

of five hundred thousand of our poor fellow mortals, with all their sins upon their heads down to a drunkard's grave. And there never will be salvation for the poor lost inebriate, (or but to a very limited extent,) as long as the soul-destroying beverage is allowed to inundate the land, as long as emblems of the cursed poison swing at every corner of our streets, where the poor wretched drunkard is tempted to spend his last penny. For when he sees the rosy bottle and the sparkling glass glittering in the noonday sun, though the soles of his shoes are about to make their exit from the bodies thereof, and the crown of his hat nodding its last adieu, with nothing but rags to cover him, with every nerve trembling, and with one foot in the grave, if he have a few coppers in his pocket, and his dear little children at home are gasping for bread, such is the damning influence of alcohol, that the poor wretch cannot resist the temptation, but staggers to the counter, and gives his last penny for the poisoned cup, and to a fellow man too, one who knows the distress of his family, and that certain destruction of soul and body is his doom. Yet this man with a hard, unblushing face, and a harder heart, for the petty, paltry love of money, pockets his last penny, yes, pockets the last penny of his brother man, who has been created by the same Father, with the same physical and mental capacity, made to be happy here, and hereafter, but sunk into the very depths of abject misery and crime, by the paralyzing influences around him. O, what can such a man feel, if he be not lost to all moral and religious impression when he awakes in the midnight watch, and the voice of busy conscience whispers in his ear, "The life of man hangs by a very brittle thread; you are employed in a traffic which is destroying the souls and bodies of your fellow-men, making widows and orphans of their wives and children; you are spreading destitution, prostitution, lying, swearing, stealing, murder, and