

who informed you of this? there must be some mistake.

*James.*—No, Henry, there is no mistake in the matter; I saw them with my own eyes. I had, after the close of the evening services on Sunday, gone in the company of Mr. Close, one of your superintendents, to visit a friend of yours, who has been some time confined by affliction; on our return to our separate homes, we passed together the Grapes inn; when passing the door, out stepped three young men, stumbling against us. Mr. C. and myself looked in the faces of the youths, and as soon as they recognized Mr. C. they slunk away, but in such a manner as plainly evinced that they had partaken freely of intoxicating liquor. In walking on, I said to Mr. C. those are three of your scholars; and he acknowledged, with a sigh, that they were, mentioning their names, and who was their teacher.

*Henry.*—Oh, James, your statement has distressed me more deeply than anything I have had to endure of late. But who were they; what were their names?

*James.*—I had rather not mention their names at present; probably you will hear more of it from Mr. Close. But, Henry, do you not, in your instructions, occasionally warn them against the evils of intemperance?

*Henry.*—I acknowledge with shame and confusion of face, up to this time, I have neglected this important portion of my instructions.

*James.*—Ay, important indeed. I consider it the imperative duty of all Sunday school teachers, both male and female, to spend a small portion of their time every Sunday, in attempting to instil into the minds of their youthful charge the principles of total abstinence from