

REPORT
OF THE
SPEECHES

DELIVERED AT THE
WESLEYAN TEMPERANCE MEETING,
HELD IN
THE TOWN HALL, MELBOURNE,
On MONDAY, JANUARY 29th, 1872.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

Any profit arising from the sale of this Report will be devoted to the benefit of a Wesleyan Temperance Society about to be formed.

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REPORT.

A GRAND Wesleyan Temperance Meeting was held in the Town Hall, Melbourne, on Monday evening, 29th ult., above 4000 persons being present. The occasion was one of universal interest, arising partly from the circumstance that this was the first temperance meeting held in Melbourne in connection with the assembly of a Wesleyan Conference; in no little measure from the well-known eloquence of the speakers, who were in almost every instance known as "representative men;" and also, perhaps, in some degree from the commodiousness and beauty of the spacious hall, the elegant proportions and exceedingly chaste decorations of which have been seldom seen to greater advantage. The meeting was promoted by a committee of one hundred abstaining laymen of the Wesleyan Church, associated with some of the ministers of the Melbourne District; and to their united influence, added to the indefatigable exertions and excellent arrangements of their secretary, the great success which was achieved is to be attributed. It is estimated that applications for upwards of 2000 tickets had been refused during the preceding week, and therefore advertisements of the meeting were not inserted in the daily papers. Had such been done, the Hall could not have accommodated half the number who would have attended. At the hour fixed for the commencement of the meeting—half-past seven o'clock—every available inch of sitting and standing room was occupied—orchestra, platform, galleries, hall and passages, being crowded by an expectant audience. On the platform we observed, in addition to the speakers of the evening, the Revs. Charles Dubourg, J. C. Symons, R. C. Flockart, G. Daniel, E. S. Bickford, and John Higgins; Hon. Francis Longmore, Hon. W. M. K. Vale; Messrs. J. B. Crews, M.L.A.; J. James, M.L.A.; James Callaghan, J.P.; H. Beauchamp, J.P.; Councillor T. J. Crouch (St. Kilda); Councillor Hunt (Geelong); Messrs. Richard Hodgson, R. Callaghan, John Bedford, J. M'Cutcheon, E. Barrett, T. Brown, &c., &c. In the orchestra were assembled the choirs of Lonsdale-street, North Melbourne, Brunswick-street, Richmond, Fitzroy-street, Carlton, Brunswick, Prahran, Wellington-street, Hoddle-street, Sackville-street, Franklin-street, Emerald Hill, Sandridge, Preston, South Preston, Northcote, Williamstown, Cheltenham, Coburg, Flemington, and Fitzroy (Bible Christian) Churches. Mr. Wilson, leader of the Richmond choir, acted as conductor, and Mr. W. E. Ellis led the singing, which, echoed through the spacious building, had a magnificent effect. In the galleries and in the body of the hall were many hundreds of visitors from Ballarat, Geelong, Sandhurst, Castlemaine, and all the centres of

population on the lines of railway; while the regalia of a large number of Rechabites and Sons and Daughters of Temperance lent pleasing variety to the scene. It is hardly necessary to add that the most perfect order was observed throughout the evening.

Punctually at half-past seven o'clock, Rev. C. Dubourg read the first, second, and fourth verses of the hymn in Wesley's collection commencing "Praise ye the Lord," which was sung by the choir to the well-known and beautiful tune, "Sun of my soul," the large audience heartily joining. Singing concluded, the Rev. G. Daniel offered a prayer suited to the circumstances under which they were assembled, after which the Rev. C. Dubourg, in a few well-chosen words, introduced the Rev. James Bickford, of Wesley Church, as the gentleman chosen to preside over the meeting.

The CHAIRMAN, on rising, said :—I have great pleasure in complying with the unanimous request of the committee of this movement, in taking the chair and presiding over the largest attendance which has ever been brought together in favour of the total abstinence movement in the southern world. I rejoice greatly that the meeting has been designated a Wesleyan Temperance Meeting, as it will show the communities in other countries that we on this side of the world are arrayed together to check to the utmost of our power the drinking customs of the age. In having such a demonstration in connection with the Conference of the ministers of our church, we are following the example of our fathers at home, and of our brothers in other parts of the world. At the last British Conference, held in the city of Manchester, where there were upwards of 600 ministers present, a most important resolution was passed upon the subject of total abstinence, and especially upon the necessity of the English Parliament passing a Permissive Bill. They say—

"Impressed by the terrible social and moral evils resulting from intemperance and believing that more earnest and effective measures are necessary in order to check and repress these evils, the Conference is convinced that the reformation desired must be secured chiefly by means of moral suasion and the influence of Christian truth. It is, nevertheless, of opinion, that the facilities afforded for the opening of public-houses and beer-houses, and the temptations presented by them, especially to the young and the intemperate, render the effects of the present law grossly demoralising, and constitute a legalised hindrance to the efforts of Christian churches. The Conference, therefore, declares its judgment that a reform of the present licensing system is absolutely necessary, and that in any measures which may hereafter be adopted provision should be made, in harmony with a recognised principle of self-government, that the ratepayers, who bear the charges resulting from the prevalence of intemperance and its consequent pauperism and crime, shall also have power to control the issues of licenses for the sale of intoxicating drinks within their respective districts. The Conference further expresses the hope that any well-considered measure tending to secure this object will meet with general and earnest support."

This was passed by that venerable body with great cordiality and unanimity, not a single hand being held up in opposition to it. I am thankful to be able to refer to the Wesleyan Conference in Canada, which, last year, passed a resolution upon the same subjects, and, if possible, in stronger terms. And we in Australia are following in the footsteps of our fathers; for, last year, at the Hobart Town Conference, my brethren gave a similar deliverance. We are living in serious times, and it is necessary that our minds should be made up upon all those questions that affect the social and spiritual well-being of our fellow-creatures. We must also have the courage of our opinions, and show to the world on which side we are. One hundred laymen connected with the church in this city and the neighbouring circuits have shown that courage in arranging for, and bringing to the triumphant issue we now witness, this glorious demonstration in favour of the principles of total abstinence.

