

there is hope, there is honour, in this virtuous indigence. What breaks the heart of the drunkard's wife? It is not that he is poor, but that he is a drunkard. Instead of that bloated face, now distorted with passion, now robbed of every gleam of intelligence, if the wife could look on an affectionate countenance, which had for years been the interpreter of a well principled mind and faithful heart, what an overwhelming load would be lifted from her. It is a husband, whose touch is polluting, whose infirmities are the witnesses of his guilt, who has blighted all her hopes, who has proved false to the vow which made her his, it is such a husband who makes home a hell, not one whom toil and disease and providence have cast on the care of wife and children.

We look too much at the consequences of vice, too little at the vice itself. It is vice, which is the chief weight of what we call its consequence, vice which is the bitterness in the cup of human woe.

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THE rude mind regards Liberty as a Law of License, a Charter for self-will; — but to the chastened heart, Liberty is Responsibility. The sentiment of the one is — “I have a Right to do what I will;” the sentiment of the other is — “My Free Will may lead me and others into evil, and throw me out of harmony with God, — I must guard the sources of action, and place my Liberty under a divine Guidance.” The Liberty which has regard to the *Rights of self* is always the form in which the sentiment *first* displays itself, — and not until the Christian and spiritual view of Life rules the heart, do we come to feel that Liberty is a Responsibility on Conscience, not a Charter of Independence and way-ward Desire, — and that the more of Freedom we have, the more anxious should we place our Free Will under the highest guidance of Love and of Law. — *Rev. J. H. Thayer.*