

dreams that the glass of sparkling wine which animates conversation and quickens, for a moment, all the susceptibilities of joy, will lead him on, from step to step, to the vortex of ruin.

The man of genius detects nothing, in the simple draught which seems to add energy to his thoughts and acts inspiringly to the intellect and imagination, that will be to him an injury, and sooner or later destroy the powers of his mind, and leave him a mere wreck of humanity.

The laboring man, strong and active, and in full possession of manly vigor, little thinks that there is aught in his daily potations that will eventually destroy his muscular power, undermine his constitution and render him even as a child in strength and action.

Here, then, lies the great danger:—In the beginning of the evils which destroy so many of the human race. Let no one boast that he is in no danger of becoming a drunkard. Perhaps that poor, fallen being, who but yesterday you saw reeling along the streets, lost to all sense of virtue and shame, and who to-day was borne away to a pauper's grave, thought as little of falling in his early years, as yourself. He may have been reared with the greatest care; a kind father and loving mother may have watched over his infancy, and guarded him in his youth; the sun of hope and prosperity, perhaps, lighted up his pathway, and gave promise of a noble course in the future; but, alas! the tempter found him, and, in an unguarded moment, he fell, and swift was his course to ruin.

Go with me to the bedside of yonder dying wretch, and listen to the ravings of the sunny days of childhood, of kind parents, loving sisters and gentle brothers. Around the once happy fireside he fondly lingers, and recounts the joys of the by-gone days. How softly he whispers the story of his love. The lovely maiden, the faithful wife and happy children, one by one, pass before him in fancy's mirror, and he stretches out his arms to encircle them in a fond embrace. But nothing but the vacant air meets his touch. Then he raves, in wild delirium, calling upon each loved name in fearful shrieks; yet they come not, and, wild with frenzy and maniacal rage, he curses his God and dies.

Draw near to the convicted criminal, who is about to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, and listen to his confession. A happy youth, beloved by all who knew him, and moving in the highest circles of society once was he. In an unfortunate moment he took the proffered glass, yet thought not of danger. Securely did the tyrant bind him, and 'twas too late he awoke

to the fearful truth. But when once self-respect is gone, there is but little hope of reformation. Step by step did he descend in the road to ruin till at last he stood upon the scaffold a—murderer.

No one becomes a drunkard in a day. From slight beginnings the habit soon becomes fixed, the cravings of a diseased appetite more frequent, and, before the unsuspecting victim is aware of his danger, he is forever lost.

Everyone, then should guard against the slight beginnings which end in misery, want and woe, and resist the temptation in whatever form it may appear. Every parent should use their utmost endeavours to create in the minds of their children an abhorrence, a shivering dread of strong drink; they should aim to fortify them against the temptations they will meet with in society; they should be taught to shun the danger in all its forms, as they would poison, suicide and murder.

There is no greater temptation thrown in the way of youth, or no one evil upon which are wrecked so many of the young and strong of our land than that of intemperance, or the use of intoxicating liquors. Thousands of our once most respectable citizens, those to whom society looked up to as leaders, those possessing noble talents and brilliant intellect, those well qualified by nature and education to occupy the high places in the land, have fallen a sacrifice to this foe of humanity and happiness.

The young are exposed to evil, or are in more danger of contracting bad habits than those who are more advanced in years, because their principles have not that strength and firmness which are only to be obtained by experience and by resisting and overcoming every evil.

Then how important it is that we should commence aright that, in the beginning of our career, we should form good resolutions for the government of our actions, faithfully adhering to them, and never forsaking the path which conscience and truth point out for us to follow.

To the young, who are just forming habits of life, or just beginning to indulge in the train of thought out of which habits grow that will, in a measure, govern their course in after years, we would say stop and think. If you start aright, if your principles, your habits, your companions are all of the right character, and you are constantly on your guard against yielding to evil, a few years will not only build up your character in the estimation of others, gaining for you the admiration and respect of all who are brought in contact with you, but you will be much more

likely to continue on in the path of virtue and happiness. But one false step, one wrong habit, one corrupt companion, one wicked example, may wreck all your prospects, blight your most cherished hopes, and turn your after years into misery and sorrow.

Let the youth, then, who are just commencing the great battle of life, resolve to resist the temptation of strong drink in all its forms. Before you diverge two pathways; upon the one side is the road to honor and happiness. Virtue, truth and industry dwell by the wayside, and hope cheers and encourages the traveller on his way. He that enters therein will find joy and happiness attending his footsteps, and peace and contentment in the end.

On the other side is the broad road to ruin and misery; its course is marked by want, woe, desolation, and death, and he that enters therein goes swiftly down beneath the dark waves of sorrow and despair. Over the gateway of one waves the white banner of temperance and sobriety; over that of the other the black flag of the demon, Alcohol. From those who journey along the first comes echoing a song of joy and gladness; but from the other, a heart-rending wail of despair.

Choose ye between them. Stop and think, ere it be too late, before you have gone too far in the downward road to destruction.

Again, we say to all, high and low, rich or poor, beware of the beginnings of evil; of that great evil which now curses the earth and makes desolate so many homes of our fair land. Thousands of others, as promising as yourselves, have pursued the luring paths of pleasure and miserably perished.

Do you spurn the thought as impossible? Multitudes of lives, written in tears, misery and sorrow, can bear evidence of the truth. Ah! take heed! Let him that thinketh he standeth, beware lest he fall!

NORMAN A. SMITH.

#### ONE OF THE GIANTS.

Several years ago, there was in one of the rooms of Barnum's Museum, a representation of a cold water drinker's home, and of a drunkard's home. These were placed side by side, so as to show the contrast more strongly. The figures were all of wax, and just about the size of living persons, so that it looked very real.

The first one represented a good-sized room, with a neat carpet on the floor, and pretty paper on the walls. Two or three pictures were hanging against the sides of the room. A cheer-