed the work of God, and whether, if it be, it is not likely that God will go forth as fire, to consume all that stand in his way, and so burn up those pamphlets; and whether there be not danger that the fire that is kindled in them, will scorch the authors.—*American.*

DRUNKARDS' WINE AT THE LORD'S TABLE DESTROYS SOULS.—"Not long ago, a reformed drunkard, and apparently a converted man, approached the Lord's table of a church which I could name. He ate the bread and drank the wine, but mark the result. The taste of a drunkard for alcohol is like that of a blood-hound for blood—a single drop makes him thirst for more. So here—the wine tasted at the sacred communion revived the old passion, and he who seemed a saint, was corrupted by the sacramental wine, went home, got drunk, and died a drunkard! Surely we ought not to change the cup of the Lord into the cup of devils."—*Anti-Bacchus*, page 132.

WHAT MEANS SHALL WE EMPLOY IN ORDER TO SECURE A LASTING TEETOTAL REVIVAL.—*1st. Supplication.* All success comes from God, and while the means are *ours*, the efficiency is *his*. Prayer whets the sword of the Spirit, and girds the loins of the soldier. A devotional man is serious, confident, and persevering. Queen Mary dreaded the prayers of John Knox more than an army of soldiers. And "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much,"—it moves the hand that moves the world. We must *supplicate, supplicate, SUPPLICATE.*

2nd. Association. Teetotalers must get together. They must congregate, deliberate, supplicate, and feel that they are *one*. They must *localize*—"come together into one place," and warm and stimulate one another. It is not enough that the materials exist—they must be collected; it is not enough that the spirit is present—it must be evoked. We must *congregate, CONGREGATE, CONGREGATE.*

3d. Organization. It will not be enough to meet, deliberate, pray, and go home. All these are right enough, but not enough because they are right. Committees must meet, plans be formed, funds created, and the masses disciplined. It is not enough that volunteers meet by appointment in a field or on a common, they must be drilled and disciplined, and made to march in rank and file. They must be organized into corps, regiments, &c. Our collective forces must be arranged, systematized, and put into effective order. We must *organize, ORGANIZE, ORGANIZE.*

4th. Centralization. It is not sufficient that we organize—we must *centralize* also. Consolidate as well as arrange. We must bring closely together, as well as bring into order. Our forces must not only act regularly, but unitedly—not only simultaneously, but collectively. Our energies must

be concentrated. We must have a focal point. And the sooner we take up a central position, upon intelligible principle, the better. We have skirmished at the out-posts, but the "tug of war" is to come, and we must have a rallying point. At any rate *centralize*, *CENTRALIZE*, *CENTRALIZE*, must be our watchword.

Gilpin says, "I hate to see things done by halves," but we, teetotalers have been doing things by less than quarters. Let us arise in the might of our unbounded strength, and spurn the main pillars of the monster's temple (namely alcohol as medicine and at God's holy altar) and throw it to the ground at once. Unless we attack the demon in the sacramental cup, and banish him from thence, we shall have our battles to fight ten thousand times over. One blow at the head of the monster is worth ten thousand elsewhere. Other writers may do as they please, but we shall continue to aim at the head.—*Eds.*

WHO ARE TO BE THE CHIEF AGENTS IN SECURING THE DOWNFALL OF BACCHUS?—*Youth* especially must be employed, and we hope will be especially honoured. From the womb of the morning they have the dew of their youth, and the dawn of a glorious era. Life, with its toils and its rewards, lies before them. The highway to honour and immortality is opened; and we urge them to choose a course, not of inglorious ease and pleasure, but of righteous and elevated conflict; a course which has for its object that vast and mighty good in which *all* shall share, and in the attainment of which shall be called forth that high moral worth which shall shape and stamp imperishable dignity upon human character, win golden opinions from every virtuous, high-souled being, the approbation of God, the interest of angels, and the homage of every mortal being in the world. *Youth of our country!* we appeal to *you*. *You* occupy a position of eminence and strength. *You* live in glorious times—in the midst of resources and incentives unknown to your forefathers, and unparalleled in the history of the world. In subordination to heaven's high will it apparently belongs to you to say whether *all* shall be sober, and whether the redeeming angel of gospel freedom shall have her free establishment upon the tops of the hills, and her banners be borne from the rivers unto the ends of the earth. Say—for it belongs to *you* to say—shall this take place or shall it not? Will you permit the canker-worm to remain at the root of the tree of life, depriving its leaves of freshness, and its fruit of moisture? Shall that fierce and foul antagonist of the gospel—which has always been the dread of good men and the delight of bad ones. Shall that which has been graphically described as the "great pest of society"—the affliction of every enlightened statesman, and the calamity of every European nation—shall that remain longer in its place, and at rest? Rise, young men of England, rise. Gird on the armour of light and righteousness. Stand high on moral principles. Render your position *intelligible*, and you will make it *commanding*. Fear not. Up and at the monster. Bid it battle at the onset. You are competent to the conquest. Rise and save your country. Raise her from the degradation of vice. Purify her from the contamination of blood-guiltiness. Redeem her spirit from pollution, and her memory from shame. Do this, and your conduct will be above all praise as it will be above all price. *Teachers of Sabbath schools*—male and female—may perhaps act an important part in the drama just described and recently commenced. Let them train up *their* children in the way they *should* go, and in the way they must go. Let the scarlet thread of true temperance be worked into the web of infantile thought and sentiment. Let teachers be the benefactors of the age in which they live, and posterity will award them a niche in the temple of fame, and will record their doings on the page of a nation's history.

No one's enemy but his own happens, generally, to be the enemy of everybody with whom he is in relation. "No one's enemy but his own" runs rapidly through his means—calls, in a friendly way, on his friends for bonds, bail, and securities—involves his nearest kin—leaves his wife a beggar, and quarters his orphans upon the public—and after having enjoyed *himself* to his last guinea, entails a life of dependence on his progeny, and dies in the odour of that ill-understood reputation of "harmless folly," which is more injurious to society than some positive crimes.—*Family Herald*.

VARIETIES.

LADIES OBSERVE!—Spots upon mahogany furniture, caused by cologne water, or alcohol in any form, may be immediately removed, and the place turned to its original color and beauty by the application of a few drops of oil. We believe this to be a sure restorer.—*Prov. Chron.*

To this a contemporary adds:

And gentlemen observe! Spots which alcohol leave upon the health and character, can be removed by cold water; This fact will be certified to by hundreds of thousands! Try it.—*Washingtonian*.

REVIEWS.

1. THE TRUTH SEEKER, published on the 15th of each month, edited by Dr. F. R. LEES, of Leeds—(2s. per year, paid in advance.) Many sterling articles on the science and criticism of teetotalism have already appeared in this new periodical, from the pens of the most eminent writers in their respective departments. We have not space for a lengthened review, and, therefore, in lieu thereof we beg to present, from the prospectus, an extract explanatory of the scope and objects of this promising work,

"The TRUTH SEEKER is devoted to unfettered discussion on the important subjects of Temperance and the Water Cure, Dietetics, Physiology, Animal and Agricultural Chemistry, Education, National and Social Economy, Mental and Moral Philosophy, Biblical Criticism and Theology, the Wine Question in relation to Teetotalism and the Sacrament, and other subjects of interest.

The TRUTH SEEKER is perfectly independent in its principles, unshackled by interest or party, and conducted without fear or favour. Its columns are open to all communications on the subjects of which it treats, written in a fair and philosophic spirit, whether for or against the doctrines of its conductor. Its motto is that of M. Antoninus—'I seek after TRUTH by which no man ever yet was injured.'

The TRUTH SEEKER is sustained by the literary contributions of many eminent writers, including the author of 'Anti-Bacchus,' Dr. F. Johnson, author of 'Nuces Philosophica,' and 'Life, Death, and Disease;' Drs. Wilson, Gully, and other distinguished authors and physiologists.

It admits a wide range of subjects. Amongst others, expositions and defences of true Christianity against the assaults of Infidels, and candid criticisms of their most celebrated works.

The size is that of *Chambers' Journal*—sent post free in any quantities, and to any address, within the United Kingdom.

All communications and orders to be addressed, Dr. Frederic R. Lees, Leeds."

We rejoice to perceive that the TRUTH SEEKER has already risen in circulation to nearly 3000 copies, and our wish is that its friends may increase seventy fold.—(See our last.)

. The Poetry will be given, as usual, with the next number.

LONDON:—W. Brittain, Paternoster-Row, and all Booksellers. Country Agents must send a remittance, in advance, to the PRINTERS, at the rate of 6s. per hundred. All communications for the Editors, Teetotal Cottage, Manchester, must be sent, *post paid*. Any person enclosing letter stamps, may have the work per post.

The Long-Pledge Teetotaler, AND EVANGELICAL REFORMER.

"They that sell or make ardent spirits for common use, are as wicked as those that sell or make poison for the same purpose. The blood of murdered bodies and souls will be required at their hands."—Judge Dagget

No. 6.

JUNE, 1845.

Price 1d.—Stamped, 2d.

PETITION!—PETITION!—PETITION!

OR, A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE LEEDS SOCIETY FROM AMERICA

To the honourable the Senate and House of Representatives of Massachusetts in General Court assembled:

The undersigned, citizens of Massachusetts, ask leave to call the attention of your honourable body to the laws now existing in this commonwealth, licensing the sale of intoxicating liquors, for drink, to the injury, as your memorialists conceive, of the individual—both buyer and seller—and to the serious detriment of the best interests of the State.

It is not the purpose of your memorialists to call into question the patriotism of those men by whom, in former days, those laws were first made, or of those by whom they have since been modified. In their day they, doubtless, acted according to their light. We wish that they that shall come after us may be able to bear witness for us that we have acted according to ours.

We do not propose to exhibit to your body a picture of drunkenness, in any of its degrees or of its effects upon the miserable victim, or on the often more miserable ones who are bound to him by the ties of the family or of society. Your own eyes, when directed to the subject of human misery, in this community, to its subjects and its sources, will be struck by more appalling scenes than any we could paint; nor, when you see and consider them, will you ask us for evidence that, with comparatively few exceptions, that misery flows directly, or by necessary consequence, from intoxicating drinks. These, the laws of our Commonwealth allow to be sold, for the express purpose of being drunk; and this too, now that we know, as our fathers did not, that they are always poisonous to the human system; and that, in just the degree in which they are drunk, they are destructive to the bodily and mental energies, the moral character, the highest interests of every one who drinks them. Can it then be the best interest of the community that they should be drunk? Can it consist with the character of a highly moral community that they should be sold by permission, and under the protection of its laws?—that a priesthood should be ordained for the very purpose of pouring this poison into the veins of the body politic—a priesthood, whose only office, so far as it is recognized by the laws, is exclusively a work of destruction, without one healing tendency, one salutary influence—a priesthood who, if not engaged in this work, not labouring "for the public good" in *this way*—are faithless to the ministry to which they are elected and anointed by the law.

We respectfully ask—Is it right to license man thus to mar the image of God in his brother man?—right to give him authority thus "to sell insanity," and deal out sure destruction? If it is right, why should any man be forbidden to do it? If not right, why should any be permitted? Why forbid all but

"men of sober life and conversation" to do this, if it is right? Why allow men of sober life and conversation to do it, if it is wrong? Will the poison be less active or less fatal if it is dealt out with a *steady* hand? Will the buyer be the less a drunkard because the seller is a sober man? May this pollution be poured out upon society only by clean hands? Or, is it the presumption of the law that, in such hands, it will do no harm?—that a man "of good moral character" will sell, not to drunkards, but to sober men like himself! Is it, then, more "for the public good" that the sober men of the Commonwealth should be made drunkards, than that they who are already drunkards should remain such? Can that which always works private evil, conduce to public good? Can that which is bad for all the parts be good for the whole? Can evil be converted into good by multiplication? Can wrong be legislated into right?

Under the laws of this Commonwealth, the *body* of the citizen—unless, indeed, he be poor and in debt—is jealously protected. Not a hair of his head can, with impunity, be harmed. The law lifts up its trumpet voice against personal injury, so long as it is *merely* physical. But, when the physical evil becomes linked in with moral—when the destroyer takes hold of soul and body together, to drag them into the pit—then the arrows of the law are returned into their quiver—its thunders are laid aside, and its shield is spread over the pit into which they both go down!

It may be too much to expect, from human laws, that they protect the morals of society from corruption, and even from temptation. But, is it too much to ask that they will not *throw open* the doors of temptation, and hold them open that the "simple ones" may go down through them into the chambers of death? Is it too much to ask that the sale of intoxicating drink may be prohibited by penal laws? It is said, we are aware, that this will be an infringement of the citizen's rights. We answer—then are these rights already infringed. *All but a few are already forbidden, by penal statute, to retail ardent spirits.* Is it a greater infringement of rights, or a bolder stretch of power, to restrain the few of "good moral character," than it is to restrain the many of an opposite description?

Again, may not our neighbours—our children—be protected by penal statute, from "practices against their health" and life, as well as the lower orders of creation? By penal statute we protect our *fish* from poison—why not our *men*? By penal statute—by a thousand dollars' fine, and a year's imprisonment in the county jail—we punish the man who shall "expose *any poisonous substance*, with the intent that the same should be *taken and swallowed* by a neighbour's cattle!" Why not, then, if "with the intent that it be taken and swallowed" by the neighbour himself? So that sickness, delirium, death ensue, what matters it by what name the draught be called? To the sufferer, or to society, is the injury the less, because the delirium is longer continued, and the death-pains more protracted? *If I be willingly accessory to my brother's death*, by a pistol or cord, the law holds me guilty—but guiltless if I mix his death-drink in a cup. The halter is my reward if I bring him his death in a bowl of hemloc—if in a glass of spirits, I am rewarded with his purse. Yet, who would not rather die—who would not rather see his child die, by hemloc than by rum? The law raises me a gallows if I set fire to my neighbour's house, though not a soul perish in the flames. But I may throw a torch into his household—I may lead his children through a fire more consuming than Moloch's—I may make his whole family a burnt-offering upon the altar of Mammon, and the same law holds its shield between me and him. It has installed me in my office, and comes in to protect alike the priest, "the altar,

and the god." For the *victims* it has no sympathies. For them it provides neither ransom nor avenger.

But there is an AVENGER. While these sacrifices are smoking on their thousand altars, through the length and breadth of our land, the Ruler of the nations is bringing upon us the penalties of his laws in the consequences of breaking them. Even now, He who renders to every land, as to every man, according to its works, is showing us that He is as strict to visit with suffering those who violate His organic and moral laws, as He is ready to accumulate good upon those who observe them. The fields of our great country, which He has charged with the elements of plenty—which are every year waiting to be bountiful—which He waters "that they may bud and bring forth, and give seed to the sower and bread to the eater," are becoming like the field of the slothful man of old. They are "overgrown with thorns—nettles are covering the face thereof—and the stone walls thereof are broken down." The hand and the mind of the cultivator are struck with the palsy of intemperance. A great portion of the bread corn which the land—grateful for even niggardly culture—pours into the husbandman's bosom, is snatched from his children's mouths for the craving maw of the distillery, and when that which God gave as the supporter of life has been converted into its destroyer, the vessels that waft the destruction to the nations on the Baltic, the Mediterranean, and the Black Sea bring back from these nations, and at their own price, the very bread of which we have first robbed ourselves, in order that we may ruin them.

Nor does the temperate and industrious citizen, who sees the execution of these laws of a righteous God, escape his full share of their penalties; for while his heart is made to bleed at the sight of the sufferings which the demon Intemperance is scattering broad-cast around him—while he feels himself discouraged and humbled that while his own hand and voice are lifted up against the destroyer, they are lifted up in vain, for that the destroyer is still upheld by the laws; his purse is made to bleed as freely as his heart, in the form of "poor-rates," and augmented prices; he must feed a drunken neighbour's family, and, at the same time, pay double price for the bread that feeds his own.

Your memorialists feel that, on this subject, *it is not more their right than it is their duty to remonstrate. Would those who throw this stumbling-block in their brother's way take care of such as fall over it, or could the curse of drunkenness be confined to its own ranks, and the dead be made to bury their dead, the evil might be borne—though borne, even then, with a profound sorrow—with a divine pity—for those who had fallen under the curse. Even then, philanthropy, which is but another name for the Christian spirit, would prompt us to intercede for our suffering brethren, and to plead with those who legislate for the common weal, intreating them to interpose all the barriers in their power to keep back the waves of this destruction. But, so it is not—so it cannot be. In the body politic, "if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." If the laws of a Christian state will open these seminaries of poverty, vice, and sorrow, the same laws must open, near them, to receive their graduates, alms houses, criminal courts, penitentiaries, prisons, and sepulchres. And while these are fitting up, and filling up, the earnings of the industrious, the savings of the prudent, must be taken from their pockets, by the hand of the same laws, to guard and support them.*

Is it necessary for the public good that these fathomless fountains of sin and misery should be everlastingly kept open?—that the few should fatten by feeding on the many?—that the whole head of the state should be kept sick in

the paralysis of its industry?—its whole heart faint in the corruption of its morals?—that the whole body should grow leprous, though it yet may live? Is the life which would be left in the body of this Commonwealth, after intoxicating drinks shall have done their work upon it in taking away its strength and soul, such a life as God breathed into it at its birth, and designed for it at its maturity? We cannot but think that the Sovereign of all states designed for this a nobler life than intemperance aided by law will leave it—a higher destiny than such a destroyer, with such support, will ever allow it to fulfil.

Your memorialists are aware—we use the words of a chief magistrate of a sister state—that “The cause of Temperance, and that philanthropic movement which has already done so much to check the ravages of that fell destroyer of individual health and happiness, and that prolific source of crime and misery, Intemperance, depend mainly for their ultimate and perfect success, upon moral causes, but they may yet receive aid and support from legislative enactments.” Your memorialists believe that such enactments would now be regarded with favor by the great mass of the community; and even if they are not in all cases enforced, that they would yet do much to check the evil which all good men deplore. Your memorialists, therefore, pray that *all* laws, authorising the sale of intoxicating drinks, within this Commonwealth, may be repealed, and that such sale may be made penal with such exceptions, and under such conditions, as to your honourable body may seem good. And your petitioners shall ever pray, &c.

[Let Teetotalers din the Throne and flood the two Houses of Parliament with loud *remonstrances* against the wicked license laws. *Do it—DO IT—DO IT*—and “*If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.*”—EDS.]

SEE WHAT TRUE TEMPERANCE IS DOING.

SUPPRESSION OF LICENTIOUSNESS.—It is generally known that a young woman who was recently tried for attempting to take the life of her destroyer in this city, was instantly acquitted by the jury, although the act of which she was accused was fully proved, and no evidence relating to the provocation which the prisoner received, was allowed to be presented. Yet her treatment was known, and the jury, in spite of legal technicalities, would feel its influence; and the justice of the result, so far as we know, is universally admitted. The event has created a degree of excitement in respect to crimes of this nature, which we have never before seen witnessed, and which it is earnestly to be hoped, will lead to some speedy legislative action for their suppression. The newspapers, even the worst of them, have come out for a law, with a regard for public morals quite refreshing. This is a specimen of their tone:

“Now, here must reform begin, if ever society is to get rid of this evil. So long as the known seducer of unprotected female innocence is admitted into a respectable society—so long as honourable and respectable fathers and mothers permit such criminals to pollute, with their presence, the atmosphere of a virtuous dwelling—so long will the crime of seduction increase, and be perpetuated with impunity. And the only way in which this change of public sentiment can be effected, is to brand the crime with the same degree of infamy and disgrace, in the eye of the law, as are attached to the crime of theft, or robbery, or murder. Let seduction be at once made a State Prison offence.”

To this every lover of good morals, and every right minded man, will say amen.—*New York Evangelist.*

A PROPER REPROOF.—A Gentleman, just reeking hot from a Cigar Divan, approached the lady to whom he had been paying his addresses, when he was very quickly repulsed by the lady thus accosting him, "Please keep your distance, sir, I regard you as a perfect walking tobacco-pipe."—*New York Organ.*

TEMPERANCE IN REVIVALS—A FACT.—There are those, and the number is not small, who, in times of high religious excitement, are opposed to any direct allusion or effort on behalf of Temperance or other great questions of Moral Reform, "lest it hinder the Revival." Kindred to this, is that feeling often existing among clergymen, that will not, at such times, suspend occasional, or even stated meetings, that the people may attend Lectures and other important meetings of the friends of humanity. An incident occurred, a few years since, under my own observation, that, to my mind, fully illustrates the benefit of a fearless proclamation of the whole truth, even in times of great revival. I was labouring in a protracted meeting in the Congregational Church of a New Hampshire village. There was much intemperance there, and the wife of the principal hotel-keeper was a member of the church. Seeing her and her husband both at the meeting one afternoon, I made some very pointed remarks on the evils of intemperance, and particularly on the character of those who continued those evils, by trafficking in ardent spirits. At the close of the exercise that afternoon, the minister, in a suppressed tone, that told how he felt, said to me, "It won't do, *it won't do*, to come out so on that subject; *you'll stop the revival.*" I told him I had no opinion of a revival among drunkards and rum-sellers, and that my way to promote righteousness, was to preach against sin—*existing sin*, and that such a course would hinder no *true revival*. He doubted and feared, but allowed me to proceed.

Two days after, the taverner, to my surprise, invited me to his house. The conversation, of course, turned upon his business. He seemed pleased, and yet I wondered why, for he was faithfully warned of the danger of continuing in such a course. He had a number of sons, some of them nearly grown to manhood, and he was told that fearful consequences might attend exposing them to such temptation. At length, he rose hastily up, and beckoned me to follow him. I did so, and he conducted me to the bar-room, and, throwing open the bar, I saw that it was "empty, swept, and garnished." "There, said he," with emphasis, "*I've done.*" He was done. A pitcher of cold water, and a waiter of tumblers, were all that remained of a well-furnished establishment. He was done; for himself and nearly every member of his family became true converts, and are now foremost in every good work. Others of the craft soon followed, and, in less than two months, not a drop of strong drink was sold in that village. The revival went on. No one ever dreamed that it was less extensive or less beneficial, on account of plain preaching against existing sins.—*Canada Temperance Advocate.*

WHAT IS THE CHRISTIAN'S DUTY.—Let Christians of all denominations meekly, but firmly, come forth, and pronounce their verdict—let them clear their communions, and wash their hands of this thing—let them give forth and write on the head and front of this great abomination, SIN! and in three years, a public sentiment would be formed that would carry all before it.—*Finney.*

NO PUFF! NO PINCH!

No. 1.

Smoke not—chew not—snuff not—that filthy weed tobacco.

In the happy and successful progress of the Temperance cause, it will be the obvious and imperative duty of all its leaders to denounce and attack every known auxiliary of the drinking system! and surely no one will attempt to deny that *tobacco smoking* has frequently led the way to the tavern and the ale-bench—has been the introduction to strong drink—and is the well-known associate of tippling, soaking, and drunkenness. What more common than “The Pot and the Pipe?”—“The Cigar and the Glass?”—“The Drunkery and the Tobacco stench?”