I am delighted with this great gathering in this splendid hall, in which ministers of religion, church officers, members of churches, and Sunday-school teachers, have come up "to the help of the Lord against the mighty" evil of intoxicating drink. My voice is familiar to most of you, for often have I addressed you in many places in this city and in the surrounding circuits; and if God spare me so to do, that voice you shall hear yet again and again. I will, therefore, now call upon the Rev. Samuel Knight, from South Australia, to move the first resolution.

The Rev. SAMUEL KNIGHT, of South Australia, moved the first resolution—"That the social habits of this country in relation to the use of intoxicating drinks, entailing as they do so much misery and want, immorality and crime, demand the putting forth of earnest and continuous efforts on the part of the Government, the church, and the public. This meeting hails with gratification the altered state of public feeling, the changed views of Christian churches, and the modified tone of enlightened statesmen in reference to these baneful habits, and would indulge the hope that a Bill based on what are called permissive principles will speedily become the law of the land." He said:—Sir, I do not think that we bring more zeal than others to this cause, but by organisation we gain strength. We have opposed to us, in the habits of the people, and in the publican interest, which supplies the means of indulging those habits a strong, a terrible organisation. And if we are to expect success to the temperance movement, we must organise too. Every man, and every woman, and all together, must do their share of this great work. Take one of those beautifully-cut quoins or corbels which adorn the façade of this noble building, and put it in the roadway, and it is no more an ornament or a thing of beauty: it is but trampled in the mire, and rolled over by the passing car—its very presence below is unsuspected. But put it in its right place, its designed position, and how beautiful does it now appear; how it adds to the symmetry and the finish of the edifice to which it belongs; how unseemly was the gap which now it fills. And so every one of us, by taking his own part and place in this work in union with others, will contribute to the strength and efficiency of the whole. Some people, it is unfortunately true, are foolish enough and illogical enough to sneer at the idea of taking the pledge. The pledge, forsooth! fit only for weak-minded men and craving tipplers! But, sir, so far from this, I maintain that it is sinful for those who are on the side of temperance not to be pledged abstainers? But why not pledged? Are not our magistrates pledged? Are not ministers of the Crown pledged? Are not our legislators all pledged? Is not the exalted lady who is at the head of affairs in this great empire pledged—pledged to her people? Is not the bridegroom pledged to the bride, and pledged openly too? Of what avail is a secret marriage? And why, then, should not all abstainers be pledged? Theirs is a great and good object—a noble enterprise; and the pledge is but commensurate with the end to be attained. But, sir, in addition to pledging ourselves to abstain, we seek by all lawful means to put down and curtail this loathsome drink-traffic. This resolution asks for restrictive measures. In the name of 50,000 Methodist teetotalers we ask it; in the name of 70,000 electors who are teetotalers, we ask it; and if our legislators will not hear us, they shall hear a voice at the elections that shall tell them we mean it. The people must be educated on this subject; they must be taught to value their rights and liberties of mind and body; they must be enlightened and impressed as to the real nature and effect of intoxicating liquors upon themselves and their posterity. Our legislators must be warned of the danger which threatens us from ignoring the teachings of history and experience in this very matter; and if they will not hear the voice that warns them, they will soon hear another, a more terrible and louder sound—the thunder-voice of Communism, which even now is knocking at our doors. Men are now seeking to realise a state which will be the complete reverse of the feudalism of the middle ages. Formerly, it was

the many who were taxed and oppressed for the ease, the wealth, the aggrandisement of the few; now, it is contended that all property belongs to the people, and "share and share alike" is the watchword of the Republicans. And, sir, if the masses are supplied *ad libitum* with the maddening, adulterated, intoxicating drink, those millions, in their quenchless, unscrupulous thirst for drink, will pull down those institutions under which we now dwell so safely, and will not cease until they have squandered the national estate for alcohol. Why, sir, it has been done already—we have seen it. Twenty years ago Providence gave the people of this country wealth that would purchase three continents, and what did they barter their country for? For something like a revolver and a pot of beer. And if ever this uncontrollable passion for drink takes possession of our people—as it most assuredly will unless vigorous measures are adopted—they will be ready to sacrifice everything—country, home, honour, aye, even life itself, for beer. Many of us have seen the miserable wrecks of old boiler-houses in various parts of our mining metropolis, Ballarat—mute witnesses of the effects of some terrific explosion. We can fancy the engineer when he discovers that the water is all gone, the boiler is over-heated, and that an explosion is imminent. See him, as he stands aghast with fear—almost powerless in his consternation. But cannot something be done? Yes, surely—something *must* be done. Shall he shout with might and main to his fellow-workmen, and warn them of the impending danger? No—it is too late for that. Quick! Shall he add more water? No, no—too late for that—it would but precipitate their doom. Only one thing can save them—he must draw the fire, and draw it instantly. Now this is exactly our position, and this is just what must be done. We must draw the fire by getting a Permissive Bill, and so prevent destruction. Our appeal must be to the people; and so it is. This is not a rash measure. It proposes to divide the colony into 300 districts, and thus to poll and try the question 300 times over; and the day that it becomes law will mark the beginning of an era of social and moral importance to the people of this country. But, it may be said, the partisans of drinkism will strain every effort to defeat us, and will pour forth such a flood of beer gratis at election times as will drown the senses of the electors and win their votes against sobriety. But, sir, that must be stopped; and the way to do it is this—Licenses must be suspended during the election, and every non-abstaining voter allowed time and opportunity to come to a right decision upon this vital social question. There can be no political purity while there is bribery by beer. The resolution, sir, further pledges us to resist the baneful customs which prevail. See how the young are affected by those customs. Their character is not moulded by abstract theories, but by example, by custom—by what the children see day after day in our streets, in our homes, at our tables. The ruin or regeneration of the country will be effected by custom. Your little child of to-day may be trained by custom into a useful member of society, or into one of those degraded sots who may be seen under any lamp-post muttering the drunkard's song. And would any of us like to see our children grow up to be a tippler or a drunkard? What is such a being? He is a nothing, or worse than nothing. What good is he? what can you get out of him, either for his own advancement or for the good of his fellows? Squeeze him, and what will be the result? beer, and beer only. His life is purposeless, save for evil; and the most you can extract from him in his most lively mood is only "Tooral, right tooral!" or "Shoo fly! don't bother me!" To correct these horrid drinking customs, then, must be our task, remembering that our children may grow up to be the degraded, worthless, hopeless things I have just pictured; or that they may be such as those of whom the great American poet sings—

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;"

remembering, too, that the youth of our land may grow up to become pests to society and snares to their fellow-men; or that their path on earth may present, in the words of the same writer,

"Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, may take heart again."

