

nothing is more ruinous than such payment. It is a lamentable state of things, and it speaks volumes against such a practice, when a clever workman, on account of the very talents he possesses, in connection with the drinking customs of the country, is most exposed to danger. We have known many such workmen, and few if any of them were sober men. One of those (he died a drunkard) we yet remember well, for many a little ship he rigged to us, and many a kite he made, and many a rabbit-house he built, and many a large top he turned to the boys of the village. He could turn his hand to almost everything. There was not a clock in the village went wrong, but John put it all to right. He was a millwright by trade. But it was hard to say what trade he belonged to. The repairing of clocks and watches, the painting of signboards, or bell-hanging, or cutting and lettering grave-stones, came as ready to him as the setting up of threshing-machines, which were certainly his forte.—And yet John was the poorest man in the parish; for he was, unfortunately, just as clever at turning up his little finger, as he was at turning any fancy piece of work. He was, certainly, a genius; but, like almost every other genius, he was simple, too simple; and his drinking habits, latterly, came to destroy the remaining force of any little principle he had ever possessed. His simple nature and obliging disposition, led him to proffer his services on any occasion when he could be of use; and the usual payment made on such occasions was the free circulation of the bottle.—If any little job was to be done, requiring expertness or taste, John was sure to be sent for at his bye hours. He had great pleasure in the doing of any little “nick nack.” Of course his kindness could not pass unrewarded, and as John was too generous to accept money for every little job, the bottle paid for all, and thus John acquired the habit of drinking. Like every other genius, John was susceptible, at an early period, of the tender passion. He loved, and that most tenderly, an orphan young woman, who supported herself by her needle. Their passion was mutual, but she was guided by sound sober sense; and when she beheld, much to her grief, her lover gradually falling into the habit of drinking, she resolved that she would never enter into the marriage relation with a man who was given to such a habit. Often did she remonstrate with tears, and often did the better feelings of his nature rise within him, and he would make many solemn promises to give up the habit for her sake. But the next extra job brought an extra glass. He was pressed to partake, and the simple mechanic yielded as before. He could sing a good song, tell a good story, and his company was courted. Faithful were the warnings, and urgent the entreaties of Mary Mathie, his lady-love, and these left a salutary impression for a time. He began, however, to neglect his business, and was oftener found in the public-house than in the workshop. His regular trade declined, and latterly went from him altogether. Mary, though tenderly loving him, stood true to her resolution, never to marry till he became a reformed man. Weary of the restraints of his native place, he went to Glasgow, found work for a time, promised to do better—fell again, and took up with a worthless

woman, who completed his ruin. On asking John, a little before his death, what he regretted most in his past life, “Oh,” said he, “if I could but have kept from drink, I would have done well; but I was a poor simple soul. The first thing that made me a drunkard was those eternal drams for the little extra jobs I had the kindness to perform. They were given in kindness, but they have ruined me. They made me a drunkard, and they have blasted my prospects for time and for eternity. Mary Mathie might have been my wife; I might have had a comfortable home, and a flourishing business; but I am lost—I am damned for ever!” As he said these words, he stood before me in the agony of remorse and despair; and to every word of hope I uttered, he replied, “I am damned—I am a ruined man!” His brain was evidently turned; and in a few days I heard, in a distant part of the country, whether I had gone on business, that he had died of brain fever.

What might John Hislop not have been, as a successful and talented artizan, but for the pernicious drinking custom to which we have referred? May his fate be a warning to employers who give drink as payment for the performance of any piece of labour, and to workmen who are tempted often to take it as such!

SABBATH DESECRATION.

“The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.” In this passage of our Lord’s personal teaching, it is clearly shown that the institution of one day’s rest in seven is obligatory upon man, as man, and that with a view to his welfare and happiness. The more the divine sentiment is studied, the stronger will be the conviction that it cannot be a stronghold to the anti-sabbatists, or a conclusive argument against the universal and perpetual obligation of the fourth commandment. The declaration of itself is one of the most powerful media through which men may contemplate the divine beneficence. The institution of which it speaks has least suffered from the ravages of the fall, and beyond all other external ordinances, does it aid in filling up the breach between God and man, by giving unto the latter an opportunity to reflect on his primæval state, on the dark transition to his present degradation, and on the means by which he is to be elevated, sanctified, and made meet for the eternal Sabbath, and the performance of its exalted service. It is a subject, then, which intimately concerns every man, and unto those who are filled with zeal for the glory of God, and the advancement of true and undefiled religion, it comes with resistless power, the more so, that in these times the cupidity of man, and its consequent lawless ambition, are seeking to bring down the Sabbath of the Lord from its high and commanding place in the Christian code, and to make it common with the other days of the week for purposes of business, recreation, and amusement. Who, then, is he that fears the Lord, and refuses to follow in a prayerful study of that form of Sabbath desecration which it is the object of the present essay to expose? Scotland, for a full century, has degenerated in the sanctification of the Sabbath, and her modern church supposes she reads the climax of that