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E. McLEOD, Editor.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—PETER.

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Religious Selections.

Burden Bearer.

BY MISS J. D. CHAPLIN.

Some years since, a gentleman was invited by a friend to make a speech at the anniversary of one of our great benevolent societies. When the time arrived, the speaker looked around the platform for the face of his friend, whom he regarded as the leader in the enterprise, but he was nowhere to be seen. During the exercises, however, he cast his eyes up to the multitude which thronged the gallery of the largest building in the great city, and there, in an obscure corner, sat his noble friend. When the meeting was over, the hidden man came forth with joy in his face, thanking one and another for their efforts, and expressing great pleasure in the prosperity exhibited by the report and attendance.

"But," asked the speaker already alluded to, "I thought you were the president of this society?"

"Oh, no, I am not," replied the modest man.

"Then you are one of the vice-presidents," returned the gentleman.

"No, I am not."

"Are you the secretary then, or the treasurer?"

"No, neither of these."

"Then what are you? What office do you fill in the board?"

"None, sir; I have no office, and never had, unless, if you choose, you may call me the pack-horse of the enterprise."

"That was just the worthy man's office," the pack-horse or the burden-bearer.

Now, this eccentric but goodly man was one of a very valuable class of labourers in God's work on earth. His whole soul was absorbed in doing the work which his Father had given him to do. He cared not what post he filled; he was ever ready, and could rarely be induced to accept any office; but that part of the work which was too humble for any one else to perform, he considered and assumed as especially his. Now the cause of God on earth requires labourers of many grades and names: prophets, apostles, preachers, writers, exhorters, and last, but by no means least, givers.

In all ages of the church, God has had, besides his more public servants, a strong relay of these hidden ones,—the burden-bearers of his precious cause; and wherever, in our own day, we see any enterprise for the good of man and the glory of God advancing prosperously, we may be sure that he has appointed there a band of burden-bearers, although they may be at times so far under the load as to be out of sight.

But all burden-bearers have not the same work assigned them. On some, God has laid the duty of public labours; on some, that of giving their substance or their influence; and of others he only asks that they love and pray for Zion. God often honours some of his humblest servants by making them strong, active, and willing bearers of the sacred burden. High, indeed, is the privilege of filling even the lowest place in the corps he has appointed to accomplish his vast designs on earth.

In vain would the general of an army weary his brain by drawing a plan of the battle and deciding on the mode of attack,—in vain would he, accompanied by his brave staff, spur on his impatient steed towards the enemy's ranks,—unless the rear were brought up by a band of common soldiers, strong, hopeful, and patriotic. Well could each one of those devoted men say to their leader, "We have conquered!" They were the burden-bearers in the great cause of our nation's right.

So every church must have its burden-bearers. All must not rest upon the leader, or he will, besides failing from inability, sink beneath the cruel weight. He must have strong, generous, and loving men, who, like Aaron and Hur, will hold up his weary arms while he stands between the living and the dead, and cheer his sinking spirit while he may labour above the church; the love of many may wax cold; and few may go up to her solemn feasts. The world may look on scornfully, hoping for her speedy downfall, and crying, "Alas, so would we have it,—where now is thy God?" But they watch in vain for the destruction of the little band, and wonder what delays her ruin, what unseen power holds up her pillars which even now seem tottering to their fall. Ah, they, in all their worldly wisdom, cannot see that God has placed there, beneath those pillars, burden-bearers, who carry Zion and all her affairs ever on their hearts. These have the Almighty made strong for himself, each to bear the precious load as his appointed way.

He who has not gold or silver may be called to lay himself on the altar,—in season and out of season, on all the day of entire consecration to God.

Another class of God's burden-bearers are those to whom, with a responsibility solemn as eternity, he has entrusted gold and silver, and houses and lands. How truly refreshing, in this selfish world, to see one of these, whose entrance into heaven is represented in Scripture as being almost impossible, casting the weight of his riches from off his own soul at the feet of Jesus! A conscientious, godly, Christ-loving, rich man, absolutely refusing to be served into gold,—to be lured by property,—to be buried up in self, and in his own little circle,—this is one of the

noblest sights we can behold. God is truly with such a man, strengthening him in the evil hour, guarding him from temptation, and refining him for glory.

