

might be sure of conquering the devil himself. The drunkenness created by the infernal liquor dens which plague-spot the whole of this huge city is appalling. No, I did not speak in haste or let slip a hasty word; many of the drink-houses are nothing less than infernal; in some respects they are worse, for hell has its uses as a divine protest against sin, but, as for the gin palace, there is nothing to be said in its favor. The vices of the age cause three-fourths of the poverty. If you could look at the homes to-night, the wretched homes where women will tremble at the sound of their husband's foot as he comes home, where little children will crouch down with fear, upon their little heap of straw, because the human brute who calls himself "a man" will come reeling home from the place where he has been indulging his appetites—it you could look at such a sight and remember it will be seen ten thousand times over to-night, I think you would say, "God help us by all means to save some." Since the great axe to lay at the root of this deadly upas tree is the Gospel of Christ, may God help us to hold that axe there, and to work constantly with it till the huge trunk of the poison tree begins to rock to and fro, and we get it down, and London is saved from the wretchedness and misery which now drips from every bough.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

TO THE RULERS OF OUR LAND.

We come to you with a direct appeal, ye men that control our country, ye men to whom the law has confided the power of giving licenses for the selling of the soul and body destroyer—alcoholic spirits, ye men of our fair city, to you we must look for help from this self-destroying curse. You are aware that at this very hour more prayers are ascending to our common Father and our God that this tide of evil, which bids fair to engulf us, be stayed.

The nation to-day is moved with fear. Never was the question of intemperance and prohibition so upon the heart of our great country. The nation demands of you, O ye rulers of our land, that you put forth your helping hand to strengthen the people in this their hour of dire distress. Strengthen us, we beg of you, by doing your duty fearlessly and firmly. You are now sustained by public sentiment. Your official authority may be felt and now made irresistible. Remember then, ye men in authority, that High Heaven demands of you this aid which it sought to hedge in, and forever frustrate this hellish power that would consign its millions to eternal death. And as you would maintain a conscience void of offence, and give to our God a joyful account of your stewardship, be faithful to the trust committed to you.

Through you, ye men of the law, and our common destiny, through you let the violated law speak forth; let righteousness and peace become the fixedness of our purpose. And now let me appeal to you once more, ye venerable and honorable men of our nation, occupying seats in our halls of legislation, will you not put forth your strong arm against the onward march of the nation's curse? Will you sit still longer? Will you behold, unmoved, the march of this mighty evil, and not let your voice be heard in the Senate and representative halls? You have the aid of an enlightened public; and now by your united effort you possess a power never before known. You can aid, by your example, in giving health and strength to public sentiment, and to you we do look for aid on the side of this great and good cause; and will you not, by wise legislation, put the everlasting seal of doom upon the curse of intemperance? You can save us by your wisdom and firm determination. Save us our country, ye men of standing that now fill our halls of legislature, as, in duty bound, we will ever pray. *Christian Home*

Temperance Boiled Down.

From the Morning and Day of Reform.

The city of Albany, the capital of the Empire State, boasts of a saloon for every 25 voters.

The *North-western Christian Advocate* says "nobody but the devil has more friends than has whisky."

Newbern, Tenn., has a law that imposes a fine of not less than \$25 or more than \$50 on any person who goes into a saloon on Sunday.

The *Philadelphia News* says: "An \$8,000 saloon is being fitted up at San Antonio, Texas, and the \$300 church is being enlarged and whitewashed."

Mrs. Lathrop, of Michigan, says that some men pray in this sense: "Oh Lord, help the temperance cause if it will not hurt our party."

Olympia, W. T., has a temperance mayor and a no-license city council. This is said to be the first fruit of woman's ballot in that territory.

Iowa will have a "glorious Fourth" next Independence Day, as at that date the prohibitory law enacted March 4th will take effect.

All license miseducates the people and makes the State a partner in rum's nefarious gains. High license gildes the rum-shop with legal sanction, and converts the gin-hole into a gin-palace.

Rev. Geo. H. Vibbert is the author of the statement that the drunken superintendent of a blast furnace in the vicinity of Rochester, allowed the fires to go out while on a spree, costing the owners \$40,000.

Bishop Curham, in a recent address before the Church of England Temperance Society, is reported as saying. "Of 40,000 habitual drunkards they were told that at least 11,000 were women."

Katie McDonnell, a trim young Irish nurse-maid in New York, was shot and killed recently by Dennis Hennelly, a drunken sweet-heart, whom she refused to marry on account of his intemperance.

A gentleman in conversation the other day said that temperance men were poor and rather stingy withal. "They don't put out their money as the rumseller does his." "No," replied another, "they don't get it as he does, either."

A policeman recently arrested a man in Guadalajara, Mexico, for murder. The prisoner offered no resistance, but politely invited the officer to drink. He did so and immediately fell over dead. The wine had been poisoned.

The *San Francisco Journal of Freedom*, liquor organ, discerns the sign of the times and says: "It is evident that we are entering upon a period of agitation and controversy on this subject more exciting than has ever yet been seen."

Dr. Dorchester says that 1885 will witness the completion of a hundred years of temperance work. A correspondent suggests that it ought to have its centennial celebration in every pulpit and from every platform in the land. Why not?

Dr. B. W. Richardson, the eminent scientist, in addressing a recent meeting in London, said that "the temperance cause will never win its way until all the women in the kingdom, and throughout the civilized world, are embarked in the enterprise of temperance."

An old negro at Weldon, North Carolina, at a recent lecture said: "When I sees a man going home with a gallon of whisky and half a pound of meat, dat's temperance lecture enuff for me, and I sees it every day! I knows that ebry ting in his home is on the same scale—gallon of misery to ebry half-pound of comfort."

The health-giving Rochester lager beer factories pump their delicious narcotics, with the exception of the other poisons, from the classical Genessee. The sewers of this city of 100,000 souls empty themselves into this stream above. Thus does the thirst of its inhabitants tend to disinfect what otherwise might be fatal to the inhabitants of Charlotte.

At Columbus, Ind., it was discovered that a Mrs. Jordan had been confined for a week, and that she and her babe were almost dead of starvation. Her drunken brute of a husband had provided nothing but parched corn, and her bed clothing had not been changed since her confinement. Yet we are told that whisky only hurts those who drink it.—*Monitor Journal.*

Who shall criticise the lawless classes of New York City when two hundred and fifty police authorities and policemen sit down at