black and lowering clouds, illuminated only by the lightning's vivid flash, while hoarse thunders reverberate over the wide and desolate waste. Eugulphed in this dreary ocean, the wretched drunkard is buffeted hither and thither at the mercy of its angry waves, now tossed on jagged rocks bruised and bleeding-then eugulphed in raging whirlpools to suffocating depths; anon, like the worthless weed, cast high into the darkened heavens, only to fall again and be tossed about on water which cannot rest. We wish to rescue him, but while the cause of his misery is nourished in our churches, we feel that we have small prospect of success. It becomes us, therefore, fearlessly to expose the iniquity of the hydra-headed monster; too long have we dealt calmly with this subject, we have minced the matter, times without number, from the apprehension that bold and maked truth might offend some of our own friends. But the sacrifice is too great, immortal souls are at stake, and we have determined to use a vulgar phrase, to take the "bull by the horns," and with your assistance we liope soon to see the last grog-shop swept from off our fair land, the last distillery fire put out, and we shall then raise the joyful shout of "glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will among men."