

dastardly murder. The time draws nigh for its accomplishment, his courage fails him, he cannot do it alone; he seeks an ally; does he find help? aye, readily in the form of alcohol; he is no longer a man, his moral reason has fled, he becomes a demon through false courage, and thus at the hour of midnight, through your agency, he does what man alone could not, dare not.

Why an All-wise Being allows these things is beyond our conception, neither dare we question His authority; yet, may we not presume to think that it is to shew us what frail creatures we are when left unprotected, and unsupported by His Almighty Hand. You say these are imaginations; 'tis false; they are every day occurrences, soul-stirring facts that should kindle a flame in the breast of every man and woman, and I defy you, in the face of heaven, to show one single instance where strong drink has ever elevated man, woman, or child, either morally, physically, or socially. But on the contrary you can find where it has brought millions to a premature grave, to misery and woe, and to eternal destruction.

You may visit all portions of the globe and you will find traces of the wreck and ruin that you have caused; go visit large cities and towns; behold your work there. Go into the back slums and visit the abodes of habitual drunkards; look upon the poverty, the filth, the blasphemy—no brush can paint, no pen can portray it; it would beggar description, it would change the countenance of an angel of God. Then think upon the luxurious home that you are feasting in, that home has been purchased by you at a fearful price—men and women's immortal souls. Think of countless numbers of homeless wanderers, as the earth spreads her mantle of darkness, throwing themselves upon the cold cold ground, a stone for their pillow, the canopy of heaven for a coverlid; think you no one sees them, or knows the cause of their misery? Yes, there is a God above who does not allow a sparrow to fall to the ground without His consent; He watches over them, He knows

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