

for that child. "Have mercy, O Redeemer of man," he prayed, "on the child! for oft times he falleth in the fire, and oft times in the water."

The mother when they were speaking about it, wept like a child, and the father said, "It is breaking his mother's heart; but hard as it is, his mother and I would rather see him the thing he is than see him grow up to become a drunkard." There is not a father or mother here, but would rather see a child struck, by God's providence, with epilepsy to-night, than see him sent reeling before the judgment seat.

THE DEFORMED SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

Did you ever see a child with the face of an angel, but with a body frightfully deformed? I read in the *S. S. Advocate* of a little crooked child, but a bright little creature, saying on her death bed, "Mother, I am going to die; but I am so glad. I have been a trouble to you, mother, but I know I am going to heaven; and, O, mother, when I get to heaven among the angels shall I not be straight?" Would you not rather your child should die a cripple like this, than stand up an Apollo in form, and die shrieking mad, responsible for every act as if committed when perfectly sober? for drunkenness is a voluntary extinction of reason.

PREVENTION.

Let us think drunkenness so horrible that no sacrifice is too great to make to escape from it. I don't presume to say that every one of these boys and girls here to-night must, if they should continue to drink, become drunkards. Not so. But I look on the evil of drunkenness as an evil so terrible, that the bare possibility should be too terrible a thing for a father or mother

to entertain for one moment. Now total abstinence from all that intoxicates is a safe principle. Let a boy adopt it and keep it, and he cannot be a drunkard. Remember also that we do not set the principle of total abstinence in the place of the gospel. By no means. But what we say is, that drunkenness is a physical evil as well as a moral one.

THE POOR DRUNKARD.

O! I have sometimes looked at a bright beautiful boy, and my flesh has crept within me at the thought, that there was a bare possibility he might become a drunkard. I once was playing with a beautiful boy in the city of Norwich, Connecticut; was carrying him to and fro on my back, both of us enjoying ourselves exceedingly; for I loved him, and I think he loved me. During our play, I said to him, "Harry, will you go down with me to the side of that stone wall?" "O, yes!" was his cheerful reply. We went together and saw a man lying listlessly there, quite drunk, his face upturned to the bright blue sky. The sunbeams that warned and cheered and illumined us, lay upon his porous, greasy face. The pure morning wind kissed his parched lips and passed away poisoned. The very swine in the fields looked more noble than he, for they were fulfilling the purposes of their being. As I looked upon the poor degraded man, and then looked upon that child, with his bright brow, his beautiful blue eyes, his rosy cheeks, his pearly teeth, and ruby lips—the perfect picture of life, peace, and innocence; as I looked upon the man, and then upon the child, and felt his little hand convulsively twitching in mine, and saw his little lips grow white, and his eye grow dim gazing upon the poor drunkard; then