Sir, I will conclude these remarks by repeating the substance of an allegory concerning "custom," written by Coleridge. Once upon a time, when the earth was young, when evil as yet was unknown, when work was but play, and when recreation was only another name for enjoyment, there arose a prophet in the land. The burden of the prophet's utterances to the people was that their happy state should not last; that even now it was almost over; that a great and terrible danger was impending; that a poisonous mist and vapour would arise, apparently from ocean, and spread over the whole land; and that whosoever inhaled this vapour would become raging mad, and many would die thereby. The words of the prophet were fulfilled. One bright afternoon the mist was on the sea; and it crept on and on till it touched the shore, stole up the mountains, filled the valleys, and covered the whole land with darkness and woe. But the prophet was wise in his generation. He saw the danger, and, fleeing swiftly, he shut himself up in a cave, where the poisonous vapour could not reach him. By-and-by the cloud passed over, and then the prophet came forth from his retreat. He gazed around; but a sad sight greeted him. The prophecy was literally fulfilled: mankind had gone mad; and he was alone in the world—alone with madmen. He wept; but despair followed his tears. In an agony he descended into a ravine, where some of the vapour was yet lingering; and hastily collecting a portion in a flask, he held it to his mouth, drank it off, and straightway became the maddest of them all!

The Rev. RICHARD SELLORS, of New South Wales, seconded the resolution. He said:—Mr. Chairman, I come amongst you a Son of Temperance. The friends of the cause in New South Wales were very glad to hear that there was to be a Temperance Demonstration in Melbourne during the session of the Wesleyan Conference; and I am sure that next year, when the Wesleyan Conference will be held in Sydney, there will be held even a larger meeting than the present one in the Exhibition Building in behalf of the same cause. This resolution pledges us to urge this great question upon the Government. We do not lack enlightened statesmen who favour temperance, who are themselves total abstainers, and who use their powers and talents to stay the progress of intemperance; but we want more men of that class. We want to have a happy, industrious, healthy, virtuous population. But wherever intemperance prevails there is the absence of these qualities, and instead of them, misery and want, immorality and crime. We might empty this large hall, and fill it to-night with victims of intemperance. I could crowd this hall with children, who could tell of the wretchedness of their existence through the drinking of their fathers and mothers. I could fill every corner of the building with wives made miserable by the cruelty and neglect of their husbands. And yet, we are told that the cry for help comes from a lot of reformed drunkards. But, even were such the case, who so well as a reformed drunkard can tell of the terrible evils which arise from drink. They may speak of loss of revenue if the liquor-traffic be put down, but what have we to pay for the cost of drunkenness? It would be better to be taxed far more than we are, if that would put a stop to it. Dr. Guthrie has well said that it would be better for England to fight ten Waterloos every year than to lose 60,000 of her sons annually by intemperance. I rejoice, sir, in the thousands of sons and daughters of temperance, and especially the young members of the Band of Hope. If we may not succeed in reforming many of the old drunkards, we may by these associations save the

young. I hope the time is not far distant when we shall have a permissive law for New South Wales. In Sydney we turned out into the open air, and addressed the people by the thousand. The bill was to have been read a second time this month, but (alas for my country!) the Ministry was upset. We are meeting opposition from those interested in the drink-traffic, but they are in a minority. In our district meeting we passed a resolution in favour of a permissive law; and I am convinced that, if ministers and people unite heart-and-hand in this good work, glorious success will yet crown our efforts.

The Rev. JOSEPH DARE, St. Kilda, said:—In making a few remarks in support of this resolution, I can scarcely do more than repeat and amplify what I have before said on this question to the total abstainers of Melbourne. Those who have preceded me have dwelt on that part of the resolution which refers to the importance of our obtaining a Permissive Bill: I will therefore confine myself to the altered state of feeling towards the temperance cause, and to the baneful effects of intemperance, of which the resolution speaks. And with reference to that altered state of feeling, sir, I specially rejoice that the Wesleyan Church has so fully committed itself to the principles of this great enterprise. It was the view of expediency which led me first to join the ranks of total abstainers, and no other argument of its advocates ever produced so deep and powerful an impression on my mind. I felt that it was my duty to forego what I might deem a privilege and luxury, rather than my example should be injurious and perhaps ruinous to others. I felt that thus I should possess a higher moral power, and that in this position I could say to a brother whom intoxicating drink was destroying, "Abstain, and I will stand beside you and keep you in countenance." I saw, sir, that intemperance was the curse of the land, the shame of our people, the blot of our churches, and the chief source of crime in our midst; that it was the cause of two-thirds of all the poverty, wretchedness, and immorality of the country; that it was overpowering, degrading, and destroying thousands of our people; that it was filling our hospitals with the diseased, our prisons with criminals, our asylums with the insane, and supplying our scaffolds with the unhappy victims of death. I saw that in various forms it was the great enemy, the deadly foe of my fellow-man, leading him to the pinings of want, to the loss of property, to the torments of conscience, to the dishonour of character, to the repudiation of society, to a premature grave, and to the wrath and curse of God in the world of retribution; and under a sense of the most urgent obligation, I concluded that, from the instincts of humanity, the dictates of reason, and the principles of religion, it was expedient to abstain. I am persuaded, sir, that the more fully the principles of this noble enterprise are examined and understood, the more highly will they be estimated, and individuals and churches will rally around the standard we unfurl. None can rightly understand its designs and despise them. None can rightly estimate its benefits and withhold their sympathy. None can witness its achievements and not wish it God speed. It is an instrumentality feeble in itself, but under God the agent of a great moral reformation, made mighty to grapple with a more than herculean power with the strongholds of intemperance. Its past successes commend this enterprise to every lover of his kind, and the more it is examined by the unprejudiced mind, the more clearly do its simplicity and purity appear, producing its effects of happiness and blessing; turning abodes of wretchedness into homes of comfort; rescuing men from a bondage more servile than slavery; throwing around our rising youth a protection firm as a barrier of brass; and still, in spite of ridicule and opposition, going forward in its triumphant march of conquest, destined still to win its victories, bloodless but glorious, and eventually to remove the worst curse that ever rested upon humanity. Some years since, a young man was to be seen in a low tavern in New York, clothed in rags, deep sunk in degradation, the jester of fools, a con-

