

Reader, what are you doing to stay this tide of intemperance that is sweeping over our land, and wrecking in its onward rushing course the fondest hopes of many a heart, burying beneath its relentless waves the poor and the rich, the ignorant and the learned, men of genius and of influence, and leaving its wake strewn with degradation and misery, heart-broken widows and wailing orphans? Are you sitting with folded hands looking idly on, and in effect saying, What is that to me? Ah, it is much to you. It may seem as nothing to-day, but on the morrow that tide rising higher and higher, may cross the threshold of your home, and the dearest idol of your heart, swept beyond your controlling influence, be wrecked body and soul. Why, then, sit ye there idle? Up and be doing. There is a great work for you to do. Will you not commence at once? Oh! that some voice coming from a heart warmed and filled with true charity, with pity for the tempted and fallen, could waken you from this lethargy, could rouse you to a true sense of your responsibility, and make you realize that an all-wise Judge will call you to an account, and ask what you did to save your tempted, fallen fellow-beings from the terrible curse of intemperance.

Bishop Foster, of the Methodist Church, United States, says: "If the Church will stand together one day at the ballot box, the liquor traffic will not stand one hour." Why does she not do so?

Mr. Mackay, the elect of the McCrie Roxburgh Church, at a temperance demonstration in Glasgow, said he never had admitted, and never would admit a drink-seller to church membership. He would say to the drink-sellers, "Make your choice; stand inside the church with Christ and his people, or go outside with the devil and drink." Is any other position consistent with the law of Christ.—*Hamilton W. C. T. U.*

Whisky's Work.

[By Dr. Alexander Ross, Toronto.]

Whisky enters the mouth, the stomach, the life of the parent and poisons the blood of the unborn.

Whisky debauches manhood and womanhood, and degrades and drags childhood from its throne of purity and innocence.

Whisky has at its command millions of dollars and armies of slaves.

Whisky makes men sluggish, stupid and indolent.

Whisky has twenty times more grosseries than religion has places of worship.

Whisky makes criminals, paupers and invalids.

Whisky enters the pulpit with the preacher, shuts his mouth to the truth and makes him a coward.

Whisky stupifies the brain of the physician, and takes the life of his patient.

Whisky enters the church with the members, and closes their ears to the heart-broken appeals of wives, widows and orphans.

Whisky enters the halls of legislation, and makes the legislators cringing cowards.

Whisky enslaves our mayors, aldermen and officials, and makes them cowardly and base.

Whisky enters the sanctum of the editor, and makes him weak, cowardly and treacherous to the dearest interests of humanity.

Whisky mounts the bench with the judge, lowers his dignity and extinguishes his sense of justice.

Whisky deadens the conscience of the lawyer, and makes him the thief of his clients' interests.

Whisky drives its victims into dens of dissipation and prostitution.

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