

author. I heartily recommend his lectures on "Revivals," and lectures to "Professing Christians," "Systematic Theology," and his "Autobiography." (Congregational Publishing Society, Boston.) While in Oberlin I was the guest of Professor Shutless, who spared no pains to make my visit pleasant and profitable. I met the Rev. Professor Morgan, D.D., an Irishman; the Rev. Mr. Clarke; the Rev. Henry Cowles, D.D., veterans in the cause of Christ and of education. Oberlin is a favoured place. It is one of the stations on the underground railway. I was in one of the houses where the poor fugitive slaves found shelter on their way to liberty beyond Lake Erie. Here is a prosperous and thriving town, surrounded by an immense farming country, yet it has not, and will not, have the glory of a grog shop.

On my return I spent a day in the beautiful city of Cleveland. Here I met some who were formerly members of the church in St. John's. It was pleasant to renew old friendships. I also met Mr. George Muller, of Bristol, and heard him preach; I took part in a meeting in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, and in a temperance meeting. Again crossing Lake Erie to the Canadian side, I spent a few days, including a Sabbath, with the Rev. Mr. Stringfellow, Wesleyan minister, Salford, with whom I claim a family relationship. Toronto came next on my list. But my time was growing short, and I had only two days for this place. Through the kindness of Mr. W. T. Parsons, late of St. John's, I was shown the lions of the city without any delay. Here I had the great pleasure of renewing acquaintance with one of the most respected friends of my youth, Joshua Burns, Esq. I spent the evening with him, talking over the scenes of other days in the dear old land of our birth. My friend once entertained the idea of the same calling as myself, but Providence seemed to lead him in another direction. One thing is certain, he is a wealthier man as a Toronto merchant than he would be if a parson, but he cannot be happier.

*(To be continued.)*

#### HASTE TO THE RESCUE.

On the evening of the 22nd of August, 1878, during a gale of wind, a vessel was seen by her lights to be fast driving towards the fatal Scroby Sands. She was anxiously watched in the darkness by the experienced eyes of the Caister and Yarmouth boatmen and beachmen, who, with a noble forgetfulness of self, are ever ready to risk their lives in attempting to save those of their fellow-creatures.

On, on she drifted, as with almost breathless anxiety they watched her fatal course. At length she struck, and lights and signals of distress were sent up, to make known to others her dangerous condition and entreat their help. The "Covent Garden" lifeboat was at once launched from Caister, and willing hands, impelled by willing hearts, pulled rapidly towards the sands. One by one the lights and signals of distress disappeared, until, even to their experienced eyes, nothing was left in the darkness to guide them to the spot.

In spite of wind and wave they reached the sands,

but where was the vessel? Where was the wreck? They rowed hither and thither, thither and hither, for hours, in dangerous proximity to the treacherous sands, some of the men wading in search of the vessel, but all was in vain; no trace of her or her crew could be found, and the gallant, wearied life-boatmen returned to Caister at two o'clock the next morning, thoroughly disheartened by their non-success.

But where was the vessel? It was utterly impossible that in the darkness she could have got off the sands unaided and alone! No; she had been treacherously sucked in by them, and engulfed; and the poor fellows, who, as they sighted Yarmouth Roads a few hours before, walked her deck in the proud and happy consciousness that they were nearing friends and home, were fast in death's embrace, and with mortal eyes would never behold friends and home again.

How sad—how touchingly sad—this true picture! How many, many wrecks lie around our coast, and how many of them might have been prevented! Sad to say, there are quite as many wrecks on land as at sea—some on rocks, some in sands, some from gales, and others from collisions and top-heaviness from want of ballast. But the great rock in this land on which so many fine vessels are wrecked is Intemperance. Intemperance! intemperance! how much hast thou to answer for? The light of how many noble intellects hast thou put out? the faculties thou hast paralysed? the beautiful forms thou hast marred and disfigured, till no trace of humanity remained! the souls—the undying souls—thou hast utterly ruined? Oh, thou monster! wilt thou never be satisfied? Is there no way of checking thy insatiable thirst for victims? Yes, thank God, there is a way—a way that is open to all—the good old way recommended to us in the Bible. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder," as no doubt many of you have found to your cost in the empty pockets, wretched homes, trembling limbs, headaches, diseases, and a whole tribe of evils it has brought upon you.

"Touch not, taste not, handle not" any kind of intoxicating drink. That is the remedy—the only remedy for millions. A gentleman once said to his medical adviser, "Doctor, what is the best way to prevent drunkenness?" Said the doctor, "There is no other way so sure as never to touch a drop of liquor." And was he not right? If only a poor sinner afflicted with this evil will seek help from God to enable him to renounce the poison, he is "a new creature." His eyes are at once opened to see the great rock against which he was drifting, and which must have resulted in utter shipwreck and death; and thankful and joyful at his escape, his softened heart is often ready to receive the Gospel message of love from his Father, and the door of hope and salvation for this world and the next is thus opened unto him.

Oh, my friends! let temperance be your lifeboat, and bear you away from the quicksands which lie around drink, lest you too, beginning by being moderate drinkers, be driven by some gale against the rock, and be dashed to pieces, or be gradually drawn towards the treacherous sands and engulfed.

H. D. ISACKE.