

companion of fools shall be destroyed." Who are they that have been his companions, and that have led him thus far towards utter destruction? Who are they in whose company he encouraged himself in disregarding the necessary regulations, and in resisting the constituted authorities of the institution whose privileges he was permitted to enjoy? Who are they in whose company he was encouraged to practice that language of hell, which broke from his lips as the dagger went to its aim? Who are they in whose company these low-lived sins—these base forfeitures of the honour which they plighted at their matriculation—these drunken follies—these dastardly midnight outrages—seemed like marks of spirit and of gentlemanly breeding? Some of them may be here to-night. Let me then say to them, you are partakers in his sins, as he is in yours; on you rests a dread responsibility in regard to his moral character before God, as on him in regard to yours; you partake in the responsibility even of that horrid act; the offence came by you; the stain of that blood reaches even to your souls.

And does not the responsibility reach farther still? Who gave the guilty boy the drink that maddened him? Tell me whose influence goes to form that state of public opinion, which tolerates and keeps up those bloody dens of intoxication at which the morals of our youth are corrupted? How does it happen that a man dares to come to such a place as this, and open a shop for the purpose of training men to outrage and to crime? Who are responsible in this respect? I can tell you who are not. Those who in their own practice conscientiously abstain from all intoxicating drinks. Those who are known to be pledged, uncompromising enemies of all that leads to drunkenness. Those whose influence is continually crying aloud, "Beware!—look not on the wine when it is red." Whatever these men's infirmities may be—whatever extravagancies and errors may be justly imputed to them—whatever sins they may have to confess before God—this offence comes not by them.

Can you say that this offence comes not by you? If the examples which you give to the community tend to uphold the habitual or the festival use of those drinks which madden the brain, can you lift up your hand, untravelling, to God, and ask, "Lord, is it I?" If you, in your elegant exclusiveness, stand aloof from the great movement of the temperance reformation—if you make light of this kind of philanthropy—if you condemn the vulgarity of "Washingtonianism,"—if the "red wine" "moveth itself aright" at your table, and passes round at your festive entertainments—can you say before God that this offence comes not by you? The young man who, by the use of wine for excitement and for revelry, has been led to the commission of so blasting a crime, has shared perhaps in the hospitality of some of our families. Perhaps he has been admitted to the civilities of acquaintanceship in your family, and to the enjoyments of fashionable society in your dwelling. If so, what was the lesson you gave him there? If he had been invited to your entertainments, tell me, what would have been to him the language of your wine glasses? God's wisdom says to the young man, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red." You reverse that lesson. You say, in effect, to your own son, if you have one, and to all who share the fashionable hospitalities of your dwelling—nay, to all who know your position in respect to this matter, you say in effect, "Look thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright." Tell me—tell me, by whom cometh the offence? Tell me, have not you somewhat to repent of, somewhat for which to cry, "Deliver me from blood guiltiness, oh, God, thou God of my salvation?"

Let that serious lesson which has been thus feebly illustrated, be deeply engraven on every mind. "Woe to the world because of offences!" "Woe to that man by whom

the offence cometh!" He who influences men to sin, whether by teaching and maintaining false principles of action, or by the fatal power of a pernicious example, or by spreading temptations like snares and pitfalls in the path of the unwary, or simply by encouraging the transgressor in his way to death—he brings a woe upon the world, and the justice of God will bring a woe upon his soul. Let him repent, then, while there is yet "space for repentance," and call upon a forgiving God while there is a "day of salvation." Let every man look with careful, trembling circumspection into the tendencies of that influence by which he is contributing to mould the character and destiny of those around him. It will be a fearful thing, in that day, to encounter the upbraiding gaze of souls whom the light of eternity has awakened to know, too late, the influences that blinded their minds, and hardened their hearts, and seared their consciences, and led them to their ruin. Let every man whose conscience stirs at the thought of such an encounter, bow in repentance at God's mercy-seat, and thus commit himself, with trembling yet confiding hope, to the power of Christ's atonement.

Depriving Him of his Bread.—The Taverner's Complaint.

The *Hampden Washingtonian* gives an account of a tavern keeper who bitterly complained of his neighbours for robbing his wife and children of their bread, in attempting to withhold his license and break up his business. Wearied of his whinings, one of those neighbours invited him to take a walk with him, and, without unfolding his object, took him into a log cabin, where they saw stretched upon a poor bed, a sick mother, with a little child by her side. She was pale and feeble, and sorrow had woven a dark wreath about her brow, and spread its shadows over her countenance. In another part of the same room lay another victim of disease, a little girl, about eight or ten years old, stretched upon a couch of languishing. After a moment's pause, the temperance man commenced a conversation about their circumstances.

Temperance man to the sick woman:—"Are you comfortably provided for in your illness?"

Woman:—"I had rather make no remarks concerning our circumstances"—much excited, and her bosom heaved, as though untold sorrows lodged within.

Temperance man:—"I have called out of kind motives, and feel that you ought not to conceal your circumstances. If you are in want, I should be glad to know it, and insist that you answer me."

Her bosom again heaved, and the tears gushed from her eyes, and she answered, "We are destitute; we have nothing in the house to eat."

The temperance man inquired again, "Where is the pail of flour I sent you yesterday, and where is the tea my wife and some other ladies in the neighbourhood sent you?"

Again the poor woman sobbed, and requested that she might not be pressed for an answer, but the gentleman kindly yet earnestly insisted on knowing the whole truth, when she with great excitement and grief replied,

"My husband took the flour and the tea, and sold them at the tavern for liquor."

The temperance man then turned to the tavern keeper and said, "You now have a reply to your speech; you can now see who robs mothers and children of bread."

The confounded man of the bar said, "I will send the flour and the tea back."

"You can do that," said the temperance man, "but you cannot heal that broken heart; you cannot send back the blasted hopes, the departed joys, the ruined health and the blighted character. All these you have taken away, but you cannot return them."

But the tavern keeper's cup of confusion was not yet full. They left the miserable abode and retraced their steps homeward. When on their way, they came upon the husband of the sick wife, who lay drunk by the side of the road, with his jug by his side, cork out. This was the finishing touch; the tavern keeper became in a great hurry, and could spend no more time in conversation; but he was cured of talking about robbing wives and children of their bread.