

Holy Being unto whose care they are consigned. Peace and contentment reign in that home. Can these scenes change? Alas they can. The scene has changed; in an evil moment the tempter has spread his wily folds. The Demon of Hell has entered that home. Look now upon that fond mother as she sits in her home of poverty and woe; look at her as she folds her babe to her breast, to protect it from the cold and chilling blast of a winter storm; look upon her pale and haggard features, her torn and tattered clothing; look at the anguish that is depicted upon her countenance. Oh God, who can read that mother's heart; look at the little ones as they nestle together and watch the dying embers of the last of their fuel; listen to their heart rending cries for bread; look upon the pale emaciated forms of those once happy children. But ah, listen! footsteps are heard: 'tis the footsteps of the man, who before heaven swore to love and protect the woman that he had torn from her home, the woman that had sacrificed all for his love. He enters his wretched home; watch him as he staggers toward that devoted wife with a fierce oath; watch the blood shot eyes, the uplifted hand as it falls upon the head of that unhappy creature; one piercing cry and she sinks upon the floor a bleeding corpse; look in love and compassion upon the helpless babes as they gaze upon the face of their mother's murderer. Did heaven ever decree that man, a being after God's own Image, should so debase himself that he should be upon a level with the brute creatures? Nay God gave to man reason, while He gave to the brute instinct only; yet in many instances man has sunk below the brute. Man will partake of that which will destroy him morally, and physically alienate him from his God, his home and family, his kindred, and all positions of honor and trust, and will finally plunge him into a vortex that will ruin both body and soul. Let us look