We have long felt it to be our duty to make this Journal a more efficient help to the Temperance cause, by devoting a column occasionally to the *Anti-Tobacco Question*. We have waited for “a convenient season,” and we deem “the time is fully come.”

One circumstance delayed our entering upon the subject—we had somewhat to do with the traffic, although in our own individual case entirely abstinent for several years; but having recently, from a pure conviction of duty, *given up all dealing in the article*, we can now fearlessly and honourably teach that in which our precept is strengthened by our example.

We do, then, in the first place, advisedly and earnestly call upon all Teetotalers, who are yet lovers of the Pipe, the Quid, or the Dust, and specially upon those of them who are public advocates and known leaders in the great moral reform, at once and for ever to renounce and denounce a system which has no support, but prejudice, error, and sensuality.

Science has distinctly pronounced tobacco to be injurious to the health.—Experience has demonstrated this.—Common Observation condemns the offensive uncleanness of the nauseous thing.—Economy justly accuses the tobacco consumer of unjustifiable waste.—Decency denounces all puffing, and chewing, and snuffing, as filthiness—an unwarrantable outrage upon the proprieties of civilized society—a breach of good manners—a nuisance everywhere.—Morality and Religion give a just verdict of condemnation, upon all the foregoing charges.

P. S.—If any of the smoke and stench society of puffers, chewers, and pinchers can shew just cause why the dirty, and wasteful, and injurious indulgence should not be denounced and given up, we invite them to furnish us with their reasons and arguments forthwith.—*Cornwall Journal*.

Ten thousand shames upon smoking and snuff-taking advocates.—*Eds.*

DRUNKARDS' DRINK AND DISEASE, OR THE HOLY DEACON.—No inoculation sends with more certainty disease into the system than drinking strong drink. Hundreds have made an agonizing struggle to escape from perdition. They have seen their sin and danger—they have walked the streets in agony—they have gone to their homes and looked at their wives and children, and into the pit of despair—but their feverish stomach has cried give, give! and they have drank often and often, with the solemn promise that it should be the last time; until they have exclaimed, with a once interesting youth, “I know I am a ruined man, but I cannot stop.”

Some, indeed, through much care and strength of constitution, may escape;

but the plague, if it appear not in their skin and in their bone, may break out in their children. "I will drink some," said an aged deacon of a church of Christ, "for it does me good." God was merciful though he tempted heaven, and it is said that he died with his character untarnished; but six loathsome sons drank up his substance, with the leprosy in their foreheads. What a meeting must there be between that deacon and his sons on the judgment day! O, the doctrine of prudent use must be abandoned by every considerate mind. It can have no standard.—*American.*

THERE IS A BETTER DAY COMING.—I conscientiously believe, that the time is not far distant, when the churches will be united in this expression of abhorrence against this sin. If I do not baptize tipling by some soft and Christian name, if I call it SIN, both consistency and conscience conduct to the inevitable conclusion, that while this sin is persevered in, its perpetrators cannot be fit subjects for Christian communion and fellowship.—*American.*

IS SMOKING FASHIONABLE?—Answer—Yes, very, indeed, among pot-boys, fish-women, sweeps, prostitutes, the swell mob, silly dandies, and petty, masterful, and dirty sluts; but real gentlemen and all sound out-and-out teetotalers abstain from the filthy practice.

BREWERS, VICTUALLERS, AND BEER SHOP KEEPERS.—"It appears from a Parliamentary document, that on the 10th Dec. last, there were 2,644 brewers in the United Kingdom, of which number 2,318 were in England, 199 in Scotland, and 138 in Ireland. There were at the same period 86,073 victuallers in the United Kingdom, of whom 57,698 resided in England, 15,449 in Scotland, 12,926 in Ireland. In England there were 31,227 persons licensed to sell beer *not* to be drunk on the premises; there were 27,009 victuallers who brewed their own beer, and nearly 14,000 beer shop keepers who also brewed their own beer."—*Times, Oct. 4.*

Talk of the expences of a "standing army"—the weight of taxation—the burden of poors' rates, &c. &c.! They all shrink into insignificance compared with this self-imposed *John Bullism*—this "dead weight" upon English Society!
A.

CAN TIPLING PROFESSORS HAVE THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.—Christians, of all denominations, should lay aside prejudice, and *inform themselves* on this subject, without delay. Vast multitudes of professors of religion have indulged prejudice to such a degree as to be unwilling to read and hear and come to a right understanding of the subject. But Christians cannot pray in this state of mind. If the light did not shine, Christians might remain in the dark upon this point, and still possess the spirit of prayer. But if they *refuse to come to the light*, they cannot pray. Now, I call upon all who have not examined this subject because they were indisposed to examine it, to say whether you have the spirit of prayer. Where ministers, individual Christians, or whole churches *resist truth* upon this point now, when it is so extensively diffused and before the public mind, I do not believe they will or can enjoy a revival of religion.

[No, no, no. It is our settled opinion that several of our most popular ministers drink five times more poison than most of our filthy sots;—in fact, they are the high priests of Bacchus.—EDS.]

A FAITHFUL TEETOTAL DOCTOR, OR THE REAL CAUSE.—A short time

since an invalid sent for a physician, and having detained him for some time with a description of his pains, said, "Now, doctor, you have humbugged me long enough with your good-for-nothing pills and worthless syrups; they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you would *strike the cause of my ailment*, if it is in your power to reach it." "It shall be done," said the doctor, at the same time lifting his cane and demolishing a decanter of spirits that stood upon the sideboard!

The doctor who recommends the poison is an ignorant quack.—Eds.

NO TAVERNS LICENSED IN NEW HAVEN, CONN.—This, indeed, is good news. At a meeting of the civil authority votes were passed licensing the Tontine and Eagle Tavern. The Assembly House was then proposed, but a license was refused by a strong vote. James Punderford, Esq., (and to his honour be it recorded) then said he thought we had experienced enough of the evils of rum in this town—he moved a reconsideration of the vote licensing the Tontine and Eagle Tavern. The vote was reconsidered, and the whole subject of licensing was then, on motion of Mr. Punderford, indefinitely and eternally postponed. *So no taverns have been licensed in this town.—Fountain.*

LAMENTATION, MOURNING, AND WOE; OR A TALE OF DISTRESS SOUNDED IN THE EAR OF THE METHODIST RUM-SELLERS.—"Could we collect the wives and children of drunkards in a great amphitheatre, place in an outer circle the manufacturers and the venders, and fix them there until each mother and child had told the history of their grief, of their downward course from affluence or competency, from respectability and domestic happiness to poverty, to misery, and wretchedness. Could the scenes of domestic discord be acted over again—could the blows of the sworn and once loved and cherished protector, now transformed to a madman and a brute, be made to sound in their ears, with the shrieks of those wives and mothers, and the wailings of their innocent children—could they, for the occasion, be furnished with powers of language to describe their days of toil and misery, and their nights of unmitigated, unmingled, and unavailing sorrow and anguish—could they throw into their countenances all the agony which has so often wrung their souls, all the terror and trembling, all the disgust and loathing, which the conduct of their husbands and fathers has caused them—could these men hear the prayers of those wives for their husbands, that the temptation which had so besotted and enslaved them might not again be thrown in their way—and, finally, could the secret tears which they have shed be made to flow in full view of this circle of makers and dealers that surround them—could all this be done, is there a soul not absolutely in league with the great adversary and tempter himself, who could for another day or hour continue in this unholy business?"

We most strongly urge teetotal Methodist local preachers and leaders to move for the expulsion of all poison venders. Let them do it at every official meeting, no matter how few vote for the motion. Do it, do it, do it.—Eds.

LONDON:—W. Brittain, Paternoster-Row, and all Booksellers. Country Agents must send a remittance, in advance, to the PRINTERS, at the rate of 6s. per hundred. All communications for the Editors, Teetotal Cottage, Manchester, must be sent, *post paid*. Any person enclosing letter stamps, may have the work per post.

The Long-Pledge Teetotaler,

AND

EVANGELICAL REFORMER.

"It matters not how respectable he may be, if such sinners as spirit-dealers are to be called respectable, nor how considerable his wealth and influence; he ought to be required to forsake his traffic, or else, after due admonition, to have no more place amongst us. If the iniquity be winked at, we cannot deliver our own souls. The wicked man will die in his sins, but God will require his blood at our hands."—JOHN WESLEY.

No. 7.

JULY, 1845.

Price 1d.—Stamped, 2d.

THE WESLEYAN RUMSELLER, OR A LOOKING-GLASS FOR MR. HILL, POISON VENDER, HULL.

SIR,—It was my unspeakable privilege to attend the Wesleyan chapels in Hull during that glorious revival of religion, conducted by the Rev. J. Caughey, from America. When I saw the holy zeal and activity of the local preachers and leaders, my heart leaped for joy: and Sir, without flattery, let me tell you, that when I saw you at your post, night after night, within the altar rail, taking down the names of those who found pardon or holiness, I said to my friend Thorley (a staunch teetotaler) "That man's heart is fully engaged in the work of God." But, Sir, guess my surprise when he told me that you were a *wholesale poison vender*. I exclaimed, "Can it, can it be?" I tried to muster up all my charity until one of the friends of Mr. Caughey put the following sayings of Finney into my hands; which sayings, together with the confession of a Rum-seller, I send for your perusal.

"That man who, for the sake of gain, will sell rum or any intoxicating drinks to his neighbour, and puts a cup to his mouth, and would thus covenant to ruin him body and soul, would consent to sell him into slavery to promote his own selfish interests, if he could do it with impunity; and if he did not rob or murder him for the sake of his money, it certainly would not be because the love of God or man restrained him."—*Finney*.

"Shall a man who will sell rum and make whiskey, and deal out death and damnation to men, and make them pay for it; and thus not only poison them to death, but worse than rob them of their money, shall he pretend to love God? For shame, thou hypocrite! thou wretch! thou enemy of God and man! thou wolf in the clothing of a sheep! lay aside your mask, and write your name Satan, on your sign board."—*Finney*.

CONFESSIONS OF A RUM-SELLER.

There are few men who, as they approach the farthest goal of life, do not occasionally review the scenes which they have witnessed in their earlier days. Life in the retrospect shows less of joys, but more of truth, than life in prospect. I feel that I can now more clearly see by what motives I have been actuated in my career, than I could have done at an earlier period of my life. True it is that light enough is given to all to enable us to walk in the path of rectitude, but our eyes are too blinded by prejudice or interest to suffer us to walk by that light.

Reader, a Rum-seller speaks to you. My guilt is not the guilt of him who is himself a drunkard. Would to God that this were the extent of my guilt; for then, it seems to me, there might be for me the semblance of rest, at least in this world, although rest in eternity is denied to such by the declaration that "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." But no; the drunkard's guilt is, compared with mine, as the driven snow—purity itself; for I have through life been the *maker of drunkards*. Yes, reader, instead of living to benefit my race, to do good to my neighbours, I have lived a curse to all with whom I have dealt. Worse than the wild Arab of the desert have I been, for while my hand has ever been raised against every man, I have not even had the excuse that every man's hand has been raised against me. Unsuspected, yea even honoured and confided in, have I been at the moment when I was causing full streams of woe, sorrow, and despair to flow through the community.

Mine, reader, has been no ordinary guilt. To the sin of ruining and demoralizing whole generations, I have added the baseness, the meanness of doing it *by stealth*. I have not even the credit of *common courage* in what I have done. The bandit chief ranks far above the midnight assassin; for he, at least, is not a coward, as well as a murderer; but I have been as he who thrusts with the stiletto—*I have stabbed in the dark!*

Fearful have been the curses showered on the heads of others, which, had justice spoken, would have fallen upon me. I have seen the widowed mother, as we stood around a drunkard's grave, rise, and, amidst her tears, denounce him who sold her husband his last glass, as the author of all her wretchedness, when conscience, in a tone too distinct to be misunderstood, whispered in my ear that I was the guilty one—that it was I who had rendered that wife a widow—that it was I who had made those children orphans—I who had filled another drunkard's grave, and sent another drunkard to the judgment seat of God. Yes, and with these indignant denunciations still ringing in my ears, I have turned to her, and, with my hypocritical words, tried to sooth her anger—in her hour of affliction, I, the cause of all her woe, have sought to console her—I, who rendered her children orphans, have promised to be henceforth a father to them, and she did not spurn me for the insulting offer. Yes, she whom I had made a drunkard's widow, thanked me for my offer, and entrusted her child to the protection of me, who had, by my accursed traffic, slain its father. And neighbours spoke to each other of my *sympathy for affliction*, my *benevolence and charity* to the distressed!

I have stood by the bedside of the delirious, dying intemperate—have heard his piteous moanings, his shrieks, and his howlings; I have heard him, in his delirious fancyings, shout to his attendants to save him from the presence of him who sold him the last glass, imprecating curses upon his head for completing the ruin of one who never injured him. Think you, reader, that I stood unmoved as I listened to the drunkard's curse—a curse which conscience told me would have fallen on me, had justice spoken? Ah! the Rum-seller's heart is hard, hard as the nether millstone; but there have been times when the heart of at least one Rum-seller has been well nigh bursting with emotion; but its emotions have been subdued and stifled by the consciousness that though to others poverty and misfortune were the consequences of my conduct, yet I was prosperous and adding to my wealth.

Yet, had my gains been doubly great, I think I could never have continued in my course of iniquity, had it not been for the fact that I remained all this time the *unsuspected cause* of so much woe. There were others about me engaged in the traffic who often encountered the odium which their business richly merited. My fellow Rum-sellers were often denounced as the causes of

the majority of the instances of pauperism and crime with which the annals of our neighbourhood were stained. There were many who talked even of calling in the strong arm of the law to stop them in their unholy career. But none reproved me. Although my victims were tenfold more numerous than were any of my fellow Rum-dealers, yet was the cry of censure never heard against me; nay, was almost honoured for doing the very thing, for attempting which my humbler brethren were stigmatised and branded with disgrace. Strange as it may appear, I had succeeded in throwing such a veil around my business, that none seemed to suspect its evil consequences; I had enveloped it with such a mystery, that even my victims never reproached me; there was such a delusion about it, that, although day by day its evil effects were seen, yet none charged them on me. I was respected, honoured, looked up to, as a deserving member of society, when, by my accursed wares, I was scattering the seeds of death in every path. I gloried in it once—I congratulated myself on my success in duping those about me; but, alas! I now would give my ill-gotten gains, a thousand times told, for the peace of him that has *never sold rum*.

Would you know, reader, how I succeeded in carrying on honourably what degraded others?—how it happened that the death of my victims was laid at other doors than my own? Would you know how it was that I blinded the eyes of the widowed, so that she, the keenest of all observers, failed to detect me in my wickedness?—why the orphan never cursed me as the cause of his wretchedness? Would you know what was the veil that so shrouded the enormity of my sins, that others perceived them not?—how it happened that while many a stone was cast upon the slayer of a single victim, I, the destroyer of hundreds, passed along, and none said aught against me? The solution of the mystery is contained in a single line—*I sold Rum only by the Wholesale, and was a Class Leader.—American Paper.*

My dear Sir, what do you think of the Confession? Pardon me when I say—“*Go thou and do likewise.*” In conclusion, I may just say that the above has been sent from America (for publication in this work) by a friend of the Rev. J. Caughey’s.

Yours, a believer in the doctrine that it is a sin to make, sell, or drink Rum,

T. T.

SOW THY SEED IN THE MORNING.

A LOUD CALL TO ACTION.

To every Man in Great Britain.—The time has now arrived when every man who has a sprinkling of patriotism in his bosom, or a spark of the love of God in his heart, should be up and doing. *And why?* Is it needful to ask the question? Look abroad and around. See how the evil of intemperance is spreading—behold its ravages! Where has it not taken root? It is notorious with what industry it is sown—it is lamentable in how many soils it grows—it is deplorable to see it springing up where we might least expect to behold it. The clergy and the laity are vying with each other in its propagation; already has the fruit been reaped; and even now, young and old, rich and poor, are drinking in the fatal draught; and what will be the consequence? What indeed? Where will it end? Alas! who can tell? To what does it tend? It is needless to enter into particulars here. The facts are notorious, and are

deplored by all. It is a crying evil in the land—it is a spreading evil—it is day by day growing more rampant, and threatens very speedily to overspread and overshadow the church. Shall it be permitted to proceed in its onward course? What say you, men of England? Will you sleep and slumber, and let the giant go abroad and devastate your happy homes, while the means of crushing him is in your power? No, you will not, you cannot. Up, then, and be doing! Arouse yourselves ere it be too late.

The remedy is simple; but it is sure. The antidote is within your reach. Sign the pledge. Use it; it is powerful and will prevail. Sow your seed—sow it industriously—on all soils—in all weathers—on land and water—on hill and dale—in storm and calm—in sunshine and in shade. It is sure to spring up; it is sure to bring forth fruit. Your seed is the *Word of God*—your field is the world—your reapers are the angels—your garner is heaven—your husbandman is God himself. He has provided you the seed—he will help you to sow it—he will help you to reap it. Sow it then. Sow freely—sow largely—sow bountifully—sow perseveringly. It may be bought cheaply—may be had in any quantity—it has never been known to fail in its effects. There are agents for its sale in every town in Great Britain—you may obtain it from any bookseller in penny packages. Sow it, men of Britain—sow it in schools—in families—in every parish—in every town—in every village—in every hamlet in England, Wales, and Scotland. Sow it beyond the sea, for it will grow on foreign shores. Send it to Ireland, to the Colonies, to India, to China, and sow it there. Send it to the Continent, and to Africa, and sow it there. Sow it with sufficient energy, in sufficient quantities, and it will soon effectually overturn and overturn every evil. It will overspread the world; it will bring peace and happiness to all, and will far more than repay your toil.

Oh! the hearts it has already healed—the tears it has dried—the chapels it has filled—the children it has clothed, fed, and educated—and the thousands it has led to the cross. Nay, an angel would fail to tell a thousandth-part of the good that true temperance has done; and if ministers of the gospel will only take it up with holy zeal, we shall have the Millennial in less than twenty years.—*Altered by one of the Eds.*

C O R R E S P O N D E N T S.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—Having recently been engaged to answer twenty objections frequently urged against teetotalism, I hereby send you the objections, together with a very brief outline of each answer. Should you feel inclined to insert the same in your “True Teetotal Journal,” you are at full liberty.

Objection 1. “Teetotalism is of the Devil.”

Answer. Then it is the best thing the Devil ever did since he was a Devil. He deserves a vote of thanks from ten thousand families. *Of the Devil!!* Then make all into drunkards again which teetotalism has made sober; strip all the children it has clothed; empty all the chapels it has filled; break all the hearts it has healed, &c. &c. Shame on the man that dare say teetotalism is of the Devil.

2. “The ministers of the gospel are against you.”

Answer. Yes, we fear some of them hate teetotalism more than they hate the bottle of brandy, wine decanter, &c. But, thank God, all the ministers are not against us. No; we can boast of a Jay, Sherman, James, Holt, Burns, Messer, Mc. Donald, and thousands more, especially in America.

3. "Doctors are against you."

Answer. Yes, a few quacks.

4. "Men cannot work without strong drink."

Answer. Millions give the lie to such a statement.

5. "The Bible speaks in favour of strong drink."

Answer. Please tell us the chapter and verse.

6. "Jesus made water into wine."

Answer. What sort, please?

7. "Teetotalism divides churches."

Answer. Who is to blame for that? Let all Christians do their duty in reference to the great subject and divisions end at once.

8. "It is a thing of yesterday,"

Answer. So was the gospel once. The Reformation, Bible Society, Tract ditto, Missionary Society, Methodism, &c. &c.

9. "Paul recommended Timothy to take wine."

Answer. What sort? Please tell us, and then we shall know.

10. "Holy men for ages have used strong drink."

Answer. So have they supported slavery; but is it right? that's the question.

11. "It leads to Infidelity."

Answer. Who has it led there? Please tell us, and we will look after them.

12. "The arguments of teetotalers are weak, silly, and from the point."

Answer. Bromley, Jordan, Prattman, Stanley, Osborne, Kendell, Turner, Howcroft, &c. &c., if they would speak the truth, would tell us that they find them rather hard nuts to crack.

12. "You drink on the sly."

Answer. Yes, so sly that nobody can catch us at it. Query—If so sly, how do you know?

14. "The Saviour instituted the last supper in fermented wine."

Answer. Just clearly prove that, and the wine merchants (doubtless) will give you a pension for life.

15. "You are a poor ignorant set."

Answer. So the enemies of Jesus said; so the enemies of Wesley, Wilberforce, &c. But we say we have the cream of the talent, piety, and humanity with us.

16. "Your lecturers are quite unfit to stand before a public audience."

Answer. You have a fine chance to come and show your splendid abilities, only just sign the pledge. What say you?

17. "It is a money getting concern."

Answer. If you thought so, you would soon be fingering the brass, I fear.

18. "You only aim to fill your own church by advocating teetotalism."

Answer. We offer you a free stage and fair play. Will you have a game?

19. "You have put it in the place of the gospel."

Answer. Who told you so?

20. "It is going down, after all the stir you make, and it will soon be all over."

Answer. Yes, it is going down very fast. But it is going down into the heart's core of public opinion. It is going down like the roots of trees, or a snow ball going down a hill. It will soon be all over. Yes, all over the world, &c. &c.

Yours, as ever,

A Teetotal Minister.

GLORIOUS NEWS FOR THE TEETOTAL PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.

The Rev. John Flesher, formerly a Wesleyan preacher, now the Archbishop of the Primitives and Editor of the Magazine, has come to the glorious determination that he will no longer advertise the sale of drunkard's drink on the cover of his moderation periodical. What Bishop Wm. will say to this, we cannot tell; but as he can *drink brandy to the glory of God*, we fear he will frown upon his brother John. Several of the circuits are refusing tippling preachers; and after all the glorious revivals spoken of by the Editor during the last year, we find that little-dropism has thinned the ranks of Primitive Methodism most awfully.

J. S.

WHAT TEETOTALER BREAKS HIS PLEDGE.

(The Long Pledge.*)

1. He who sells barley to the malster.
2. He who sells malt.
3. He who builds a public house.
4. He who paints a publican's sign-board, or the inside of his house.
5. That cooper who makes barrels for the jerry lord.
6. That man who lets his house to a publican.
7. That carter who leads malt for the publican.
8. That printer who prints bills announcing the sale of the poison.
9. That minister who gives the cup of devils at the table of the Lord, or that Christian who takes it, or supports a tippling ministry.
10. That man who gets orders for a brewer.—(Witness Mr. Platt.)
11. All who take home-made wines.
12. All who admit the advertisements of drunkard-makers into their periodicals.
13. The person who purchases the brewer's barm or grains.
14. That servant who fetches the poison for his master.
15. That magistrate who signs a publican's license.
16. That man who enters a money club held at a public house.
17. All brewers' men.
18. All malsters' men.
19. All excisemen.
20. All ministers who do not advocate the cause in their sermons.

SACRAMENTAL WINE.

SIR,— * * * * I should much like to see the exception in favour of intoxicating wine at the Sacrament, in the Rechabite pledge, erased. What think *you*? Has the time arrived? If so, will you notice it, that the subject may be taken into consideration at the approaching district meeting, and the A. M. C.

