

offers their last morsel of bread to a shoeless and stockingless boy, and a little girl whose playthings lie neglected on the floor. "Tenez, c'est tout!" she says—Take hold of it, it is all! The misery of the group would awaken no feeling but that of strong compassion in the breast of the spectator, if he could forget the madness and folly which occasioned it.

The sixth scene is fearfully arresting. The miserable victim of gaming in his wretched abode of destitution, endures his agony till he hears the feet of the officer of arrest on the stairs, and then terminates his miserable existence by discharging a bullet through his head.

His body is extended on the floor, the head fearfully disfigured. One leg still remains resting on a chair, and a pistol is seen on the ground. His alarmed children, scarcely comprehending the extent of their calamity, gaze with apprehension on the lifeless body of their father, while their mother, clasping her hands in all the energy and hopelessness of grief, horror, and despair, exclaims, "Edouard! qu'as tu fait?"—Edward, what hast thou done?

Such is the lesson, replete with fearful admonition, which this series of prints presents to the reflective looker-on; a lesson, which the young and the old, the poor and the rich, may dwell upon with advantage. There may be comparatively few gamblers who go to the dreadful extent of self-destruction, but short of that, how much of guilt may be indulged in! how much of wretchedness endured! The desire to add unduly to what we possess, the lust of coveting what belongs to another, is strengthened alike by success and disappointment. How much "better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith!" He that hasteth to be rich has an evil life, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him. The desperate gambler stakes his earthly comforts on the throw of a dice, on the turn to a card. But we may ask, who is the gambler? Be not content to look on the fearful scene, described in the last print, and to reply, "There he lies extended on the ground." Think, whether, in like principle, though not in like degree, you are not a gambler? The tossing up a coin for a half-penny, is gaming as well as throwing the dice for a sovereign. The staking a sixpence at the commonest game of cards is gaming, as well as risking a thousands pounds at rouge et noir. He who begins with risking little, may end with risking much; the penny smoothes the way for the

pound. Watch, then, over your heart, as a vigilant sentinel, and let no enemy steal upon your unawares. Let the lust of coveting what belongs to another be looked upon as sin, and the door of a gaming-house be regarded as the gate of destruction. The love of gaming glides serpent-like into the breast, and stings the heart unexpectedly. Late hours agreeable company, the intoxicating glass, and the ungodly desire to gain another's wealth, have led thousands to the gulf of despair, and too many have plunged headlong therein.

Prospectus of the Second Volume of
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The first number of the Second Volume will be published on the 1st day of April next, and the Subscriber trusts that new orders will be sent in immediately.

J. C. BECKET,
Publisher.

Montreal, Feb. 1, 1853.