

drinks is the only *certain* protection against their baneful effects. All honour to them for their efforts, though their success comes but slowly.

There is one class, however, over which they have comparatively little control, and for which they have done and can do but little good. This class we may call confirmed inebriates. They are convinced of their errors and sign the pledge, and the friends of temperance are jubilant over "brands plucked from the burning." But in a few days the brands are back into the fire, burning as strongly as ever. Again they are reformed, and again they fall; and though some be saved, yet are they few and far between. How shall we help these—apparently hopeless?

Some of them may be of brutal dispositions—low and sordid—with scarce a vestige left of their resemblance to Him in whose image man was formed. But the majority are worthy—this condition removed—of honour and love. Men of intellect, with talents of a varying order, up to the very highest; men of affections and emotions, which ought to make them the beloved of many hearts. But their beclouded intellects and dulled affections only show what "might have been," while they call loudly for assistance and rescue. Are these men criminals or lunatics? Some would readily put them in one or the other class—some who are too often nothing more than Pharasaical contempters of other men's sins, oblivious of their own; or cold-blooded souls, whose virtues are only the result of temperament, or the absence of temptation. These are no competent judges. True it is that the inebriate often commits actions both criminal and lunatic; yet is he to be considered rather as the unfortunate victim of a dreadful malady, which clutches in its foul grasp both mind and body. It is needless to ask how he fell a victim: perhaps from an hereditary taint, perhaps from temperament, or misdirected affections, or circumstances controllable or uncontrollable, or what not. The result is the same, whatever the cause: he has become a slave to an appetite for stimulants—a craving appetite, that grows keener the more it is fed. How will you restore such men to the state, to their families, and themselves? How will you recover for the country those talents which may fit their possessor to be a ruler of men—a leader of society—a director of thought? How will you return to the family circle the loving father, the affectionate husband, the darling son, who has