

Saturday Night 24

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Wm. *READY* & *ROBERT WISE*,

AT

THE PAY TABLE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED, THE

Toper's Tale,

OVER HIS

JUG OF ALE ;

Being a particular account of a merry day's drinking, with all the circumstances of the Robbery, and a full *History of the Battle*.



A Y R :

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1817.

A DIALOGUE, &c.

William Ready. WELL, Bob, suppose we have the other pot, to drink success to trade; master seems in good spirits, and it is but just gone ten; and besides, we can lie an hour longer for it in the morning.

Robert Wise. No; I cannot stay any longer: and as for the other pot, it is that which does all the mischief; for I have often seen, that as fast as the beer runs in, common sense runs out, until a man becomes as light, and noisy, and full of vaporous fumes, as the barrel he has just emptied. Besides, I have got a wife and family to provide for at home, and it will be eleven o'clock now before we have made our marketing. As to drinking success to trade, I think trade is likely to flourish most, when the least drink is going forward. And now we are upon the subject, I wish our master would pay the men at home, and not bring them to the public house; they can find the way there fast enough without that. This is the worst fault I have to find with your master—he pays his men so late on the Saturday night, that one finds it hard work to get one's little matters all settled, without breaking in upon the sabbath-day. I have often told him so, but he does not seem to take much concern about it.

Wm. Breaking in upon the Sabbath-day!—Why I always thought that Sunday was intended as a day of rest and recreation. We are

not obliged to be up at six o'clock to work, and what is the odds of having a few matters to do on the Sunday morning? I think, Bob, you have been among the religious folks, and they are making you as stiff and precise as themselves. I hope you are not going to turn Methodist—they are a set of unhappy people, and want to make every body as melancholy as they are. I was just going to ask you to join a pleasant party, to take a little recreation on the water to-morrow. There is Sam Flight, and his wife—Tom Worthy, and his sweet-heart—me and my wife—you and your's—but I suppose, from what you have just now said about the Sunday, it is of no use asking you.

Rob. None at all. You must know there are many strong reasons why I cannot consent to violate and profane the Lord's day.

Wm. Violate and profane the Lord's day!—What! To take a little innocent recreation after slaving hard all the week—do you call this violating and profaning the Lord's day?

Rob. Indeed I do; and I dont know how any one can call it otherwise, who thinks rightly on this matter. I will give you some of my reasons for saying so, if you will hear them.

Wm. I should like to hear what mighty reason you can give, why a man should not take a little pleasure, only because it happens to be on a Sunday.

Rob. Well then you must know, first of all, that the Sabbath-day was intended by the Almighty, to be a day of rest and cessation from labour, as we read Genesis ii. 3. "And God blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it; because that in it he had rested from all his work." Now what you propose as recreation, is in fact,

harder work than any we do all the week; and, for my part, I have no notion of rowing in a boat for hours together, for the sake of rest & recreation, and to volunteer myself to the toil of a galley slave, after slaving hard all the week, as you called it. Besides, I shudder when I hear of those awful events which very frequently occur on the Sabbath day. It was but yesterday that I read in the paper of two parties who were launched into eternity while they were taking their pleasure on the water last Sunday. A bad preparation, surely, for such a change. Besides, you know it is not more than three years ago when a party of fifteen young men and women were every one drowned, and the minister of our town preached a most affecting discourse on the evil and danger of Sabbath-breaking. He handled his subject in such a manner, as made the tears trickle down from every eye; and, in some particular parts, the sighs and sobs of the congregation almost stopped the minister in his sermon. I shall not forget it the longest day I live. I have had enough of Sabbath-breaking ever since. And then, to say no more about the labour and the danger of such sport, it cannot be done without money; and a man spends as much in this way on a Sunday, as would almost keep his family half the week—besides coming home at night with weary bones, a guilty conscience, and an empty pocket into the bargain.

Wm. Well, I see 'tis of no use arguing with you. I shall go and see if they have spoken for the boat, and got all things ready; for we mean to start soon in the morning.

