

indeed, what can we do! Here they come, one after the other, a sad procession of Saturday and Sunday inebriates. Have I not proved to you that this drinking system is one of the most terrible curses that afflicts humanity! I must point for a moment or two at the influence which it exercises upon the family. The family circle should be the type of heaven: let drunkenness come in, and it becomes the type of hell. What does it do? Go and ask the father whose hoary head it has brought down in sorrow to the grave. Go and ask the mother as she weeps over the coffin of one who was to have been her earthly solace and stay. Ask the husband whose life's hopes are blasted. Ask the wife whose all is lying in the dust. Ask the desolate and outcast little children there. "I hate the drink," said a young man recently; "I hate and curse it every day." "Why?" "I'll tell you why. When I was a little boy my father took my jacket off my back, and my very shoes off my feet; he left me without a particle of clothing, and went and pawned the things and spent the money. I had no education. I soon had no home. I was flung out into the world. And I hate the drink from my very heart!" So do I. Don't you? Yes, a thousand times, yes. Christian brethren,—if we could gather on some vast plain the myriads who have been cursed by drink, not the victims only but those who suffer through and with them, what should we behold? The brightest jewels of our Churches and our families, the teachers and the taught of our Sunday schools, the manliest of our men, the tenderest of our women, husband and wife, brother and sister, parents and children—ten thousand thousand sufferers by strong drink! If I could I would make the Christian Church walk in procession right through the serried ranks, that their hearts might be wrung by the tears and cries of anguish. The Church herself is too often bereaved by strong drink. God's heritage, redeemed with the precious blood of Christ, is diminished. Think of