

And then I seemed to see her brother, as he traced upon the floor of his cell those awful words, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven," and then he died.

I saw her gray-haired father bowed with grief and heard him say, "Oh God, Thy will be done."

And again I cried, "Son, behold the victims! behold the martyrs!" But no one heard my voice.

And now what more can I write? To trace his future course would be to tell an old story. Shall I again appeal to my country's rulers?

No, I will address a higher power. I will ask my Father in Heaven to take His throne in the hearts of my countrymen, to reign in their hearts, to speak to their hearts by the power of His "still small voice," until with one voice they shall cry, "Lord, what wilt thou have us to do?"

Oh hasten the day when through them thou wilt free our land from the curse of Intemperance.