Rob. Nay, man, but stay a minute or two

longer, for I have got another reason stronger than all the rest put together; and that is, you have the commandments of God against you. He has said, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy; six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work; but the seventh is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: you may read more of it in Exodus xx. 8, 9, 10. In Exodus xxxi. 14, Jehovah speaks thus: "Ye shall keep my Sabbath, for it is holy unto you; every one that defileth it, shall be put to death." And this law was actually put in force among the Israelites, as we read in Numders xv. 32, 34, 35, 36. "And while the children of Israel were in the wilderness, they found a man that gathered sticks upon the Sabbath-day; and they put him in ward, because it was not declared what should be done to him; and the Lord said unto Moses, "The man shall surely be put to death, and all the congregation shall stone him with stones, without the camp; and all the congregation brought him without the camp, and stoned him with stones, and he died; as the Lord commanded Moses."—Well might the Apostle say, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." Now as to the manner of keeping the Sabbath, I will just mention one text of Scripture more; and this, as well as all the rest, is point b'ank against you. Isaiah lviii. 13, 14. "If you turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasures, nor speaking thine own words, then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord, and I will

cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob, thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Now, if these reasons are not enough to satisfy you, I will add another.

Wm. Another! no, no: I don't want any more reasons. But give over this sort of preaching, and say you will go. I'll warrant you it will be a fine day, and we shall be very happy.

Rob. No, William, I cannot go with you, for sure I am, there is no happiness where the blessing of God is not; much less is happiness to be found in the way of transgression, for the Bible says, "The way of transgressors is hard." But as I dare not spend the Sunday in your way, let me invite you to spend it in the way that Christian people do; and, to encourage you, I will say, in the language of Moses, to his father-in-law, Numbers x. 29—32. "We are journeying to the place, of which the Lord said, I will give it you; come thou with us, and we will do thee good: and it shall be, if thou go with us, yea, it shall be, that, what goodness the Lord shall do unto us, the same will we do unto thee."

Wm. I begin to think—indeed I have thought so ever since my good old mother died, that it is not quite right to neglect Church on the Sunday; and I must honestly tell you, I have, more than once or twice, had some dismal pangs of conscience, when, in spite of all my endeavours to forget it, I have thought upon the foolish manner in which I have spent the past day; and then, on Monday morning, I feel as if every thing was wrong about me. I come to work with a heavy heart, while you appear as blithe

as a lark, and as happy as a prince—tell me, Bob, how is it you pass your Sundays?

Rob. I'll do that with pleasure; and if you can produce but half as many good reasons against my way of spending the Sabbath, as I have against yours, then I'll say no more.— Well, then, you must know, that when Saturday evening comes——

Wm. Saturday evening!—Why, shopmate, I asked you how you employed the Sunday—and not what you do on the Saturday. Does your Sunday begin on the Saturday? This is making a long Sunday of it, indeed.

Rob. I always consider the Saturday evening as the preparation for the Sabbath; and as to the length of it, it always flies too fast for me—

The gladness of that happy day,
My soul would wish it long to stay.

Wm. Well then, on Saturday evening—what then?

Rob. Why then my wife and little ones are all as busy as if they were getting ready to go to court the next morning; indeed, I always count the Sabbath as the grand court day of the King of kings; for as the hymn says—

“The king himself, comes near,
And feasts his saints to day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.”

The children's play-things are all put away—shoes all cleaned—shirts and things all aired and laid ready for the morning—house made tidy—and my wife waiting till I come home,

to bring her my wages—and I must be going soon, else she will begin to think something has happened.

Wm. Yes; I always thought your wife one of a thousand—I wish I could get my old woman to be as notable as your's; however, I must not find fault with her, I might easily have found a much worse.

Rob. Well, then, as I said, all things being read: on Saturday night, we offer up our praises to Almighty God for the mercies of the past week, and pray, that, with the light of the coming day, the light of his countenance may shine upon our souls.

“Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek
On th' approaching Sabbath-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.”

Then we go to bed, rest our weary limbs, and always welcome the opening of another Sabbath-day.

Wm. Why this is making the most of a good thing; but don't you lie an hour or two longer in the morning, after the labour of the week?

Rob. As to that, I'll tell you. I rise at my usual hour, read the Bible alone, and pray to the Lord, that we may “begin, continue, and end.” the sacred day in the fear of God.

Wm. I am afraid you have got too much religion for me; I shall not much like your way. I always thought, if I went to church once on a Sunday, I did my duty quite well-enough.

