

the dead are raised to life. 'Thousands amongst us say, "How it has been done we know not. One thing we know, that whereas, once we were drunkards, now we are sober men!" We plead not for any utopian scheme. Drunkards may be reclaimed by hundreds and by thousands. The struggle with appetite may be severe, but it is soon over. The physical and moral tone of the unfortunate man becomes like that of other men, and this fact lays us under responsibilities for the accomplishment of the work.

But above all, the salvation of the soul; that calls. Temperance is not religion. Outward reformation is not religion, but by this reform, thousands of miserable men now shut out, may be brought into the kingdom of God. The strong chain that has been thrown around them by the prince of the power of the air, is broken. They may be approached as they never could be before. Conviction of sin may be fastened upon their conscience. Gratitude inspires their bosoms. Good men are, of choice, their companions. The dram-shop is exchanged for the house of God. A Bible is purchased. Their little ones they bring to the door of the sabbath school. They flee affrighted from the pit; and, through grace, many lift up their hands imploringly to heaven, as the only refuge for the outcast, the home for the weary. This has been the operation of the reform in England. Of 35,000 reformed drunkards in that country, 5,600 have become members of Christian Churches, having hope in God and joy in the Holy Ghost. So it has been in Scotland; many there now sing of grace and glory. So it manifestly is in America, and so will it be more and more around the world, as Ministers and Christians meet them in kindness and lead them to the waters of salvation.

But what can we do! How can we aid the poor unfortunate drunkard? This is the question.

All can do a little. Some can do much. Every man can get out of the way of this reform;—cease setting him an example which proves his ruin;—cease selling him an article which is death to the soul; discountenance the drinking usages of society and those licensed and unlicensed slaughter houses which darken the land. Every man can speak an encouraging word to the wretched inebriate, tell him of what is doing in the land, allure and go with him to the temperance meeting, and urge him to sign the pledge; and when he has signed, comfort and strengthen him, give him employment, give him clothing, and if he falls, raise him up, and if he falls seven times, raise him up and forgive him.

Try it Christian brother. I know your heart bursts forth in gratitude to God for what he has done; that he has raised up a new instrumentality for rescuing thousands of our race from the lowest degradation. It is a token of good for our country, and the world. Enter into this field of labour. "You know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might become rich." Go imitate his example; become poor; become debased, if need be, to save the lost. "Go out into the high ways and hedges and compel them to come in."

Try it Christian philanthropist, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or made weak." Sacrifices make the world happy, God glorious and heaven full.

Try it, Christian female. It is work for your sex. Woman is the greatest sufferer from intemperance; driven by it from her home; made an outcast from all the comforts of domestic life while her babes cry for bread, and she has no relief. Lost men will listen to your words of kindness, be cheered by your benefactions, encouraged by your smiles. Go bring them to the pool and help them in; and they, and their now wretched families will call you blessed.

Try it, young men. Have you no companions early palsied, withered and scathed by alcoholic fires, trading now on the verge of the drunkard's grave? Go after them in their misery. Go, thanking God that you are not as they are. Go, believing that you may save them; that they will receive you thankfully; that they must have your help or be lost. Go, and be strong in this work. The movements of providence call you to action,—action for yourselves that you may be saved from a drunkard's life and a drunkard's death;—action for the unfortunate and wretched, that you may pull them out of the fire. What you do in the blessed work, do quickly. O, if it be in your power to

save one young man, do it quickly. Run and speak to that young man. He will thank you for it. His father will thank you. His mother will thank you. His sisters will thank you. His immortal soul will love you for ever.—*Journal American Temperance Union.*

THE MADNESS OF A DRUNKARD.

What pen can describe the folly, the wickedness, the madness of the drunkard!

"After viewing the suspension bridge at Hammersmith, I was seated in an up-stairs room at the inn, at the foot of the bridge, taking a cup of coffee. Suddenly a cry, as of distress, reached me; and turning my head towards the window, which overlooked the river Thames, I saw some one struggling in the water.—Pushing aside the chair and table, I ran across the room, down the stairs, and across the court-yard towards the river, with the intention of rendering assistance; but, even in that short time, a boat had pushed off with some men in it. They soon came to the drowning man, and with difficulty pulled him into the boat, where he lay on his back for some time; but no sooner did he recover, than, with an oath, he swore that he would drown himself in spite of any of them. With much trouble they got him ashore. His distracted wife, a well-dressed young woman, said that he was all a husband should be, until he took to drinking, and since then he was as opposite a character—for that when he was in liquor he was a madman. The bustle had subsided; and I once more began to sip my coffee, when a cry, louder than before, from a dozen people, aroused me. From the window I saw the infuriated drunkard leaping from those about him; he madly ran towards the river, and again plunged headlong into the running waters.—Some time elapsed before the boat reached him, during which time he was sometimes under, and sometimes above the water, till he remained quite still, as though he was drowned. When picked up, he was quiet enough, but in a quarter of an hour after he was once more on his legs, sweating that all of them should not keep him from drowning himself. I advised the people to lock him up till morning in the station house, and when I left him, the police were dragging him away in that direction, while he kicked and struggled, and swore at all around him.

The sin of drunkenness plunges forward to meet destruction—He who gives himself up to drink, cries aloud, as it were, to his evil passions to come forth and do their worst—he entices them—he bribes them—he inflames them with his excesses:

The drunkard eyes the glass with fierce desire,
And eager hastes to take the liquid fire—
With desperate plunge; and though the tempting cup
Be labelled "*poison*," madly drinks it up."

WEEKLY VISITOR.

A SKETCH.

The reader has probably heard of the valley of the Wyoming, situate in the State of Pennsylvania, and through the bosom of which flows the winding, calm, and silvery Susquehanna. Here, a few years ago, in one of the delightful neighbourhoods of that vale resided the young, intelligent Francis. There, her heart was sought and won by a young man whose name was Guy Clark. He was a tippler. Her friends laboured hard to save her from becoming a drunkard's wife. But he had won her heart and she would not withhold from him she loved the hand which he employed, and which was her's to bestow.

They stood together before the hymenial altar. I have many a time been within the very house in which that scene occurred.—There she fully and freely gave herself unreservedly away to him to whom her fond, confiding heart surrendered her happiness—her life. There, with men, and heaven, and God as witness, he pledged to her his faithful, changeless love; and vowed to her the cherishing, the providence, and the defence of his protecting hand. Ah, little thought she that that same hand would be reddened with her vital blood. Little thought she that the plighted hand which she had received in exchange for hers would wield against her the murderer's dreadful weapon! No, she knew not—she thought not. Her confiding heart had not learned the influence of the intoxicating cup. She suspected not that alcohol could change the devoted lover to the malignant demon. Though she might have heard that