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John Wesley on the Drink Traffic

THE men who traffic in ardent spirit, and sell to all who will buy, are poisoners-general; they are murderers of His Majesty's subjects by wholesale; neither does their eye pity or spare. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God is on their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood, is there; the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood. And canst thou hope, O man of blood, though thou art clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day, canst thou hope to deliver down the field of blood to the third generation? Not so; there is a God in heaven; therefore thy name shall be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed, both body and soul, thy memorial shall perish with thee."

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