Rob. Too much religion! That is impossible,

if a man's heart is in the right place. If so be that he has tasted that the Lord is gracious, he will be coming to him ; and, as a new-born babe, desire the sincere milk of the word, that he may grow thereby, as the Apostle Peter speaks. Too much religion ! Why, religion is happiness ; and you never yet knew any one have too much happiness.

Wm. Well, after the morning prayer and reading the Bible, what then ?

Rob. Why, then I come down, and find the children all clean, wife ready with the breakfast ; and as soon as that is over, we prepare for family worship, which we begin with a hymn; the little ones all join—I set the tune, and my Sarah has got a pretty voice. We often begin the Sabbath with

“ Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.”

Then we all kneel down, and pray for a Sabbath day's blessing, never forgetting to commend our minister to the grace of God ; that he would be pleased to give him the tongue of the learned, that he may know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary.

Wm. I should think you have had praying and singing enough for one day. I should be prayed and sung to death, with so much religion.

Rob. Enough ! man. The best of it is not yet begun. There is the public worship of the sanctuary : and when the hour arrives, my my heart is ready to cry out with David, “ I

was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord. How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God! A day in thy courts is better than a thousand." It would do your heart good to see our good minister go up the pulpit stairs; he looks like a man that is going to plead with God on behalf of his people. After he has offered up a silent prayer, he looks round upon the congregation with so much affection, that you would think we were all his own children. He is always upon the one grand subject, as he calls it—Jesus Christ, and him crucified. That was his first text, when he first came to us. "I am determin'd not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." 1 Cor. ii. 2. And he has kept good his determination ever since.

Wm. I think I should not much like your minister. According to your account, he is always harping upon one string.

Rob. Harping upon one string! Yes, truly; it is a string on which he plays a thousand delightful tunes. Christ, and him crucified!—Why, man, this is the music of heaven, and no wonder it should gladden the hearts of sinners upon earth. I could listen to it for ever. Let me tell you, Bill; you and I are sinners, and we stand in need of a Saviour: we are great sinners, and we need a great Saviour: now, just such a Saviour is Jesus Christ, as St. Paul says—"this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." (1 Tim. i. 15.) It is the blood of Christ that takes away our sins; it is the righteousness of Christ that justifies us before God; it is the

Spirit of Christ that makes us holy ; it is the consolation of Christ that gives comfort in affliction ; it is the grace of Christ that supports us when we come to die ; it is the smile of Christ that gives boldness in the day of judgment ; and it is the presence of Christ that makes heaven the blessed place it is. In short, "Christ is all and in all," as the Apostle has it in another place.

Wm. I confess I never heard so much about Christ before. I always thought that if a man did as well as he could, he need not concern himself so much about Christ and religion.

Rob. I thought so once, until I heard our good minister preach from this text, "For as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse ; for it is written Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law, to do them." (Gal. iii. 10.) I then found myself to be a guilty, condemned sinner. I began to pray for mercy, and I trust I have not prayed in vain ; for Christ says, "All that the Father giveth me, shall come unto me ; and him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

Wm. I think I should like to hear your minister preach ; but surely you don't think there can be any harm in taking a walk into the fields in the afternoon, after going to church in the morning.

Rob. Why as to that—Now suppose you come to shop on Monday morning, and work till twelve o'clock, and then go and work for another master the rest of the day—would this be doing your duty to your own master ?—Would he be pleased with it ? Would he not justly scotch you in your reckoning, when Sa-

turday night came? So our blessed Lord says, "No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." (Matt. vi. 24.) Now I love my divine Master, and never think I can do enough for him: I love his service also; it is "perfect freedom."

Wm. Well I think I should like to spend a Sunday with you, but I can't to-morrow; the party is all made up except you; and as you won't go, we must either get somebody else, or go as we are.

Rob. My dear fellow, let me persuade you not; you seem to be somewhat convinced of the evil of Sabbath-breaking, and I am sure you will not be happy. Your conscience has often warned and checked you: and you will be sinning against light, and against this friendly caution. What, if God should take you away with a stroke, you have no security against it, and especially in the way of disobedience; for, "he that being often reprov'd, and hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." (Prov. xxix. 1.)

Wm. Why you seem to have all the argument on your side. Well, if I thought they would not laugh and call me a Methodist, I would give it up, and go along with you.

