

bring misery and woe upon yourself and family by placing your life in the hands of a drunkard.

Let us look into yonder cottage, and what do we see? An aged, widowed mother partially reclining upon a chair, with an open Bible before her, her tearful eyes upturned to Heaven, her hands clasped, her aching heart pouring forth a silent prayer to God for her undutiful son, who is the only means of her support; who sought to be a solace to the fond mother that has watched over him from his infancy. Who knows the privations and the agonies that fond mother has endured on his account, since she caught the first accents that fell from his prattling tongue? Who knows the anguish, or the bitter remorse that has pierced that mother's heart, as she has watched him slowly, but surely treading the path that is leading him to eternal ruin. Watch her as she sits in her lonely room, waiting for the boy that she loves, to return. 'Tis midnight. The clock tells forth the hour of three, still he comes not. Again the clock strikes four. Harken, voices are heard, her tottering frame goes to meet him. Does he come? oh yes, but not alone. He is borne in the arms of others; the door opens, and at the feet of that unhappy mother is laid the lifeless clay of her only child. No word is spoken; one agonized look, one piercing scream, and the soul of that mother has flown to her God. Mother and child separated forever; together in death, but separated in Heaven.

Let us next look out on the vast expanse of Ocean and gaze upon the stately ship as she furrows the deep; see how she battles with the furious elements above her; watch her as she rides upon the crest of the wave, dashing the spray from her prow. She heeds not the elements, or the seething caldron beneath her, onward she speeds with her freight of living souls; they are light-hearted and joyous as they fondly think of the loved ones they have not seen for years. Heaven's breeze favours them; even

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