

women are greedily satisfying their appetites : while thousands of ale-houses and gin-hells are pouring forth their poisonous liquids, where crowds of miserably degraded wretches of both sexes in human shape are swallowing down the deadly elements and rioting in hellish revelry. Alas ! how many a home has been converted into a mad-house, yea, even into a very hell, by these dens of pollution, in which dwell the accursed spirit-dealers of iniquity.

Alas ! how many a fond wife, with her little ones, perhaps destitute of every domestic comfort, is at that very moment anxiously awaiting the return of her husband. Hour after hour may pass away, until the very depths of night appear to grow sad with the dreary sorrow of her heart, and at length he returns—but not as a loving and sober husband ; not as a tender and home-providing father ; not as a man, with all the noble attributes of the human nature ; not as a Christian, with the spiritual Balm of Gilead, with which to soothe the cankering ills of his household ;—no, not as either he returns, but rather as a madman escaped from the prison walls of Bedlam, or as fiend let loose from the nether kennel.

But, nevertheless, there were thousands of happy households that evening enjoying the domestic comforts of a peaceful home,—that place, the dearest of all on earth, when sancti-