This class of burden-bearers seems to be greatly needed at the present time to aid in extending the Kingdom of Christ into foreign lands. Was the church ever better supplied than now with public champions at home, or with holy, single-hearted, and devoted missionaries abroad,—men after God's own heart, who enjoy the confidence of their brethren and the approving smile of heaven. The Lord has also a mighty band of "blessed poor," who meekly bear their part of the burden, by loving with the whole heart the souls of the heathen, by praying fervently for the coming of Christ's Kingdom, and casting into the treasury their mite, which, in his sight, who knows the sacrifice they make, is a precious offering.

In the providence of God the church sometimes comes to a place where money seems to be the indispensable means of carrying on its work; and is not the present one of these emergencies? There are many of our children upon whom God does not lay the duty of proclaiming the gospel at home, nor yet of bearing aloft in heathen lands the lamp of life. To them he has given noble business talents, and just as truly for his own glory as he has bestowed upon pastors and missionaries their talents. He smiles on their efforts; the rains descended and the sunshine on their broad acres, or the favouring breeze wafts their merchandise from foreign lands in safety to their store-houses. Beneath his blessing they accumulate riches. The Master says to them, "Occupy till I come." And when he does come, in his providence, and call for some of his own gold, shall these, his stewards, look on it as their own, and on his demand as unreasonable? Can these stewards pretend before God that they have expended so much for him at home as to be able to do little or nothing for the perishing abroad? We are "not our own," and the adorning of our sanctuaries or our home must not interfere with that righteous claim.

In the early days of English history, a fearful famine spread over the land, and the poor of a certain city, as a last resort, went weeping bitterly and wringing their hands despairingly to their spiritual leader. The good man felt that it was no time to preach to them, or to exhort them to holy living. They wanted bread. He therefore repaired with them to the magnificent church, from which he took its gold and silver vessels and costly ornaments, saying, "Why should this temple, made of seamless stones, be adorned with gold and silver, while these children, who are God's living temples, perish for bread?" These valuables of the church he sold, and scattered the proceeds among his starving flock. How much less should God's people in our enlightened day, spend their wealth on outward adorning, while heathen nations are crying unto them piteously for the bread of life!

A worthy bishop of the English Church, having once been applied to for aid in carrying forward some work of mercy, sent for his steward, in whose hands he trusted his all, and asked of him, "How much money have I in the house at present?"

"Five hundred pounds, your reverence," replied the steward.

"Five hundred pounds! oh, shame, shame!" cried the bishop. "It is a disgrace for me, as a servant of the lowly Jesus, to possess such a sum of money, when there is so much suffering in the world, which that amount would help to diminish."

Did Christians thus regard the possession of great wealth as a reflection upon their faithfulness to him, their Saviour, how readily would they come forward with the golden levers raise the hallowed burden from weak and over-laden shoulders.

The Sunken Rock.

It is related that, some years ago, while a frigate was cruising in the Mediterranean, her commander was ordered to ascertain whether there existed, within certain lines of latitude and longitude, a shoal or reef, which had been reported as being there. The captain addressed himself to the task, with all the rough earnestness of a British seaman,—at the same time entertaining a strong persuasion that nothing of the kind described would be found in the position pointed out. The undertaking was accordingly conducted in a superficial manner, and was speedily terminated by the captain declaring that the report which had occasioned the search was a perfect mistake, and originated in delusion of falsehood. But an officer on board—a man, accustomed himself to accurate calculations and observation,—was of another mind, and felt convinced, with more careful and prolonged examination, a different result might probably be obtained. Noon of his argument, however, availed with the commander, who sharply rebuked him as wasting experience, and being a mere theorist. The officer, however, carefully treasured up his observations and reckonings, and, having left the frigate, pursued the Admiralty to send him on a second expedition, with a small vessel under his own command, in quest of the reported rock, or whatever else it might prove to be. His voyage was successful; and he returned with the clearly ascertained information, that in a certain spot in the Mediterranean there lay a dangerous sunken rock. This fact, for safety in navigation of that sea, was of course forthwith carefully marked down in the charts. For this

service he was rewarded with promotion. The commander of the frigate, hearing of this sometime afterwards, was highly incensed, and declared that the report was a fraud to get promotion; adding:

"If ever I have the keel of this ship under me in those waters again, and do not carry her clean over where the chart marks a rock, call me a liar, and no seaman to boot!"