Yours, most respectfully,

Leeds.

THOS. BURLAND.

* Look at the Manchester pledge, it is long indeed.

The time, in our opinion, has arrived, and the subject should be discussed. There is a note, appended to the pledge, allowing the omission of the *exception* if preferred. In the late article on Sacramental Wine, in the *Pioneer*, the sinfulness of using the drunkard's wine, in the light of so much knowledge and discovery on the nature and properties of alcoholic liquors is shown. The use, therefore, is wrong; and what is wrong can never be admitted, consistent with principle, as an element in the constitution of a *good* society. It is, therefore, for the Rechabites to consider whether they will allow, in their pledge, that which is sinful, and derive some *imaginary success*—not real, in our opinion—or, at once, adhering consistently to principle, strike out the clause. By pursuing the latter course they would rise in the estimation of all teetotalers; but, by the former, prove that, like other teetotal institutions, they succumb, by the sacrifice of principle, to custom and fashion. The same remarks extend to the *British Association for the promotion of Temperance*, as well as every other association whose pledge embraces the clause for the use of the drunkard's wine.—*Hull Pioneer*.

A DREAM.—“Father,” said a little boy to a *pious* deacon, “I had a funny dream last night.” “Well, Tommy, what was your funny dream?” “I dreamed the devil came into your shop.” “The devil!” “Yes, father, the devil; I dreamed that he found you drawing a glass of whisky for poor Ambo Jams, who has fits, and who broke a little baby's arm the other day because she cried when he came home drunk. And I thought the devil came up to the counter, and laid the end of his long tail on the chair, and leaned over towards the barrel where you were stooping to draw it out, and asked you if you wasn't a deacon. And I thought you didn't look up, but said you was, and then he grinned and whisked his tail like a cat that has caught a rat, and says he to me, ‘that 'ere's the deacon for me!’ and ran out of the shop laughing so loud that I put my fingers in my ears and woke up.” The deacon, conscience-struck, immediately abandoned his devil-serving business, and joined the Washingtonian Society. [We wish that some of our whisky-selling elders and church members would, like the above deacon, cease to delight satan, and betake themselves to Christian occupations.]—*Scottish Temperance Journal*.

R E V I E W S .

1. THE TRUTH SEEKER—This work wears the belt.
2. HULL PIONEER—This is the second champion.
3. LONDON JOURNAL—Rising fast to high water mark.
4. THE ADVOCATE—It pains us to say that this work is lowering in its tone, especially on the wine question.
5. THE RECORDER—Very good for a very short-pledge work.
6. CHESHIRE ADVOCATE—Twin sister to Owen Clark,
7. THE CHRONICLE—Two steps from moderation.
8. CORNWALL JOURNAL—Goes the whole hog.
9. THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE—Very chaste, sweet, good, and clear, but still it does not strike home sufficiently. We should like to see a little more of the spirit of our American brethren breathed into its nostrils.
10. THE NORTHERN COUNTIES' JOURNAL—The Editor of this work has got on the right line: we hope he will soon get the steam up.
11. HYDROPATHY FOR THE PEOPLE, BY THE REV. WILLIAM HORSEL.—We conjure our readers to expend 2s. 6d. on this uncommon work. Let those who cannot afford to do so at the present abstain from coffee, tea, and flesh meat until they have saved the amount. We have read it once, twice, thrice, and fear not to pronounce it good, good, yea, very good. Truth compels us to say that in thus speaking we condemn ourselves. The fact is, we take a little tea and coffee occasionally, but we are now under conviction. When we get liberty we will say more.—Eds.

THE DRUNKARD'S RETURN.

It was my elysium, the hell of the slave,
Where the votaries of Bacchus indignantly rave;
I knelt at the altar where Bacchanals knelt,
And mine were the feelings which Bacchanals felt;
I mix'd in their revels and join'd in their song,
And echoed the sound of that Bacchanal throng;
I scatter'd my incense beneath the dark shrine,
And worship'd like them a God undivine;
I view'd in delirium's horrors, the vale,
Where stood the pale priestess of Bacchus and Baal;
I heard the fierce moans of the impious slave,
Like the howl of the tempest, or foam of the wave:
When whiskey's ingredients distorted the brain,
And reason was bartered for folly and pain.
Dark! dark! were the clouds that envelop'd my
soul,

While quaffing the dregs of the poisonous bowl;
And heedless the current of thought as it ran
Regardless of reason, of God, or of man:
To gratify self, the sole object in view;
Nor thought what a widow, or orphans would do.
Ah! widow'd she was, for no husband was I;
She hung out her hopes alone in the sky:
She wept, but no longer her sighs could prevail,
Tho' nightly they swell'd on the smooth flowing
gale.

She hugg'd her young babe with a mother's embrace,
And sighed as its father in it she could trace;
And frantic exclaimed, to the babe as it smiled,
"How false is thy sire, O fatherless child!
How false is that tongue, which proclaimed me a
bride,

How betray'd is the heart, that in such did confide!
How false is the friend I have vainly adored,
How fallen the husband I long have deplored;
He's fallen! he's fallen! the star of my youth,
From the zenith of glory, of friendship, and truth."
She deem'd me abandon'd, forgotten by all,
Her last malediction my funeral pall;
Nor thought that a star would illumine the dark vale,
Where long I had worship'd the idols of Baal!
One flickering gleam of whose glorious ray,
Like the sun in his zenith, would brighten my way.
But soon had this bright star, refulgently beam'd,
Its lustre mid darkness resplendently gleam'd.
Like a meteor of night, o'er the uni verse ran,
Giving life, health, and vigour, to slumbering man;
Nor soon like the meteor's gleam is it pass'd,
But longer than ages its brilliancy last.
Tis the starlight that led me from darkness to grace,
From the vortex of drunk'ness to temperance and
peace.

'Tis the beacon that pointed a path to the slave,
The barque that has braved every swell of the wave.

It bears me triumphant o'er the fathomless sea,
And restored to a lost wife a helot made free!
Not the phalanx of Greece, or the legions of Rome,
Could sever the links that now bind me to home;
Nor seraph record how each countenance beamed,
At a husband's return, a sire redeemed!

UNION.

We welcome all, we hail, we greet
With joy, with pure delight,
And as in kindred union meet
Those who with us unite.

There's no distinction here of birth,
Our union to destroy,
No sect nor party of the earth
To spoil our heart-felt joy.

Of every nation here we find,
Hearts glowing with desire
To rear the fallen soul and mind,
And banish liquid fire.

And friendship's high and holy flame
Warms and expands each breast,
Each soul is breathing forth the same
Efusions firm impressed.

Thus never shall our efforts cease
Till Bacchus is o'erthrown,
And every drunkard's home is peace,
And joyous as our own.

Dr. Freel, of Newcastle.

THE COLD WATER ARMY.

Hark, hark, the sweet music that sounds o'er the
land,

And thrills in the ears of us all;
As loud, and more loud does each cold water band
Respond to the temperance call;
While thousands spring up from each valley and
hill,

And seize the spirited strain,
Send back the glad challenge with hearty good will,
From hill-top to valley again.

And thus may the sounds of the cold water song,
Be round us while lasts the glad day;
And night in its stillness the echo prolong,
As time with us all wears away:

While hope with her warm light, each beaming eye
fills,

Evermore may that soul-stirring strain
Ring out as an earnest of joy, till it thrills,
And echoes to heaven again.

American.

LONDON:—W. Brittain, Paternoster-Row, and all Booksellers. Country Agents must send a remittance, in advance, to the PRINTERS, at the rate of 6s. per hundred. All communications for the Editors, Teetotal Cottage, Manchester, must be sent, *post paid*. Any person enclosing letter stamps, may have the work per post.

Ellerby and Cheetham, Printers, 34, Oldham Street, Manchester.

The Long-Pledge Teetotaler,

AND

EVANGELICAL REFORMER.

"It matters not how respectable he may be, if such sinners as spirit-dealers are to be called respectable, nor how considerable his wealth and influence; he ought to be required to forsake his traffic, or else, after due admonition, to have no more place amongst us. If the iniquity be winked at, we cannot deliver our own souls. The wicked man will die in his sins, but God will require his blood at our hands."—JOHN WESLEY.

No. 8.

AUGUST, 1845.

Price 1d.—Stamped, 2d.

DRUNKENNESS, AN ENEMY TO THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN CARVOSSO, WESLEYAN MINISTER.

As a family enemy, drunkenness is not less terrible in inflicting misery. Could I but number up the tears of bitter sorrow which this enemy has cruelly wrung from worthy wives, solitary widows, and destitute orphans, I think the sight thereof would lead many to banish the accursed thing for ever from their tables and their houses. Could I cause a few of the million families, ruined by this enemy, to pass before you, hungry, and ragged, and weeping; could I induce some of the broken-hearted mothers of these half-starved children to stop long enough to tell you the history of their woes, I think you would feel confident that you would do right in signing the pledge, and in asking others to do the same. Is it true that the *Methodist Magazine* (see vol. 69, page 907) asserts that nineteen-twentieths of the crimes of our land, and more than this proportion of its domestic misery, is justly attributed to strong drink? And do the Methodists admit this as a fact? or do they admit that it is anything near the truth? Then, may I not ask, in the name of common humanity, what are many of the Methodists about. * * * Every one of you, especially you who are more advanced in years, look round within the circle of your knowledge and memory. Recollect the instances that you have known of the dreadful effects of drinking strong drink. Ye men of forty-five and upwards, where are your playmates?—your school-fellows?—your early friends and associates? Are you not prepared to tell of some awful catastrophe from drunkenness within the bounds of your own personal acquaintance? In what house is there not one dead? Happy for you who have escaped. But alas! some of you, methinks, could fill a volume with tales of woe resulting from strong drink within the circle of your relatives, and friends, and neighbours. * * * Let "rivers of waters run down" your eyes while you view the graves of those that have thus perished, yea, in one short year, as they heave in sad ridges forty acres of British soil!! But before you go and meditate among this appalling concourse of drunkards' tombs, just imagine how these unhappy tenants of the grave stood last year at this time. Think of their families, and then imagine you see them passing down this road four deep, for several hours in succession, filling up the way! all, all destined shortly to be murdered by the fiend Alcohol!—all, all now in the drunkard's dreary grave! These, your fellow-men, your brethren, are all the purchase of your Redeemer's blood? Will

you not weep over them? As you saw them reeling by, did you not shed a tear? Did you not wish to save them—to save one of them from the wreck—to save one soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins? But it is now too late—too late—too late. They are all gone—all gone—for ever gone. You can only count their graves; and for the convenience of doing this melancholy work, and for the purpose of impressing the fearful fact upon your minds, you may conceive the graves of the slain of last year, ranged four feet apart, side by side, by this road, where we fancied we saw them walking, and we shall have one uninterrupted line of graves reaching from the Tamar to Truro, a distance of nearly fifty miles! Now, suppose you took a journey, or even a short solitary walk by the side of these graves; and at the distance of every third or fourth step a ghost stood up on one of the ominous mounds, and with an unearthly voice cried in your hearing, “Damned through strong drink!” and as you passed on, another, and another, and yet another, started up and cried, “Damned through strong drink!” at length one added these words thereto, “I have six hundred thousand brethren, take from them the cup, lest they also come to this place of torment.” Whatever you might have been before, I think you would return from this walk a confirmed abstinent, and full of zeal also to induce others to abstain from “the cup of devils”—that cup of “the enemy”—that cup of death.

ONE MILLION TEETOTAL METHODISTS;

OR, THE SOBER WESLEYANS OF AMERICA AND THE TIPLERS OF ENGLAND
CONTRASTED.

American Methodist Conference—1841.

Resolved—1. That we regard the temperance cause with increasing interest, and greatly rejoice in its triumph.

2. That total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors is the only course that can be depended on, either for the prevention or cure of drunkenness, and that we earnestly recommend this course to all our people.

3. That we consider the traffic in intoxicating liquors inconsistent with pure Christian morality, and that we enjoin upon our preachers more strenuously to induce our members to abandon this traffic.

4. That as our rules forbid the use of spirituous liquors as a beverage, except in cases of necessity; and as it is now fully established that there is no necessity for their use by men in health, it is a disobedience of the order and discipline of the church for our members to use them.

British Methodist Conference—1841.

Resolved—1. That the unfermented wine be not used in the administration of the sacrament!

2. That no chapel be used for total abstinence meetings!!

3. That no preacher go into another circuit to advocate total abstinence, without first obtaining the consent of the superintendent of the circuit to which he may have been invited!!!

Now, see the opposite effects produced. The American Methodists, aiding the temperance cause, are blessed in 1842-43, with an increase of one hundred and sixty-four thousand and eighty-five members; while the British, in the same period, increased only two thousand two hundred and thirty-two.

Hear the words of the teetotal Wesley:—“Assert your liberty, and that all

at once—nothing will be made by degrees; but just now you may break loose through Christ strengthening you. Touch no dram; it is liquid fire; it is sure, though slow, poison; it saps the very springs of life. You see the wine when it sparkles in the cup, and are going to drink it. I tell you there is poison in it, and therefore beg you to throw it away. You answer, ‘the wine is harmless in itself.’ I reply, perhaps it is; but still, it is mixed with what is not harmless; no one in his senses, if he knows it at least, unless he could separate the good from the bad, will once think of drinking it. If you add, ‘it is not poison to me, though it may be to others;’ then I beg you to throw it away for thy brother’s sake, lest thou embolden him to drink also. Why should thy strength occasion thy weak brother to perish, for whom Christ died? Now let any person judge which is the uncharitable—he who pleads against the wine for his brother’s sake, or he who pleads against the life of his brother for the sake of wine?”—*John Wesley.*

Let the Wesleyan ministers expel jerry lords, malsters, brewers, and wine and spirit merchants from their churches, and themselves sign the teetotal pledge, and advocate the holy cause, or else let them blush to be called Wesleyans.—*EDS.*

PULPIT OPPOSITION LAMENTED.

“I feel deeply interested in the subject, and am very sorry at the vast array of opposition presented by the heads of the church. But notwithstanding this ‘thick darkness,’ I am fully persuaded of the truth of these words of Alpha, in the ‘Northern Witness,’ that ‘the effulgence of the temperance light shall penetrate the deep profound, and the mountain of difficulties shall be brought low, and a way shall be made, and a plain way, for the progression of this cause of righteousness. Think not, then, that the temperance reformers quail before any efforts to put them down, whether it be the more open and honourable opposition of public discussion, or the pitiful and cowardly manoeuvres too frequently resorted to by her assailants. The ‘day of small things’ is past. The public agitation put forth has shaken the powers of darkness; the judgment and practice of thousands have been changed, and thousands now have not only their minds awakened to the evils of drunkenness, but they are equally alive to the causes and practices which lead thereto. No longer will religious men be permitted, without remonstrance, to trifle away their money and time at the public house, nor the decanters to adorn the tables of the rich, without remark. The light has gone forth; the truth has been written on the brow of the heavens, that respectable moderate drinking is but gilded drunkenness, which decoys men into the paths of the destroyer. This truth is in the ascendant, and shall yet be acknowledged by all Christians. In this matter, the very ‘appearance of evil’ shall be avoided. Then shall the church put on her beautiful garments, and she shall be ‘glorious in her apparel.’ The disgrace of her tipping professors shall be wiped away; the foul blot of her drunkenness shall be purged from her skirts; her members shall be elevated in moral purity, dignity, and usefulness; her saved and sanctified resources shall be multiplied; the hands and hearts of a purified ministry shall be upheld; her converts shall be increased; the world shall be blessed; heaven shall be peopled, in virtue of the triumph of the church over the demon of drunkenness so long ensconced in her borders.”

PHILAGATHUS.

—*Truth Seeker.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editors of the Long-Pledge Teetotaler.)

DEAR SIRS,—I am aware that the bold and decided tone of your advocacy of thorough-going temperance principles excites against you the sneer of a certain class of fastidious, half-and-half, would-be-thought friends of the drunkard, and renders you the butt of ridicule for those moderation dabblers, who, whilst they preach a religion of self-denial and love to others, would not give up their darling drop to save all the drunkards in christendom. But, Sirs, the time is coming when, instead of sarcasm and ridicule from any quarter, your zealous, consistent, untiring effort on behalf of the temperance reformation shall win for you the praise and admiration, the esteem and gratitude of an enlightened, renovated, sober community; from the bosom of which such a full, deep, broad tide of resistless sentiment, in favour of teetotalism, shall rush forth as shall sweep before it every shattered fragment of opposition, and bury in utter oblivion, or eternal infamy, every sordid spirit who shall continue to raise his puny and pitiful head in antagonism to the onward march of so great and grand, so good and godlike a movement.

O! Sirs, strongly as you denounce the fearful havoc and ruin caused by alcoholic drinks, even in the bosom of the Christian community, the facts of the case more than warrant your most withering denunciations. And our ministers know it. Yes, Jacob Stanley knows it—Bromley, Rule, and Osborne know it. Every minister of the gospel is compelled to be painfully familiar with such facts; and though every possible precaution is taken by them to cover up from unhallowed gaze the hideous plague spots of intemperance, which ever and anon will obtrude their leporous loathsomeness even to the eye of the most superficial observer, yet will the great majority not only refuse to apply the simple, easy, common-sense, and only efficient remedy, but not a few will frown upon and spurn every effort put forth by those who, like the good Samaritan, would gladly make any sacrifice for the accomplishment of that object, of which both priest and levite have hitherto, to a fearful extent, shown themselves so criminally negligent.

These remarks have been wrung from me by some recent occurrences in reference to several awful cases of drunkenness—gross, habitual, long-continued, long-winked at intemperance; the poor degraded victims of which have lately been quietly removed from office, and either suspended or expelled from membership amongst the Wesleyans, in a certain circuit where one of the avowed opponents of teetotalism has been labouring in the “word and doctrine.”

The particulars connected with each case would afford materials for an extended narrative, of the most touching and heart-rending description, but my time and your space, at the present, will not allow of more than a naked outline of some of the more prominent features of a most distressing case.

—————, is a married man, in the prime of life, with two lovely children, and is much respected; has been a Wesleyan class-leader for some years, and was a total abstainer for a considerable period, during which time he was conspicuous for his zealous piety and uniform consistency. Being indisposed, he unhappily yielded to the quackery of his medical advisers, who told him he “must take a little porter to strengthen him.” He acquired a liking for his medicine, continued to use it as a beverage, became an habitual drunkard. His employer, desirous of rescuing him from the abyss of ruin into which it became too obvious he was plunging, gave him a solemn warning, and kindly allowed him a month to reform his habits. But the month expired, no change was

manifested, his situation was lost, his character, prospects, means of subsistence' all, all madly sacrificed at the shrine of Bacchus. Of course he was degraded from his office in the church, [and expelled from membership, for what could the church do with such a vile and withered branch? She has no means of restoring such from the error of their ways. Abstinence alone can instrumentally save such a firebrand from the burnings of a drunkard's doom; and abstinence she repudiates as no part of her creed, frowns upon as an unwelcome intruder within her sacred enclosure, and seeks to brand the conscientious teetotaler as an heretic, by insisting that none but the drunkard's wine shall be her recognised symbol of the precious blood of Christ.

Thus cut off and cast away by the church, a zealous advocate of teetotalism sought an opportunity to wait upon him, and, if possible, induce him again to sign the pledge of abstinence, as the only means of recovery from the degradation, misery, and wretchedness into which he had plunged himself, his heart-broken wife, and innocent babes. It occurred that when the teetotaler called upon the poor victim of intemperance, he met with a little sup local preacher, who, it seems, had come on an errand of consolation to his unhappy brother, who had been so unfortunate as to fall over the dangerous precipice, on the edge of which it is so delightful and fashionable to walk. No sooner was the subject of total abstinence introduced than the worthy champion for the bottle and glass offered his most strenuous opposition to the "cold water system." The teetotaler, however, firmly maintained and defended his ground against this unexpected assault from such a quarter, and under circumstances of so painful and distressing a character. The poor degraded class leader and sorrowing wife listened with the deepest attention, whilst he portrayed in vivid, but too truthful colours, the horrors of drunkenness, and descanted upon the safety, value, advantage, and necessity of total abstinence. The agonized wife stood with tears in her eyes, until she could no longer restrain herself, when, casting a look of indignant reproach at the local preacher, which, if he had had the common attributes of humanity about him, would have sent a thunderbolt of remorse to his shrivelled conscience, declared, "That strong drink had been the bane of their happiness, the cause of all their trouble, and that if her husband would but sign the pledge, she herself would do the same there and then."

We regret to say that through the unrelaxed opposition of this rev. advocate for "little sups," the poor victim of strong drink could not be prevailed upon then and there to sign the pledge, but we still have hopes concerning him, and believe that he will, through abstinence, again be raised to the dignity of a sober man, and then, by the grace of God, be elevated to a saint—a Christian—the highest style of man.

For the present,

Dear Sirs, I remain,

Yours truly in the good cause,

A WESLEYAN TEETOTALER.

Manchester, August, 1845.

[We wish our Wesleyan correspondent had given us the name of the rev. drunkard (we dare not call him by any other name).—*Eds.*]

REVIEWS.

1. THE CHRISTIAN SONG BOOK.—This work contains 515 Hymns and Spiritual Songs, adapted to the most popular airs.

2. THE MESSENGER OF MERCY, VOL. I.—This work was issued in 1842—only twenty-

five copies remain on sale. It contains a sketch of the life of the late Mrs. Stamp, journals of the Rev. J. Stamp, sketches of sermons, and other revival matter.

3. A VOICE TO THE METHODIST FAMILY. We urge, entreat, and conjure our readers to expend 2s. 6d. on this work.

4. RULES, DOCTRINES, &c., OF THE METHODIST REVIVALISTS, MANCHESTER. We are most anxious that every Methodist in the nation should read these rules.

P.S.—All the above can be had from Brittain, London.

A NEW CHAPEL AND SCHOOL.

The church under the pastoral care of the Editor of this work, have purchased an eligible plot of land in River Street, Manchester, and it is their intention to erect a chapel capable of holding 1000 persons; likewise a large school-room, to be used for day and sabbath school, temperance hall, &c. &c. The friends have realised £100 amongst themselves, and now appeal to a benevolent public. Donations thankfully received by Samuel Fox, 187, Deansgate, Treasurer; James Duncan, 200, Deansgate, Secretary; or the Editor, Teetotal Cottage.

THE HOLY RUM-SELLER'S DAIRY.

(Continued from page 12.)

January 27th.—Rather late at the house of God this morning, on account of not getting to bed until two o'clock; yet I got there in time to hear the lecture, and a good one it was. What made it more sweet to me was the heart-cheering thought that the dear minister is such a severe foe to my greatest enemies, the teetotalers. He made a collection for the poor, and as I took thirty pounds yesterday, principally from the poor, I felt it my duty to give liberally, especially as I felt confident I should get the most of it back very shortly.

