

swear, by friends on earth and God in heaven, a lifelong warfare, if need be, against the traffic. There can be no compromise. It is a conflict of extermination, and the blows will only fail when the battle of life is ended, and our strong right arm is mingled with its mother dust. We will wear our harness to the grave, and make Hannibals of those who come after us, to fight on.

A few brief years at most, and our old mother goes down to her rest, and if living, we shall, with a heavy heart, lay her head in the grave. But we shall turn away to the strife with a holier faith. We cannot be less a temperance man while she is living. We know we shall not be when she is dead. As blessings are ever the brighter after they are flown, so will her lesson be more sacredly remembered after she has passed away.—She will never die to us. Her spirit will linger around us for the remainder of our brief journey, to watch over and guide our footsteps. Or if our sun shall first go down, her tears shall not scald the green turf over one who moulders in the rayless night of a drunkard's grave.—*Abstainer's Journal.*

### The Trembling Eyelid.

[The following simple narrative is from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney, of Hartford, Ct. We publish it as a record of actual, not of possible, events, without any of the adornments of fiction, and interesting because of its truth, and also because of the practical lesson which it teaches—the importance, when exposed to severe and protracted cold, of entire abstinence from intoxicating liquors. It is a prevalent delusion—often a fatal one—that these drinks enable the user more successfully to resist the cold. But we will not here go into the *philosophy* of the matter, but commend the fact, as taught in this sad story, to the consideration of all our readers.]

It was the day before Christmas, in the year 1778 that during the war of Revolution, an armed vessel sailed out of the port of Boston, U. S. She was strongly built, and carried 20 guns, with a well appointed crew of more than 100, and provisions for a cruise of six months. As she spread her broad white sails and steered from the harbor, with a fair fresh breeze, she made a noble appearance. Many throbbing hearts breathed a blessing on her voyage, for she bore a company of as bold and skilful seamen as ever dared the perils of the deep. But soon the north wind blew, and brought a heavy sea into the bay. The night proved dark, and they anchored with great difficulty near Plymouth harbor. The strong gale that buffeted them became a storm, and the storm a hurricane. Snow fell, and the cold was terribly severe. The vessel was driven from her moorings, and struck on a reef of rocks. She began to fill with water, and they were obliged to cut away her masts. The sea rose above the main deck, sweeping over it at every surge. They made every exertion that courage could prompt, or hardihood endure, but so fearful were the wind and cold, that the stoutest man was not able to strike more than two blows in cutting away the mast, without being relieved by another. The wretched people thronged together upon the quarter-deck, which was crowded almost to suffocation. They were exhausted with toil and suffering, and could obtain neither provisions nor fresh water; but, unfortunately, the crew got access to ardent spirits and many of them drank to intoxication; insubordination, mutiny, and madness ensued. The officers remained clear-

minded, but lost all authority over the crew who raved about them.

A more frightful scene can scarcely be imagined—the dark sky—the raging storm—the waves breaking wildly over the rocks, and threatening every moment to swallow up the broken vessel, and the half frozen beings who maintained their icy hold on life, lost to reason or duty, or fighting fiercely with each other. Some lay in disgusting stupidity; others, with fiery faces, blaspheming God. Some, in temporary delirium, fancied themselves in palaces, surrounded by luxury, and brutally abused the servants who they supposed refused to do their biddings. Others there were who, amidst the beating of that pitiless tempest, believed themselves in the home they never more must see, and with hollow reproachful voices, besought bread and wondered why water was withheld by the hands they held most dear. A few, whose worst passions were quickened by alcohol to a fiend-like fury, assaulted or wounded those who came in their way, making the shrieks of defiance and their curses heard above the roaring of the storm. Intemperance never displayed itself in more distressing attitudes. At length death began to do his work. Some of the miserable creatures fell dead each hour upon the deck, being frozen stiff and hard. Each corpse as it became breathless was laid upon the heap of dead, that more space might be left for the survivors; those who drank most freely were the first to perish.

On the third day of these horrors the inhabitants of Plymouth, after making many ineffectual attempts, reached the wreck, not without danger. What a melancholy spectacle! Lifeless bodies, stiffened in every form that suffering could devise. Many lay in a vast pile; others sat with their heads reclining on their knees; others grasping the ice-covered ropes; some in a posture of defence like the dying gladiator; others with hands held up to heaven, as if deprecating their fate.

Orders were given to search earnestly for every mark or sign of life. One boy was distinguished among the mass of dead, only by the trembling of one of his eyelids.

The poor survivors were kindly received into the houses of the people of Plymouth, and every effort used for their restoration. The captain, lieutenant, and a few others, who had abstained from the use of ardent spirits survived. The remainder were buried, some in separate graves, and others in a large pit, whose hollow is still to be seen on the south-west side of the burial ground of Plymouth.

The funeral obsequies were most solemn. When the clergyman who was to perform the last service, first entered and saw more than seventeen dead bodies, some fixing on him their stony eyes, and others with faces stiffened into the horrible expression of their last mortal agony, he was so affected as to faint.

Some were brought on shore alive, and received every attention, but survived only a short time. Others were restored after long sickness, but with their limbs so injured by the frost, as to become cripples for life.

In a village, at some distance from Plymouth, a widowed mother with her daughter, were constantly attending a couch, on which lay a sufferer. It was the boy whose trembling eyelid attracted the notice of pity as he lay amongst the dead.

"Mother," he said, in a feeble tone, "God bless you for having taught me to avoid ardent spirits; it was this