

with themselves, they invited him to drink. He refused. They then told him they would compel him. He remained calm and unmoved. They threatened him with violence. Still he neither seemed nor attempted to escape, nor evinced the least disposition to yield; but insisted that it was wicked, and he could not do it. They then laid hold of him, a man at each arm, while the third held the bottle ready to force it into his mouth. Still their victim remained meek and firm, declaring that he had never injured *them*, nor never should, but that God would be his friend and protector, however they might abuse him.

The man who held the fatal bottle, up to that moment resolute in his evil purpose, was so struck by the non-resisting dignity and innocence of the lad, that, as he afterward confessed almost with tears, he actually felt unable to raise his hand. Twice he essayed to lift the bottle, as he placed the nose of it in the child's mouth, but his arm refused to serve him.

Not the least resistance was made in this stage of the proceeding otherwise than by a meek, protesting look; yet the ringleader himself was overcome in his feelings, and gave over the attempt, declaring that he could not, would not, injure such an innocent, conscientious, good hearted boy.

Such is moral power. Such is the strength by which evil may, sometimes at least, be overcome with good.

DRINK—SMOKE—SNUFF.

Oh! would you be all health, all lightness,
All pureness, goodness, gladness, brightness,—
Seeing through everything
With minds just like the crystal spring,—
Oh! would you be just right enough,
Then don't *drink*, don't *smoke*, don't *snuff*.
Throw off every yoke and fetter,
And you'll be every way the better.