28th.—My dear wife seems greatly alarmed lest our darling boys should be led astray by any of the drunken harlots that attend my store. I must admit that my sons are contracting a fondness for brandy, and I am pained at heart to have it to say that I often see them whispering to ——. But still I hope the Lord will keep them in the good and right way. I take thousands in the course of the year from these drunken prostitutes; in fact they are my best customers, so that I do not wonder at one of my brethren in London, when called upon for a toast at a public dinner, saying, "Here's to the distiller and brewer's best friends, the prostitutes of London." But if faith, prayer, warning, and a good example can keep my sons pure in Sodom, they shall be kept from the deadly polluting influence of these women, whose steps lead down to death and hell.

30th.—I attended the funeral of one of my best customers. He had been drinking for three weeks, and then died in a most awful fit. As usual, the jury brought it in, "Died by the visitation of God." This is as it should be. The foolish Americans are so maddened with teetotalism that if a person dies after drinking two or three bottles of rum, they declare him to be murdered by the rum-seller. Cruel cruel, cruel. But bless God, while our dear ministers preach and write against teetotalism as they do, and our leading men drink as they do, I have my hopes that we are well shielded.

March 1st.—Since the last entry in my diary strange information has reached me from America respecting the Methodists. The American Conference has published to the world their full determination to expel all traffickers in strong drink. Shame, shame, shame upon them. I admit they have John Wesley's

rule on their side, but I have long since concluded that John Wesley was too sober; in fact he was a real teetotaler, and I hate them all.

April 10th.—heard a flaming speech on the Maynooth question. Dear O-b-r-e seemed as much at home on this question as he did when advocating the scriptural doctrine of drinking. O-d-am Street Chapel was crowded. I was delighted with the meeting, but, as the poet says,

Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

I was disgusted with ten or fifteen of our leaders and local preachers, to hear them whisper every time the rev. lecturer took a sup, to help him to deal a blow at Popery, "What is that in the glass?—it looks like brandy—see how he stamps and raves—the Spirit inspires him with real eloquence—why is he not so earnest in the pulpit?—it seems like false fire—(humbug)—mind they do not make him the President of the Conference." In fact, they got on to such a length that they nearly spoiled my meeting. I wish they would leave us.

August 10th.

When all thy mercies, oh my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost,
In wonder, love, and praise.

In fact, I feel half transported with joy to find that our rev. leaders at the Conference have made J. Stanley president. Good men and true. Hear it ye mad teetotalers, and haste and lick the dust. We shall conquer. While Brothers B-nt-ng, F-l-r, L-p-t-n, &c. are so closely connected with the Hud—brewery never fear. Remember, teetotalers, that hundreds of our most influential members, leaders, stewards, local preachers, and trustees are in the trade. Yes, yes, the priesthood and the pulpit are both on our side. All hail.

August 11th.—I leap for joy to find that the Editor of the *Christian Witness* has clearly proved that the Bible allows men to drink in moderation. I shall do my best to promote the circulation of that most telling work. Dr. Campbell, Owen Clark, and James Bromley for ever—hurrah!

(To be continued.)

IT IS WRONG FOR LITTLE DROP CHRISTIANS TO PRAY FOR THE MILLENNIUM.—Christians, is it not part of almost every prayer you offer that God will soon open upon the world the millennial day? Are you acting in consistency with your prayers, by lending your influence to help forward this glorious cause of moral improvement which must prevail ere the millenium shall fully come? Are you exerting any influence, directly or remotely, to retard this cause. Do you MAKE THE POISON, or DO YOU USE IT, or DO YOU SELL IT? Never open your lips, then, to pray for the millenium. If the millenium should really come it would ruin your business for ever.—*Rev. Doctor Sprague, America.*

REASONS.—A publican gives the following reasons for quitting the trade:—"Here are forty-four names of men who have been my customers for years—thirty-two of these men, to my certain knowledge, now lie in the drunkard's grave!—ten of the remaining twelve are now living confirmed sots!" How many such records could be found by examining the books of nearly every publican? What a load for a man to bear on his conscience—to haunt him in his dreams—and in his dying hour to harrow his fleeting soul.—*Crystal Fount.*

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

I knew her at life's cloudless morn, and I remember
now,
How fresh the green-leaved wreath of hope bloomed
on her girlish brow ;
Mem'ry reflects her sunny smiles, and 'minds me
still how bright
And sparkling beamed her full dark eye, with joy's
own dazzling light.

I saw her at love's altar stand, a breathing form of
grace,
A look of deep confiding love illum'd her youthful
face ;
Blushing she gave her willing hand, to one of manly
pride,
And with him left her childhood's home, a happy
trusting bride.

Time swiftly sped,—again we met, fondly she now
caressed
A cherub boy, that smiled upon her young maternal
breast ;
She smiled—but ah ! her lip was not the spirit's
rainbow light,
That smile, so like the moon's cold ray, betrayed the
young heart's blight.

I marked her altered looks, but yet I asked not why
Her gentle bosom heaved so oft with sorrow's rend-
ing sigh ;
I knew that he to whom so late, her guileless heart
she gave,
Had bowed to Bacchus' loathsome shrine, an abject
willing slave.

Yes, he to whom she freely gave her pure affections
up,
Had cast her's by, and drowned his own, within the
mad'ning cup ;
The lips once moist with love's sweet dew, the nectar
of the soul,
Now turn'd from love's warm kiss away, to quaff
his poisonous bowl.

She lives, but grief hath drank joy's spring, and left
its fountain dry ;
Her tone is sad ; pleasure no more lights her once
laughing eye ;
Hope's wreath, that bound her sunlit brow, with
tendrils fresh and green,
Now droops in her pale sunken cheek, its blighted
withered sheen.

Her heart, like the neglected harp, responds to joys
no more ;
All crushed and broken are the cords, that thrilled
to bliss of yore ;
Like the storm torn, frost blighted flower, she stoops
to meet her doom ;
One ray alone, that ray the hope, that lights the dark
damp tomb.

I'LL NOT FORSAKE HIM NOW.

The hour of midnight has arrived,
And louder howls the storm ;
In vain I've watched, this wintry night,
For that dear cherished form !
He comes not back—I've watched in vain—
My broken spirits bow ;
Though he has left me destitute,
I'll not forsake him now.

A few short years have passed away,
Since in my youthful pride,
I stood beside the sacred shrine,
And I was called his bride.
The flowers that bloomed around me then,
Are seen no longer now ;
But though I've trod a thorny path,
I'll not forsake him now.

I shared his joys in prosperous hours,
When all was bright and fair ;
And since the cloud of darkness lowers,
His poverty I'll share ;
And like a guardian angel stand,
To calm the inebriate's brow ;
Though he's despised by former friends,
I'll not forsake him now.

But my poor suffering children—
For them I weep—I sigh ;
Their father is a drunkard now,
He does not heed their cry.
I will perform a mother's part,
And sooth each aching brow,
Though they are scorned on his account,
I'll not forsake him now.

For hope still lingers in my heart,
And soothes life's rugged way—
The time may come when he'll reform,
And cast the bowl away.
God speed the time ! when it arrives,
'Twill calm my throbbing brow ;
Though I am shunned because of him,
I'll not forsake him now.

Organ.

LONDON:—W. Brittain, Paternoster-Row, and all Booksellers. Country Agents must send a remittance, in advance, to the PRINTERS, at the rate of 6s. per hundred. All communications for the Editors, Teetotal Cottage, Manchester, must be sent, *post paid*. Any person enclosing letter stamps, may have the work per post.

The Long-Pledge Teetotaler,

AND

EVANGELICAL REFORMER.

If Hell could now become audible a million damned spirits would groan burning execrations in accents of thunder, on the drinking customs of society.—Primitive Methodist Magazine, 1845.

No. 9.

SEPTEMBER, 1845.

Price 1d.—Stamped, 2d.

WESLEYAN CENTENARY SPIRIT VAULTS.

Messrs. Bunting, Parkins, Beecham, Hitchcock, Alder, & Co., LICENSED by "the CONFERENCE" and the LEGISLATURE, to send out *Spiritual Missionaries, Spirituous Liquors, &c.*

"There's a spirit above and a spirit below—
A spirit of love, and a spirit of woe;
The spirit above is the SPIRIT DIVINE;
The spirit below is the *spirit of wine.*"

DEAR SIR,—It is certainly not too much to hope that the day is approaching when the sacred profession of religion will be free from those debasing and criminal connexions by which it is at present, in so many instances, robbed of its lustre, and of that extent of moral influence which we trust it is yet destined to exert. We have long ceased to wonder that men should become infidels, and that the lip of scorn should be curled at the everlasting truths of the gospel. While so much inconsistency and wrong is mixed up with a brilliant profession of Christianity, the scorner will retain his seat, and the infidel remain unscathed. Nor is this for want of *zeal*; of this there is more than enough, unless it be accompanied by a great increase of intelligence and just principle. The desideratum of Christianity in these times is not enthusiasm, but consistency. There is no lack of effort, but a great want of harmony—*i. e.* a practical exemplification of a professed faith.

These reflections have been induced in consequence of a strange sight we witnessed while passing through one of the principal streets of the metropolis a short time since. We could scarcely believe our own eyes, but so it was, and whatever may be the result, it must be revealed. Can you believe it, Sir, *the two lower compartments of the "WESLEYAN CENTENARY HALL" are WINE AND SPIRIT STORES.* Yes! the building purchased by the people for missionary purposes, as they were taught to believe, is now a dwelling-place for that which good John Wesley called "liquid fire," and is occupied by men who he denounced as "poisoners general, who murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale, and drive them to hell like sheep." Yes, the Wesleyan Centenary Hall—the monument erected in commemoration of the epoch when Wesley began his successful career, is desecrated by caterers for wine-bibbers and dram-drinkers! What think ye of this, Wesleyan Methodists? Is there a man in the whole Conference who does not feel degraded by this pestiferous association—a MISSION-HOUSE and a SPIRIT-STORE! Is it fit that you should look coolly upon this shameful prostitution of the people's bounty—in this conversion of an edifice reared by benevolence and gratitude, into "blood-stained walls"

—into a depot for that second curse, whose very existence in this country is a scandal to the Christian name.

We feel perfectly assured that the very announcement of this shameful fact—for such it is—will fill with just and honest indignation, the minds of many who have hitherto felt the utmost confidence in the wisdom and piety of the men to whom is intrusted the management of this important instrumentality of the Wesleyan community. Have we not in this fact a striking instance of the moral obliquity, the temporizing policy, of the leading portion of the Wesleyan priesthood? Could we have thought that even the most sincere of the followers of John Wesley would have lent themselves to an act so glaringly opposed to every thing, which on this subject, he ever said, or caused to be published? Shall we, after this, continue to wonder that Wesleyan Ministers brand Teetotalism as disreputable and unmanly? The fact of their having appropriated the *Centenary Hall* to so vile a purpose, is surely a sufficient indication of the estimation in which they hold the doctrine of abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. But the act is manifestly a direct and flagrant violation of the Methodist Society. JOHN WESLEY, in enumerating various acts, the being guilty of which would render the members of his society liable to expulsion, mentions “drunkenness,” and then “*buying or selling* spirituons liquors, or *drinking* them, except in cases of extreme necessity.” This is his rule:—but what a host of violators do the practices of modern Methodists exhibit? The Methodist Connexion swarms with brewers and spirit merchants, who doubtless—like many of the largest contributors to the *London City Mission*—present their ill-gotten gain in plenty on the altar of benevolence, and for the support of the priestly panderers to the unholy traffic in which they are engaged. In many instances MAMMON is the grand inciter to priestly opposition: they scowl upon teetotalism, but bend, with adoring fondness, at the shrine of luxury and gold. Brewers and Wine merchants are fully aware of this fact. They know not only how to silence the men who should be their reprovers, but even to drag them into the very snare in which they themselves are entangled. They do this by stealth and cunning. They speak by bribes and offerings. They say, “Give us your influence, and you shall be sharers in our spoil. Conjure up a host of virtues as belonging to our fine wines and choice spirits. Cover with your priestly vestments, the blood and ashes of our victims, that the eye see not their wretchedness, nor the ear hear their groans. Strive to persuade the people that, while we scatter firebrands and death; rob youth of its virtue, and old age of its repose; and convert mankind into a large mass of moral deformity and physical corruption—persuade the people that these are mere accidents; that our calling is nevertheless respectable, commendable, and even christian. Do this, we say, and our smile and patronage shall be your portion; our gold shall be poured forth like water from the fountain; beneath our auspices MISSIONS shall spring up and flourish like plants in a fertile soil. Every word you utter in praise of gin and wine, shall be reciprocated by smiles and gifts; and thus, by a grand union of effort, we will make the world acknowledge how mistaken was ‘JESUS of Nazareth’ when he declared, ‘YE CANNOT SERVE GOD AND MAMMON.’”

But Wesley, like ourselves, evidently regarded *spirit drinking* and *spirit selling* as incompatible with christianity. He would as soon have consented to convert a portion of the Centenary Hall into a dancing room as a spirit store; and, indeed, the former for many reasons would be a far more worthy appropriation than the latter.

But the Wesleyan (?) Missionary Committee, who, no doubt, have authorised this departure from genuine Wesleyanism have, it would seem, formed a

different opinion. They not only indignantly trample upon teetotalism,* but, with inconceivable recklessness and audacity, bid defiance, I repeat, to the most obvious requirements of an important article in the constitution of the Methodist Society. We base the whole case upon this fact, and challenge refutation. We assert, that they have broken faith with their Founder, that, in this particular, they reverence neither his doctrine, nor his discipline; and that if they thus practically despise both, and yet hope to escape the odium of being guilty of either, they are guilty of base HYPOCRISY.

And let it be repeated, this shocking anomaly is found in a MISSION HOUSE, in the Committee room of which accounts are, ever and anon, received of the most flourishing missionary plantations broken up and destroyed, in consequence of the introduction of intoxicating drinks. Yes, thousands of hopeful blossoms have been blighted and cut off by this very means. The Missionaries themselves feel the grievance, and would fain remove the cause of injury. They have done so in part, and would do so fully, but for this reason;—"We have resolved," says the Rev. J. Cox, "to expel all members who retail spirituous liquors, after being faithfully admonished. And we had almost likewise resolved to receive no members in future into any of our Societies, who do not pledge to abstain entirely from their use." And why not altogether do so? Listen; "We have only hesitated thus consistently and firmly to apply an obvious and important rule of our society—because we have reason to believe that it is not thus applied by our fathers and brethren at home."

What a beautiful farce it is to hear one of these clerical secretaries ask a young preacher, for the purpose of putting an embargo upon him, if he drinks ardent spirits; and what confusion would cover this catechist, if the young man had soul enough to retort, "Why, is not a portion of the Mission House appropriated for their sale, and are you not responsible for it being so used?" And yet, this strange state of things does actually exist. Surely Missionary Secretaries think that the people are blind, or mad, otherwise they would never lend themselves to a course of action indicating so plainly the absence of sincerity and the want of confidence in the verity of their own faith.

Henceforth, let it never again be said that teetotalers begot dissension in Wesleyan Societies. While an evil like this exists, no lover of WESLEY and his opinion should be silent. It would be sacrilege to hold one's peace, and all sensible men would laugh at us as dupes.

Sir, I leave this matter to be judged of by Methodists themselves, feeling confident that the more it is considered the more its guiltiness will be manifest. And sincerely do I hope that, for the love and honour of religion, if from no other consideration, the Methodist community will purge themselves from this abomination.

Yours, respectfully,

J. BUCKLE.†

54, Coleman-street, City.

[Editors, copy the above into your temperance papers; advocates, lecture from it in your Meetings. Wesleyans, remonstrate with your rev. dram-shop keepers, and if that will not do, then let every teetotal Wesleyan stop the supplies until the great sin is confessed, repented of, and forsaken.—*Editors of the L. P. Teetotaler.*]

* This word "trample" reminds me of a remark made by one of the Officials who was remonstrated with on the impropriety of allowing the lower part of the Missionary Hall to be thus desecrated. "Oh," said he, "in doing this we are acting in strict accordance with the directions of scripture. You say that strong drink is the devil, and we keep him under our feet!" Was this wit or profanity?—*Temperance Intelligencer.*

† Mr. Buckle is, we believe, a Wesleyan Preacher.—*Eds.*

MEDICAL TESTIMONY.

DEAR SIR,—I must make an apology for not answering your queries sooner, having been much engaged.

The following queries are proposed for me to answer, viz. :—You ask whether circumstances might not occur which would render the use of alcohol not only justifiable and proper, but absolutely necessary, viz. :—On board a ship at sea, in case of illness requiring a powerful stimulant, there being no medicine on board, although plenty of brandy, as is frequently the case?

In answer, I would not use brandy or alcohol in any form, or in any situation, being an exhausting stimulus, and more likely to destroy the little vitality remaining than to sustain and support it. I do not know a more extreme case than in Asiatic cholera; in the dreadful collapsed state, brandy killed the patients, cold water saved them. The most extreme case of Asiatic cholera I have attended was cured by taking large draughts of cold water for several days.

The most extraordinary case of debility, in health, I ever saw, was Ambrose Claude Surat, the living skeleton. I saw him fifteen years ago, and I was alarmed to see him walk across the room, for fear of accident; he literally appeared to be nearly skin and bone. He is now in Italy. The last I heard of him, a few weeks since, says he is still "the living skeleton." In the account, it says, "he avoids wines, condiments, and spirits;" and he is right in so doing, as I have no doubt a small quantity taken daily would long since have terminated his existence.

Question 2.—"If among emigrants in the interior of a new country, where medicines are not to be procured, but where alcohol too often abounds?"

Answer.—If I were the medical man of the colony, I would first institute a teetotal society, and destroy every drop of alcohol in the place, in the same way as I would remove the deadly marsh miasma so productive of disease, by draining and other operations. I should then be satisfied that I should prevent one-half or more of the sickness which might take place.

Question 3.—"Whether alcohol taken into the stomach under any circumstances is positively injurious, and that it ought not to be used as a medicine? or do you mean to deny altogether that alcohol possesses medicinal qualities?"

Answer.—Alcohol is not a medicine. The Latin word "medicine" is derived from the word "medeor," to cure. Although I blindly gave alcohol as a medicine for more than twenty years, I never knew it cure a single disease, nor did I ever hear of any other medical practitioner curing disease by it. It is usually given as a palliative, or as a "placebo"—a Latin word for "I will please."

It should always be recollected that alcohol is a narcotico-acrid poison in every form it is used. That when taken into the stomach it unnaturally irritates and stimulates the whole system; it passes through the vessels, the bones, and every fibre of the body; in fact, leaves no part untouched or uninjured.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,

JOHN HIGGINGBOTTOM.

To Mr. W. G. Barnett.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Long-Pledge Teetotaler.

DEAR SIRs,—Will you do me the favour to insert the following communication in your Teetotaler. I will briefly state my reasons for making this request. In the May number of the "Hull Pioneer," edited by Dr. Firth, I stated my objections to the petition of the British Association for closing public houses on the Sabbath. In the June number there appeared a reply by Mr. Hopwood, under the signature of "One of the Executive Committee," and a more disgraceful epistle I have not yet seen in any of our temperance publications, and my wonder is that the editor of the "Pioneer" did not act like the editor of a Scotch publication, who refused the insertion of another coarse production sent to him by this gentleman, in reply to one of his editorial articles, upon this Sabbath petition.

The following letter was sent for insertion in the July number of the "Pioneer," but, strange to say, it was refused. Not wishing to submit to Mr. Hopwood's gross misrepresentation, I have ventured to seek another medium through which I may defend myself.

I am, dear sir,

Yours truly,

JOSEPH ANDREW.

To the Editor of the Hull Temperance Pioneer.

SIR,—Although much averse to controversy with an anonymous writer. I beg to claim a brief space in the next number of your "Pioneer," in reply to a communication in your last number, signed "One of the Executive Committee." I will endeavour to do it without that gross personality and petulant temper which characterises his letter.

First, allow me to defend the Leeds Committee for not earlier declaring "the line of policy" they have pursued in rejecting the Sabbath petition, and adopting one thoroughgoing. If "One of the Executive" will refer to my last letter, he will see that it *does not appear* the "Committee knew many societies were suspending operations until its decision was known." I simply stated upon that head what had come to my own knowledge. There is, then, no force in the ironical lamentation "that it did not at an earlier period make its important announcement." I know not who are the parties that have, as stated by "One of the Executive," "severely reprov'd the Leeds Committee for their apathy and indifference," but I think it would have been much more judicious to have expressed their dissatisfaction to the Committee, and tried to arouse them, than to have "severely reprov'd them" in so covert a manner. These parties could not have been very anxious that the Committee should take up the subject, or they would at least have made some communication to them, and reminded them of their duty.

I am free to say that there has been much "apathy and indifference" to this Sabbath petition by the Committee of the Leeds society. Indeed, so little was the interest they felt in it, that although the subject was several times mentioned in the Committee, it did not come fairly before us until April 3d, when it was introduced by a member proposing that we should adopt the form of petition sent from York. After some discussion it was withdrawn, and a resolution was unanimously passed appointing a sub-committee to draw up a petition embracing the *whole question* of the license laws, and to denounce them

as *immoral*; and Mr. Joseph Andrew is sorry that he cannot claim the honour of first making "the wonderful discovery that this Sabbath petition was not thoroughgoing." This opinion was first broached by Mr. Thomas Atkinson, one of our delegates to the present conference; and I may also state that, with but one exception, all the members of the Committee coincided in this opinion. I beg, on behalf of our Committee, to say, that in thus expressing their opinion upon the merits of this Sabbath petition, and pursuing their own "line of policy," they were not influenced by any unfriendly feeling towards the "Executive Committee," and did not wish "to step forward in an hostile attitude;" and your correspondent does them a serious injustice in supposing them capable of acting from such personal and unworthy motives. I feel sure that every right-minded reader of your publication must deprecate the tone of sarcasm and ridicule with which he has assailed them for the course they have pursued. He may rest assured that such conduct will not impress them with any sense of the fitness for his responsible situation as a leader.

I am charged by him with having "resorted to misrepresentation, for the purpose of retarding or ridiculing the labours of the Executive Committee." I plead *not guilty*; nor am I aware that I have made any "statements which exhibit a wanton disregard to truth." I suppose that I have laid myself open to the charge because I have said that the petition was the production of the Executive Committee. In the January number of the "Temperance Advocate" for this year, the Committee tell us, "that, in accordance with the instructions received from conference, *they* have settled upon a form of petition," and yet one of the Executive Committee complains that I did not "say a word against it" at the conference held at York. I can only say that, though a member of that conference, I never heard a word of such a petition, and never saw it until it was published in Dr. Lees' "Advocate." At one of the sittings of the conference I had been part of the time absent, and returned when the president was putting a motion, and on inquiring what was its purport, after the votes were recorded, I was told, "it was appointing a sub-committee to draw up a petition to the legislature for the closing of public houses on the Sabbath." Perhaps this explanation will be a sufficient answer for any seeming inconsistency in my conduct.

