

the blessing of God, has been the protection and comfort of thousands and tens of thousands.

3.—A knowledge that you have subscribed the pledge will give to your example *in society* not only a *present*, but a *prospective* and *permanent* influence and force.

4.—In the case of *reclaimed drunkards* the pledge is particularly important for eradicating long-continued habits of intemperance, and as a protection against the allurements of former haunts and old associates. Ought we not to give to those who are just snatched from the jaws of destruction, the influence of our united example, by signing the pledge for their encouragement, and to preserve them from falling.

5.—The pledge is a *public testimony*, which all who have taken it bear against the degrading vice of drunkenness—the overflowing source of so much wretchedness and guilt! Can you hesitate in giving this testimony.

6.—The pledge is the banner of *union* and *active co-operation* among the advocates of Total Abstinence; and will you not hasten to join them in the glorious cause which they have espoused?

7.—Like the muster-roll of an army, the register of those who have subscribed the pledge enables the members of the Temperance Society to *know and feel their strength*; while a knowledge of accumulating numbers adds vigour to their efforts, and new triumphs to the warfare in which they are engaged. Will you not, then, aid in swelling the lists, and in promoting these most happy results?

Finally, take every seasonable opportunity of avowing the decision you have made, and promote the great work by all the means in your power; thus shall "your light so shine before men, that they, seeing your good works, shall glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. v. 16.

THE SON'S CURSE.

When I was but a little boy, as I was riding with my father slowly and patiently, and almost silently up "the mountain," he stopped and said to me abruptly: "My son, do you see that stone?" pointing at the same time to a tall piece of trap rock, standing erect amidst a heap of other stones. "I do," I replied, and then he proceeded to inform me that directly against that stone, in the middle of the road, old John T. was found one evening dead and cold, the blood having flowed from his ear so profusely as to run down in the path to the distance of almost a rod. It started me to think of such a sudden and violent death, and all the more, to think that I stood just over the spot from whence an immortal soul was launched into eternity. But dreadful as the sudden announcement seemed to me, I soon found that the circumstances of his death were still more shocking, as I listened with excited feelings to the remaining narrative.

Old John was an intemperate man, and the blight of a drunken father's influence had fallen, as it usually does, upon his family. The morning before the old man was found dead, he had saddled his horse, declaring his intention to go to H. His son John, wishing to secure his father's aid in some important matters at home, tried to

dissuade him from his purpose; but in vain. At last, when he found his endeavors fruitless, he said in his vexation, and with a dreadful oath, "If you do go, I hope you'll go to *hell* before you come back." Who? a horrid wish for a son to express in reference to his father! How generally do we find such profaneness of filial impiety, if we find it at all, in the families of the intemperate. Such are the natural fruits of parental degradation, springing up in the persons of the children. If we would know where such wickedness flourishes, it may be soonest found in the family of the drunkard.

Old John started off over the mountain, notwithstanding his son's wishes and imprecations, and, as usual, when he had placed himself amidst temptations, he soon became intoxicated, and in that state he started again for his home. When last seen, he was riding towards home, reeling in his saddle, and when descending the mountain, it is supposed that he fell from his horse and broke a blood-vessel, and perhaps was otherwise injured; and there he died, and there his corpse stiffened in the chilly night air. His faithful horse was found without a rider, and thus suspicions of his dreadful end were excited, and search was made for him, and he was found besmeared with gore and dirt, where his blood had flowed out profusely. There lay the drunkard's carcass, to testify to the fulfilment of the dreadful wish of his profane son, and there his neighbors set up that stone to mark the place where he finished his probation.

"No drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God;" yet he died in a state of beastly intoxication, and his soul went to its reward.

That son, whose frightful imprecation was accomplished before another sunrise, lived to be a cruel, intemperate, profane and brutish father—the terror of his family, and a burden to society. He has been known to stand for fifteen minutes with the muzzle of his loaded gun pressed against the bosom of his own son, threatening every instant to shoot him if he dared to stir. He has made repeated attacks upon his wife and children, which would have been fatal, if he had not been baffled or missed by accident of his design.

That narrative of my father's was to me one of the most eloquent and impressive temperance discourses to which I have ever listened. It made me *feel* that the drink which brought such dreadful mischief in families, was by all means to be avoided—that it is *folly* to risk such ruin by tampering with such a tempter. May I not hope that some of the children who may read this narrative will draw the same conclusion, and learn to practise on the same principles that have since controlled me, and which will save all who embrace them. Our land has been filled with the monuments of the danger and the mischiefs of using intoxicating drinks as a beverage, and yet thousands are now treading in the very steps which led these men into that labyrinth of evils, and multitudes will reproduce in their own experience, those crimes and miseries which are never known, unless they have their origin in the "moderate use" of these accursed drinks. There is nothing but the drunkard's drink that can form the drunkard's character, and make the drunkard's home. What fearful re-