

ren, destitute of common necessities, weeping in silence ; for, she never reproached me, while I was frequenting Taverns, associating with low company, and falling fast into contempt. But, it has pleased God to recall me to a proper sense of my wickedness, and I am a reformed man.

Returning one evening from the Tavern, I stumbled upon a pamphlet, which had been dropped on the road ; and on reaching home, found it to be an exhortation against Drunkenness. Though little disposed to read serious books, I chose rather to peruse it than look at my wife's falling tears, which pricked me to the heart. As I proceeded, I felt much affected ; and in the hope of being useful to others, I take the liberty of sending some of the passages that appeared to me the most striking.

The Author remarks : " That among all the terms of insult and reproach, which people at variance cast upon each other, that of a drunkard is the most disgraceful.—The enemies of the Gospel could find no stigma equal to this, no method of manifesting their hatred against the Apostles so strongly, as by calling them drunkards. Others said mocking, ' These men are full of new wine.' The drunkard is considered in his three-fold capacity : 1st. a rational being ; 2d. a member of society ; 3d. the heir of immortality.

" Under the first it is said, that when a man has lost the use of his reason, we deplore his misfortune, as the greatest that can befall him ; sickness, loss of limbs, even death itself are considered nothing in comparison of this. His dearest friends, his very wife and children who love him with the most tender affection, and would most willingly lay down their lives for his safety, now pray most earnestly that he may be relieved from the terrible calamity, with which he is afflicted. Yet, the drunkard prefers madness to health, and deprives himself, with his own hand, of reason, the great mark of his divine original.

" Even those who have the good fortune to retain the use of their mental faculties, soon find their bodies debilitated, and unfit for their usual occupations. Their blood grows thick, their joints stiff, their sinews flaccid, their nerves lose their tone, their countenance becomes bloated, their limbs are seized with a continual tremor, and convulsions generally close the scene."

Again he says, " Drunkards are fertile in excuses, and continue to use the most absurd, after they are sensible of