firmed drunkard. In spite of early religious instructions and a mother's prayers, habits of intemperance had grown upon him, the quenchless thirst had been engendered, and loathed by society, he was a wretched, debased inebriate. Sometimes there were lucid intervals, and the voice of conscience and the strugglings of his better nature reminded him of the past and of his degradation; then there were agonies of remorse, in which he would meditate self-destruction, and the phial containing the deadly draught chattered against his teeth. That man was invited to join a temperance society. He resolved, he struggled against the foe that had held him; and what was the result? No sooner was the curse removed than you saw the coruscations of genius and the bright flashings of intellect. He became the champion of the cause by which he was rescued, and for years advocated it with an eloquence of force and feeling of surpassing brilliancy and power; an eloquence which, in the thrilling, melting tones of its pathos, and the thunder of its appeal, has been overwhelming to the vast audiences of Britain and America, and has led thousands to sobriety and life. That man, sir, is an example of the depth from which the temperance cause can rescue, and of the height to which it can raise. In his own beautiful words, "it sends its divers down amidst the foul waters of intemperance, and the dark rocks of oblivion, to bring up the bright and beautiful pearls which are hidden there." I need only mention the name of J. B. Gough. In all warfare it is important to understand the movements of the foe. What has intemperance done? Man is the noblest of all the great Creator's work. So graceful in his form, so perfect in his symmetry, so noble in his erect position. In the words of the great dramatist, "How infinite in faculties, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god." There is a glory resting on his brow, there is an immortality moving in his breast, there is a sceptre wielded in his grasp. But intemperance robs him of his glory, effaces the image of his Maker, wrests the sceptre from his hand, and prostrates him in shame and ruin. It destroys him. Says Lord Bacon, "All the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race as drunkenness." *Physically*, it prostrates every faculty, engenders almost every disease, undermines the constitution, palsies his whole system, and by the pathway of debility or tormenting pain leads him to the grave. *Mentally*, it dethrones his reason, destroys his conscience, quenches the fire of genius, and, throwing the intellect off its balance, leaves him the victim of delirium, or idiocy, or madness. *Morally*, it is the shipwreck of his chastity, and destroying all that is high and noble, generous and pure in the affections of the heart, it leaves him in the lowest degradation, a foul excrescence of humanity. *Spiritually*, it hurries him away shrieking and unsaved to a lost futurity, an eternity of hopeless agony and despair. When you think of the soul, of the vastness of its powers, of the price by which it was redeemed, of the concern pervading the intelligent universe for its salvation, and then of its limitless duration—that when the sun's last fire is quenched—that when the everlasting hills are moved as a cottage—that when the great white throne is fixed—that when the retributions of eternity are announced, and years have passed away as many as the stars of the spangled night or the dew-pearls of the vernal morn, as many as the drops of the boundless main, or the sands which form its strand—years innumerable, endless—it will still be living on, not one power impaired, not one capacity destroyed, not one principle of its immortality decayed—on, on for ever—you can form some estimate of its mysterious worth, and of the evil of this terrible vice as it compasses its destruction and loss. Drunkenness has done all this, and is doing it now; and I hold, that it becomes our duty as ministers of Christ, your duty as members of His church, the duty of every philanthropist, of every moralist, of every patriot, aye, of every individual who boasts himself a possessor of the finer, the nobler instincts of our common humanity, to stand forth in one mighty phalanx of opposition against an agency so fraught with

sorrow, and infamy, and death. Whence do these drunkards come? these debased ones, shunned by society and loathed by all around—whence do they come? They come from our rising youth, from homes of intelligence, from the firesides of Christian families, from the ranks of talent and influence, as well as from the abodes of ignorance and vice. That degraded man, swept out with the filth of the dram-shop, fallen beneath the level of the brute, with eyes so bleared and face so bloated, and with a nose so swollen and pimpled that, as Professor Wilson once said, "You'd suffer an insult rather than pull it"—that was once a ruddy bright-eyed boy, with dimpled cheek and ruby lips and pearly teeth—the pride of his father and the joy and hope of his mother. But, alas! he has fallen beneath the influences of that monster, "the worm of the still," a serpent more deadly than the cobra of India or the poisonous snake of Australia, and scarcely less fatal than the old Serpent himself. That fallen woman, whose life is a curse and a shame, whom drink has made "such a thing that the vilest wretch turns from her in disgust," and who seeks death as a refuge from her woe—

"Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled,
Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world."

that was once a fair young girl, virtuous and happy; but drink has proved her ruin. Whence do they come? Why, sir, they come from the children of our homes, from the hope of our churches, and from the promise of these fair Australian lands. O! sir, as I have witnessed the results of strong drink; as I have knelt beside the felon in his cell; as I have stood beside the manslayer on the scaffold; as I have gazed upon the suicide who in a paroxysm of intemperance had nearly severed his head from his body, and as these very hands were sprinkled with his reeking blood, I have prayed that God would save our rising youth from this dark and destructive vice. How are drunkards made? This vice is undoubtedly perpetuated by the drinking customs of society; if these ceased, it would pass away with the present generation of drunkards. These fallen ones were all to be found first in the ranks of moderate drinkers. What is moderation? It is to be found somewhere between the glass and the barrel, but who can draw the line? Moderation in one would be excess in another. "Surely you can carry off one glass," said a lady to Dr. Johnson. "No, madam," he replied; "it would carry me off." A stipendiary magistrate in South Australia once told me that while, before the penalty could be inflicted, it was necessary the witness should state that the man was drunk, it was with the utmost difficulty he could bring this about. "Was he drunk?" "I couldn't say he was drunk, your worship; he was lying all at length, and feeling upward for the ground." The steps from moderate drinking to intemperance are easy, and almost imperceptible. There are so many occasions for indulging—if you are weak; if you feel depressed; if you are wet, to prevent a chill; if you are dry, to moisten the stiffening clay; if you are suffering from indigestion, to correct the stomach; if offered by a friend, because it is not polite to refuse; a little in company, not to be singular. A London caricature represents a man saying, "I never drink unless I get my feet wet." There he was, sitting with a good stiff glass, and his feet in a small tub of water. Moderate drinking has been compared to a voyage, which commences with pleasure, but which may terminate in disaster. See that mariner: he has launched his bark, he has commenced his voyage. The bright, blue sky is overhead, the rippling waves dance around, and on sweetly he glides. Everything seems propitious, and leaving her silvery wake, his boat skims the blue billow, and skips away over the buoyant waters like a thing of life. 'Tis a voyage of pleasure. The landscape is yet in view reclining behind him; sea-birds on airy wing float past; the wind is fair; he hoists more sail to catch the breeze; the last reef is shaken out, and—

"Away she bounds, like deer from hounds,
The fairy of the sea."