Rob. Laugh at you, and call you a Methodist! Why let them laugh, and let them call. So the gay pleasure-takers might have laughed at Noah while he was preparing the ark; but the flood came, and drowned them all. and laughter was turned into bitter crying when they found themselves shut out. This might

have been the case, also, with the scoffers who dwelt in guilty Sodom; but the same day that Lot left the place, it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all.

Wm. Well, I'll consider of it.

Rob. I hope you will, and may God enable you to determine on the side of Christ, and your immortal soul; this is true wisdom; and you will find her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are paths of peace. But I must be going; I have told you but half the delightful work of the Sabbath-day; come and prove the rest. I will only just say, the other half of the day becomes sweeter and sweeter as one enters into the spirit of it; and I sometimes think, if there is so much comfort in the worship of God on earth, then what must heaven be!

“ Oh! the delights, the heavenly joys;
The transports of the place;
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace.

Now, compare your way of spending the Sabbath with mine, and let any man of common sense be the judge, and I'll venture to say he will give it in my favour. You come home half worn out with recreation, as you call it—money all spent—wife perhaps out of humour—the children cross and sleepy—and when you lie down at night, you cannot ask God's blessing on the past day, but are obliged to skulk to bed like a thief that is afraid to be taken before his Judge. But in my way of spending the Sabbath, our bodies are rested from the toils of the past week, our spirits are

refreshed by the blessing of God; it maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow therewith; and we can lie down at night with a cheerful heart, expressing our gratitude to our Heavenly Father in devout adoration, and songs of praise.

“ Come bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.”

“ O, that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it, knows.”

“ This heavenly calm within the breast”
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.”

“ In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.”



THE
TOPER'S TALE,

OVER HIS
JUG OF ALE.

HALLOO, whoop, my brave boys! who love
frolic and fun,
To sit all day boozing, and bask in the sun!
Let him come at my whistle, & seat himself here
Like a brave jolly fellow, and toss off his beer.
'Twas just at the door of the alehouse he stood,
At the old Cat & Bagpipes, there close by the
wood;
You go fast by the church, and turn down the
left hand,
Just beyond it the stocks and the whipping-
post stand.
'Twas on the long bench there, beneath the
old oak,
Whose shade's so refreshing, Tom Toper thus
spoke:
Snip heard him, the tailor, just over the way,
And was down in a twinkling to hear him so say:
'That's right brother Snip, here together we'll
stitch,
If you'll cut into tune, into rhyme I will hitch;
So let the dull souls on the shop-board seek
wealth,
Whilst that you and I hiccup each other's good
health.

Soon join'd them the blacksmith, with his sooty
face,

Coming just for a quartern t'inspirit his case ;
He had left the hot iron quite snug in the fire,
To steal out for a quaff of his own heart's desire.

We three jolly toppers—ha, ha, there are four,
For Lapstone, the cobbler, see yawns at the door
He's coming straight tow'rds us, tho' hardly
alive,

And bringing old carpenter John to make five.
So these five jolly fellows sat down to their ale,
And they drank till the fumes began much to
prevail;

For as liquor comes in all the senses go out,
And the giddy brain reels with the roaring and
rout.

First Snip began telling a wonderful joke
How he bilk'd his last landlord—when just he
spoke,

A grim-looking constable tipp'd him the wink,
And haul'd him to jail in the midst of his drink.
He was main loth to go, & he furiously swore ;
Then he blubber'd and sneak'd at the sight of
his score ;

Twenty-seven and eightpence for Whitsuntide
fun,
And a crown for broke windows and mischief
then done.

Indeed the next parish their compliments sent,
In the name of Black Sue, on a joyful event,
'Twas a bastard, the fruit of a drunken carouse ;
It was high time to marry, and make her his
spouse.

This indeed damp'd their frolic, but yet a new
pot,

Rais'd the spirits again of each dizzy-brain'd
[sot :

More mellow they grew, and most friendly and
warm,

And swore in good fellowship could be no harm.

Then half-naked Patty, the blacksmith's sweet
child,

With pale hollow cheeks, came and tenderly
smil'd ;

And begg'd of her daddy to come make an' end,
Of the horse-shoe, for Roger, their very good
friend.

The man wants his horse, and he vows he must
go

To the new blacksmith's shop, if you make him
wait so ;

And my weakly sick mother lies crying in bed,
For the price of the horse-shoe, to buy us some
bread.

