

MR. NOBODY'S ADVICE.

God in the soul of man, whispering tender and affectionate exhortations in the ear of the tempted ones, saying to the irresolute drinker, whose soul is taken captive by strong drink, as he stands hesitating on the verge of ruin, "Don't go in! don't go in! *This is the way; walk ye in it.*" To obey this still, small voice is to live, to rise, to be respected, and, finally, to bow at the mercy-seat and be washed in the blood of the Lamb. To despise his counsel, to suffer his admonitions to pass unheeded, is to have God "laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh;" it is to sink in the scale of humanity, to lose the respect of your fellow-men, the favor of God, and your own precious and immortal soul, for *the drunkard can not enter into the kingdom of heaven.* Ay, it is to see the gates of glory close, and the gates of hell open on you forever.

Dear reader, are you the slave of an artificial appetite? If so, take Mr. Nobody's advice. Rouse yourself at once, break the unholy bonds. Listen to the voice of God in your own soul, and **BE FREE!** If not yourself a slave, have you a friend who has been taken captive, who is drowning body and soul in the cup? Plead with him to sign the pledge. It may, under God, save his soul, and be the means of enrolling his name in the Lamb's book of life.