But to the main question—is this Sabbath petition thoroughgoing? and is it such an one as we ought reasonably to have looked for coming from such a quarter? Your correspondent very adroitly shirks this question, by saying "that it is perfectly so, for all the purposes contemplated in it." Well, then, let us see what are those purposes. We will quote the words of the petition—"We earnestly implore your honourable house immediately to take such steps as you may deem best for preventing the increase of houses licensed for the sale of intoxicating drinks, and for diminishing, to a very large extent, the number already existing;" and further, "in addition to the measure already asked for, that you would immediately pass a law for entirely abolishing the sale of intoxicating liquor on the Sabbath." In my last I stated that the petition only contemplated a *limited reform*, and that it was deficient in enunciating the teetotal principle. Why, with just as much propriety might we call a moderation society thoroughgoing, as to say that that petition is so. In fact, it is nothing but a moderation petition, and ought to be scouted by all consistent teetotalers. In the January number of the "National Temperance Advocate," 1845, the Committee tell us that, "*it is designedly drawn up in such a form that both teetotalers and non-teetotalers can attach their signatures to it!*" Here is the secret of the shameful compromise of principle—to suit the scruples of "non-teetotalers." What would be thought of the anti-corn

law men so forming their petitions to the legislature that free traders and non-free traders could attach their signatures to them? Who would believe them in earnest? How transparent would be their folly, and how miserable would their defeat be? It is not thus that the traffic will be annihilated. As teetotalers we have a duty to discharge, and whether "non-teetotalers" will unite or not, we must "speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." I say, then, that the Leeds Committee have taken a step in advance of the Executive Committee of the British Association, in thus petitioning for the entire abolition of the sale of intoxicating liquors upon every day of the week. and that, too, upon the ground of its immorality, declaring that *what is morally wrong is never practically right.*

Your correspondent asks, "If I or any judicious member of our Committee expect, in any reasonable time, or even during our lives, to obtain the entire abolition of the license laws?" I am really as much surprised that he should ask me such a foolish question, as he would be if I were to ask him if he expects, while he lives, to see all men "teetotalers?" I suppose he is labouring to accomplish this most desirable object. It is but uttering a truism to say that these laws would be virtually abolished when all the "people are teetotalized." Would you, Mr. Editor, have us to wait until then before we tell our legislators of the awful sin that they are committing in licensing men to carry on this trade of blood? Woe be unto us if we sound not the alarm.

Your correspondent says that he "will not be a companion in this endless journey." From this one would infer that he considers our object unattainable, but such is the confusion of his ideas that it is difficult to say what he thinks is obtainable. He says, "I feel persuaded that the present Executive Committee will not, merely for the sake of what an Indian orator would call 'big talk,' and taking a step in advance, expend the funds entrusted to their care in vain endeavours to obtain what all cool, sensible men believe to be 'unobtainable,' until public opinion in favour of teetotalism has made far greater progress than it is likely to do for some time to come." I beg to remind your correspondent that "Indian orators" sometimes speak "big truths," and they have called these liquors the "accursed fire waters."

In conclusion, allow me distinctly to disavow having insinuated anything. I have written in plain language, and if it is unpalatable to "One of the Executive," I cannot help it. To some portions of his letter, in which he talks of what would "please" me, and what I "would demand," I shall not condescend to reply, only I think he should have been the last man to charge me with making insinuations, when he must know that he has dealt somewhat largely in it himself. I hope I can appeal to years of pure and disinterested labour put forth in this cause, and long before he came into the field, that will be a sufficient assurance to all "cool and sensible men" that I am not actuated by such mean and petty motives as those "insinuated" in the letter of "One of the Executive Committee."

I am, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

An ex-Member of the Committee,

JOSEPH ANDREW.

July 5, 1845.

[We believe, before God, that it is wicked to make, buy, sell, or drink drunkard's drink, so we have taken our ticket, fully intending to accompany Mr. Andrew and the Leeds Committee to the moon.—EDS.]

THE BUCKET.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them to view?
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
 The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell,
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
 And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well!
 The old oaken bucket,
 The iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-cover'd bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,
 For often at noon when returned from the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
 How ardent I seiz'd it, with hands that were glowing,
 And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell;
 Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well :
 The old oaken bucket,
 The iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy rim to receive it,
 As pois'd on the curb it inclined to my lips,
 Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 Though fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
 And now far remov'd from the lov'd situation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket which hangs on the well.
 The old oaken bucket,
 The iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-cover'd bucket which hangs on the well.

Wordsworth.

THE TEMPERANCE AGENT'S FAREWELL
TO THE SCENE OF HIS LABOURS.

Adieu to thee, KENT, to thy sons and thy daughters.
 Thy matrons and maidens, thy children and sires ;
 To thy lovely green hills, and thy cool bubbling waters,
 And each age-honoured relic, which fancy inspires.
 Adieu to thy cliffs, which rise proud on the ocean,
 Thy castle-crown'd heights, which look pompously o'er,
 Where free roll the billows in lasting commotion,
 And the huge swelling surges break loud on the shore.

Adieu to thy spots, where in awful profusion,
 The engines of battle are laid up in store ;
 Where are kept or created, the tools of confusion,
 Infernal inventions of murderous power.
 Adieu to thy garrisons, barracks, and arms,
 The thousands of red-coated children of War,
 Allured from their own peaceful homes by the charms
 Of trappings and tinsel, and Glory's false star.

Adieu to thy woodlands, where nature reposes,
 And the gay feather'd songsters exultingly sing ;
 Adieu to thy gardens, thy wreaths, and thy roses,
 Which lavish and richly their fragrantcy fling ;
 To thy furze-covered heaths, and thy white chalky ridges,
 Thy episcopal walls where magnificence reigns,
 Thy historical arches, thy picturesque bridges,
 Thy towers of defence, and thy numberless fanes.

* * *

Then away from thy soul let the liquor be banished,
 Which corrodes at the core of thy welfare and fame ;
 So soon will thy marks of dishonour have vanished,
 And peace, health, and joy be enroll'd with thy name.
 I would that thy children in compact united,
 As Men, or as Christians, would sternly oppose
 The foe, which till now has thy happiness blighted,
 And spread o'er thy surface a legion of woes.

May they who are pledged to this enterprise hal-
 lowed,
 Go on, and by enemies never be awed ;
 Assured that at length will their efforts be followed
 By tokens of good, if their trust is—the Lord.
 O, glorious prospect to cheer their endeavour !
 The vision of triumph completely achieved !
 Their country and nation delivered for ever
 From Drink and its millions of scourges relieved.

Then, adieu to thee, KENT ; here's a tribute at parting,
 From one who has laboured thy peace to extend ;
 Who would truly exult, should thy children, now smarting,
 Soon cease to the yoke of a tyrant to bend.

Here's the wish, here's the prayer, here's the hope that I cherish,
 On thy weald, and thy vales, and thy hills may we see
 The cause of true Temperance ripen and flourish.
 And hear the glad shout, "Every Drunkard is free."

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The Long-Pledge Teetotaler,

AND

EVANGELICAL REFORMER.

If Hell could now become audible a million damned spirits would groan burning execrations in accents of thunder, on the drinking customs of society.—Primitive Methodist Magazine, 1845.

No. 10.

OCTOBER, 1845.

Price 1d.—Stamped, 2d.

AN ALARM TO TIPLING MINISTERS AND THEIR FLOCKS.

Dedicated to the Five Hundred Independent Ministers assembled in Manchester, Oct., 1845, but especially to the Rev. Drs. Raffles, Campbell, and Harris, and the Rev. Messrs. Parsons and Barrow.

(From an American publication, slightly altered by one of the Editors.)

Resolved—"That this Synod decidedly disapprove of the practice of using intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, by ministers of the gospel, and regards all who are guilty of it as justly deserving of the severest censure from the body to which they belong."—*German Reformed Church, Ohio, 1844.*

James iv. 17.—To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.

Acts xvii. 30.—The times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men every where to repent.

Luke xxii. 32.—When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.

Malachi iii. 11.—And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground.

In professing the religion of the Bible, we covenant with God to make his word our rule of life. This requires us to "present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God," to "purify ourselves, even as he is pure," to "give none occasion of stumbling to any brother," to "give none offence to the church of God," to "love our neighbour as ourselves," to "do good to all as we have opportunity," to "abstain from all appearance of evil," to "use the world as not abusing it," and "whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, to do all to the glory of God."

If any think these precepts too strict for frail men, be it remembered God is too benevolent to prescribe rules of action less holy. He has given them, and they are "the same that shall judge us in the last day." Any indulgence, therefore, not consistent with these divine precepts, is actually sinful, is inconsistent with a holy profession, and must disqualify us for "standing in the judgment."

Such a sin, very obviously, is the habit, which some professing Christians still indulge, of drinking and tempting others to drink DRUNKARD'S DRINK in this day of meridian light. To those who admit the binding authority of God's precepts, and whose minds are not clouded by *sipping a little*, this sin must, on examination, be perfectly manifest.

1. The use of DRUNKARD'S DRINK, instead of enabling us to "present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable," *actually degrades, impairs, and prematurely destroys both body and mind.* The most eminent physicians uniformly tell us it is poison. Dr. Rush, after enumerating various

loathsome diseases of mind and body, adds, that these are the usual, natural, and legitimate consequences of its use. Another eminent physician says, "The observation of twenty years has convinced me, that were ten young men, on their twenty-first birth day, to begin to drink one glass of ardent spirit, and were they to drink this supposed moderate quantity daily, the lives of eight out of the ten would be abridged by twelve or fifteen years."* When taken freely, its corrupting influences are strikingly manifest. And even when taken moderately, very few now pretend to doubt that it operates as a slow, insidious poison, and inevitably shortens life. But nothing can be clearer than that he who, by any sensual indulgence, wilfully cuts short his probation, five, ten, or twenty years, is as truly a suicide as if he slew himself violently. Or, if he knowingly encourage his neighbour to do this, he is equally guilty. He is, by the law of God, a murderer. And perhaps worse than the common murderer, as his course of guilt, instead of appalling, insidiously leads multitudes to the same crime. And can this character be consistent with that religion which teaches, that no murderer shall inherit eternal life? Heaven cries, NO!

But besides impairing and prematurely destroying the body, it stupifies and debases the immortal mind; and thus destroys its capacity for usefulness, and for the clear perception of truth. To illustrate the blinding and perverting influence of a small quantity of such liquor on the mind, let a strictly temperate man spend an evening, or an hour, with a dozen others, indulging themselves moderately; they will be sure to say things and do things which to him will appear silly, if not wicked, and which will appear so to themselves on reflection, though at the time they may not be conscious of any impropriety. And if this moderate indulgence be habitual, there must, of course, be a corresponding and increasing mental debasement, till conscience is "seared as with a hot iron," and the mind is lost to the power of being affected by truth, as well as to the capacity of being useful to others. And is this destruction of the talents God has given, consistent with the injunction to "stir up the gift that is within you," and "to glorify God in your bodies and in your spirits which are his?" NO.

2. This habit of drinking is incompatible with that desire of eminent holiness and growth in grace which a consistent profession implies. The great Founder of Christianity enjoins, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." This will be the true Christian's daily desire. And a soul animated with such heavenly desire, and aspiring to the image of God, will have no relish for any counteracting spirit. He dare not drink wine.

Does any one say, that for eminently holy men to be found "mingling strong drink" may seem inconsistent, but not so for those less spiritual? This is making the want of spirituality an excuse for sensuality; thus manifestly adding sin to sin, and provoking the Holy One to anger. His mandate is universal—"Be ye holy, for I am holy." And all professing Christians are solemnly pledged to abide by this rule, and make it their constant effort to be like God.

To this end they are charged to "abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul," to "mortify their members which are upon the earth," to "exercise themselves rather unto godliness," and to "be kindly affectioned towards all men." But who does not know that DRUNKARD'S DRINK not only eats out the brain, but taketh away the heart, diminishes even natural affection, and deadens all the kindlier feelings, while it cherishes those very passions which the Holy Spirit so pointedly condemns? And how can one professing godliness, and aspiring to the divine image, drink that which thus tends to destroy

* Every wine and ale-bibbing minister not only shortens his own days, but destroys souls.

all that is pure, and spiritual, and lovely, while it kindles in body and soul the very flames of hell? It is a sin to taste the poison.

3. The use of this liquor is *inconsistent with any thing like pure and high spiritual enjoyment, clear spiritual views, and true devotion*. A sense of shame must inevitably torment the minister who, in such a day, cannot resist those "fleshly lusts which war against the soul;" his brethren will turn from him in pity or disgust; and what is infinitely more affecting, the Holy Spirit will not abide with him. And thus, without an approving conscience, without the cordialities of pure Christian intercourse, and without the smiles of the blessed Comforter, how can he enjoy religion? He will go to hell.

Abstinence from highly stimulating liquor or food has ever been regarded as indispensable to that serenity of soul and clearness of views, so infinitely desirable in matters of religion. Hence the ministers of religion were solemnly commanded not to touch any thing like strong drink when about to enter the sanctuary. And this, adds God, shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations, that ye may put difference between holy and unholy; clearly showing his views of the effect of temperance on spiritual discernment.

On the principle of abstinence we may also account, in part, for that holy ecstasy—that amazing clearness of spiritual vision—sometimes enjoyed on the death-bed. "Administer nothing," said the eloquent dying Summerfield, "that will create a stupor, not even so much as a little porter and water, that I may have an unclouded view." For the same reason, Dr. Rush, who so well knew the effect of strong drink, peremptorily ordered it not to be given in his last hours. And probably for the same holy reason the dying Saviour (who knew all things) when offered wine mingled with myrrh, received it not. The truly wise will not, in the trying hour, barter visions of glory for mere animal excitement and mental stupefaction. Then surely not in the meridian of health.

Equally illustrative of our principle is the confession of an aged deacon, accustomed to drink moderately—"I always, in prayer, felt a coldness and heaviness at heart—never suspecting it was the whisky; but since that is given up, I have heavenly communion." O, what an increase of pure light and joy might there be in the church, would all its members understand this, and be temperate in all things. Most of the ministers are drunkards.

4. The use of DRUNKARD'S DRINK by professing Christians is *inconsistent with the good order and discipline of the church*. A minister of great experience in ecclesiastical concerns, gives it as the result of his observation, that nine-tenths of all the cases calling for church discipline are occasioned by this liquor. This is a tremendous fact. But a little examination will convince any one that the estimate is not too high. And can it be right to continue an indulgence that is bringing tenfold, or even fourfold more trouble and disgrace on the church than all other causes united? Do not these foul spots in our feasts of charity clearly say, "Touch not the unclean thing?" Can we countenance that which is certain to inflict the deepest wounds in the body of Christ. "It must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh."

5. The use of DRUNKARDS' DRINK by professors of religion is *inconsistent with the hope of reforming and saving the intemperate*. The Christian knows that every soul is inconceivably precious, and that drunkards cannot inherit eternal life. He also knows that hundreds of thousands in this land now sustain, or are contracting this odious character; and that, if the evil be not arrested, millions will come on in the same track, and go down to the burning gulf. But the Christian who drinks just so much as to make himself feel

well, cannot reprove the drunkard, who only does the same thing. The drunkard may say to him, "My appetite is stronger than yours; more, therefore, is necessary in order to make me *feel well*, and if you cannot deny yourself the little that seems needful, how can I control a more raging appetite?" This rebuke would be unanswerable. It is nothing short of hypocrisy for a tipping ministry to reprove a drunkard.

All agree that total abstinence is the only hope of the drunkard. But is it not preposterous to expect him to abstain, so long as he sees the minister, the elder, the deacon, and other respectable men indulging their cups? With mind enfeebled, and character lost, can he summon resolution to be singular, and live even more temperately than his acknowledged superiors?—thus telling to all that he has been a drunkard! This cannot be expected of poor sunken human nature. No; let moderate drinking be generally allowed, and in less than thirty years, according to the usual ratio of their deaths, armies of drunkards, greater than all the American churches, will go from this land of light and freedom to everlasting chains of darkness. If, then, the drunkard is worth saving, if he has a soul capable of shining with seraphim, and if there be in members of the church "any bowels of mercies," let them give him the benefit of their example. Professing to "do good to all as they have opportunity," let them be consistent in this matter. By a little self-denial they may save millions from hell. But "he that denieth not himself, cannot be Christ's disciple." He that will not yield a little to save his fellow-sinners from eternal pain, has nothing of the spirit of Him who, for his enemies, exchanged a throne for a cross, nor can he consistently bear his name.

Could all the wailings of the thousand thousands slain by this demon come up in one loud thunder of remonstrance on the ear of the churches, then would they, perhaps, think it inconsistent, by their example, or by any act, to sanction its use. But "let God be true," and these wailings are as real, as if heard in ceaseless thunders. But God hath no pleasure in the death of the drunkard, and the drunkard can have no pleasure in the second death; it cannot, therefore be consistent, either with love to God or love to man, to add to the multitude who shall swell the eternal wail. Ministers cannot take the cup of devils without damning souls.

6. The use of DRUNKARDS' DRINK by professing Christians is *inconsistent with the hope of ever freeing the nation from intemperance*. All former efforts to arrest this alarming sin have failed. A glorious effort is now making to wash it off for ever with pure water. Thousands of patriots and philanthropists are rejoicing in the remedy. Not a sober man in the nation really doubts its efficacy and importance. Who, then, that regards our national character and our glorious institutions, can hesitate to adopt it. O, who that loves his neighbour or his God can still thirst for that which has darkened the pathway of heaven, threatened our liberties, desolated the land, and peopled hell? Who can be expected to adopt this substitute, if they do not who have sworn allegiance to the Holy One? If they withhold their example, will worldly and sensual men, and the enemies of all righteousness, take up the work, and reform themselves, and purify the land? For professors to expect this is preposterous; and to pray for it, while they cling to the abominable thing, is gross insult to the Most High. His manifest language to the churches, then, is, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues!"—"And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground."

It is said, that the influence of a small church is unimportant? Not so; it is "a city set on a hill;" "the glory of the Lord is upon it;" its light may

save the surrounding region; its example may influence a thousand churches. And let the hundreds of thousands of professing Christians in this land resolve on total abstinence. Let this great example be held up to view, and it would be such a testimony as this world has not seen. Let such a multitude show that DRUNKARDS' DRINK is useless, and reformation easy, and the demonstration would be complete. Few of the moral would continue the poison, thousands of the immoral abandon it at once, and the nation be reformed and saved. Hence,

7. The use of this liquor by professing Christians is *utterly inconsistent with the proper influence of their example*. The Saviour says, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven." But will men esteem Christians the more for drinking, and thus be led to glorify God on their behalf? Or will the Saviour praise them for this, "when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired of all them that believe?" Rather, will not their drinking lead some to excess, and thus sully the Creator's work? Nay, is it not certain, that if professing Christians thus indulge, the example will lead millions to drunkenness and perdition? And, on the other hand, is it not morally certain, that if they would abstain, their combined influence might save millions from infamy and endless ruin? But every professor shares in this mighty power of example. How, then, in prospect of a day when all the bearings of his conduct shall be judged, can he hesitate on which side to lend his influence? This is not a little matter, for who can conceive the results of even one impulse among beings connected with each other and with infinity by ten thousand strings?

8. The use of DRUNKARDS' DRINK by a part of the church is *inconsistent with that harmony and brotherly love which Christ requires in his professed followers*. He requires them to "love one another with a pure heart fervently," to "be all of one mind," to be "of one heart and one soul." But who does not see the utter impossibility of this, if some members continue an indulgence, which others regard with abhorrence? Since public attention has been turned to this subject, thousands have come to the conviction that drinking this poison is a wicked as well as filthy practice. The most distinguished lights of the church, and all such as peculiarly adorn their profession, decidedly embrace this sentiment. And how can such have any thing like cordiality with those who continue a habit now so extensively viewed with disgust? Ah! the professor of religion who, in a day like this, will have his glass, not caring whom he offends, *must have it*; but with it he must also have his reward. For, judging from his fruits, he differs as widely from Paul as heaven from hell. That holy apostle, speaking on this very subject of appetite, says, "Give none offence, neither to the Jews nor to the Gentiles, nor to the church of God." And the Saviour also says, "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck."

9. The use of DRUNKARDS' DRINK by members of the church in this day of light is *incompatible with their receiving any general effusion of the Holy Spirit*. Christians are allowed to hope for the Spirit to be poured out, only in answer to prayer, and only in answer to true, spiritual, believing prayer. "If they regard iniquity in their heart, the Lord will not hear them." If they wilfully and habitually cherish any sin, they cannot have faith, and it would be inconsistent for God to show such approbation as to answer their prayers. Nay, is it not most solemn mockery for any to cry, "Revive thy work, O Lord," while, by example, they are perhaps seducing thousands to perdition? Indeed, how odious the spectacle of a company assembled professedly in the name of Christ, and looking toward heaven, but, in this posture of devotion, all

breathing forth the foul, fiery element! This is literally "offering strange fire before the Lord." And, instead of mercy, I hear his terrible remonstrance—"Ye are a smoke in my nose, a fire that burneth all the day." I see the lightning of his anger ready to smite such impious mockers. It should never be forgotten that the men whom the Almighty struck dead when they offered strange fire, were excited by liquor, and that his feelings toward such as thus unfit themselves for pure worship must be the same now. Oh, how can his pure Spirit descend and mingle his holy influences with that which worketh all manner of iniquity, and pollutes the very air we breathe?

God may have winked at such inconsistencies in times of ignorance, but he cannot do it in such a day of light, without disgracing his holy throne. We are not, then, to expect his Spirit to come down "like showers that water the earth," till we put away that which we know tends to wither and consume all the fruits of the Spirit. But, let us draw near in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water, and he is faithful that hath promised. He will open the windows of heaven, and pour out a blessing, that there shall not be room to receive it.

10. The waste of property in the use of DRUNKARD'S DRINK is *inconsistent with the character of faithful "stewards for Christ."* The "contributions" of the church are among the appointed means for converting the world. But allow each of our eight hundred thousand professing Christians only two cents' worth of poison daily, and the annual cost is about SIX MILLIONS OF DOLLARS! which would be sufficient to support constantly, at least *fifteen thousand missionaries!* Let professed stewards of the Lord's treasury, then, who would consume this little on sinful appetite, ponder and blush for such inconsistency; and let them hasten to clear off the heavy charge, "*Ye have robbed me, even this whole nation.*"

11. For Christians to indulge in the use of DRUNKARD'S DRINK is *inconsistent with all attempts to recommend the gospel to the heathen.* Nothing has done more to prejudice our Indian neighbours, and hinder among them the influence of the gospel, than those poisonous liquors, which we have encouraged them to use. The more thinking among them have perceived these liquors to be fraught only with mischief. Several tribes have set the noble example of excluding these articles by the strong arm of law: and it is only by convincing them that really consistent Christians do not encourage such evils, that our missionaries have been able to gain their confidence, and to introduce our literature and religion.

The same feeling must prevail in more distant heathen nations. They can not but despise the Christians who use and sell a polluting drink, which they, to a great extent, regard with disgust and abhorrence.

Suppose our missionaries should go out with a bible in one hand and a bottle of wine in the other; what impression would they make? Even nature herself would revolt at the alliance. And nothing but all-powerful habit and fashion have reconciled any among us to similar inconsistencies.

