talent, men who once thought that nothing could deprive them of their talents or their wealth. What will strong drink not do? We see what it has done for some of the nobles of the land, brought them, step by step, from the palace to the poor house, and those who once enjoyed every luxury that wealth could obtain, have now to subsist upon the charity of others-exclused from all society, forsaken by their wealthy connections, despised by those who once cultivated their acquaintance—they are left to drag out the remaining days of their life until it shall please the Master to call them home, when their last resting place is found in a pauper's grave. Go into the cell of the condemned murderer, and look upon him as he sits in that dismal place. Look upon his careworn brow his sunken eyes, his hollow cheeks. Listen to the clank of the chain with which he is bound. awaiting the day that he pays the penalty of his crime upon the scaffold. Ask him what has placed him in that postion? In nine cases out of ten the answer will be "drink." Fellow traveller to eternity, can you look upon such scenes as these, and not allow one spark of human sympathy to pierce your heart, or shed one tear of sorrow for that poor soul who was once a bright and noble youth.

Go into the Lunatic Asylum, and gaze upon the poor unfortunate beings who have been deprived of their reason through strong drink. Look upon them as they rave in frantic madness. Listen to their piercing shricks and their blasphemy. Hear them as they curse their God, their friends, and their homes. Look at the violence that has in many instances to be used to keep them in subjection. Oh God! is it not heartrending, Should such scenes be permitted in a Christian land? Oh man! thou art the cause of these dire calamities; be aware, there are dark and dismal clouds gathering over you, there is a Judge sitting upon the Throne whose sentence is irrevoc-

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