I care not, not I, for the horse or the man,

I'll empty my jug first, I vow, if I can ;

Let him shoe him himself, says he, here I shall
sit ;

So he blunder'd out nonsense, and thought it
was wit.

Go, go, tell your mother I'm coming, and so

Is Christmas, my darling, as you and I know ;

I'm in ; if I stir while I've hat, wig, or coat,

May I bind the next horse-shoe tight round my
own throat.

The poor little Patty went sorrowful home,

To tell her sad mother her dad would not come ;

The ebbings of life silent sunk from her heart,

And she just blest her babes, 'ere her soul could
depart.

The drunkard—the murderer—rather I call,

The sot who can guzzle time, money and all ;

He swallows the clothes, health, and comfort,
 I think,
 Nay, the lives of his family down with his
 drink.

But sleeping and snoring with feverish head,
 Was Lapstone the cobler, there down in the
 shade ;

The shade was quite cool, and his sleep was
 quite sound,

The next day all his limbs with rheumatics were
 bound.

Three months he lay groaning upon a sick bed,
 Nor could stir hand or foot, or lift up his dull
 head ;

His family starve, or the workhouse may find,
 For no benefit-club drinking Sam ever join'd.

But tippling at length ever each one prevail'd,
 Until drowsy & stupid their poor senses fail'd ;
 And tho' dreaming of drinking, they doz'd on
 the seat,

Till the breeze of the evening abated the heat.

'Twas a good opportunity—sin begets sin,
 For a traveller who saw what a state they were in
 Saw a hole in John's pocket too, whence there
 was shown

A good new canvas bag, which he took for his
 own.

Now in this was his rent, forty shillings & more,
 'Twas the price of his wife's cow he sold just
 before :

So he paid, dearly paid, for his mug of good ale,
 With distress from his landlord, and 6 months
 in jail.

But when he awake he began t' enquire
 For his bacco box new, just to light a fresh fire,

He would warm his red nose with a whiff and
a puff,

Then he found that his bag was gone off, sure
enough.

He found he had lost it; full well did he search
Ev'ry pocket he had, for quite left in the lurch,
He knew that his landlord no mercy would show,
He had promis'd so often, and fail'd him also.
From vexing, and fuming, and grumbling, and
such,

He began to grow warm at his losing so much,
And charg'd all his neighbours, good fellows
and friends,

With playing a trick, just to serve their own
ends.

His fellows were rous'd by his swearing so
loud,

And the neighbourhoöd gather'd all round in
a crowd;

Tom Toper declar'd with a laugh, and a bawl,
He'd seen nothing—indeed he could scarce
see at all.

John lov'd a joke well, but not at his own cost,
Tho' 'twas no time to laugh when so much he
had lost,

Curs'd and swore like a madman, and told Tom
he lied,

For 'twas he filch'd his money, while drunk by
his side.

He thought so—he know so—he always should
think;

And 'twas mean, so it was, thus to cheat him
in drink;

Nay, he never could bear it, so knock'd him
down sly,

To prevent him from standing so stout in a lie.

Tom was quite a good fellow, nor quarrell'd in
 ale,
 But if challeng'd 'in earnest, would never turn
 tail
 So he jumps him up quickly, and soon with a
 blow
 Laid the carpenter John where himself had
 laid low.
 Fair, fair, cried the neighbours, let's make a
 good ring
 Let them fight it out stoutly, 'twill be just the
 thing;
 So at him, good fellow, was echoed all round,
 And they stript 'em, and clapt 'em, and meas-
 sur'd the ground.
 Now strike him, friend John, like a nail on the
 head,
 Now froth him at top, Tom; his own party said:
 That's right, hit him hard, there just over the
 scull,
 He'll spin out like a barrel unhoop'd, he's so
 full.
 Like nine-pins the tumbld and roll'd in the mud,
 Their bodies all bruises, their faces all blood,
 'Till a dext'rous aim'd blow of Tom Toper's at
 last,
 His friend John on the temple, and settl'd him
 fast.
 Down he slump'd like a wool-sack, or lump of
 pig-lead,
 Unsens'd in a moment, 'twas thought he was
 dead;
 The women all scream'd the men cried give
 him air,
 Box'd each other, and quarrell'd, to prove it
 all fair.

Just then his wife enter'd, a child at her breast,
 And three rather older amid the crowd prest;
 Oh where is my husband! my daddy, they cry,
 Oh dear they have kill'd him! Im sure he will
 die.