All at once, a strange feeling creeps over him. What was that unnatural vibration? The thought of insidious currents flashes upon his mind. Already he has entered them. He is sweeping the circles of a whirlpool. He is within the verge of the Maelstrom. What can be done? The sail flaps against the mast, there is no breeze to carry him out, and the helm is useless. See him—he is pale, he is horror-stricken with affright! What can be done? On sweeps the quivering bark; “the circle lessens—the very surface slopes.” See! it is but a moment; the frail bark like a shell is tossed upon the dark heaving centre, and as the shriek of the mariner rises upon the moaning wind, it is gone—gone for ever. Young men, God help you—never commence that voyage. Keep out of the circles of that treacherous whirlpool, and you can never be swallowed up in its mighty roaring vortex. I have already exceeded my allotted time, and must not detain you longer. Much could be said on the evils and inconsistencies of the present Licensing Law, and on behalf of a Permissive Bill; and much could be said too of the advantages which are resulting from the closing of public-houses on the Lord’s Day. Efforts will be made to deprive us of these advantages, but let our stand be firm and decided. I am sure I express the sentiments of 70,000 Wesleyans in Victoria when I say—Let every public-house in the land be closed throughout the entire twenty-four hours of the Sabbath Day. Will you permit me, sir, to conclude these remarks in the beautiful words of a temperance advocate, Paul Denton, of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America. Addressing his hearers, he would pour out a glass of the bright, sparkling fluid, and holding it up before them he would say:—“This is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for His children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with sickening odours, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life—the pure, cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the children love to play—there He brews it; and down, low down in the deep valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing; and high upon the mountain tops, where the grey granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods and the rolling thunders crash—and away far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls the music, and the big waves roll the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there He brews it, this beverage of life, this health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty—gleaming in the dew-drop—singing in the summer rain—shining in the ice-gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels—spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon—sporting in the cataract—sleeping in the glacier—dancing in the hail-shower—folding its bright snow-curtains softly about the wintry world—and weaving the many-coloured iris, that seraph’s zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all chequered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful, this blessed life-water. No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings no madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep no burning tears in its depths; no drunkard’s shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair. Speak out, my friends, will you give it up for alcohol?”

The 1st and 4th verses of the hymn—“Bid me of men beware,” were read by the Rev. R. C. Flockart, and sung by the choir—tune, “Cambridge.”

The Chairman said the mover of the next resolution would be

The Rev. W. KELYNACK, of Sydney, who said—Sir, I rise with much satisfaction to take part in this meeting. The objects at which Temperance Associations aim have long since commanded the allegiance of my understanding, and secured the loyalty of my heart. That a mighty change has taken place in public sentiment within the past few years on the great question of temperance reform is a fact as pleasing as it is patent. There was a time—and that not so won-

drously remote—when even the pulpit looked upon it askance, when the press was almost silent upon its claims, and when temperance advocates were looked upon as very well-meaning but very weak-minded men, whose presence was as unwelcome as that of a ghost at a wedding, and whose perpetual prating on the one worn and thread-bare theme was felt to be as irritating as a perpetual blister. But that period is passing away. Men of all ranks, of all professions, and of every creed, are now found to emulate one another in building up its interests. The power of a right principle has fermented in public sentiment with such rapidity and force, that now the utterances of statesmen in their legislative halls, the echoes of judicial wisdom and warning that reach us from the judgment-seat, the voice of strong condemnation and bitter sorrow that rings out from every section of the clergy—all combine to pronounce intemperance one of the greatest enemies to happiness, to morality, to religion, with which our nature has to deal; and that to limit the ravages of this terrible curse, and ultimately to crush it out of existence, is an object well worthy the combined action and the best efforts of every well-wisher of his kind. That so much has been gained is matter for congratulation. And although much still remains to be done, yet, as one who in some humble measure has watched, and waited, and wrought, in the grey twilight of the early dawn, for the good time coming, I do rejoice, and will rejoice, that temperance principles are thus asserting themselves, that the cause of sobriety and order is thus rallying around it the intelligence and the character of the age, and that at this moment the promise of our cause is like that of the morning spread upon the mountains, which will certainly broaden and brighten into the splendour of the perfect day. I rejoice, Mr. Chairman, in the many organisations that exist for dealing with the gigantic evil of intemperance. We have those among us who are labouring for the purification of the licensing laws, and we go with them with heart and hand, for we cannot but regard some features of the existing law as a blot upon our statute-book, and a disgrace to our civilisation. If the system is to be tolerated, we would have the Bill that regulates its operations more in the interests of the public, and less in the interests of the publican. If the evil is to continue, we would say to it in effect—We will draw your teeth, and pare your claws, and put a muzzle on you, and tether you up in your den with a very short chain; so that those who are small-witted enough to wander within your reach shall receive as little harm as possible. I say then, sir, that I go most heartily with those who are labouring for the purification of the licensing laws, and so deal with the tempters. Then there are the societies which aim at the reformation of the drunkard, and thus deal with the tempted. And a noble work these have accomplished. They have lifted the fallen from the mire, and brought deliverance to them that were ready to perish. And however some may smile at that earnestness which runs in one groove and harps on one string, and sneeringly say that they are but men of one eye and one idea, I say, sir, commend me to these men of one idea, when, as in this case, it is the idea of morality against vice, of sobriety against debauch, of happiness against misery. But much as I rejoice in the operations of our temperance societies, we cannot blind our eyes to the fact that, despite their utmost efforts, multitudes pursue their troubled course to the bitter end. Then we have the advocates of the Permissive Bill, that seek to remove the evil by removing the temptations to its indulgence. I am one of those, sir, who think that this is both a just and politic measure. In seeking for this measure, we do not contemplate anything revolutionary or coercive. But we say—Here is a system that degrades the individual, that destroys the home, that saps the purity of our social life, and that is fostered by our existing law; and what we propose is, to transfer this matter for the present to the parliament of free speech. We do not want to secure any law that has not its origin in the convictions, and that is not demanded by the voice of the people. We do not seek to wrench

