

keg what he supposed to be rum, and served it out to the men, but to their disgust, it proved to be molasses water slightly flavored with rum. The Steward of the vessel was a drinking man, and had been constantly drawing the rum, and substituting molasses water, until the contents of the keg was nothing but a discoloured fluid. One of the crew who was a great blasphemer used terrible language towards him for cheating the men out of their drink of rum. I can never forget the language of that poor unfortunate man, who thought more of the rum than he did of his soul; or ever can I forget the piercing cry, the day following, as he fell from the fore-yard into the seething ocean, there to remain until the sea gives up her dead. What must have been the feeling of the Steward when he realized that through his love for rum, a human soul had been summoned before his Maker, with curses upon his tongue.

I have stated that all classes suffer from this evil, and may I not ask this question; are we not, as a civilized christian nation throwing ourselves open to reproach, by those whom we are seeking to enlighten? We have noble men and women, who have left their homes of comfort and luxury, who have gone into far distant lands, to enlighten those who are yet in darkness, yea, there are those who have laid down their lives; who have been subject to terrible tortures, both by the uncivilized tribes, and the racking pains of the most tropical fevers. We have Home Missions, that are constantly distributing the Word of God among the benighted heathen, and we have ministers of the Gospel, who are preaching what they are not practicing; for it is a well-known conclusion, that there are those who occupy the sacred desk upon the Sabbath, that are under the influence of liquor during the week, and actually drinking with those who are looking up to them as their Spiritual advisors. It is but a few years ago that a congregation were assembled in their church upon the Grand Lake, and awaiting their clergyman, who was to hold divine worship that evening; they waited in vain, and as he did not make his appearance, some of the congregation made the suggestion that it would be wise to go in search of him; they did so, and after a short time returned with the information that he was lying dead in a coal wagon. It was a sad blow to those who were his friends, and many tears of sympathy were shed for his wife and little ones, who were so early bereft of their earthly protector; but the sorrow was of short duration, as those who went to convey his remains to his home, found that life was not extinct, and that the fumes from his breath were those of alcohol—which proved that he was only dead drunk.

We have the Women's Christian Temperance Union, who are seeking to raise up the fallen; to arrest the erring ones in their downward course, and sowing the good seed broadcast, that shall be gathered when the Reaper thrusts in his sickle. We have the King's Daughters who visit the sick and the afflicted, and pour out the balm of sympathy upon those who need a