

but ah! listen to the voice that comes from Heaven's great King, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay saith the Lord." Go into the silent grave yard, as the evening shade prevails, and gaze upon the new made grave; there beneath the sods rest the remains of what a short time ago was a blushing bride. Little did she think when she stood at the altar and placed herself in the keeping of a man who pledged himself to protect her in health or in sickness, in poverty or in wealth, that he would become her murderer. Alas! that pledge was soon broken, the serpent that charmed her soon showed his venomous fangs, and buried them deeply in the young heart that trusted in him. Listen to the feathered songsters as they warble forth their heaven-tuned lays, and the gentle zephyrs as they chant a solemn requiem o'er the beautiful bride that was stricken down by the murderous hand of a drunken husband. Free from strife and turmoil, rest on thou gentle slumberer, the trump that shall awaken thee will sound; thy pure and spotless soul will soar to realms above, there to stand before the Eternal King as a witness against strong drink. Young Ladies, can you place your destiny in the hands of a drunkard? Can you confide in the promises he has made you; can you be happy when you know that your companion prefers the company of low, drinking associates, who night after night, frequent the lowest haunts of vice and debauchery; can you feel safe in his presence when under the influence of Alcohol; can you think that he will ever perform the vows that he made you? Do not be deceived, he will not, he can not, for it is not consistent with the law of God, or nature, for the evil one to do good. All good works proceed from God. He has denounced strong drink. He has distinctly and emphatically declared that "no drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven." Then do not bring a cloud over your life, do not stand on the brink of a precipice whose yawning chasm is open to receive you; do not