a triumph from reluctant hands. But this we do propose: we propose to teach, to argue, to discuss this great question of the drink traffic, before the people, until we have convinced them that the evils are so great as to demand abolition. We propose to use in this crusade the only legitimate weapons—indisputable facts, clear arguments, stated and re-stated in every variety of form. We propose, in a word, to agitate, agitate, agitate, until we have gained the object, not of a few dreamers who are haunted with the visions of a disordered brain, not of a few enthusiasts who build up an Utopia in their fancy which can never be translated into fact, not of a few despots who would rule others by the tyranny of their own wild demands. But we propose to agitate until a free people, educated in this matter to see their duty and to do it, shall secure by statute the power to say, in any given district where a two-thirds majority are wishful to avail themselves of its provisions, not that they will have ten, or five, or two public-houses, or even one, but that they will abolish the common sale of intoxicating drinks altogether. Then there are the Juvenile Temperance Associations, which propose to deal with the matter in another way, and beyond all doubt or dispute a most wise and effective way. This movement maps out its work among the youth of our land. It announces its mission to be the preservation of the young from that evil which, by its commonness and witchery, is such a standing menace to their virtue and well-being. Its supporters say, in effect, we will work for the purification of the licensing law, and will labour to secure it; we will bid God-speed to all who struggle to save the drunkard, and will give them a helping hand; we will give our assistance to secure a law that will shut up the pest-houses in which so many have drunk and died. But in addition thereto, we will see to it that our youth are trained in the principles and habits of temperance, and, so far as we have the power, we will build up a race strong in the habits of sobriety and rich in all the blessings that sobriety brings in its train. Now, sir, this is a noble idea, and is well worthy of being translated into a noble reality. If we can but succeed in this project, or if we can go far in the task of its achievement, we shall deal an effective blow to the drink-traffic, and shall bless the land. The torrent of vice would not then be so impetuous. The prevalence of crime would not be so common. The ranks of our paupers would be thinned. The inmates of our gaols would be lessened. The number of our destitute children would be fewer. The angel of death and desolation that has hovered in our midst so long, smiting so many hearts and shadowing so many homes, until almost every family may be said to mourn for the beating of his pinion and the poison of his dart, would then hide in obscure places; and in his stead the angel of light, of life, of blessing, would thrill our hearts with gladness, and fill our habitations with peace. And, sir, how many are the arguments that urge this duty upon our earnest attention. Look at the number of public-houses. They gape at almost every street corner, and, like so many whirlpools, seek to draw both young and old into a vortex of destruction. Look at the attractions which they employ, attractions which serve but to mask the face of a sorceress whose enchantments lead down to hell. The bar is all ablaze with brilliance. And then there is the free-and-easy, with its songs comic and sentimental; and the bagatelle-board and the billiard-table, where many learn their first lessons in gambling and take their first steps to ruin; and the gay saloon, where youth and maiden commence a gallop of pleasure that ends in wantonness and infamy. Now, I say these things seriously jeopardise the safety of our youth, and constitute a danger which only the utmost watchfulness and care can guard against. Let no one say we are magnifying a danger which is for the most part imaginary. No; it is real, intensely real. Let no one say, "I will leave my child until he has risen to an age when he can deliberate and decide for himself." Do we not know that principles early instilled, habits early formed, have framed a robustness of character that was the better fitted to

cope with the temptations of life, furnished a moral harness which the shafts of the archer could not easily pierce?

"The pebble in the streamlet scant
Hath turned the course of many a river,
The dewdrop on the baby plant
Hath warped the giant oak for ever."

And we must have learned the lessons of our streets to little purpose, and marked the phases of our social life with a dull eye, and with a yet duller mind, if we have not arrived at the conviction that the number of temptations to intemperance which surround our youth demand and deserve our most serious attention, that we may shield them from their insidiousness and power. Further, the mischief that has been already wrought among many of our youth adds to the impressiveness of the argument. Many a youth that was once his father's hope, his mother's pride, has through drink bowed their heads in shame, and wrung their hearts with agony. Many a maiden has been shorn of all that was gentle and womanly by drink, and in their stead it has given her a face of brass and a heart of fire. And sometimes the Sunday-school teacher finds that the labour of years has been smitten and blighted by the plague and pestilence of drink. Not all at once was the evil wrought. Like the night-moth they played around the flame, attracted by its brightness, but at length it burned their wings. Gradually they came under that influence which has proved so fatal to their welfare, until they found themselves caught in the meshes of successive indulgence as in a net. There they are, meeting us in the several walks of life, some of them broken in body, broken in mind, broken in morals; the disgrace of their friends, the disgust of themselves; dragging out a wounded life in shame and sorrow, and almost longing to find a refuge in the quiet grave. Sir, I know not how others feel, but when occasionally I meet with cases like to these, they fill me with a palpitating fear for my own children. I have vowed that if eare and zeal to keep them from this evil can keep them, they shall be kept. And for myself I would say, that sooner than bear the load of a calamity so crushing as that involved in my children's overthrow by drink, I would be content to consign them all to an early tomb, and pursue a solitary path through life; for then, at least, I could live upon the pleasures of memory, and cherish the pleasures of hope. Again, sir, there is a political aspect of the question which commends this movement to our regard. From what we have already said, it will be evident that whoever may think the temperance cause a very narrow, petty, sentimental enterprise, which is repudiated by manly and practical intellect and common sense, we do not. On the contrary, we regard it as one of the weightiest, broadest, most momentous, that a citizen under democratic institutions can contemplate—especially under democratic institutions in a country like ours. The Anglo-Saxon race is a drinking race. As a people we crave the material stimulus that shall wake up and hurry the currents of the blood. We live fast, and seek to recruit our jaded powers by the nervous excitements of the bottle. Our means are ample, and the facilities for gratifying the craving for drink abundant. And yet, with this weakness and the means at our command for its indulgence,—with the heavy working of democratic institutions resting on the basis of the people themselves, their sense, and virtue, and purpose, the only base upon which the great machine of government must be built—with these yawning gulfs on each side our national progress, there are men who set their faces against the temperance agitation, and bid us beware of taking up too much time with the narrow and petty interests which we assume to champion. Sir, I need not say to you that a drunken people were never the safe depositories of the power of self-government. Hurried on, the mere victims of demagogues, uncontrollable passion their temptation and their guide, we cannot safely trust the future to men who grope their way amid such evils and such weakness. I contend therefore that every man who desires the security of democratic institutions should see to it, first of