But not only must our missionaries be unspotted, they must also be able to testify, that no real Christians pollute themselves with this or any other unclean thing. With such testimony they might secure the conviction, that our religion is indeed purifying and elevating, and that our God is the true God. For, saith Jehovah, "Then shall the heathen know that I am the Lord, when I shall be sanctified in you before their eyes." Let the church, then, instead of dallying with pollutions, shine forth in her heaven-born purity, and soon would the general acclamation be, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men."

12. The use of DRUNKARD'S DRINK by the church is *inconsistent with any reasonable hope, that the flood of intemperance would not return upon the land, even should it for a season be dried up.* The same causes which have produced it would produce it again, unless there be some permanent powerful counteracting influence. Temperance Associations throughout the land are unspeakably important, as means of reformation. But they are not permanent bodies. Their organization may cease, when intemperance is once done away. And, unless the doctrine of TOTAL ABSTINENCE be incorporated with some great association that is to be perpetual, it will in time be forgotten or despised, and then drunkenness will abound. Such an association is found only in the church of the living God. This will continue while the world stands: for God has promised to support it. Let the principle of ENTIRE ABSTINENCE, then, be recognised with one consent by the church, and adopted by future members; and you have a great and increasing multitude to sustain the temperance cause, till time shall be no longer. And can the real Christian think it hard thus to enlist for the safety of all future generations? If parents love their offspring, if Christians love the lambs of Christ's flock, if philanthropists love the multitudes coming into Sabbath schools, will they not gladly hasten to secure them all from the destroyer? Has he a shadow of consistency, who will rather do that, which, if done by the church generally, would lead millions of these children and their descendants to hopeless ruin?*

13. The use of DRUNKARD'S DRINK as a common article of luxury or living, is *inconsistent with the plain spirit and precepts of God's word.* It furnishes no warrant whatever for such use. Nothing, indeed, is said in scripture of distilled liquor, for the very obvious reason, that the art of converting God's gifts to such a malignant poison was unknown till the ninth century. Nor does our present object admit discussing the subject of wine: (which, however, among the ancients, being the simple juice of grape, and not mixed, like most of our wines, with ardent spirit, was good.) "Strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." "They are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision; they stumble in judgment." Such passages show clearly the mind of God with respect to the nature and use of this article. And they apply with double force to the more fiery element of modern invention.

Moreover, it is said in another passage, "Wo unto him that giveth his neighbour drink." But does not every man who manufactures, or sells, or openly uses DRUNKARD'S DRINK, encourage his neighbour to drink? And if he do it with the bible in his hand, does he not contemn God's authority? And if a Christian professor thus giveth his neighbour drink, either directly or indirectly, does he not contradict his profession of "love to God and love to man?" Does he not deny God's testimony, and make him a liar? Does he not aggravate his guilt by sinning against great light? And would he not aggravate it still further, should he charge the blame on God? Oh, what a blot would it be on the bible, should one chapter or one sentence be added, encouraging the general use of intoxicating liquor! "If any man thus add, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book."

14. To manufacture or use DRUNKARD'S DRINK is *inconsistent with a grateful reception of the bounties of Providence.* When God had formed man, and spread out before him this beautiful world, he kindly said, "Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth,

* Ministers of the gospel are accountable to God for all the evils which wicked men may propagate along with teetotalism.—Eds.

and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." God, then, it seems, intended that men should use the fruits of the earth for food. But "they have sought out many inventions." And one of these inventions is, to take these gifts of God, and convert them into a poison, most insidious in its nature, and most destructive both to soul and body! The maker, the vender, and the consumer, encourage one another in this awful perversion of God's gifts! And is this receiving his gifts with thanksgiving? Better, infinitely better, to cast them at once into the fire, or the ocean, and say unto the Almighty, "We have no need of these." But the ingratitude does not stop here. When men, in abuse of the divine bounty, have made this foul poison, to justify its use they call it one of the creatures of God. With as much propriety might they call gambling establishments and murderous weapons his creatures; and thus encourage their general use! But how awful the impiety of thus ascribing the worst of man's inventions to the benevolent God! In times of ignorance many have done thus. But the darkness is past: the true light now shineth. And should a professor of religion now inscribe on his barrel or his decanter of intoxicating liquor, **GOD MADE THIS, MAY GOD SEND IT PROSPERITY**—the whole church would be indignant at his blasphemy. Nay, his own conscience, a wicked world, and Satan, would blush for such impiety. Think of this! Make the inscription if you can! But if you dare not write it before men, can you countenance the vile traffic before Him "whose eyes are as a flame of fire."

15. For a professor of religion to *persevere in making, selling, or using DRUNKARD'S DRINK while possessing the light Providence has recently poured on this subject, is inconsistent with any satisfactory evidence of piety.* "By their fruits ye shall know them." *And what are his fruits? Why, as we have seen, he wilfully cuts short his own life, or the life of his neighbour; he wilfully impairs memory, judgment, imagination, and all the immortal faculties, merely for sensual indulgence or paltry gain; he stupifies conscience, and cherishes all the evil passions; he prefers sordid appetite to pure spiritual enjoyment; he is the occasion of stumbling to those for whom Christ died, and of dark reproach on the church; he neglects the only means Providence has pointed out for rescuing thousands from drunkenness and hell; he wilfully encourages their downward course; he refuses the aid he might give to a great national reform; he lends his whole weight against this reformation; he is the occasion of offence, grief, and discord among brethren; he grieves the Holy Spirit and prevents his heavenly influence; he robs the Lord's treasury; he makes Christianity infamous in the eyes of the heathen; he disregards the plain spirit and precepts of the bible; and, in fine, he perverts even the common bounties of Providence. Such are his fruits. And the man, surely, who can do all this, in meridian light, and while God is looking on, does not give satisfactory evidence of piety. He manifests neither respect for God nor love to man.

And now should such an one come to the Lord's table, without first washing his hands in tears of penitence, and abjuring the unclean thing, would he not "eat and drink unworthily," and thus "eat and drink damnation to himself?" "For this very cause," adds the apostle, "many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep." And must the church be a nursery for death and hell? Must not those who persist in introducing such unworthy members, be "partakers of their sins, and receive of their plagues?"

"The time is come, that judgment must begin at the house of God." Let conscience, then, solemnly review our whole argument by the infinitely holy law. Is it indeed right, for members of the church to impair body and mind by sensuality?—to defile the flesh, cloud the soul, stupify conscience, and cherish

the worst passions? Is it right to bring occasions of stumbling into the church? Is it right to encourage drunkards, and let them perish, when God hath said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself?" Is it right to treat with contempt a great national reform? and to hinder the progress of such a reformation? Is it right to offend and grieve such as Christ calls "brethren?" and right to grieve the Holy Spirit, and prevent his blessed influence? Is it right to "consume on lust" what would fill the Lord's treasury? and right to make religion odious to the heathen? Is it right to leave the land open to new floods of intemperance? to disregard the manifest lessons of Scripture and Providence? and to convert food to foul poison? Is it indeed right, for the church of Christ to sanction practices fraught only with wounds, death, and perdition? Will real Christians propagate such shocking heresy? Such, however, must be the temperance creed of those who would encourage the distiller, the vender, or the consumer of ardent spirit in his deadly course.

Let it not be suggested, that our argument bears chiefly against the excessive use of the poison. For common sense and candor must admit, what has been a thousand times demonstrated, that the moderate use of the poison is the real occasion of all its woes, blasphemies, and abominations. Who was ever induced to taste by the disgusting sight of a drunkard? Or who ever became a drunkard, except by moderate indulgence in the beginning? Indeed, this habit of moderate drinking, in professors of religion, is, perhaps, tenfold worse, in its influence on society, than occasional instances of drunkenness. For these excite abhorrence, and rather alarm than betray; while moderate indulgence sanctions the general use, and thus insidiously betrays millions to destruction. O, never, since the first temptation, did Satan gain such a victory as when he induced Christians, by their example, to sanction every where the use of intoxicating liquor. And never, since the triumph of Calvary, has he experienced such a defeat as God is now summoning Christians to accomplish. Let them, at once, withdraw the sanction they have given, and, by generously diffusing light on this subject, do half as much to expose, as they have done to encourage this grand device of the devil, and rivers of death will be dried up, Zion look forth in grandeur and beauty, streams of salvation be multiplied, and the sanctifying Spirit bless all nations.

The duty of professing Christians, then, in regard to DRUNKARDS' DRINK, is very plain. If their vision be not clouded by reason of the poison, they cannot but see, that it would be pleasing to God, happy for themselves, beneficial to the world, and conducive to the highest interests of Christ's kingdom, for them to adopt with one consent the principle of Total Abstinence, and make generous efforts for disseminating this principle.

And now, if they know their duty, will they do it? Will they do it? Can any, in the name of Christ, still pray, a little more of the poison; a little more pernicious example; a little more disgrace on the church; a little more grieving the Holy Spirit; a little more encouragement to all the abominations and woes of intemperance? Is this religious consistency? Is this what God must expect, when his will is known? Is this what is demanded by the exigencies of the times? When iniquity abounds; when infidelity, oppression, and sabbath violation, are challenging the wrath of Heaven on the land; is it a time to hesitate and compromise in regard to known duty? If the battle of the great day of God is at hand, must the church be weakened by indulgence, and the enemy be made bolder and stronger by her aid? Or will her triumph be gained without warfare or self-denial? and the millenium find her asleep in pollution? O, ere that day come, the church must have, in all respects, a loftier character. This too, ere our land can be relieved from any of its great sins. Is the time,

then, for consistency, not come? How many millions of sacred trust must the churches yet consume on sinful appetite? how many souls must they send to the abyss? how many fresh wounds inflict on the Redeemer's cause, ere they can resolve to be "on the Lord's side?" Ministers come out.

Are any for reforming in a more gradual and silent way? Possibly, meanwhile they may silently descend to the pit! Then "a great ransom cannot deliver them," nor a drop of water "cool their tongue." Are any too proud to confess they have countenanced this degrading sin? He only "that confesseth and forsaketh shall find mercy." Tippling Ministers must repent.

Do any still say, we carry the matter too far?—requiring total abstinence! "Do unto others, as ye would they should do to you," is the eternal law. But suppose your own child, your brother, your sister, the wife of your bosom, were in imminent peril from the example or temptation of others,—would you be pleased with this? No. Well, the example of moderate drinkers and the temptations of retailers, you admit, have ruined, and must continue to ruin, vast multitudes. Can you then justify such by the golden rule—the eternal law? Ah, let the burning tide actually desolate your own family; and then answer.

Is it said by some, that should they give up the traffic in DRUNKARDS' DRINK the sacrifice must be very great, and perhaps occasion serious embarrassment. This is indeed hard; but is it not harder to sin against God, and the church, and the whole community? Calculate for eternity, as well as time. For "God shall bring every work into judgment;" and "what is a man profited if he thus gain the whole world?" Blood—Blood—Blood is there.

Is it said, there is no express Scripture warrant for the church to decline receiving any one who habitually sells or drinks DRUNKARDS' DRINK. Neither is there for excluding the gambler. But the Bible is addressed to men of conscience and common sense, who are to be governed by its general spirit; and in no other way can the churches make suitable acknowledgment of the wounds and the deep damnations they have inflicted through intoxicating liquor, but by recording their decided testimony against it. In no other way can they manifest to the world a becoming sense of its odiousness; and thus "let their light shine before men." But let the churches do this, with deep and general humiliation before God, and prayer for the divine forgiveness and blessing, and though some few may "gnaw their tongues for pain, and blaspheme the God of heaven, and repent not of their deeds," yet there would be "joy in heaven" over great multitudes repenting; and soon would it be echoed with thanksgiving from every land, "ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people, that ye should show forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light."

In hastening this blest consummation, all have yet a part to act. Do you exult in the consciousness of being wholly freed from the unclean thing? Then think of the millions still contaminated; and reflect, "Such were some of you; but ye are washed"—ye are rescued from the pollution. God "hath made you to differ." Now then his injunction is, "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." Strengthen those few who are pouring out their breath or spending their treasure in this cause. Every man can do this to some extent, and every Christian surely must feel constrained by gratitude to God, as well as love to men, freely to extend the means of reformation. And in so doing, there is no loss, but infinite gain. For "whosoever shall give to drink, unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in nowise lose his reward."

Finally, Christian Brethren, "be sober, be vigilant, be of one mind;" for "your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about." I tremble lest

possibly through apathy, or discord, or indiscretion, or treason in the church, "Satan should get an advantage," and turn our fair morning into a heavier night of darkness, and tempest, and war. But woe to that man, who, at this crisis of the reformation, shall knowingly encourage the exciting cause of such evils. And heaviest woe to him who shall avail himself of a standing in the church for this purpose. I hear for such a loud remonstrance from millions yet unborn; and a louder still from the throne of eternal Judgment: and if they heed not the warning, I see for them "the wine of the wrath of Almighty God poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation."

But "though we thus speak," we hope and expect better things from the decided followers of the Lamb of every name;—"things which make for peace; things wherewith one may edify another; and things which accompany salvation" to a dying world.

A FEW PLAIN-POINTED QUESTIONS.

REVEREND SIRS,

1. How many of your ministers have been degraded by drunkard's drink, this last fifty years?

2. Have not thousands of your members lost their influence, character, piety, and their souls, by the same damning foe?

3. Is total abstinence of God or the Devil?

4. Should a minister be expelled the pulpit who sips a bottle of wine or brandy during the day?

5. Is it too much to say that the Independent ministers of England and Wales expend ten thousand pounds per annum, in drunkard's drink, cigars, tobacco, and snuff?

6. Is it too much to say that the members of the said churches expend one million in the same way?

7. Are you aware that your servants, and servants at the houses you visit, take notice of what you drink?

8. Should not the makers and venders of drunkards' drink be expelled the Christian church, at once, if they will not abandon their murderous trade?

9. Is it not humbug, or a religious hoax, to cry out against slavery in other lands, while you support a thousand times worse slavery at home?

10. Is it not downright wicked lying to say that you cannot send out missionaries for want of funds, when at the same time you give millions to the cause of satan?

11. Are you aware that several of the American Independent pulpits would be shut against you, should you visit that land of teetotal churches: that is, if you persisted in sipping the filthy poison?

12. Is not tipping the sad cause of the low state of British churches? See *Christian Witness*, for this month.

13. Does not population march ahead of conversions, ten fold?

14. Is it not the worst of hypocrisy for a little sup minister to preach against drunkenness? Bromley, Daniels, Flesher, Clows, Barrow.

15. Is it true that some of your deacons say that half a bottle of wine is drunk in the vestry each Lord's day?

16. Is it not a sin to give the cup of devils at the table of our redeeming God? (See Dr. Firth on the Sacramental Wine.)

17. Will you answer this address through the medium of the press?

The writer contends that it is a sin to drink a glass of wine, ale, or spirits, with the light which heaven has shed on the subject; and offers to discuss the

matter with any of the ministers whose names he has attached to the address : wishing yourselves, families, and churches success,

I am, yours,

A Teetotal Christian Minister.

A FEW WORDS TO THE EDITOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN WITNESS."

Rev. Sir, at the request of hundreds of seven and ten-year-old teetotalers, I write to inquire—

1. Have you signed the pledge?
2. Have you asked pardon of the teetotalers for the foul attack made upon them in your May number? If not, when shall you?
3. Can you reasonably expect that those teetotal editors, advocates, &c., who helped to rock the cradle, and sang the lullaby of teetotalism, should be dictated to by you, who have only just entered the field when the battle is fought? Is it not pride and ignorance in the extreme to expect it?
4. Are you aware that all the wine merchants in the kingdom, and not a few jerry lords, are pushing the sale of the *Witness*, because you so clearly prove that the Bible is in favour of a "wee sup of the good creature of God."
5. Are you aware that the drunkards of Market Drayton have been drinking your health, because you have so swiftly flown to the help of their old friend and rev. champion, Barrow?
6. Do you suppose that real teetotalers will suffer you to ride rough-shod over their champion, Dr. F. R. Lees, as you seem most anxious to do? If so, suffer us to prophesy that you are a little bit mistaken. Thousands of teetotalers say your aim is to crush the *Truth Seeker*, stop the wine question agitation, and lead us back to what is worse than moderation—mere expediency teetotalism. In fact, not a few say that you are in league with Owen Clark. We hope not. We love the *Christian Witness*, but we love the *Truth Seeker* better. See the following:—

Mather Street Temperance Hall, Manchester.

Resolved—That the friends of true and unqualified temperance, assembled under the auspices of the "Manchester and Salford Advocates' Society," do hereby beg to tender to their highly esteemed and talented champion, Dr. F. R. Lees, a warm-hearted expression of their continued confidence in and approval of his devoted, untiring, and multiplied efforts, through the platform and press, in behalf of that noblest form of Christian philanthropy, the total abstinence cause; and do, moreover, assure him that they deliberately and indignantly repudiate the various virulent attacks, mean and mendacious insinuations, and reckless falsehoods which have recently disgraced even the *Metropolitan Intelligencer*, and have subsequently been adopted and sanctioned by the *Christian Witness*.

Moved by the Rev. J. Stamp; seconded by Mr. W. Pollard, Wesleyan Local Preacher; and carried unanimously, with great applause, on three succeeding evenings.

But we shall leave Dr. Lees to defend himself, and conclude by merely asking,

7. Will you meet Dr. Lees in Manchester, in the Free Trade Hall, or in Exeter Hall, London, in order to discuss the Wine Question? If not, will you enter the lists in the pages of the *Truth Seeker*, or suffer Dr. Lees in the *Witness*?

I tell you in kindness and brotherly love, that ten thousand voices will protest against your conduct to Dr. Lees. The kingdom will be flooded with resolutions on the subject. We believe, before God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, that Dr. Lees is a real pious Christian; we have bowed the knee with him more than once.* *Eds.*

ONE WORD TO OUR READERS.

It is the settled intention of the Editors to issue this work weekly, if 50 or 100 of our friends and agents will forward us £1 each, and take the same out in stock. Brethren, do something—DO IT—DO IT—but do it at once.—*Fairplay.*

* Are we to consider Dr. Campbell's amiable spirit, which he has recently manifested towards Dr. Lees, as the fruit of the late Union Meeting, held in Liverpool? If so * * * * * —*Eds.*

LONDON:—W. Brittain, Paternoster-Row, and all Booksellers. Country Agents must send a remittance, in advance, to the PRINTERS, at the rate of 6s. per hundred. All communications for the Editors, Teetotal Cottage, Manchester, must be sent, *post paid*. Any person enclosing letter stamps, may have the work per post.

Ellerby and Cheetham, Printers, 34, Oldham Street, Manchester.

The Long-Pledge Teetotaler,

AND

EVANGELICAL REFORMER.

"I speak it with great reluctance—I speak it in deep sorrow of heart—but I speak it as in the light of eternity—that it is my settled conviction that the Ministers of the Gospel are the strongest props of Bacchus's kingdom. For it is clearer than the light of day that if they all signed the pledge, and used with zeal the great influence that God has given them in the temperance cause, the flood-tide of intemperance would at once and for ever be rolled back."—Rev. J. S.

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THE VOICE OF BLOOD FROM THE GROUND.

BY REV. E. HALL, NORWALK, CT.

Dedicated to the Rev. B. Bennett, Wesleyan Brewer, Dunstable.

The last Sabbath morning, one of our fellow-beings was found by the way-side, a corpse; his face blackened and bruised; his burden and his bottle by his side. His habits, the haunts in which he had spent the previous evening, and the ardent spirits which were testified to have been sold him in violation of the law—all those circumstances left no room for doubt that his death was caused by inebriation and subsequent exposure to cold. The exposure alone was nothing: he was destroyed by rum.

When called to attend his funeral, my heart was distressed as I looked on the lifeless body, and thought how he was cut off in the midst of his days; his soul called, by such a death, into the presence of his God. I saw the distress of his kindred, thus called suddenly to bear, besides the sorrow of a common bereavement, an additional anguish almost too much for the human heart to endure. Let each one try to bring this matter home—let the wife, the child, the brother, the sister try to imagine how *they* would feel, should they be called to look upon the dead body of a husband, a father, or brother, perishing under such circumstances, in the snow and cold of an inclement night, by the way-side. It would be no harder for *you* to endure this, than for that bereaved circle of kindred and friends.

We all feel for them a kind respect, and a deep commiseration. There is no one of us who would, by one word or look, do aught to increase the anguish of their bereavement. Having endeavoured, at the funeral, to administer the supports and consolations of the gospel to *them*, I could not but feel that another duty remained, and that another funeral sermon was to be preached, not to the mourners, but to the people of the community where these things occurred.

It was required of the children of Israel (Deut. xxi.) that if one were found slain lying in the field, and it were known who had slain him, then the elders and judges should come forth and measure to see what city was nearest to him that was slain: the elders of that city were to bring a heifer down into a rough valley which was neither eared nor sown, and strike off the neck of the heifer there in the valley. Then all the elders of that city were to wash their hands over the heifer, and answer and say, "*Our hands have not shed this blood, neither have our eyes seen it.* Be merciful, O Lord, unto thy people, and lay not innocent blood unto thy people of Israel's charge. And the blood shall be forgiven them. So shalt thou put away the guilt of innocent blood from among you."

We need not measure to see what village is nearest: the cause of that death

was found *here*. The civil inquest has been held. There is not, under human laws, any indictment to be preferred for murder; and using terms in their common and legal sense, it would not be right to say *that* man was murdered.

The definitions of crime by human laws, or the proper province, policy, and penalties of those laws, belong not to the pulpit to discuss, further than they involve questions of moral or religious duty—the great principles of right and wrong—the principles of that divine law by which we must all be judged in the last day. In this last point of view, it certainly becomes us to inquire of ourselves, as members of a community for whose policy and acts we sustain our share of responsibility, whether our brother's blood crieth unto the Lord from the ground, against the community in which such things are done; and whether, by the *divine law*, a guilt similar to that of murder rests upon people who, knowing the habits of an inebriate, furnish him with the poison under circumstances which hazard his life, and which, as might naturally be expected, result in his death.

How does the law of God bear on these questions? The Jewish law (Exodus xxi.) provided, if an ox gore a man or woman, under any ordinary circumstances, that they die, then a horror of violent destruction of human life was to be testified by stoning the ox, and his flesh was not to be eaten, but the owner should be quit.

“But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to the owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman, the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death.”

This was not only the enactment of Jehovah, but an enactment on a great question of innocence or guilt—a question limited to no Jewish policy, so far as relates to the matter of *guilt*, but of permanent and universal authority. I say, as *concerns the question of guilt*. I do not say that legislators are bound to exact this precise penalty—that is another affair—but I see no room for doubt, that the *moral* question is here decided on the highest authority in the universe—the moral guilt of MURDER rests upon that man.

The question indeed undergoes some modification, when both the owner of the ox and the person gored know his propensities, and when both concur in that voluntary exposure to his violence, which results in death. That modification I will presently examine. But this modification aside for the present. The vender of ardent spirits knows that the beast is wont to push with the horn. Full well he knows that it destroys reason and self-control. Full well he knows how it scatters poverty, distress, sickness, and crime, around it—how it fills the alms-houses and prisons—what indescribable sufferings it imposes upon the innocent wives and children of inebriates—how it indirectly cuts short the days of thousands upon thousands, and how it brings thousands more to a violent end.

