

interest. A close connection exists between temperance and religion. We hope, then, that on the third Sabbath of December our pulpits will give forth a strong and clear enunciation of the Gospel of Christ as it bears on what is justly deemed a national sin. Well may we mark the indictment—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. A mocker; for by its work men are exposed to contempt and scorn. What a pitiful object is man under the power of wine or strong drink! Reason dethroned, reeling and staggering to and fro, he issues from the haunts of sin passionate as a fiend, or weak as a fool. Contrast the gentle babe that nestled in innocence on a mother's breast, with the bloated and sin-scarred face of a drunkard. Surely man's nature is mocked; what an indignity to the image of God! This mocker has led its victim, not by one fearful leap to this degradation, but by a circuitous path, step by step; the meanwhile flowers bloomed by the way-side to please and deceive. Reason, conscience, the affections, and at last the soul, are destroyed, burned out, withered, lost. The drunkard's path has a hand pointing to *shame and everlasting contempt!* One would suppose that with a clear view of the evils resulting from the traffic in strong drinks, that measures would speedily be taken for its utter extinction from the land. Alas, it is allowed to flourish, instead of being branded with disgrace. Its victims are kept in slavery—the true dignity of their manhood is torn from them—they are held down, robbed and peeled. Thousands die every year, swelling the drunkards' grave, and peopling the drunkards' hell. Need we statistics to demonstrate what all feel to be true? Every community has cases; every newspaper records them; every court is filled by them. An old story of death and drink, may perhaps point a moral to some of our readers. Twenty years ago, in the city of Toronto, two women, apparently in good health, entered a store to purchase dry goods; suddenly one of them was taken ill, and both left. The store-keeper observed that they retired to a tenement in what was then called the "Devil's half acre." Two days thereafter one of them returned to purchase cotton for a winding sheet: the sick woman had died. Suspecting that a wake might be in contemplation, caution was given to the woman surviving to take care of taking too much whiskey, but she laughed, and said they intended having a good time of it, as she had found a ten dollar bill in the armpit of the deceased. In a few days more a stranger girl entered the store inquiring for cheap cotton to dress a corpse: the same piece of goods supplied a grave dress for both women. The cause of the death of the second was the whiskey which had been in free circulation at the funeral of the first. Thus it works, and in a thousand other ways; spreading its appalling wings with the blackness of the shadow of death over the land.

We follow up the indictment—Wine is a mocker; for the pleasures it promises are false and vain. Sin holds out a bribe. The bait of pleasure conceals the hook. The promise of enjoyment held a place in the first temptation of our race; yet it was a lie. A promise to pay, in the hand of the Devil, is not worth much. Look not then, on the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Laughter and smiles come first; biting and stinging afterwards. The cup wreathed with flowers, is soon changed into a death's-head. Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contention? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine, they