Two years afterwards he was bound for Naples, having some public functions as passengers on board his vessel. One autumn afternoon, as the ship took a north-easterly direction, threatening dark stripes of cloud began to stream over the sky, and a gale sprang up, which made the sails and rigging crack as though they would burst, while the heaving waves tossed and tried the timber of the well compacted keel. Night came on, and the captain paced the decks rather anxiously, and consulted with the master of the ship, whose practical skill and experience rendered him a valuable counselor. By the light of a lantern they examined a chart,—when the master pointing to a spot whereabouts they were, exclaimed: "Look here, sir!"

There was the recently discovered point of danger, marked down under the name of the "Twili Rocks." The commander was reminded of former circumstances, and, incensed beyond description at the remembrance, burst out into a passionate speech, abusing the officer who had reported the discovery, and repeating his own determination to sail right over the spot, and so demonstrate the whole thing as a bugbear, at the same time stamping his foot to give emphasis to his words.

On the ship speeded her way over the rolling billows, and down went the commander into the cabin to join his illustrious passengers, and to tell the story of the sunken rock, thinking to make them merry at the expense at the false lieutenant.

"In five minutes," said he, taking out his watch, with a laugh, "we shall have crossed this terrible spot."

But the intelligence by no means awakened sympathetic merriment in the company; they were terror-stricken, while he spoke gaily. There was a pause, and a slight grating touch of something that scratched the bottom of the noble ship—then a noise of alarm from the hatchway—then a shock—then a crash, and a quivering of the hull—and then the bursting of timbers, and the ingushing of water. The frigate had struck, and was presently a wreck—the masts reeling over into the ocean, and the breakers threatening to swallow up all that remained of the ill-fated vessel. With desperate energy everything possible was done to save the passengers. The boats were hauled out, and all on board embarked, and were ultimately preserved except a few drunken sailors in the hold, and the commander, who would not survive his temerity. The last seen of the unhappy man was his white figure, bare-headed, and in his shirt, looking out from the dark hull of the frigate, the foam bursting round her bows and stern.

He would not believe. He had possessed the means of ascertaining the truth; he had listened to the arguments, and heard the reports of others; there was evidence enough to satisfy an unprejudiced man; but he would not believe. And is not that captain's history a parable of what is commonly occurring among mankind? Persons will not hearken to those who are wiser than themselves; but, with some fixed idea of their own, which though perfectly unfounded, nothing can move, they rush on to their own destruction. They are deluded by some falsehood they have created or adopted for themselves, while they pronounce the truth told them by others to be false and delusive. A man is warned against a certain course of conduct, which it is plain will ruin him; he is assured that a sunken rock lies before him, but he will not believe, and on he goes, till, in some dark hour, he makes shipwreck.

The rock is sunk and unseen. Some profess to have investigated the subject, and found it all delusion. But he who knows all things, who is the faithful and true witness, who cannot lie, declares to us that there it is. Men may ridicule the idea, and boast of their superiority to vulgar prejudices, but there it is. It is true you cannot see it; it lies at present out of sight; but there it is. Believing, or not believing, makes no difference with regard to the actual existence of a thing; and therefore, however men may think and feel about the future punishment of impudence and unbelief, the fact remains—there it is.

It must have been an awful moment when the commander of the frigate discovered his mistake—when the vessel actually struck on the sunken rock, and the wild waves came dashing over it—when he stood there on the shattered timbers, looking out in the dark night upon the watery grave opening at his feet. One can imagine, though hardly with sufficient vividness and power, what must have been his inner self-mortification, reproach, despair, and agony, as he thought of the folly which had produced this irreparable wreck. In the few moments spent upon the wreck, in that wild raging sea, there must have been intense anguish. A far more awful moment will it be when a self-deluded man awakes in eternity to the consciousness of his own infatuated unbelief—when the truth, long denied, opposed, ridiculed, and evaded, comes before the eyes, and over-whelms the heart as a storm reality. Can any one adequately imagine what must be the feeling upon the discovery, when the

mischief is beyond repair, of a life spent in a rejection of the divine testimony respecting eternal ruin!

