

besides mending the rags, and bemoaning the misery of her family. When Jane first came to school, it was evidently looked upon as a refuge from a wretched home, and valued as such. It was affecting to see her luxuriating in the warmth of the school-room fire on a cold winter's day. Poor thing! it was the only time she could calculate on such an enjoyment.

I could go on, extensively quoting from the experience of others, or relating from my own observation, such instances as these, in which the comfort, respectability, present welfare, and future prospects of our school children and their parents have been sacrificed to the indulgence of intemperate habits. But what need for this, when so many living, though possibly silent, witnesses to the desolating influence of drunkenness, crowd the streets and lanes of our towns and cities, and the highways and bye-ways of our villages? What need of it, when not a reader, probably, into whose hands these letters may come, but could point out many a ruined home, or many a suffering family victimized by strong drink.

Is it possible that any of my readers may feel convicted of fault in this respect? If so, be entreated, at once and for ever, to abandon the destructive, though seductive, habit of intemperance. Think of the personal inconveniences it brings upon you. Is it not worth your while to get rid of these? Think of the helpless and hopeless poverty a course of drunkenness entails upon your family. Is it not worthy of a struggle on your part, by a resolute and final departure from that course, to redeem them from this present misery? Think of the domestic quarrels in which habitual temperance continually involves you. Is not peace at home worth obtaining at almost any price? Think of your children, shoeless, shivering, ragged, hungry, when the sacrifice of your wretched vice would clothe them, warm them, feed them, and make them happy! Can you barter away their daily

comfort for the maddening excitement of beer drinking or spirit drinking? Think of your children taking pattern from you, and becoming, before many years have passed away, more degraded perhaps, and more sottish than yourself, and pleading your example as an excuse for their conduct;—think of them as ruined in health and prosperity by your and their destructive course;—or think of them as cursing your memory as that of a cruel, self-indulgent parent, who for the gratification of one base passion, could doom them to want and contempt.—Think, I say, of these things as the natural consequences of your intemperate habits, and say whether a present privation—aye, *privation* if such it must be—ought not to be endured, to avert such a train of dire calamities.

Bear with me a little longer:—I cannot leave off here. We are too apt to look at the things that are seen and temporal, and forget those which are not seen and eternal. Bear with me therefore, when I say that the intemperance to which, in your conscience, you plead guilty, is a soul-destroying crime. “Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor DRUNKARDS, shall inherit the kingdom of God.”—1 Cor. vi. 9, 10. Your children, through the infinite mercy of God, and by means of instruction which you care not to give, may be rescued from influence of your example, and, believing and trusting in Christ, obeying his commands, and having his love shed abroad in their hearts, may have a “right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city” (Rev. xxii. 14); but as sure as death finds you a slave to the sin of intemperance, so surely will you yourself be “shut out.”

Be implored, then, by the love you bear to your children; by the regard you have to their present respectability and comfort, and to their future character and destiny; and by the hope you sometimes entertain of being