I now distinctly call to mind *eight* victims of this last class, in Norwalk, within, if I mistake not, the last seven years. You will call the instances to mind by this description:—

One burnt to death; one fallen into a well in a drunken debauch on the Sabbath, and his blood spattered over the stones; one more in his inebriation destroyed by fire; one who belonged here and who obtained his rum here, in a fit of delirium threw himself into a well in a neighbouring town, and died; and one perished in the water, near the islands, in a drunken debauch on the Sabbath; one perished near his boat, with his bottle by his side; one, drunken, fell from his boat into the river and perished near the village; and this last, after having his face blackened, and other indignities inflicted upon him, which

none are apt to inflict upon a fellow-man save when they *know* him to be drunk, sent off to perish by the highway. Thus we average, here in Norwalk, more than one such violent death by drunkenness a year? If we allow four thousand inhabitants to Norwalk (it is something less since the erection of the new town of Westport), and suppose twenty millions of people in the United States, this would give five thousand seven hundred and fourteen instances of *violent death from intoxicating drinks* in these United States every year. If this old favoured town is much worse than the average of the whole country, it is indeed a cause of lamentation and shame. Yet it is said, and said truly, that the greater part of the business of *our sixteen borough grog shops* comes from abroad. If so, they send abroad also the greater part of the mischief.

But those violent deaths are a small matter in the estimate of the destruction of life by this cause. It is not every ship lost at sea that breaks violently on the rocks and goes to pieces, or that goes down foundering in the waves. So, not every man destroyed by rum falls by a violent death. You may see one with stooping, shuffling gait—with swollen cheeks and bloodshot eyes—his mind and body both reduced to imbecility—his substance gone to feed his appetite—wending his way to the grog shop, with difficulty bearing some burden of what should have furnished him with daily bread. You may see another with pimpled, carbuncled face, reeling and staggering homeward, nearly every day from shops whose keepers know his infirmity, and who seem willing to murder him by inches for the poor remnants of pension money which his country gives him for services or wounds long ago rendered or received. The community pities such poor inebriates, but ere long thinks little about them, and when they finally drop away, they are buried and forgotten.

You remember a man of athletic limbs and of naturally strong intellectual powers, a man naturally of a kind and humane heart. You have seen him, often at night, reeling and brawling homeward, followed by a little child, whom the careful mother had sent, day after day, to watch over the steps of that inebriate father, lest he should fall and perish in some ditch. The rumsellers knew the danger too, but they never sent even a boy to guard his life. I saw that man laid, by an excessive debauch, upon a bed of distressing sickness. No rumseller went to visit him there. He was sober. I talked with him about his soul. I warned him that this was probably the last fit of intoxication into which he could fall and live. His neighbours knew it—the rumsellers knew it. They saw his haggard, death-like countenance, when a week afterwards he crawled down to the Bridge once more for rum. They knew—they could not but know—when they gave him the bottle, that they were giving him a potion that would probably finish the work of death. But they gave it, and as they gathered his scanty coppers into their till, the poor trembling maniac swallowed the fatal draught, with difficulty crawled home and died. His wife, a poor, meek, suffering, uncomplaining Christian—though long supported by faith and prayer—at last worn out with sorrow and a broken heart, sunk under her afflictions, and followed him to the grave. In the name of justice and of Heaven, I declare, *that, too, was a murdered man*, though I have not enumerated him on the catalogue of violent deaths.

Many, many cases like this has my calling compelled me to witness. The simple narrative in detail, of the woes I have witnessed, would, methinks, curdle the blood, and cause the ears of them to tingle, who little dream what scenes of horror are transpiring at their very doors.

Probably few would think it an extravagant estimate, considering the accidents by sea and land, explosions, burnings, sickness introduced by intemperate habits, and sicknesses rendered fatal, which, but for such habits, might have re-

sulted favourably, that from thirty thousand to fifty thousand lives are annually destroyed in this country by this cause. The thriftlessness, pauperism, sufferings, vices, and crimes resulting from the same cause, are not now to be taken into the account. I deem it no extravagant comparison to suppose that a constant and ruthless war with a powerful foreign nation, could scarcely be expected to produce a greater amount of suffering than intoxicating drinks are unceasingly causing in this land.

Can there be a doubt that the vender of ardent spirits *knows* that the beast is furious and destructive—that he is wont to push with the horn—and that if let loose he will, not probably merely, but *certainly, destroy* life? Those few men who deal in that commodity among us know full well. We all know that if that traffic is continued, in all probability as many lives will be destroyed the next seven years, as there have been in the seven years past—if not so many *violent* deaths, yet as great a destruction of life on the whole, since a violent death is only a brief anticipation of the same result.

Now, if there be any defence against the *moral* guilt of MURDER, it cannot be, first, in the harmlessness of the commodity; nor, secondly, in the ignorance of the vender; but if anywhere, that defence must lie in the *voluntariness of the victim*; in the fact that the vender does not *compel* him to buy nor *compel* him to drink; nor does he *design* or *desire* the death of the victim. All this is true. Still he knows the consequences, and nevertheless does that for money which he knows will produce these results. What principle of the law of God holds him responsible now?

1st. At the very least he is a partaker in the crime. If the other is guilty of self-murder, this man has sold himself to aid in the procurement of that end. Neither intended the murder directly—both knew the consequences. The one did it to quench his burning appetite—the other, more cool and calculating, did it for gain. If the drunkard is innocent of self murder, so is the vender innocent. At the very lowest estimate the guilt is the same. If the drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of God, what place and portion must *he* expect who for money—for a paltry three cents, or six cents gain—put his bottle to his brother and made him drunken?

2d. *The rumseller is the tempter, and therefore the more guilty of the two.* The rumseller thinks it a defence to inquire like Cain, “*Am I my brother’s keeper?*” In the present instance you are, so far as to be responsible at the bar of God. 1st. God requires of you a *duty*, which, in the present instance, you, from mere mercenary motives, *forbear to render*; and, 2nd, you take advantage of your neighbour’s folly, or appetite, or infirmity, to *tempt* him to evil, and to push him into destruction.

1st. *God requires of you a duty, which you forbear to render: and forbear from low, mercenary motives.*

The forbearance or such acts of love, kindness, or compassion, cannot be punished by human laws. It would not be safe for human laws to attempt to exact duties, or impose penalties, which they cannot precisely define and limit. But the forbearance of such duties is rendered criminal by the law of God, and if so, then doubtless criminal according to the aggravation of the case.

Thus (Deut. xxii.) “Thou shalt not see thy brother’s ox or his sheep go astray and hide thyself from them; thou shalt in any case bring them to thy brother.” If thy brother were not nigh, then he who found the stray should take care of it, till it could be restored. The same was required of an article of raiment, or utensil, or other property. “*Thou shalt not hide thyself;*”—“Thou shalt not see thy brother’s ox or his ass fall down by the way, and hide thyself from them; thou shalt surely help him to lift them up again.”

In Exodus xxiii. the same is required in case the ox or ass belong to one's "enemy." I do not suppose that this law required one to suffer more loss than his neighbour would, by attending to his neighbour's affairs, but I do suppose that this law settles a great matter of *duty*: a duty which the law of God will enforce. It determines this general principle of the law of God, that he, who *carelessly* or *negligently*—much more, who through *base mercenary motives*—suffers his neighbour to come to harm, brings himself under the animadversion of the law of God, according to the aggravation of the wrong.

If a man sees a neighbour struggling in the water, and not through want of self-possession, or courage, or means of rescue; but through indifference, or hatred, or through the sinister desire of gain, neglects to shove him the plank that may save his life—can we doubt that that man is in the estimation of the law of God, guilty of murder? Suppose he is heir to an estate—he sees the possessor drowning, and that he may come at the inheritance sooner, lets him drown, and then coolly answers, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Human laws might not hang him, but would not all men instinctively shrink from him as from contact with a murderer? Or if one sees his neighbour's house in flames, and gives no alarm—not because he wishes the destruction of the inmates, but because he can secure some gain by suffering the fire to burn on—is he not a murderer?

It may be said that the owner *consents* to have his ox or ass fall into the ditch—or rather bargains with his neighbour to do that which will result in driving them in; that both consented that the man should drown in the water, and that the family should burn with the dwelling—or rather that both consented together to do that which they knew would probably result in the drowning, and in the destruction by fire.

If they intended not the consequences, then he who received the gain was surely doubly bound to aid in the rescue; and the neglect involved him in double guilt.

In the present instance, it is not the ox or the ass that is fallen into the pit, but it is his own inebriate—half maniac neighbour. It is a being made in the image of God, and the possessor of an immortal soul. It is a father, a husband, a brother, a son, whose misdeeds in their mildest yet certain consequences spread sorrow, and woe, and shame, widely all around him. Here if both agree, they jeopard the rights of others. The one will be temporarily bereft of reason, and what crimes he may there commit, God only knows.

I remember to have read an instance—a drunken husband gave his consent—most freely, that a hardened grocer should furnish him with rum. Both were voluntary. The drunkard went home a maniac. He had been wont to do so. The grocer knew it. His wife met him kindly at the door; the more she tried to soothe him the more infuriated he grew. He seized a short bar of iron—staggered towards his wife as she stood where she could not escape. She cried, "O my husband! Do not strike me with that, it will kill me!" "I mean to kill you," cried the monster. The blow broke first one arm, then the other, as they were raised for her defence. Blow succeeded blow, till she fell crushed and bleeding on the floor! Who was the murderer? Was the grocer innocent, who saw that neighbour fallen into this destructive vice; who knew the danger to which it exposed his wife; and did him not the mercy that he would have done to an ox or an ass,—but sheltering himself under the plea that his neighbour was *voluntary*, coolly scraped his three cents into his till, and sent him home a maniac to the commission of murder?

But it is more than neglect of duty on the part of the rumseller; for
2nd. *He acts the part of the tempter.* He takes advantage of his neigh-

bour's folly, or infirmity, or appetite, to tempt him to evil, and to push him to destruction.

An unnatural appetite has seized the drunkard. His stomach, his brain, his whole body is *diseased*. A raging, uncontrollable thirst overpowers his reason. He will do—what no whole sane man will do. He will sell his last rag of clothing; he has been known to sell the amputated limb of his own parent, nay the very grave-clothes of his child, for rum. The grocer knows it all. That poor maniac has perhaps at length signed the temperance pledge. His wife and children, though yet in want, have begun once more to smile. But the rumseller has marked his victim. He purposely tempts his appetite—flatters him—provokes him—assails now his weakness, now his pride—falsely insinuates suspicions of the regard entertained for him by his new temperance friends, till at last, the poor victim in whose stomach and veins the burning fever still lingers, is prevailed upon to taste. His whole system is on fire—his mind is phrenzied—he is undone.

Shall I be told as I trace that man home to his death-bed, as I have traced another and another here in Norwalk—that he who tempted him is not, by the Divine Law, a *murderer*? Who was it, that was “*a murderer from the beginning*,” if not the *serpent*, who did not *compel* our first parents to an unwilling sin—who ruined them not as *involuntary* beings, but who *seduced* them to their own destruction. The doom pronounced by Jehovah upon the great *arch tempter*, settles the question of every tempter's guilt.

Is he who inveigles the young and the unwary into the gaming house, and engages him in a *voluntary* wager, by which he loses property and peace—is he less guilty than the highway robber? Is the seducer free from guilt because his victim is not involuntary?

I confess my feelings have often been strongly excited with regard to the atrocities of rumselling, and that probably some emotions have mingled with my indignation that were not right. I have tried to repress these feelings, and to cherish nothing in my heart incompatible with the spirit of Him who prayed for his murderers,—“Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.” Deeply as rumsellers may have been stained with this polluting and murderous traffic, there is no one of all that class of men whom I could not take by the hand with entire kindness—nay with almost a phrenzy of delight, could I hear him say, “*I have erred, I will do so no more.*” But on the great question of right and wrong, when declaring the principles of revelation and righteousness, on which God will judge the souls of them that do evil, I should deem *myself* almost a murderer, should I hesitate to declare the whole counsel of God. Should I forbear to lift up my voice in behalf of these plundered, injured families, and of the poor victims of this unrighteous traffic, I should deem myself almost a partner in these crimes. And sooner than my tongue should plead for the defence or palliation of these crimes, I would rather that it might be palsied into everlasting silence. Would that I could, when I say, “Father, forgive them,” would that I could add, with the full meaning of the words, “*they know not what they do.*” They may be blinded with regard to the true character of their guilt, they may be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin; and therefore do they need the more fervent prayers for mercy. But with regard to the insane appetite of the drunkard, with regard to the sufferings inflicted on his family and friends, with regard to the unrighteous taxes extorted from their neighbours, and the burdens laid upon private charity, with regard to the crimes, the blasphemies, the untimely deaths, the murders which this traffic causes, it cannot be said, “They know not what they do.” They do know. They know it all. They know it well. They see their poor ruined victims,

with bloated visages and tottering limbs, coming up to their counters in more and still more miserable habiliments, and in body and in mind less and less human. They know how the wife and children must shiver with cold and pine with hunger, as the last cent of that drunkard's scanty earnings is swept into their coffers for rum.* They know how, one by one, their customers sink into dishonored and hopeless graves. They trace them to their deaths, in wells, in the flames, or in the waters. Not a year passes but some one comes to a violent end. They see and know it all. I can—I will pray, "Father, forgive them," but can I add, with reference to the *results* of their traffic, "*They know not what they do?*" Is it possible for me to entertain a doubt concerning their guilt? All this they do for money. There is no justice—there is no honor—there is no mercy in this abominable traffic. Combine all that there is foul and fiend-like, in all the arts of seduction and treachery—of plunder, rapine, and blood: when we think of its wide-spread, blasting, withering, and eternal consequences: here is a cool, but deep and damning atrocity of wickedness that beggars it all. Shall I hesitate when speaking—not of its *legal* relations, but of its *moral* character,—to call it *oppression? cruelty? thievery? robbery? murder?* I know no term of guilt too strong to characterise this wickedness. It is impossible for me to entertain a doubt, that those who in the full blaze of light persevere in this iniquitous traffic,—when they go to the judgment of the Last Day, will go to the murderer's reward. The wealth of the universe should not hire me to stand behind the counter or the bar, and deal out drams. Were my dwelling a palace, and though its stately columns showed afar,—were it reared by such means,—I should deem it only a splendid emblazonment of my shame. Were it *I* that sold that poor perished victim his drams, I should seem to hear his voice mingling its wailings with the storms of every bleak wintry night. The image of that man—his visage blackened and disfigured by my hand—and perishing in the snow,—would never fail to present itself to my vision, as often as my eyes were closed upon my pillow. Every shaking of my casements would seem to betoken the approach of the avenger of blood. And how dreadful it would be to think of meeting that injured—murdered man—before the bar of God!

But I cannot, I will not dwell any longer upon this dreadful theme. I wonder how the laws can slumber! I wonder how people who do such things can dare to look an injured community in the face! I wonder why all who sell rum in defiance of law, do not expect to be abhorred as men too stained and polluted with guilt to be borne with in the society of people who have the feelings of human kind! May God forgive them, and forgive the community that so supinely slumbers over the wrong! May God stir up the people to measure to the fatal spot where that dead body was found, and to see to it that our magistrates and jurors and citizens, when another such victim falls, may be able to go down into the rough valley with the sacrifice, and to say before God, "*Our hands have not shed this blood, neither have our eyes seen it. Be merciful, O Lord, and lay not innocent blood upon thy people's charge.*" But full well I know, that if this community should ever assemble for such a purgation, those who continue to traffic in the poison will not be there."

* It is our settled conviction, that nine-tenths of all who keep Drunkeries would (if they could make more money by it, and the laws of the land would suffer it,) keep brothels—gambling houses—burking establishments—or any other devil's den.—EDIT.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. H. B.—Yes, we fully intend, by the blessing of God, and the help of man, to go on with this work, No. 1, of vol. 2, will appear on the 7th of January, 1846.

Harris, Dover.—Thanks for your promise; we shall send you 25 of No. 1, vol. 2. They will come post free.

S. B., Esq.—Ten thousand thanks for your very liberal offer. It is our settled conviction, that if a copy of our next year's periodical be sent post-free to the leading agents, most respectable temperance hotels, and to the secretaries of the most numerous societies, it will be the means of greatly increasing its circulation, and your kind offer will enable us to do so.

A Wesleyan.—Yes, back numbers can be had by applying to our publisher, and from him through the medium of any bookseller. Likewise vol. 1, in stiff paper covers, price 1s. 3d.

Mr. Thorley, Hull.—You will find all you want in No. 1, vol. 2. We shall send you 50 copies.

THE ALTAR OF INTEMPERANCE.

A BALLAD.—BY G. S. BURLEIGH.

In waking trance, or midnight dream—
In an hour that hath no returning—
From Fancy's mount I saw the gleam
Of a horrid altar burning.

Wild and strange was the gloomy hall
Where that fiery altar stood—
Of human bones was the jagged wall,
Cemented with human blood.

Grim, in the light uncertain and dull,
Did an awful fiend, like a monarch sit;
His crown was the half of a cloven skull,
His sceptre a brand from the bottomless pit.

And thousands came, all haggard and wild,
And bowed at the altar stone;
And age, and youth, and the infant child,
They brought to that horrid one.

The fire on the altar burned alway,
And ever the smoke of the offerings came:
And the foul fiend quaffed their blood, and laughed,
As they howled in foaming flame.

Yet on they swept, and hundreds leapt
To the fire-god's open throat,
And the shriek, and wail, and crackling flame,
Blent fierce with the demon's note.

A father came from his own bright hearth,
To offer an offering there:
'Twas his beautiful son, a child of mirth,
Smiling, and rosy fair.

His soft hair floated in golden curls
His snow-white forehead about,
And two bright rows of polished pearls
From his parted lips looked out.

The demon father twined his hand
In that cherub's wealth of hair,
And dashed his son on the altar-stone,
And left him to perish there.

The fire shrunk back from its shrieking prey,
And hissed with its tongues of flame,
Then leaping above him as there he lay,
Like a howling devil came.

The smoke rolled up like the smoke of hell,
From his tresses of golden hair;
The fiend's loud laugh shook the horrid cell,
Till the blackened bones lay bare.

And then a haggard, ruined son
Came dragging his father's palsied form,
And his shoulder o'er an axe he bare,
With his brother's life-blood warm.

The father fell upon his feeble knees,
And begged for "one hour," for "only one!"
But little did care for the old man's prayer,
That parrioidal son.

He plunged the axe, with a giant's force,
In the brain of his grey-haired sire,
And lightly he seized the quivering corse,
And gave to the raging fire.

Then backward he turned to his own fire-side,
And his nursing infant slew;
And his young, and frantic, and agonized bride,
To the demon's altar drew.

He wreathed her tresses of long dark hair
His bloody arm around,
And whirled her light form thro' the sulphurous air;
The flames her death-shriek drowned.

Through the smoking brands the blackened blood
Came oozing down in a sluggish stream,
And simmering there, filled all the air
With its dank and noisome steam.

Oh, righteous God! 't was an awful sight;
The tortures of Hell were outdone;
Nor mortal's pen could its terrors write,
As the maddened host swept on.

Fast, fast they came, and their victims hurl'd
To the red flame's wild control;
In horror I gazed, till my fired brain whirl'd,
And darkness swept over my soul.

What terrible flame!—what funeral pyre
Burned thus like the flame of the pit?
Oh, Mortal! know 't was the altar-fire
By the *Breath of Intemperance* lit.

LONDON:—Brittain, Paternoster-Row, and all Booksellers. Country Agents must send a remittance, in advance, to the PRINTERS, at the rate of 6s. per hundred. All communications for the Editors, Teetotal Cottage, Manchester, must be sent, *post paid*. Any person enclosing letter stamps, may have the work per post.

The Long-Pledge Teetotaler,

AND

EVANGELICAL REFORMER.

"I do not mean, by any means, to denounce all those ministers and professors who sip the drunkards' drink as hypocrites, and say they are not Christians. But this I say, that while they continue to tipple the cause of Christ and humanity demands that they should not be recognised as such, unless we mean to be partakers of other men's sins. It is no more inconsistent to exclude tipping ministers than it is to exclude slave-holders, for the latter are angels compared with the former."

No. 12.

DECEMBER, 1845.

Price 1d.—Stamped, 2d.

[From the *Albany Atlas*.]

A THRILLING SCENE, ILLUSTRATING MODERATE DRINKING.

PERMIT me to illustrate my views of moderate drinking, by relating substantially a thrilling scene, which occurred in a town in a neighbouring State, while the people were gathered together to discuss the merits of the license question, and decide, informally, whether neighbours should any longer be permitted to destroy each other by vending alcoholic poisons.

The town had suffered greatly from the sale and use of intoxicating liquors. The leading influences were opposed to total abstinence. At the meeting, the clergyman, a deacon, and the physician, were present, and were all in favour of continuing the custom of license—all in favour of permitting a few men of high moral character to sell alcohol—for they all agreed in the opinion, that alcohol in moderation, when used as a beverage, was a good creature of God, and also, to restrict the sale or moderate use, was an unjust interference with human liberty, and a reflection upon the benevolence of the Almighty. They all united in the belief, that in the use of alcohol as a beverage, *excess* alone was to be avoided.

The feeling appeared to be all one way, when a single teetotaler, who was present by accident, but who had been a former resident of the town, begged leave to differ from the speakers who had preceded him. He entered into a history of the village from its early settlement; he called the attention of the assembly to the desolation moderate drinking had brought upon families and individuals; he pointed to the poor-house, the prison-house, and the grave-yard, for its numerous victims; he urged the people by every consideration of mercy, to let down the flood-gates, and prevent, as far as possible, the continued desolation of families, by the moderate use of alcohol. But all would not do. The arguments of the clergyman, the deacon, and the physician, backed by station, learning, and influence, were too much for the single teetotaler. No one arose to continue the discussion, or support him, and the president of the meeting was about to put the question—when all at once there arose from one corner of the room, a miserable female. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment of silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called upon all to look upon her. "Yes!" she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of all drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience, declares its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison, as a beverage, in health, is *excess*. Look upon me. You all know me, or *once* did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in this town. You all know, too, I once had one of the best—the most devoted of husbands. You all know I had five noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder church-yard; all—every one of them—filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that moderate drinking was safe,—*excess* alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged *excess*. They quoted you, and you, and you, pointing with her shred of a finger to the Priest, Deacon, and Doctor, as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and prospects, with dismay and horror; I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common

ruin; I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell—the delusive spell—in which the idea of the benefits of moderate drinking had involved my husband and sons; I begged, I prayed; but the odds were greatly against me. The Priest said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the Deacon (who sits under the pulpit there, and took our farm to pay his rum bills,) sold them the poison; the Physician said that a little was good, and excess ought to be avoided. My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape (there were no Washingtonians then), and one after another was conveyed to the dishonored grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again—you probably see me for the last time—my sand has almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present abode—*your poor-house*—to warn you *all*—to warn you, Deacon!—to warn you, false teacher of God's word,—and with her arms high flung, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch—she exclaimed, “I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God—I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a swift witness against you all.” The miserable female vanished—a dead silence pervaded the assembly—the Priest, Deacon, and Physician hung their heads—the president of the meeting put the question—Shall we have any more licenses to sell alcoholic poisons, to be drank as a beverage? The response was unanimous—No! People of the United States, friends of humanity everywhere, what would have been your verdict had you all been there also?