Let the reader ponder well this account of the sunken rock, and observe how the grossest credulity is connected with the rejection of what is reported on sufficient evidence; nor let him fail to recognize in the fact just related, the shadow of an awful spiritual reality to be verified in his future experience, unless by an early and earnest reception of the Gospel he should prevent it, and henceforth steer his vessel by that heaven-sent chart—THE BIBLE.—American paper.

The Church—Fifty Framed.

The church, or the community of believers in Christ, is currently compared in Scripture to an edifice, of which Christ is the chief corner stone; on which all believers, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house. And it is especially noted, that this whole building is *fifty framed*. The church is not a confused mass of unwrought materials. There may be a foundation, with all the materials for the superstructure, in their unformed state, gathered around it. These do not make a building, till each part is formed and joined to its place. Divine wisdom is seen in nothing more conspicuously than in the fitting of each several stone of the spiritual building to the place which it is to occupy.

In order to the fit framing of a building, the materials must be prepared before they are put into their places—as were the stones wrought for their place in Solomon's temple; and they must all be framed after the same rule. The roughness and the protuberances with which they come from the quarry must be hewn away; and each must be hewn and squared and adjusted to fit its place in the foundation, and unite firmly with each contiguous stone. So each spiritual stone must be made to conform to Christ, in his gospel, government, and spirit; and it is this conformity to Christ which fits each for his part in sustaining that christian union which the gospel requires.

And then, in order to a fit framing of the church, each individual member must be in his proper place; so that each shall have the place suited to his peculiar aptitude of mind. Minds in the church, as everywhere else, present an unlimited variety. Some are adapted to lead, and others to be led; some to plan, and others to execute; some to exert an influence in this way, and some in that; some were made to reach one class of people, and some another. God's spiritual providence has exerted itself to form the different minds of a Church, both in their natural and spiritual endowments, to find a fit place for every mind, and to form some mind for every place. The Great Architect has employed his skill thus, in fitting to each place every stone in the spiritual temple.

We sometimes see persons, the genuineness of whose piety we do not question, who have a very peculiar turn of mind; so much so, as to make us wonder how they should have been formed after such a model. To us they seem, perhaps, to have very unfortunate traits of character, both naturally and spiritually. We conceive that they would have been vastly more useful if they had been differently constituted. And doubtless they would have been more useful to some of the ends of usefulness which we have in view; but not as useful to the end for which God has made and redeemed them. God has not seen fit to frame his mystical body all head, without feet or hands. If the head chooses to regard itself as the model after which the foot must be formed, it will, of course, think that the foot branches off into toes, so and so is a very singular and uncouth member indeed. How much better and more useful would it have been, if furnished with a brain for thinking, and a mouth for speaking. But in the body of Christ, the head cannot say to the foot, I have no need of thee. And those members which are most unlike to those which we are accustomed to honour and admire, are often made for purposes no less useful than they. Every true believer was made to fill some place in the church, in which he or she can be serviceable to the cause of Christ. Each has a sphere of influence with adjacent minds, which is larger or smaller according to the appointment of God's spiritual providence. And in that sphere, if the individual has found his place, his peculiarities are just what are needed in the best manner to answer the end of his creation and redemption.

Great offices will have great talents. And God gives to every man the virtue, temper, understanding, taste, that fits him into life, and lets him fall just in the niche he was ordained to fill."

There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit. We cannot be just to our christian brethren, till we clearly recognize this fact, and value each one according to his measure of the gifts of Christ—according to his success in filling the sphere of duty to which his aptitudes of mind have fitted him. Each one is to be judged, not according to our standard, but according to his capacities and faithfulness in the sphere for which God has made him. With our eye on this, we shall see abundant cause to admire the wisdom of God's spiritual providence, in constructing as he has the complicated framework of christian society.

One Sin too Many.

A FACT FOR HALF-AWAKENED SINNERS.

THERE is an old Grecian legend which teaches that there was once a diver who boasted of his skill to bring up treasures from the sea. To test his powers, the people threw many a silver cup, and many a golden coin into water nine fathoms deep. And the bold diver brought them to the surface with triumph. But one day a disguised fiend threw a tinsel crown into a whirlpool, and challenged the confident diver to bring it up promising him, if he succeeded, the power to wear it, and to transmit it to his children. Down he sprang after the bauble; but the Nereids of the sea, hearing the clangour of the crown when it fell upon their grottoes, closed around him, as he was grasping the prize, and held him fast until he perished.