all, that every possible means be exhausted to secure, so far as human means can do so, a sober people. This done, manhood suffrage and the ballot-box will be a power for good and not for evil. But, sir, looking yet higher, it is because I see in this movement the promise of a great moral revolution that will raise us to a higher level of public life, that I give it my adhesion and advocacy. One great impediment to the growth of religious sentiment and religious life around us, is the shade of this deadly upas—drink. But if we can remove this hindrance out of the way, we shall succeed in purifying the morals of the people, and shall thus prepare the way for leavening them with the influence of religion. No one will deny that there is ample room for improvement in the matter of public morality. Rich enough we are in material riches. We have treasures in our most barren hills: we have waving harvests on our uplands; we have flocks that yield the golden fleece, and herds that will yet supply the markets of the world. So far there is much to waken a high satisfaction. But these things can never make a great nation: that comes from character. And as one who most truly loves this land, and who humbly but earnestly labours for its honour, I would ring out in the ear of every man this cry, that we must purge out the evils that are now our weakness and disgrace, and that we must shape our sentiments and our conduct by the law of a high morality, and quicken them by the life and power of religion, if our country is to become the home of freemen and the mother of a noble race. But I will hasten to a close. Yet, ere I sit down, let me press the matter at which we aim upon the consciences and hearts of this assembly. I would that I could condense into one burning appeal the emphasis of feeling of which my own heart is full on this great question. I would I could select and seize some sharp incisive words that would cut right into your tenderest sensibilities, and stir you to instant and hearty effort. But I must trust to the gravity of my cause to give effect to the weakness of my endeavour. Standing then in view of the tens of thousands of our children on the one hand, and the dire evils by which their safety is endangered on the other. I implore you to save them from the ruin that threatens, more terrible than death. Think of what drink has done—how it has shrouded the brightest hopes, crippled the noblest powers, shattered the intellect, broken the heart, bereaved the home, prepared the sepulchre, withered all the blossoms of this life, and bartered all the blessings of the next. Think of what temperance will do; and then, placing your hand upon its altar, pledge yourself to the uttermost to extend its sway. Motives are not wanting that should rouse you to the highest ambition in a cause so well deserving of your zeal. Let not their voice be disregarded. I speak to every parent, to every Sabbath-school teacher, to every minister of the gospel, and, I say, let us strive to the uttermost to save the children. There is a loud call to the effort. I plead the number of their temptations, which, alas, are so subtle and so strong. I plead the inexperience of their youth, which in the trust of its simple credulity renders them so liable to become the victims of a misplaced confidence. I plead the wreck of so many that have already gone down in the sweltering waves of early dissipation. I plead the claims of social sobriety, which now are so outraged by excess; and the honour and stability of the commonwealth, which are now so seriously compromised and endangered. I plead in the sacred name of religion, that is so sadly hindered in its beneficent progress, that it may advance with swifter step to the glory of greater and wider conquests. Lastly, I plead for His sake, who, in the days of His flesh, yearned over the children, and who from His throne in heaven still echoes the cry which fell from His lips while on earth—"Suffer the little ones to come unto Me." And thus, urged by every consideration of reason, of humanity, and of religion, I trust that we shall join to-night in solemn league and covenant to defeat the stratagems of the evil of drink, and to save the children.

Rev. W. J. WATKIN said:—I am a barbarian. I come from the land of blood and the land of shame. I represent New Zealand, and can tell of the baneful effects of intoxicating drinks upon the natives of New Zealand. They used to dislike even the smell of liquor, and showed their disgust by the name they gave to it, viz., stinking water; but they have adopted the white man's social habit—they drink to excess, and, consequently, to their own degradation. They have learnt to swear too. The resolution recognises the presence of a terrible evil in the land. You have had some fearful pictures drawn before you to-night, limned, as it were, in fire; but they were true. You know, you have seen, the facts of life that have been represented here so vividly to-night. I saw in your town of Melbourne three men who had been conforming to your "social habits" going up the street, and they were very loving to one another. But by-and-by one will say, "This is white;" another will say, "No, it is black," and to prove it, hits his friend on the eye and makes it black. I once dined with a gentleman who gave me a very good dinner. He pressed me to take beer. I took some, but going down the street soon after, I lost my dinner. So much for social habits. The effects of our social habits are debt, confusion, and misery. And we may look out from our own land and learn the devastation that has been wrought in the world by intoxicating drinks. We might visit some old sachem of a red Indian tribe, sitting by the banks of a river; and asking him of his people, he could tell a sad tale of their ruin and destruction through the use of that firewater which had been introduced among them by the white man; and when he had recited the story, he would cover his head in his wretched blanket, and, though he would not weep, yet you could perceive the emotion that was heaving his frame as he thought of his degradation and of the ruin of his people. And now about these social habits. We see some strange exhibitions of friendship on the part of those who are under the influence of drink; but too often we know that violence prevails, and many a savage blow is struck in evidence of this social habit. It seems a strange thing that when men meet, they must show their goodwill by drinking together. Why should they not go to a fruiterer's and indulge in a pineapple, instead of some pineapple rum? or in place of wine, why not purchase some grapes and enjoy them? And another phase of these social habits:—There is some poor wretch who appears before the august presence of a justice of the peace, a legislator who has his cellar well filled, and is condemned by the irate gentleman for disturbing the public peace, by shouting in the excess of his animal spirits; while, if we could put especial inquiry, we should find that the gentleman had to be put to bed by his serving man. Which of these men is the more to be condemned? The remedy for the complicated ills that drunkenness induces is the simple one of total abstinence. We want legislation on the subject, and must have it; we'll make them do it. Election time approaches. A gentleman asks you for your vote. Say to him, "Sir, are you a teetotaller?" "What right have you to ask me if I am a teetotaller?" "What right have you to ask me for my vote?" That is the way we must do it; but we specially want personal devotion to this noble cause of reformation. I second the resolution.