This picture may be thought to be overdrawn, but could the history of families be told in *this city*, in all our towns and villages, or in our hamlets, tens of thousands of cases, equally striking, might be recorded here.

I was once a moderate drinker, but now, thanks to the temperance reform, a
TEETOTALER.

LET the Teetotalers in every large town have a procession annually, on the day appointed to grant Licenses to the *Drunkard Makers*. Don't fail to have a large black banner, with death's head and cross bones upon it, and underneath, in large white letters, “*Because of Drunkenness the LAND MOURNETH.*” Get a host of reformed drunkards, with their well-clad wives and children, to attend, as well as all the wretched wives and children of the poor drunkard—encompass the length and breadth of the town; but especially visit the court-house, town-hall, or other places, where the magistrates sit, and then appoint a deputation to wait upon the gentlemen, and let such deputation be able to speak respecting the sin and curse of the *License laws*, and let them have a thousand witnesses on the outside, ready to swear to the facts if required. Teetotalers do something on the subject—do it!—do it!—do it *now!* Temporal and eternal plagues await another year's delay.—EDITOR.

THE WASHINGTONIAN.

“You might have been a gentleman of fortune, had you been an economical, enterprising, sober, and industrious man,” said a red-faced landlord to a miserable mortal, who loved his morning sling, his noontide dram, and his evening toddy, more than he valued his character, his health, and happiness. “Yes, I might have been a rich man, had I not squandered my fortune in your white-washed sepulchre, and you might have been my servant,” remarked the drunkard, as he stepped out of the tap-room into the street. It had been raining during the day, and the road was more like a fluid than a solid one. As he was staggering and stumbling through the mire and slush, a gentleman cried out, “Good afternoon, friend; have you heard of the temperance meeting in the chapel on the hill this evening, and will you honour us with your countenance?” “No; you cannot catch old birds with chaff. I would cut a pretty figure at a temperance meeting, with a beard long enough for a shoe brush, a face red as the rising sun, and a bloated body tied up in rags.” “I am aware that you are not very fashionably attired,” observed the gentleman, “but if you have no objection, I will borrow a suit of clothes for you, and as you have been sleeping in barns, sheds, and stables, I will comb the hay-seeds out of your head, cut your hair, brush it as smooth as a bird's wing, draw a razor over your face, and then you will look well enough.” After a few minutes' conversation, the kind-hearted lecturer turned barber for the first time in his life, dressed his customer

with a borrowed coat, hat, and pantaloons, and he made a genteel appearance. At early candle light the house was filled with the beauty, fashion, taste, and talent of the village. The poor drunkard sat on a bench near the door, and listened with intense interest to every word that fell from the lips of the eloquent speaker, who knew how to sympathise with the wretched victims of debased appetite, for he had been a notorious drunkard himself. When the pledge was presented, he made several attempts to rise from his seat, but irresolution pulled him back—appetite pleaded for one glass more—self-esteem said you can govern yourself—misguided caution entreated him to try the experiment before he ventured so far; but the speaker said “Come,” and conscience said “Go;” he sprang from his bench, walked rapidly towards the altar, and wrote what was intended for his name. It was a miserable scrawl, and looked as though the chickens had fallen into the inkstand, and wiped their feet upon the paper. He then faced the assembly, and delivered a thrilling, burning, eloquent speech, which caused the dew of sympathy to moisten every eye, and the chords of compassion to vibrate in every heart. He referred to the palmy period of his life, when his thoughts were pure as the prayers of childhood—when his prospects were radiant with promise. Great pains had been taken with his education, he graduated with distinguished honours, became eminent in his profession, climbed into notice, and became judge of one of the supreme courts. He had friends, and fame, and capital, and a graceful, beautiful, affectionate, and accomplished companion. But fashion, pleasure, and appetite led him astray; he neglected his office, associated with the worshippers of the drunken deity, kept late hours, and went with rapid strides along the down-hill road to bankruptcy and ruin. He became miserably poor, and did not supply his family with the necessities of life, so that his companion sought refuge in her father’s house. He then drank deeper than ever, and went on from bad to worse, so that he became a hewer of wood and drawer of water to the tavern keeper. He would hold horses, blacken boots, run errands, do anything for a sixpence, so as to be able to purchase his favourite beverage. He was so deep in the ditch of degradation he could not have sunk lower unless he had turned bar tender. The day after he signed the pledge, he was seized with a fit of delirium tremens. He imagined that huge anacondas twined their cold wiry forms around his legs and arms, and wound their icy folds about his neck, so that he could see their fiery tongues and flashing eyes, and feel their warm breath on his face. As soon as they slid away from him, vipers glided over him, and bugs, worms, and flies, ran through his throat, ears, and nose, whilst loathsome vermin burrowed in his flesh; these were succeeded by beasts of prey—he screamed for help whilst they were tearing the flesh from his bones. What was more dreadful than all was, he thought he distinctly saw death lift his fleshless skull above the sides of a black coffin, and row his ribs across the river of death. Devils were grinning at him, and pointing towards him, and chattering about him. They ordered him to jump into the fire, to wade through the pond, to leap from the top of the house, to cut his throat, to hang himself, to blow out his brains, poison himself, &c. He became so ill that a physician was sent for. When the doctor requested him to take spirits of wine, he sprang from his chair shouting, Sober or die—as the blood spouted from his mouth and nostrils, he screamed out, Sober or die—as the flesh seemed to creep upon his frame, and the hair to move on his head, and his eyes to protrude from their sockets, he cried out, Sober or die. Although his distorted imagination peopled the house with demons, who chased him from room to room, threatening to take his life—although he would creep under the bed, conceal himself in the closet, and dodge about the house from the cellar to the garret, to avoid his tormentor, he would not violate his pledge.

The next day the fit left him—he gradually improved in health and spirits—commenced the practice of law. His father-in-law heard of his reform, and invited him to make his house his home. He arrived at the residence of his father-in-law a few hours after the death of his devoted wife. It was a severe trial to him, and he might have employed the language of another and have said—

Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head,
Oh! how I wept when I knew she was dead.
She was an angel, my love and my guide;
Vainly to save me from ruin she tried;
Poor broken heart, it is well that she died.

The sad intelligence was a severe trial to him, although it afforded him some consolation to know that his dear wife heard of his reformation with satisfaction and pleasure before she went to heaven. He is now one of the leading lawyers in the State of New York, and the richest and wisest men send their sons to his office to be educated. The gentleman who secured his signature to the pledge has frequently lectured in Canada, where his labours of love have been crowned with distinguished and triumphant success.

G. W. BUNGAY.

AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPISTS.

(For the Long-Pledge.)

Ye friends of human kind! whose gentle hearts
Dilate with true and tender sympathy,
Towards all your race; who recognise and feel
The ties indissoluble, that link you to
The universal family; and in
Sweet fellowship of high-born charity
Your being, wishes, and your interests blend
In lofty bonds of human brotherhood!

To you, the modest muse essays to bring
Her unadorned and unpretending lays,
Warm from the gushing fount of heart that feels—
And feeling, bleeds at sight of other's woe.

Oft has your ear inclined to sorrow's tale;
Oft has your heart with generous impulse moved;
And oft your hand has been outstretched to give
The prompt and cheerful succour in distress.
But never has a theme of deeper woe
Your sufferance asked, and all your pity claimed!

Of War we speak not now—that dark and fierce
Embodiment of murd'rous lust and rage,
Which having gorged, still gloats, insatiate;
And which round the field of blood and carnage
Throws, to mock the sight humane, the gaudy
Biszonry of waving banner, and all the pomp
And circumstance of martial chivalry!

Nor would we now essay to paint the scene
Where Famine holds its carnival of death;
And sends forth gnawing hunger to consume
The very vitals of humanity!

Nor seek we now to task description's powers,
In vast, perhaps vain attempt, to pencil forth
The fearful, awful, and mysterious wreck
Of wasting, wide-spread, noisome Pestilence!

Nor do we aim to harrow up the soul
By huge recital of the countless woes
Which glomerate around the Idol Car
Of heathen superstition: where "the light
Of life," has never pierced the gloom opaque,
In "habitations full of cruelty."

The Evil we deplore is nearer home,
And more familiar far than "din of war,"—
Or famine gaunt—or wasting pestilence—
Or cruel rites of Pagan devotees;—
And being more familiar, strikes the mind,
Of superficial man, with less appeal,
Of sense of wrong; and, for this cause, evokes
Less sympathy—less self-denying zeal
Than sufferings more remote—not more intense.

Our theme ye now anticipate, and say,
" 'Tis fell Intemperance!"—" 'Tis even so—
That "second curse," that sheds a withering blight
O'er all the budding graces, blooming joys,
And social charities of human life;
And pours its leprous distilment
'Mongst the springs of virtue, hope, and love!

But how shall we begin the detail vast?
Which, once begun, the life of patriarch,
Though rolling on through centuries half a score,
Would be too brief a span to utter half!

We do not, then, essay the boundless scope,
Of our exhaustless theme; nor 'tempt to range]
Throughout the wide, unmeasured catalogue
Of all its countless, nameless, voiceless woes!
Suffice to say, that no hyperbole
Of speech inflated, can exaggerate
The magnitude immense of that dense mass
Of social evil, mental suffering,
And yet deeper moral degradation,

Which spreads along, like burning lava,
Forth issuing from a fierce volcano;
And in its wide extent of sweeping woe
Burying beneath its awful billows
The fairest fields that ever waved and smiled,
In joyful promise of abundant fruit!

Yes! Alcoholic drink, is slaying more
Than ever sword of other warrior could;—
And making worse than famine's ravages,
In sight of plenty's crowded granaries;
And spreading through the land a deadlier plague
Than shews its spot upon the outward man,—
A plague that whilst it pulls the body down,
Strikes foul contagion to the "inner man,"
And spreads infernal *viruses* through the soul!

And "tell it not in Gath!" This Christian land—
This land of Bibles—gospel ministers—
And means of grace, throughout its length and
breadth,
Abounds with temples, where law-licensed men,
By night and day, conduct, with hellish arts,
A worse than Pagan worship; and where crowd
In countless shoals, deluded devotees,
In blind and eager haste, to immolate,
On Bacchus' shrine, the costly sacrifice
Of health, and hope, and happiness, and Heaven!
And, strange anomaly!—yet not more strange
Than true!—such is the potency of spell!
When fashion, habit, appetite, combine!
There are not wanting those who call themselves
The friends and followers of the Crucified;
And making such profession, dare to stand,
With cheek unblushing, in foul "fellowship"
With these "the unfruitful works of darkness!"

Yea! some there are who stand to minister
In holy things, and talk with grave grimace,
About the bleeding, dying, love of Him,
Who came from Heaven "to seek and save the lost;"
And having long discoursed this wondrous theme,
Till some do weep to hear the touching tale
(O well may devils laugh at such a scene!)
Will go, and, for the sake of paltry gold,
Deal out the "liquid fire" of lowest hell,
And sell "distilled damnation" to their friend!

Ah! well may Zion mourn and hang her harp
Upon the drooping bough; and well may hosts
Of scoffing infidels deride her weakness,
And echo back the loudest laugh of hell,
When demons say "Ha! ha! so would we have it!"
Oh! when will she arise, assume her strength,
Put on her flowing garments beautiful,
And shake the dust of sensuality,
That cleaves unto her skirts, and clogs her feet,
And mars her intercourse with God and man,
By gangreen spots upon her sacred feasts!

Ye friends of human kind! who have imbibed
The lofty spirit of fraternal love,
That dwells within our Elder Brother's heart—
(For only such can truly love mankind);
To you we turn and make our strong appeal!
Say! shall this foul and fearful curse roll on
To generations yet unborn; and spread
Its cumulating horrors through the range
Of time's entire record on our earth?
Or say! shall abstinence—the only sure,
Effectual remedy!—the only ground
On which true temperance can safe erect
Her edifice!—shall abstinence prevail?
It rests with you to turn the mighty point,—
To solve the problem vast! Shall earth be free?
Shall Heaven now rejoice; and all the powers
Of darkness put their blackest sack cloth on?
Church of the living God! awake! awake!
And let the holy fiat now go forth!
Sound the alarm through every sleeping camp,
And let the watchword be henceforth Abstain!
Then shall your conquering Jesus lead you forth
From victory to victory! And hell,—
Baffled, perplexed, confounded, and dismayed,
Shall sound "retreat" before your phalanx firm,
And banners set in terrible array!
Then shall the kingdoms of this lower world,
So long usurped, acknowledge Him their Lord,
Whose rightful claim they are! Then every knee
Shall bend in reverent homage at the throne
Of our Jehovah Jesus!—every tongue
Conspire to raise the melody of heaven,
And higher swell the loud eternal song,
Whose chorus grand, the everlasting hills
Shall, verberate, with "Crown him Lord of all!"

T. H. B.

THE TENDER MERCIES OF THE RUMSELLER ARE CRUEL.

He hath no mercy in his heart—why should we seek
it there?
Hath the hunter mercy on the fowl he taketh in the
snare?
Doth the serpent spare the bird beneath its fascina-
ting gaze?
Or the arch-tempter sympathise with the victim he
betrays?
If kindness dwells beneath his breast, would he not
pity now,
When the cup hath set its seal of shame upon the
drunkard's brow,

Yet should the erring one implore, what would
the answer be,
But the laughter of derision, at his struggle to be
free!

And the wife—the spirit-broken wife—whose tender
strength must bear
The weight of all those galling bonds her partner
loves to wear;
Oh, what doth he who forged them, heed of her
unceasing pain,
As he daily adds another link to the corroding chain?

And the poor neglected children who are clam'ring
to be fed,

Whom his accursed trafficking is robbing of their
bread,

What cares he, if these children starve—what reck's
he if they steal?

Though every glass their father drinks may cheat
them of a meal.

He daily fareth sumptuously nor gives to them
a thought,

By whose disgrace and suffering, his costly food is
bought;

He sleepeth on a bed of down, no visions haunt him
there,

And he waketh in the morning with a brow devoid
of care.

But there comes a whisper to his ear, it falls as
faint and low

As the light murmur of the woods when summer
zephyrs blow;

He laughs to scorn its warning tone, but starts in
fear at length,

When, like a mighty cataract, it speaketh in its
strength.

It is the people's voice he hears and he shrinketh in
dismay,

For the sand on which he built his hopes their
breath hath swept away.

It echoes from the mountain top to ocean's rocky
shore,

And the doom it speaketh runneth thus:—"Thou
shalt destroy no more."—*American.*

REVIEWS.

1. *The Tables Turned with a Witness.*—Of this clever production we need only say, that it is one of the very best efforts of the pen of our immortal champion, Dr. Lees. We think that he has not only upset the thimble-rig tables of Bible Tipling, but he has actually broken every leg on which these tables stood; so they will stand no more with the wine decanters on them. Dr. Campbell will find the *Long-pledge Teetotaler* ten thousand times harder to conquer than he did the Bible monopolists,—the trustees of the Tabernacle, or the five doctors who opposed his editing the *Christian Penny Magazine*. In most of his other great battles he has had truth and common sense on his side, but in this teetotal struggle he is under the wrong flag. Don't fail to purchase the book, and spread it in the churches by thousands.

2. *The Authenticated Report of the Market Drayton Discussion, between Dr. Lees and the Rev. J. H. Barrow.*—We have seen Mr. Barrow's cheap volume against teetotalism, and in favour of Bible tipling. We have seen his placards—heard him lecture, and read not a few of his letters—and must say, that we fear his aim was to make money by the affair. If so, we say "*Don't you wish you may get it.*" But read the *Report*. We intend to send Mr. B. a printed epistle shortly, and calmly review the whole affair.

3. *An Essay on Sacramental Wine, in which is shewn the Sinfulness of using Intoxicating Wine in the Holy Eucharist: By Dr. R. Firth.*—We have noticed this arousing pamphlet more than once, and fully intend to notice it again and again in future numbers of this work. *We pray—we entreat—we urge—WE COMMAND* our readers to get it and spread it in the church. We call upon the talented author to scatter the sayings (not arguments) of Dr. Campbell.

CHARACTER OF A SOT.—A sot has found out a way to renew, not only his youth, but his childhood, by being stewed like Æson in liquor, much better than the virtuoso's way of making old men young again, for he is a child again at second hand, never the worse for the wearing, but as purely fresh, simple, and weak, as he was at first. He has stupified his senses by living in a moist climate. * * * * He measures his time by glasses of wine, as the ancients did by water glasses. He is like a statue placed in a moist air—all the lineaments of humanity are mouldered away, and there is nothing left of him but the rude lump of the shape of man, and no one part entire. He has drowned

himself in a butt of wine, as the Duke of Clarence was served by his brother. He has swallowed his humanity, and drunk himself into a beast. He is like a spring-tide, when he is drunk to his high-water mark, he swells and looks big, runs against the stream, and overflows every thing that stands in his way; but when the drink within him is an ebb, he shrinks within his banks, a fall so low and shallow, that cattle may pass over him.—*Samuel Butler.*

TO PARENTS.—You cannot but be aware how great a portion of the domestic ills which exist in our world is owing to the use of intoxicating liquors. You cannot but be aware that to that single cause may be traced, not only the beggar's rags and convict's chains, which meet the public eye in the poor-house and the prison-house, but also those other signs of crime and degradation which are concealed from that eye, beneath the veil that affection spreads over the failings of the inmates of the private dwelling-place. It is this, the use of intoxicating poisons that embitters the exercise of maternal care, that embitters the exercise of fraternal affection, that embitters the exercise of filial gratitude, and mingles ingredients of unutterable misery in the cup of connubial joys. Other poisons kill the body—this alone kills the soul. It extinguishes parental love—it extinguishes filial affection, and hardens the heart of the husband against the wife of his youth, and the son against the mother that bore him. Other poisons destroy the material organism—this the spiritual, rendering all that is lofty and holy in man, debased, grovelling, and brutal; and all these frightful elements of final, utter, hopeless drunkenness are contained in embryo in the habit of moderate drinking—a habit often commenced and continued under the parental roof, in imitation of parental example, and in obedience to parental counsel. It is, fathers, mothers, while under your care that the character of the following generation is formed—formed for honour or dishonour, weal or woe, for time and eternity. It is for you to say, and to say *now*, what your sons and daughters shall hereafter be. Without your co-operation, other agencies must fail, and the stream of woe and death, which you have but to speak to arrest, must follow onward, augmenting as it rolls, to a distant posterity.—*American.*

ALARM TO SMOKERS.—Cancer of the lip commonly occurs from the use of the pipe, and the manner in which it happens is this:—The adhesive nature of the clay of which the pipe is made causes it to adhere to the lip; at length the cuticle is torn off, and the continued irritation frets the sore into a cancerous disease.—*Sir Astley Cooper.*

CHARACTER OF GIN.—Gin is at this time absolute monarch of Britain. Parliament stands bareheaded before it, as if wishing to know its pleasure, and although it plainly tells them, they appear not to understand its language. The rabble, in pure stupidity, worship and adore it. Nor Oxford nor Cambridge can argue with it. There is nothing at Woolwich that can hurt it; the army cannot conquer, the navy sink, the law bind, nor the gospel tame it.* It is fire to the head, ice to the heart, corruption to the flesh, poison to the blood, rottenness to the bones. It is a Pandora's box, but without any hope at the bottom of it. Gin has dethroned satan, and usurped the supremacy of evil. The old tempter used to put on disguises; he would sometimes give alms, look demure, and go to churches and meetings; but Gin, in derision of him, has erected temples for his own worship in all parts of the town, surrounded by flaming clocks to mock those that are blind, and to reproach those that can see. *School of Reform.*

* The real sober, teetotal gospel of Jesus can not only tame the demon, but cast out a legion of them. Little-drop ministers sign the pledge, and then you may eject him.—Eds.

LAMENT OF THE WIDOWED INEBRIATE.

[The following lines breathe the true spirit of poetry. In tenderness, beauty, pathos, and delineation of heart-broken sorrow, they have rarely been surpassed. Professor Longfellow attributes their authorship to Duganne, and says they are enough to immortalize any poet.]

I'm thinking on thy smile, Mary—
Thy bright and trusting smile—
In the morning of our youth and love,
Ere sorrow came, or guile; [neck,
When thine arms were twined about my
And mine eyes looked into thine,
And the heart that throbb'd for me alone
Was nestling close to mine!

I see full many a smile, Mary,
On young lips beaming bright,
And many an eye of light and love
Is flashing in my sight;
But the smile is not for my poor heart,
And the eye is strange to me,
And loneliness comes o'er my soul,
When its memory turns to thee.

I'm thinking on the night, Mary,
The night of grief and shame,
When with drunken ravings on my lips
To thee I homeward came:
O! the tear was in thine earnest eye,
And thy bosom wildly heaved;
Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek,
Though the heart was sorely grieved!

But the smile soon left thy lips, Mary,
And thine eyes grew dim and sad,
For the tempter lured my steps from thee,
And the wine-cup drove me mad.
Frum thy cheek the roses quickly fled,
And thy ringing laugh was gone,
Yet thy heart still fondly clung to me,
And still kept trusting on.

My words were harsh to thee, Mary,
For the wine-cup made me wild,
And I chid thee when thine eyes were sad,
And I cursed thee when they smiled.
God knows I loved thee even then,
But the fire was in my brain,
And the curse of drink was in my heart,
To make my love a bane.

'Twas a pleasant home of ours, Mary,
In the spring-time of our life,
When I looked upon thy sunny face,
And proudly called thee wife;
And 'twas pleasant when our children played,
Before our cottage door;
But the children sleep with thee, Mary—
I shall never see them more.

Thou'rt resting in the church-yard now,
And no stone is at thy head;
But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife
Sleeps in that lowly bed;
And he says the hand of God, Mary,
Will fall with crushing weight
On the wretch who brought thy gentle life
To its untimely fate.

But he knows not of the broken heart
I bear within my breast,
Or the heavy load of vain remorse
That will not let me rest.
He knows not of the sleepless nights
When, dreaming of thy love,
I seem to see thy angel eyes
Look coldly from above.

I have raised the wine-cup in my hand,
And the wildest strains I've sung,
Till with the laugh of drunken mirth
The echoing air has rung;
But a pale and sorrowing face looked out
From the glittering cup on me,
And a trembling whisper I have heard,
That I fancied breathed by thee.

Thou art slumbering in the peaceful grave,
And thy sleep is dreamless now;
But the seal of an undying grief
Is on the mourner's brow;
And my heart is chill as thine, Mary,
For the joys of life have fled,
And I long to lay my aching breast
With the cold and silent dead!

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