

contagion in every direction through the house, and especially in this low narrow room. Too weak to go out, this poor creature lay in the room with this corpse three days and three nights—a situation horrible beyond description. Her decline was hastened by this; and the wretched creature lay before us, writhing in excruciating agony. My assistant went for the doctor, and I talked with the poor woman about her soul. She had been piously brought up, and her parents still lived in one of the most aristocratic portions of the city, not knowing any thing about her. She had often felt in her wildest revelry that she was a sinner, but intemperance and its kindred crimes had hurried her onward until she had been brought to her present position, at the early age of twenty-three. I prayed with her, and found her to all appearance, deeply penitent. Such fearful self-condemnations I never heard; such wailings of despair, as my mind had fancied, belonged only to the pit itself. I directed her to Christ, who could save even from these abysses of sin, and felt great satisfaction in telling the poor lost one the blessed story of the cross.

Several men and a woman now came into the room, and stood silently looking on. Alone, as I was, among so many who, from their looks, were adepts in crime, my position was not at all pleasant, especially, when, as I arose to take my seat on the great chest, some pennies in my pocket jingled, and I noticed a quick look from one to the other. A thousand thoughts flew like lightning through my mind as I saw at a glance that I was so completely in their power, that they might accomplish any purpose they saw fit, and I could only by a miracle escape. My suspense was soon ended by the appearance of my assistant and the Doctor, who prescribed for the sick woman. Among other things, ice was ordered. He sent the woman who had come in for it, and I never shall forget the look of mingled satisfaction and pain that spread over her face as she saw me with my knife break the ice into small lumps and put them into the poor woman's mouth. She said, as I arose from the pleasant task, "Well, sah, you is kind."

This opened the way for some conversation between us; and following it up, we exhorted the whole company to forsake the ways of sin. The exhortations were honest ones, and the audience a wretched one. We knelt to pray; the whole company knelt, and as my assistant poured out his prayer to God, groans and cries filled the room. The wretched creature in the corner cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and the same prayer rolled forth from other lips, whose only prayers had been imprecations, and whose penitence, despair. If angels ever weep they must have wept then. After a few days we had the sick woman brought to our building, and she began to improve, but the burning thirst for liquor seemed to haunt her like an avenging spirit.

One day we missed her, and we have not been able to find her since. From some information we have gleaned, we think she went out to satisfy her craving thirst for the fiery stimulant, now becoming so fatally necessary to her, and met her companion in crime who has her locked up in Cow Bay.

MAY GOD SAVE HER.

Appalling Scene.

"O, thou invisible spirit of rum! thou hadst no name by which to know thee, we would call thee Devil!"—SHAKESPEARE.

For several months past there has lived in our neighborhood an Irish widow with two children, one about five and the other about eight years of age. The woman was more than ordinarily intelligent, and capable of sustaining herself and children comfortably. But instead of this, she betook herself to drinking, and in the vilest manner procured her means for so doing.

At length she became completely prostrated and lay upon the bed for several days, with the poor children on either side, without food, without fire, or sufficient bedding to shield them from the cold. After several persons had made fruitless attempts to gain admittance, she keeping the door of her tenement locked on the inside, we were permitted to succeed by means of one of the children, to whom we spoke through a window, promising to furnish some food and make a fire. On entering, we beheld one of the most appalling scenes our eyes ever witnessed.

There lay the woman almost dead from the effects of liquor, and the children in a perishing state, caused by cold and hunger. They had subsisted several days on raw, frozen cabbage leaves. There was not a particle of cooked food in their wretched abode, or uncooked, except a few turnips and about a pint of dried beans. They had not even a cup of water to quench their raging thirst. Beside the bed, we found a tin measure nearly full of liquor, and in the corner of the room were two casks and several jugs, containing probably ten or twelve gallons more of the same deadly fluid. In addition to this, ice, filth and confusion made up the sickening sight.

After several hours had been spent in trying to resuscitate the wretched sufferers, they were taken by the keeper of the alms house to his premises. That night the woman and her children were put in bed together. The next morning the mother was found a corpse—perhaps died in a fit, but none can tell how ebb'd the dregs of her miserable existence. But the children, our heart sickens in view of their condition in bed with a corpse, and such a corpse, and in such a manner. On this point we forbear further comment.

These poor orphans have been great sufferers. The kicks and blows from their drunken mother, were many. We have remonstrated, but in vain, against this cruelty. Then the cold, nakedness, and hunger to which they were subjected, was truly painful. Add to this the awful example and influence by which they were continually surrounded, and we have a bird's eye view of the evils growing out of the use of intoxicating liquors. Indeed from this source, we know of no suffering, no crime, no unmitigated compound of degradation, which exceed it in its terrible results. Under its influence every law of man's being is outraged, and the laws of high Heaven are defied and trampled upon. We may well say of rum's doings, what the immortal Wesley said of slavery: "It is the sum of all villainies, and the vilest that ever saw the sun." And yet, in perpetuating this work of Satan, sober men are engaged. Startle not at our assertion, dear reader, we are prepared to prove, if need be, the position we take.

In the case cited above, the express-man for a few shillings conveyed the liquor from the seller to the