Ah! liquor and drinking, the wife feebly said,
 Then dropt her sweet baby, and fainting she
 laid

Across her fall'n husband, and clasping him
 round,

In shiv'ring hysteric fits beat the hard ground!

Tom Toper's big boy heard the fray and the
 noise,

And left his chuck farthing among idle boys;
 He lov'd to play truant, he ne'er went to school,
 But loiter'd and snor'd out the day like a fool.

He heard there was liquor, that some had too
 much;

He lov'd to be fawning and coaxing with such;
 Taught to drink by his dad, from a babe he
 was spoil'd,

Did the same as old Tom did, his father's own
 child.

With his face full of glee, at his father he leer'd,
 Cock'd his eye with a squint at the blood on
 his beard;

Cries out, dad here's your health, as he took
 up the can,

Full of courage and liquor, my dad is the man.

The father who stiff, and full dirty, and sore,
 Had began now to breathe, had bespoke a pot
 more;

He just ey'd its full froth, and was tipping the
 wink,

When he furious cried out, as he saw his son
 drink—

I will have my pot, said he, giving a pull,
 'Tis mine and I'll drink it, altho' I'm so full ;
 Give the devil his due, were the words that he
 said,
 So he drank off the liquor—and tumbled down
 dead!

AH, how silly is the drinker,
 Swallowing more than he can need !
 To the eye of every thinker,
 He must seem a fool indeed.

So he hurts his constitution,
 Adding drunkenness to thirst ;
 All for want of resolution,
 Not to yield to drink at first.

Was he us'd to work and labour,
 Honest industry his pride ?
 Idle now, a wretched neighbour.
 Hurts himself and all beside.

Has he wife of love and beauty,
 Yielding him a plenteous share ?
 Soon he fails in ev'ry duty,
 Nor for dearest ties will care.

Has he children young and tender,
 Sweetly prattling on his knee ?
 Nought but curses does he render
 To his trembling family.

Business must decay and fail him,
 None a drunkard will employ ;
 No disease that e'er could ail him,
 Could so sure and quick destroy.

Fair Religion mourns and warns him,
 Virtue, goodness, flee away ;
 Does God love the wretch ?—he scorns him,
 For a drunkard does not pray.

O ! what shame to see a creature
 Found in shape so much divine,
 Ruin'd and debas'd each feature,
 Swoln and bloated like the swine.

Purple, crimson, yellow pimples,
 Scar his face and horrify ;
 Where's the healthy red, the dimples
 Which a-fore-time blest the eye ?

If his body is so changed,
 All his dignity decay'd ;
 How deform'd his soul, estranged,
 Sinful, weak, and helpless made.

How debas'd that noble reason,
 Which to worship God was giv'n :
 Foul the drunkard's sin, 'tis treason,
 And will cast him out of heaven.

How deform'd his best affections,
 Warp'd from heaven to dying earth :
 Can he bear his own reflections
 On his base, his sordid nirth ?—

Shall we laugh at Heathen wretches
 Bowing to some idol queer ?
 What's the drunkard's god ?—he fetches
 Forth his foaming mug of beer ?

Here he truly sacrifices,
 Health, and wealth, and self, and friends ;
 This the only god he prizes,
 Here how slavishly he bends.

But can this his idol save him,
 When he comes to dying bed :
 When the devil's wait to have him,
 Watching round his guilty head ?

What new plea, what strong petition.
 Can he urge to stop his doom :
 Vain his cries, and vain his wishing,
 When to judgment he shall come.

Devils that have urg'd his sinning,
 Prais'd the foaming liquor well,
 Soon with yells, and ghastly grinning,
 Down shall plunge him deep in hell.

Stop, then, drinker ! dash the liquor,
 Dash it from thee on the ground ;
 Not a serpent stings the quicker,
 None with viler poison's found.

Stop there ! turn thine eyes to heaven,
 Seek the loving dying Lord ;
 Pray to have thy sins forgiven,
 And thy sin-lost soul restor'd.

Grace can heal thy sin-sick nature,
 Give thee pow'r thy lusts to quell ;
 Make thee quite another creature,
 Make thee whole, and keep thee well.

Hear the word the Gospel sends thee,
 " Laden sinner, come to me ;"
 If the Saviour mild befriends thee,
 Sav'd for ever thou shalt be.

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