

case with Mrs. W., of M. She was called in early life to seek the Lord, and for some time walked in the light of his countenance. Her father left her in easy circumstances. She was addressed by a young man. He was not decidedly religious; but she hoped he would become so, and accepted his hand. For some time he was affectionate and attentive; and this raised her expectations. But she was deceived. She had married a man of the world; and "men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles." He soon neglected the means of grace, frequented houses of unlawful pleasure, and there spent *her* substance in riotous living. Protracted and severe affliction followed. The writer visited her, and found her in distressing circumstances, dying, abandoned by her husband, reduced to poverty, and bitterly impressed with the fact, that she had married, but not in the Lord. She lingered for some time, and God graciously pardoned her iniquity, and saved her soul. But she died a warning to all Christian females who are tempted to reject the holy commands of God.

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"After this I saw in the night visions, and behold a fourth beast, dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly; and it had great iron teeth: it devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with the feet of it: and it was diverse from all the beasts that were before it; and it had ten horns.—Daniel vii. 7.

This beast is the very personification of the rum trade. "It is, allowed on all hands," says a celebrated commentator, "that this beast was the Roman Empire." Now, as Rome took the world, so rum usurps universal dominion. It invades the whole man,—body, intellect and soul. It aims at the destruction of every family circle, the subversion of all society, and thirsts for the blood of every human being.

In this night-vision Daniel saw four savage-looking beasts rise out of the sea, which we will use as the representative of four dreadful evils which have swept over our world—war, pestilence, famine, and intemperance—and shall endeavour to show that the latter, like this fourth beast, is not only diverse from the rest, but the most dreadful in its consequences.

War has its periods of destruction. But although the strife is terrible, it is soon succeeded by a long and tranquil reign of peace. It has also rules of honour. A flag of truce in the hottest battle is a signal for a cessation of hostilities. It is also a mark of dishonour to destroy females or helpless infants; and a cry for *quarter* is the cry of hope.

Pestilence "walketh in darkness and wasteth at noon-day," sweeping its hundreds from the stage of life as with the besom of destruction.