Thus reads the legend. Its moral teaches that the most daring may dare once too often—that folly, though long successful, will plunge its victim into ruin at last,—a lesson worthy of the careful study of partially-awakened sinners, as may be seen by the following facts:—

A young man of fine talents was present one evening at the house of God in—, during an interesting revival. Several of his companions had already given their hearts to Christ, and he had been deeply moved by their experience. He was therefore prepared to receive strong impressions—and he did. The truth went home to his conscience. He wept to see himself so vile, as he now beheld himself mirrored in the Word of God. He felt a motion, almost irresistible, to submit to Christ, and to join the band of penitents who acknowledged him at his table. But the pride of his heart revolted at so public and humiliating an avowal of his sinfulness. He dreaded the scorn of the worldly! He kept his seat, therefore, soothing his conscience by a resolve, firm and irrevocable as he persuaded himself, to return home at the close of the service and seek the pardon of his sins alone in the solitude of his chamber. With this purpose he left his pew at the close of the services, and passed with the thronging but grave multitude out of the church.

On the door-steps he found some gay friends awaiting him. They had planned a scheme of pleasures for an hour or two that night, and they begged him to join them.

"No," said he, faintly, "I think not to-night." They gazed in his face earnestly, and one of them, detecting an unusual seriousness in his aspect, which was discernible even in the pale moonlight of that beautiful evening, exclaimed, in a taunting tone of voice, "What! are you going to be religious, so?"

That speaker was his friend in disguise. In that speech he threw the bauble of human approbation into the whirlpool, and the half-awakened youth plunged in desperately to seize it. Throwing off his gravity, he burst into a loud laugh, assured them he was not serious, accepted their invitation, and lost his convictions. Henceforth his sin held him in bondage and in chains. In a few months he had an impenitent sinner!

How fatal was his own act of resistance of the Holy Spirit! Had he yielded and taken his place at the table, the invitation of his sinful friends at the door would have been powerless to attract him. But he resisted once too often. The tinsel crown of human approval led him, like the diver, to a fatal leap, and he perished. Awakened sinners, beware! You, too, may sin once too often.—Zion's Herald.

Miscellaneous.

The English Bible—Its History.

It is three hundred years old—not the present version—but the original translation into English. It was the work of one man, William Tyndale, born in a Romish province of Britain, and raised up in Providence, to accomplish probably more by the circulation of the Bible than any other person. Greatly persecuted in the reign of Henry VIII. and obliged to flee to the continent, watched and persecuted there also, he lived to see his work completed, and the Scriptures published and circulating in England, and read by all classes. He, however, was called to die by the hand of his enemies—first strangled, and then his body burned to ashes, because of his testimony and his labours. This occurred with the connivance of the king. We accord no praise to Henry for any act in promoting the circulation of the Scriptures. He was a weak wavering, wicked king.

But his son, Edward, was a different person. At the early age of ten, he began his reign, and died at fifteen, having reigned but five years. His remarks, when offered, at his coronation, three words, as symbols of his authority over three kingdoms, were striking. He said, "I wear another sword." When inquired of for its meaning, he replied, "I wear the Bible; it is the sword of the Spirit, I must have this to rule my kingdom."

He accordingly repealed some of the Acts which had been passed in the reign of his father, against the circulation of the Scriptures, and enacted other laws in favour of the Bible.

But the good work thus carried forward so prosperously during his short reign of five years, was seriously checked by the short but wicked reign of his sister, Mary, who was a bigoted Romanist, and who re-established Popery, and, if possible, destroy the Bible. Accordingly, her first Act prohibited the circulation of the Scriptures, and condemned all the numerous editions and copies, which could be found, to be burned. Many were found and burned. Men and women were also burned, because of their love for the Bible—men, such as Latimer, and Ridley, and Rogers, and Coverdale, and hundreds more, at least to the number of 350, in five years. Many fled with their Bibles to the continent,—many concealed themselves with their Bibles at home, and escaped.

It was a sad trial for the Church and the people of God, but the Church was not destroyed, nor was the Bible. Thousands of copies remained, and thousands of persons to read them.

