

were in health, but when death stared them in the face have wished me to pray with them ; and in the last half hour of your life, death will make you think differently to what you now do." The awful look of despair, and gnashing of teeth, the clenching of the fist, and the fearful oath with which he exclaimed, "That death plagues me," I shall perhaps never forget.

In further conversation I endeavoured to move him by referring to his departed mother. He became affrighted, and, with a deep sigh, exclaimed, "Ah ! I was once a happy man."

From answers to enquiries, I found he had been a member of a Christian church for seventeen years, but that during the last seven years he had been an unhappy "backslider."

"You may again become a happy man," I assured him. "No, never ! sir ; it is all over now," he replied. After pleading with him to become a total abstainer from drink, as a step towards the right way, he exclaimed, "I never will ! Every morning when I awake, I am as miserable as a man can be until I get some drink, but when I've got it, then I am as happy as any man

in the world, and care for nothing."

On inviting him to accompany me to a place of worship, he said, "No, sir, I shall never put my foot within either church or chapel again." On handing him a tract he refused it and replied, "I do not wish to insult you, sir ; but I shall not read either it or the Bible, nor will I let any one read to me. It is no use now."

When parting, I expressed a hope that he would, on reflection, adopt a new course of life. He shook my hand, and with a quivering lip exclaimed, "I thank you, sir ; I know you wish me well, but I shall never alter now."

As I left him, I thought that I had never met with a more striking instance of the iron grasp with which intoxicating liquors seem, as it were, to "seal the ruin" of many of their victims. He was a man of superior abilities ; he commenced life with a bright prospect of success ; for many years he adorned a Christian profession ; but he was a *moderate drinker*. The "bottle" and the "decanter" were in his house. Many of his Christian brethren had invited him to take "one glass" with them. Imperceptibly a love for drink was created.

THE MISCELLANY.

BUSINESS FIRST, THEN PLEASURE.

A man who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied : "My father taught me never to play till all my work for the day was finished, and never to spend money till I had earned it. If I had but half an hour's work to do in a day, I must do that the first

thing, and in half an hour. After this was done I was allowed to play ; and I could then play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing every thing in its time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this habit that I owe my prosperity." Boys, read and consider.