

When you grow up to be men and women, you will think of the days which you are now passing, and the things which are now taking place: of the little Juvenile Temperance Societies, of which I hope you are now members; and of the other boys and girls who go to school with you, and play with you; and of the little books you used to read one with another, and such like things. And on that account I would wish you to buy, if you can, this little work for which I am now writing; and then I should like you to keep it clean: do not turn up the corners of its leaves, nor let any of its leaves be torn out; and then, if you can, get the little volumes bound and save them up.

Now, my little boys and girls, I am going to tell you a short story, which I hope you will read with care. When I was walking through a village a short time since, I saw an old man who was drunk and dirty. Poor old man! His head was grey, and his limbs were weak. He was almost ready to fall down and injure himself on the road. There were also some boys running after him: some of them were laughing at him, and one of them threw some mud at him; and then the old weak man tried to run after this naughty boy, and fell down in the hard road, and made his head bleed; and he could not get up again; and some people were obliged to help him up, and lead him home to his house, which I suppose was a very unhappy one. Poor old man! He might be good and happy, and his friends might like him; and his children too, if he had any, might do all they could for him. But there he was, rambling through the streets, to be a laughing-stock for naughty boys; and perhaps by this time the old grey-headed man may be dead and buried, and where his spirit is no one can tell. I did not think he would live long when I saw him; in fact, he could not be very long for this world, and he must, either prepared or not, leave it for another. Now my young friends, when you get old, if you should live long enough, you should not like to get drunk, to be laughed at, should you? No: you would rather be loved by your friends, and stay at home by your own fireside, and be happy—would you not? Yes, I know you would. Well then, how did the old man that I have spoken of get drunk? Why, he went to the public-house, and spent the money which he ought to spend in warm clothes during the cold winter months, and in good meat and drink,—in nasty beer and gin, which made him drunk and weak, and which injured his health and hastened him to his grave. Now this was a very great pity. And I write to you now, to tell you not to go to the public-house or the place where beer is sold; for if you do you will not be well and happy. If, when you grow up to be men and women, you go often to those places; or if you drink wine, or porter, or rum, or any of these drinks which make men sick, and weak, and drunk, it is likely you will become so too, and that will be a very great pity. And if you wish never to become so, let me advise you never to touch any of these kinds of drinks, never to take them when they are offered to you, and when you get older, you will be stronger, and better, and wiser. I never take any of these myself; I have not done for years, and I never mean to do so again. And, my young friends, if you ever see an old man drunk in the streets, don't run after him and laugh at him. No! pity him, and go up to him, and tell him that you are teetotalers, and that you would like for him to be one also; and that if he were to become one, he would be a sober man, and other people would like him, and that you should like him, and pray for him in your prayers.

When I was a young boy at school, I very well remember another boy who was just the same age as myself. When he grew up to be a bigger boy, his father took him with him to the public-house, and gave him some beer, or rum, or what else he might be drinking; after the boy had gone to the public-house with his father many times, he got to like beer and rum, and so on, and before he was a man he was often seen drunk. He then went away to live from his

father's house, because he was such a bad young man, and his mother used to feel sorry for him, and used sometimes to cry about him, as she loved him very much, though he was so bad. And if you ever become bad children, your dear mother will cry for you too. But I don't think that you ever wish to give your mothers pain and sorrow; then never be bad children, never go to the public-house, never drink the liquors which are sold there; for this boy of which I am speaking, became drunken and sinful because he did these things. He would frequently fight in the villages with other foolish young men, and then he would get black eyes and bruised flesh, and he thereby felt much pain. When he was about nineteen years of age he enlisted for a soldier, and then he was taken by those men who wear red coats and ribbons around their hats, to another part of the country, where he could not see his mother or his father. And while he was there, his mother felt for him; she often spoke about him, and said she would give all that she had to see and have him back again; and then she would go up stairs and cry, because he was so far away from her, and because she was afraid that he would go away and be killed by some other soldiers. She did this for a long time, and at last her husband said that he would get her son back. The father went away where the young man was, and paid a great many pounds to the government for him, and brought him back to his mother. And she was delighted to see him; she wept with joy when he came into the house; and though he had been a wicked young man, she ran to him and kissed him. Some time passed away, and the young man appeared to be more sober. But after some time he went to the public-house with his father again, and though for some months he was steady and again respected by other young men, he sometimes took too much beer, and then he would get tipsy; and when he got home his mother was very sorry to see him so, and she begged and prayed of him not to drink so much; and he promised that he would not. But he went on drinking more and more, until he became a drunkard again; and when the soldiers again came into the village, they persuaded him to enlist again. He did so. He was again put away by them, and his father said he would never free him again. And then his mother would bitterly cry, but her cries and her love could not bring her erring son back to her home and her bosom. The unfortunate young man remained some time in the army; and when some soldiers were wanted to fight and kill some other soldiers in India, he, with a great many other young men, was sent away; and his parents have not heard of him since, and perhaps they never will again. Oh! what can be the state of his poor mother's feelings, now she cannot hear from her erring, though darling son. She thinks about him all the day long, and dreams about him when she is asleep; but she cannot bring him back. Very likely she will never, never see him again; very likely he was killed during the late wicked wars in India, very likely his bones are now whitening in the field or beside some of the rivers of some foreign land. Poor, unfortunate young man! He was brought up tenderly, his father provided for him cheerfully, his mother loved him dearly; she frequently dandled him on her knee, and pressed him to her bosom. He went to the Sunday-school; he also went to the day-school. But none of these things could save him. He first fell a victim to the bad drinking system, and then, as is too often the case, he fell a victim to the cruel, wicked war system. If his father had never put him to the public-house and learned him to drink, and if he had been a teetotaler from his youth up, he might, very likely, at this time have been a joy to his family, an honour to society, and a useful man in the world. Then let me, my young friends, again intreat you never to touch these drinks, which are bad in themselves, and which have ruined so many boys and girls, and men and women; and to do what you can, in your own way, to make mankind sober, happy, and blessed.