

well if they were more disposed to ponder the calamities to which the least departure from these commandments may insensibly conduct. For what community, what hamlet, what circle of acquaintances, however small, has not its instances, terrible and impressive, of the truth that even in this world "the wages of sin is death" ?

Here I shall select for illustration one sin in particular,—the grand Goliath sin of intemperance ; a sin which perhaps more palpably, though not more truly, than any other exemplifies the statement before us. You know what are called dissolving views, where, as you contemplate a picture, it gradually changes,—the lights and shadows vary,—one feature melts away before your eyes and gives place to another, till the whole is completely altered. Now, if it were possible to have a series of such views, in which the different stages of a drunkard's career were faithfully pictured,—his original unblighted condition undergoing successive transformations, each showing him more sunk and wretched than the preceding,—if you could see him at first in all the freshness and vigour of youth, respected, trusted, and beloved,—if you could see him at a subsequent period, not yet altogether gone, but on the edge of the rapids, his health beginning to suffer, his attention to business relaxing, the confidence of his employers diminishing, his amiability already giving place to qualities of an unhappy and repulsive kind,—if you could see him at a point still lower, his constitution now seriously shattered, and his worldly prospects blasted,—if you could see him trusted, respected, loved no longer, and yet clinging with maniac fondness to the vice which had brought him thus low,—if, finally, you could see him in the last stage, only not an object of unmingled detestation, because he is to every right-minded person an object of such deep pity ; the emaciated victim of disease grown too strong to be controlled by any skill, trembling in the grasp of a ter-