

the awful fact that 20,000 people are lost to the Christian Church every year through drink! Think of it! Twenty thousand people. What does that number mean? More than all the Methodists of Cornwall. If some fell disease should attack our members, and lay low every Methodist in Cornwall! Would not Conference take the alarm? Would they not hasten to stand between the living and the dead, that the plague might be stayed? If we had a love-feast (but it would be a sorrow-feast), and my brethren would stand up and tell all they know about the doings of drink, the Lamentations of Jeremiah would be almost a joyous song by the side of the agony described. Think of those who have fallen. As I speak, name after name recurs to my memory—devout and honoured ministers, men of profound learning, popular lecturers, young men full of hope and of promise, who have fallen! One of the good things for which I bless my sainted mother, was her teaching me to pray for the ministers in our Circuit every morning and night by name. I always did it. As a child I had my favourite ministers, and, when the new ones came, some of those who left were omitted. There were others, however, whom I never forgot. There was one whose name I cannot mention, but he will be ever linked with my earliest memories. His farewell sermon! I shall never forget it. I can see him now bidding farewell to those to whom he had ministered so faithfully—his last affectionate adieus are in my ears! I never omitted to pray for him. But I lived to mourn the day when his name was omitted from our *Minutes* through strong drink. Who is safe—where is the man that uses strong drink who dares stand up and say he is absolutely secure? Is your body stronger than theirs? Is your brain clearer than theirs? Is your piety deeper than theirs? Alas, no! Let him, therefore, that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. My second fact is, that total abstinence is the only complete