

waiting to receive the prodigal son? No fond sister hiding her face in shame from the disgrace that a drunken brother has brought upon her? Are there no mouldering forms in yonder cemetery, who but for strong drink might now have been enjoying some honorable position in life? I have seen the effects of strong drink, and moreover I have felt them, and feel them to this day. Were it not for strong drink, I would never have been performing manual labor in the Yarmouth Woolen Mill. Fourteen years ago, when teaching school in the vicinity of Moncton, I was an unwilling witness on a trial for selling strong drink to an Indian. The day following the trial, whilst attending to my duties, a powerful man whom I had never before seen, came to the school house door, and inquired if my name was Adams. I answered in the affirmative; that was all I knew until I was picked up out of the deep snow where I had been left for dead. So seriously was I beaten and injured that for several days my life was despaired of. Accordingly my deposition was taken before Lawyer Hanington of Dorchester. The Grand Jury was then sitting, and a true Bill of wilful attempt to murder was found by them. This act was committed by a man, who when a youth was esteemed and respected by all who knew him; he was the son of a prominent doctor; his companion a lady belonging to the first families of Moncton; and where is that man to-day? He is in the United States, a fugitive from British law; banished from his home, and his family—and this was all the effects of strong drink. It is an old adage that a rolling stone gathers no moss. Temperance workers be not dismayed; if the stone you are rolling is not gathering moss, it is gathering something much more valuable; it is gathering precious souls into the garner of the Lord Jesus Christ. Then press on, keep it rolling. You are engaged in a noble warfare. The Lord Jehovah is your leader, and as He opened