

woe-begone looking creature—the very picture of wretchedness. Said Mr. Gregg, "That man was once one of the brightest lawyers, and had brilliant prospects before him." A few weeks afterwards I saw a notice of his death in the papers. He died as the fool dieth. Two years ago I paid a visit to the jail in Cleveland. I met there a man who had once been an officer in the British army, had moved in the first circles of society, had fought in the Crimea bravely; had left the army, and gone into the practice of medicine; came to Cleveland, and there I found him in that jail for a very aggravated crime. "Oh," said he, "I took a single glass, and it put the devil in me." A few months afterwards he was swung with a rope into eternity,—a specimen of the evil effects of intemperance in another profession. And just to follow out this line of thought, it is about a year ago that I did duty one day for my father in the House of Industry. A man was there on whose lips I had hung—an eloquent preacher of the gospel in the dear old land. As I looked at him—a most pitiful sight—the victim of intemperance—I thought to myself is anyone safe? These are but three cases out of a multitude showing that there is no one who should think himself strong. Some, who supposed that they were very Samsons in principle and in purpose, have been induced to lay their heads in the lap of this cunning enchantress, and have been shorn of their strength and their reason, and, like Samson of old, have been made the sport of those who have made them their victims. At the great Sabbath School Convention at Dacotah, Illinois, an enthusiastic resolution in connection with this subject was passed; and the President, Mr. Reynolds, a devoted man of God, has, as a regular part of the exercises in connection with his Sabbath School, a temperance meeting. I have collected a few statistics which show that there is great danger that the young men may be drawn aside even from within the sacred enclosure of the Sabbath School. Mr. Smithers says, that on visiting York City (England) jail, he found in one ward 15 out of 17 who had been attendants at Sabbath-School. Pursuing his investigation further, he found 9 out of 10 in another ward, 2 out of 13 in another, and two of them had been Sabbath-School teachers. All bid fair for a season, but were dragged down by this monster, intemperance. And when Mr. Smithers asked one of the criminals if his Sabbath-School teacher or minister had not advised and urged on him to abstain from all that could intoxicate, his answer was "No, Sir." Mr. Smithers mentions that this case so affected him that he knelt down there on the cold flags of that York jail, and looking up to heaven for help, vowed that he would never touch, taste, nor handle, anything that could intoxicate;—(Cheers)—and that he would see to it that he would never be in a position that any poor criminal within the walls of a prison would have to answer when asked, "Did your teacher or your minister never advise you to abstain?" "No, Sir." Oh! if we look at our skirts in reference to this matter we may find great drops of blood, and perhaps we need to look up to heaven and pray, "Deliver me from blood guiltiness, O God." Are we clear from the blood of all entrusted to us in this way? It was but the other day that I read in your papers an account of that horrid murder committed in a distillery at Kingston. In the narrative you notice the names of some connected with the crime who had had good Sabbath-School training; and you recollect the references to the drinking before the deed was done. You recollect the case of Newman Hall's father. I heard an affecting account given by his devoted son in Chicago, of the early history of his father's life, of his struggles with this strong man armed; of how he first gave up the whiskey and kept the wine, and that dragged him down; how he then gave up the wine and kept the ale, and that dragged him down; and then how he resolved to touch not, taste not, handle not, anything that intoxicated. (Cheers.) And talking of Newman Hall makes me think of Surrey Chapel. This morning I read an account of the predecessor of Newman Hall, Rev. James Sherman, of blessed memory. (Cheers.) Mr. Sherman says, "How is it that out of 3000 attending my Bible class and Sabbath-School so few of