

upon the young man who was once the pride of the family circle, esteemed and respected by all who knew him; look at him to-day as he comes forth from some den of infamy, where he has been spending the night in drunken revelry, with vile companions who have lured him from his home, regardless of his father's entreaties, despite his mother's prayers, and the earnest appeals of an affectionate sister, who have sought to turn him from the road to eternal ruin. All is vain, he heeds not their warning voice, or their earnest prayers. Alcohol has done its damnable work; he has become entangled in the web, and now lies wreathing in the embrace of the subtle creature, that has wound its folds around him; soon its fangs will pierce the vital part, that will plunge him into a yawning chasm, from which no human power can extricate him. Look at him as he emerges from one drinking Hell to another, how he staggers to and fro, a loathsome and disgusting creature, with the fumes of alcohol ascending from his breath equal to the sulphuric fumes that ascend from Etna's burning mount. Crime after crime is committed; warning after warning passes by unheeded, and finally in a drunken brawl, the bullet or the knife has pierced the heart of his associate; and thus another unprepared soul is launched into eternity, without a moment's warning, and he the bright eyed boy that sat upon his mother's knee while she fondly sported with his golden tresses is now confined in a felon's cell—there to ponder over his wretched life, thinking of the woe and misery he has brought upon that once happy home. He has looked upon their faces for the last time, and bid them a last farewell. Next time he comes forth from that cell, it will be to pay the penalty of his crime upon the scaffold—and this all came from the first glass. Oh! ye rocks and hills, could ye speak would ye not invoke the powers of heaven to curse the inhuman monster that sold him the first glass;

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