

born Scandinavians are in the United States. Over four thousand are reported in our Canadian census of 1881, of whom one-third are in Ontario. Their religious movements have therefore a direct interest for us. It is right to say that the supporters of the established Lutheran Church lay charges against the Separatists of Socinianism, loose views on the atonement, want of unity, etc. These statements may not be false, early Christianity rested under similar imputations, so did all reformers of existing abuses, and *earned them too*, for human nature is not perfection.

"Great truths are dearly bought. Not found by chance,  
Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream;  
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,  
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream."

God leads through Sinai's wilderness and many temptations from Egypt to His Canaan home.

What some of our scientific men call "the religious instinct," in Scripture language "thirsting for God" is a solemn fact and "will not down." Man cannot live by bread alone, and finds no rest in life (he may find the stupor of death) until he rests in Christ and God. This restlessness among our Scandinavian friends is another testimony to that truth, and your restlessness too, my reader, is akin thereunto. Opiates drug the sensibilities for a season by deadening the nerves, but reaction comes—forms may deceive us and lead us to cry peace when peace is not; but the awakening is terrible. Where shall rest be found?

"For ever here my rest shall be. Close to thy bleeding side,  
This all my hope, this all my plea, for me my Saviour died."

Our brethren in Scandinavia are seeking that rest, we have it in our midst. God forbid that we should be indifferent to the struggles of those who need the rest, or that any of us by unbelief should come short of it!

### THE DRINK QUESTION.

Some years ago a lady was in the habit of writing to the *New York Ledger* on the subject of "Teinperance." Her writings exhibited such intensity of feeling that she was called a fanatic, to which she replied in lines once well known:—

Go, feel what I have felt,  
Go, bear what I have borne,  
Sink 'neath the blows a father dealt  
And the cold, proud world's scorn.  
Then suffer on from year to year  
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, kneel as I have knelt,  
Implore, beseech and pray;  
Strive the besotted heart to melt,  
The downward course to stay.  
Be dashed with bitter curse aside  
Your prayers burlesqued, your fears defied.

Go, weep as I have wept,  
O'er a lov'd father's fall;  
See every promised blessing swept  
Earth's sweetness urned to gall.  
Life's fading flowers strewed all the way,  
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go, see what I have seen,  
Behold the strong man bow'd;  
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,  
And cold and pallid brow.  
Go, catch his with'ring glance, and see  
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go to thy mother's side,  
And her crushed bosom cheer;  
Thine own deep anguish hide,  
Wipe from her cheek the tear;  
Mark her worn frame and withered brow,  
The grey that streaks her dark hair now,

With failing frame and trembling limb:  
And trace the ruin back to him  
Whose plighted faith in early youth,  
Promised eternal love and truth;  
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up  
That promise to the accursed cup;

And dragged her down from love and light,  
And all that made her prospects bright;  
And chained her there, amid want and strife.  
That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife.  
And stamp'd on childhood's brow so mild,  
That withering blight, a drunkard's child.

Go, hear and feel and see and know  
All that my soul hath felt and known,  
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,  
See if its beauty can atone,  
Think if its flavour you would try,  
When all proclaim 'tis drink and die

Tell me I hate the bowl,  
Hate is a feeble word,  
I loathe, abhor, my very soul!  
With strong disgust is stirred,  
When're I see or hear or tell,  
Of this rank beverage of hell!

When the wreck and ruin wrought by intemperance comes home, it is not easy to be dispassionate; the horse is noble, and useful to man, but should it take the bit in its teeth and threaten destruction, a rifle bullet would not be disdained in stopping the mad career. Granted drink intrinsically "a good creature," in its mad career it must be stopped at all hazards.

Society is realizing the truth that there are seasons which require man to look not only on his own things, but each also to the things of others, and seeing the prevailing trade in intoxicating liquors to be an aggravating cause of social poverty, crime and wretchedness, is asking earnestly, and not perhaps al-