

take him by the hand and lead him to his home ; read with him, plead with him, pray for him. Think you the Almighty God would turn a deaf ear to an earnest prayer in behalf of one of His creatures ? That act may be the means of snatching him from eternal destruction and adding another star to your crown. You say you have temperance lectures and open lodges ; all very well, but how many drunkards attend those lectures ? Do you ever give them a personal invitation ? Do you visit their wretched abodes, and speak a word of consolation to the poverty-stricken wife and children ? Do you minister to their temporal and spiritual wants ? If you do not you are not doing your duty as Temperance Workers.

Parents, how is it with you ? You have a bright and promising boy, he has been the joy of your hearts, you have watched over him from his infancy, his sorrows were your sorrows ; his joys were your joys ; upon him you have bestowed all your affections ; you have taught him to love and fear God ; to respect the poor and the aged ; you have supplied his every want ; he has knelt at the family altar with you night and morning. You have given him a good moral and religious training ; and occasionally you have indulged him with a glass of the ruby wine. He matured into manhood, and is all that your heart could wish. He is about to leave his parental home to seek another elsewhere. He carries with him a father's and mother's blessing. Kind friends and associates bid him farewell. In his trunk can be found a copy of the Holy Scriptures, the last gift of a fond mother. On the first page can be found several texts, inscribed by her own hand ; but not one of them contain a word of warning against the ruby wine. Years go by. Nothing is heard from that beloved son, until tidings are conveyed across the ocean that he is incarcerated in a murderer's cell. The habits that he acquired in childhood have grown upon him, step by step he has been brought into low degrading company, and finally in a drunken brawl he

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