

HOW frequently we hear individuals discussing the horrors of war, and deploring its evils. There can be no doubt that it is an evil, and yet there are certain honors connected with it that throw a ray of sunshine upon the dark and sombre clouds, and causes the silver lining to break through in radiant beauty. What fond mother does not feel proud that her son died upon the field of battle, nobly defending his Queen and Country? What fond mother would not cherish the last words of her dying boy, "Tell mother I die for my Country?" What fond wife as her companion bids her farewell, to face the cannon's mouth, does not offer up a silent prayer to God, of the safe return of him to her and the little ones? What young man after facing the enemy, would not like to return and relate the history of the battles he has fought and won? Yes, there is a ray of sunshine in war, but there is an evil upon which no Angel in Heaven can throw a ray of light to illumine the darkness that rests upon that dark and damning evil, "Drink". Nothing can uphold it, nothing can vindicate it. It is an evil that causes misery, despair, and crime, of the darkest dye. There can be no bright side to the picture. Let us look at the once happy home, as we gaze upon the cheerful countenances of father and mother surrounded by their little ones. How eagerly they listen as father and mother read from the Book of Books, and relates to them the story of God's love: watch them at noon or night as they hear the father's footsteps upon the threshold, how they run in childish glee to greet him; watch them at even as the mother teaches them to lisp their first prayer to that