The Rev. JOHN WATSFORD, ex-President of the Conference, formally supported the resolution, which was adopted by acclamation. The resolution read as follows:—"That while all suitable means should be used to deliver our country from the baneful influence of its social habits in relation to intoxicating drinks, this meeting is of opinion that total abstinence being a safe, simple, and effectual remedy, should commend itself to all who know the value and power of personal example."

The first and second verses of the hymn, "My God the spring"—tune, "Evan"—were read by the Rev. G. Daniel, and sung by the choir; after which Mr. JAMES, M.L.A., moved, and Mr. J. B. CREWS, M.L.A., seconded, a vote of thanks to the speakers.

The Hon. FRANCIS LONGMORE, in supporting the motion, referred to the subject of a Permissive Bill, which had been so frequently spoken of during the evening, and said that he believed such a measure would only be valuable under certain circumstances. They must as a community be prepared for it. No one desired such a measure carried through Parliament in its entirety more than he did, but he believed that unless the people were prepared for and educated up to it, it would be an evil rather than a good. They needed not to be told that the publicans had an immense influence in the community—an influence that could only be defeated and overcome by winning large accessions to the ranks of total abstinents. What was wanted was, not men satisfied to be pledged teetotallers only, but men earnest in the work of converting others to an adoption of total abstinence principles. He believed the demonstration of that evening would bear good fruit, and trusted that what had been so well and eloquently said would lead many then present to at once identify themselves with the temperance cause.

The motion having been put, was carried by acclamation, and the speakers were thanked in suitable terms by the Chairman.

The Rev. J. C. SYMONS, in moving a vote of thanks to the one hundred laymen who had promoted the meeting and undertook to defray the expenses, said that he trusted what had taken place that evening would not be without practical results. It was of comparatively little use talking unless they were prepared to act also. A great number of those before him were possessed of the franchise; and when the elections came on again, he thought they ought to sink all merely political considerations, have done with the questions of Free Trade and Protection, which had been a bone of contention for a long time past, and go straight in for the Permissive Bill, the securing of which would have such an important influence on both the moral and material interests of the colony, and only required a united effort.

Rev. J. A. NOLAN seconded the motion, which, having been carried by acclamation, was suitably responded to by Mr. JAMES CALLAGHAN on behalf of the committee, whose names are appended:

COMMITTEE.—*Wesley Church*—Dr. Phillips, Messrs. J. Callaghan, R. Hodgson, R. Callaghan, Osborne, Wray, Gray, and Cooper. *North Melbourne*—Messrs. John M'Cutcheon, S. G. King, Wm. Clarke, T. R. Andrews, LL.B., Wheeler, Fenton, Mountain, Downey, and Pearce. *Emerald Hill*—Messrs. Thomas Bee, Cleverdon, Gibson, Parry, Thomas Stead, Hiddlestone, Hannan, C. Kirk, and Josiah Stead. *Sandridge*—Mr. Lowe. *Carlton*—Messrs. Oakley, Grey, and J. Cowperthwaite. *West Melbourne*—Messrs. R. G. M'Cutcheon, W. Ellis, and Lormer. *Flemington*—Mr. Nichol. *Footscray*—Mr. Leake. *Brunswick-street*—Dr. Daniels, Councillor Grant, Messrs. Morcombe, Chamberlain, Hordern, Wills, E. Barrett, Phillips, Bullock, J. Robert, Miller, W. J. Galagher, Stone, Haynes, Ricketts, and J. F. Lewis. *Fitzroy-street*—Messrs. Orton, Hendy, T. Delbridge, jun., Hurst, and T. Brown. *Brunswick*—Messrs. Bedford, Straw, C. Burchett, and Kyle. *Northcote*—Councillor Bastings and Mr. South. *Coburg*—Messrs. G. B. Wilson and E. J. Stranger. *Sackville-street, Collingwood*—Messrs. Nettle-ship, Cantrill, and Sergeant Fenton. *East Melbourne*—Mr. Henry Cooke. *Wellington-street*—Messrs. Bullard and Wynne. *St. Kilda*—Councillor Crouch, J.P., Messrs. H. Beauchamp, J.P., and W. Forster. *Prahran*—Messrs. J. B. Crews, M.P., R. Nicholson, G. T. Geer, E. T. Clapham, W. H. Geer, Scott, D. Blanchard, and W. J. Lormer. *Richmond*—Messrs. Woods, Grierson, and Tod. *Hawthorn*—Messrs. B. D. Smith, Eades, and Biggs. *Hoddle-street*—Messrs. J. W. Evans, Hall, and Hendy. *Moorabbin*—Mr. Jamison. *Brighton*—Mr. Harbison. *Williamstown*—Captain M'Callum, J.P., Messrs. Murrell and Burridge. *Preston*—Mr. Green. *South Preston*—Mr. Hutton. *Greensborough*—Mr. Scotland. *Geelong*—Councillor Hunt. *Ballarat*—Mr. James, M.P.

A vote of thanks to Mr. Thomas Brown, who had very ably acted as secretary to the committee, was proposed by Mr. H. BEAUCHAMP, seconded by Mr. T. J. CROUCH, and carried by acclamation.

Mr. BROWN, in responding, referred to the probability of the formation of a Wesleyan Central Temperance Society, with a view to secure increased interest and more unity of action on the part of the church in relation to the great question of temperance.

A well-merited vote of thanks was then accorded to the reverend Chairman, on the motion of Mr. Richard Hodgson, seconded by Mr. John M'Cutcheon; and the same having been acknowledged, the united choir sang the first verse of the National Anthem, after which the benediction was pronounced, and the meeting separated.