When Elizabeth came to the throne, at the death of Mary, these thousand copies, and more than a thousand friends, were seen again. You may well imagine with what anxiety the friends of the Bible, watched her movements in reference to the great work of the Reformation, and the circulation of the Scriptures. They supposed that she would be tolerant, perhaps friendly, but they could not feel assured of it. When the procession was moving to the place of coronation, the friends of the Bible approached her, and presented an elegantly bound copy of the Scriptures. She received the copy and said, "I hope to read this book often."—It was favorable, but reserved and cautious, for the enemies of the cause were also near, listening with attention.

Again, after she was crowned, as it was customary on an occasion of such joy, to set at liberty some who had been confined for a long time to the dungeon and the cell, the friends of the Bible conceived the plan of offering a petition in behalf of some prisoners who were dear to them. Accordingly they had a petition presented, requesting her Majesty to set at liberty four or five persons who had been confined for the last five years, whom the people were anxious to converse with. When asked "who they were," the petitioners replied that they were the four Evangelists and the Apostle Paul. The petition was treated with respect, and though in her cautious manner, the Queen only said at the time, "go ask them whether they wish to be released;" yet she finally granted the request by her own act, eleven months from that time. Previous to this act, the encouraging the good cause, spoke favorably of the Reformation, signified her views adversely to Romanism, and approved the reading of the Scriptures; but to all these tokens of regard she added her own patent for the printing of the Scriptures, and then the work progressed rapidly, and has been progressing ever since.

Let the Bible have free course, says the command of a risen Saviour. Let it have free course is the prayer of every christian. For this work the American Bible Society is established and is adding daily 3,000 copies to the millions in circulation. And if the friends of the Bible would remember this noble institution more faithfully in their aims, it could easily double the number daily, and send them out, wherever we wish to have them sent over the earth. Its agencies are in all lands where the people can read, and are willing to have the Bible.—Presbyterian of the West.

The Liquor Traffickers.

The pen of inspiration has recorded the solemn truth "that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven," and it therefore behoves one and all engaged in this soul-ruining traffic, seriously to consider their destiny; for if the drunkard enter not the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, then surely the "drunkard-maker" must along with him be excluded. Viewed in the light of their respective motives, the drunkard will pass as innocent and honorable in comparison with the seller of strong drink. The one yields under the impulse, it may be even the torture, of appetite; the other is a cool, mercenary speculator, thriving on the frailties and vices of others.

The one we pity while we blame; the other inspires us with indignant abhorrence:—and for this reason, he is a trader in tears, and blood, and crime. You may read the character and deserts of this blighting and blasting traffic, in the air of thriftlessness and dissipation which it is every year spreading over countless numbers of once prosperous and happy homes—you may read it in the loss of character, the growing stolidity of its victims, fallen from the sphere of hope, virtue, and love. Oh! how rapidly do they press on in their career of misery, shame, and sin, towards graves of infamy. Is not the moral influence of this traffic truly deplorable! Everywhere it is the prolific parent and instigator of all that is unseemly and flagitious. It is emphatically a central vice, a radiating point for all crime. Strong drink creates an aptitude for all iniquity. It is the favorite and most successful device of the great deceiver, to steal away the judgment, stupefy the conscience, and remove all moral susceptibilities and restraints; and at the same time good on every passion to a pitch of maddening excitement. Often the evil-minded find themselves incapable of perpetrating the crimes they meditate, till qualified by a degree of intoxication, and then all crime is easy. There are no barriers in the way of promoting genuine piety equal to those presented in the thriftless and decaying condition which is brought on a community by the prevalence of drinking customs. The outward decay is but too sure an index of dissoluteness within. The heart has lost tone and vigour; the religious susceptibilities are blunted, if not lost; the soul is bent downward and refuses to look up; the sensual spirit, like a strong man armed, keeps the house; and in innumerable instances the incipient steps of religious improvement are effectually blighted, and the Spirit of God repelled from the soul. It is well known that these are the regular and necessary effects of the pernicious use of intoxicating liquors. They are not casual or incidental effects, but uniform and certain. The destroyer seeks his victim alike in every punchon and in every glass. He exempts no man from danger that drinks, but is always secure of prostrating the most vigorous frame, of abounding the most splendid intellect, of beaming the most delicate moral feelings, and of ennobling the most brilliant