

tempts were made to procure some very subordinate sphere, where the pen was in use, but without success. He suddenly disappeared, partly, I dare say, from the thought that he was a heavier burden on my benevolence than he really was. I was still in the receipt of some assistance on his behalf, but was strictly enjoined to keep him ignorant of such; as in former instances they had been impressed with the idea that his knowledge of this had exercised a most injurious effect upon him. This assistance was further eked out through the kindness, now and again, of some of his former acquaintances, whose generosity had been frequently taxed.

One afternoon, when I had got the visiting of the so far over, I went into tea, and found my friend awaiting my coming; his appearance was again sadly distressing. I had room for doubt that he had again begun to take drink, though he at the same time assured me he had to part with his respectable clothing to keep him from starving. Shortly after this, he became an inmate of the Infirmary, being sorely diseased in body through the poverty of his blood. After a sojourn there of some weeks, he was discharged.

Time wore on, and I saw him less frequently. One day I had a message sent me by a worthy merchant in the city, an old acquaintance of our reduced brother, and one who often ministered to his necessities. He inquired when I had seen Mr. —, he informed me that he had heard he was dead, and begged of me, if possible, to ascertain the truth of the report. In the course of my inquiries, I went to the Charity Work-house, and there I found him not dead certainly—but at death's gates—he had recently been admitted an inmate within its walls, having been found in a state of extreme destitution. I lost no time in informing this gentleman of the circumstance, who immediately proceeded to the place, and did all that could be done in making his passage to the grave, so far as creature comforts were concerned, as tranquil as possible, but his sun was fast setting; there was no mistaking that death was at hand, though it was not till the evening of the second day that his spirit departed. Oh, what a spectacle! who could have thought that the emaciated form there, on the pauper's couch, was the once influential and talented Mr. —. Yet so it was. I spent no small portion of my time during the interval of finding him and his decease, in conversation, prayer, and reading God's Word. On the day he died, when about to take my leave, he requested to be lifted up in a sitting posture, and that he might have pen, ink, and paper brought him. It was with difficulty he was able to speak. I did not know what might be the nature of his wishes, but had the materials placed before him. With a tremulous hand he drew out a scrawl, with much of the minutæ of the lawyer, consigning over to me certain documents belonging to him, which were in keeping of the Superintendent of the Victoria Lodging houses. These I procured, but whether they were of any value, I cannot say; much labor had been bestowed on a considerable portion of the papers, being a manuscript of some bulk, intended for the press, on some law subject, which I thought proper to forward to his friends.

Some three days after, I met, by arrangement, the worthy merchant at the work-house: it was to accompany the remains of Mr. — to their last resting-place. That we might be able to say that he had received the rites of

sepulture, we undid the lid of the coffin in which he lay, and having thus distinguished the deceased from the additional corpses that were also to be taken, we wended our way through the busy crowds who thronged the thoroughfares, whilst the hearse drove on at hand, and this, alas! was the end of Mr. —! once the companion and adviser of men of distinction—he who used to legislate, and guide, in the affairs belonging to God's House. A pauper's grave his tomb! Nay, not a grave—a pit, sufficiently deep to receive one upon another, the five accompanying coffins, with their corpses. In this we saw him laid, and turned our steps back to mingle amid the city's busy throng.

Ah! some ten years before, had this gentleman been told of the awful descent he would make—and that he whose company was courted by the affluent and the godly, would be followed to the grave in such circumstances, mayhap, he might have exclaimed, 'Is thy servant a dog?' Oh, that others would be warned in time, lest a similar fate be theirs, whatever at present may be their worldly standing and prosperity. Oh, Drink, cursed Drink, how potent thy spell!—*Glasgow Christian News.*

THE LATE JAMES STIRLING.

James Stirling was born in the parish of Strathblane on the 6th of March, 1778. When but a boy, he was hired out to act as a herd. The occupation was congenial to his lively imagination and thirst for knowledge. Seldom did he go out to the moors without taking with him a book, such as the Pilgrim's Progress, Scot's Worthies, Flavel's Husbandry Spiritualized, or some other work of general literature. Thus there was fostered that devotional sentiment and love for study which never ceased to exert an influence over him in his subsequent life. When grown up to be a lad, he was bound apprentice to a shoemaker in the town of Paisley. He felt keenly the transition from the simplicity and freedom of moorland life to the companionship of a work-shop of dissipated shoemakers. A demand was instantly made upon him for money, which was spent upon whiskey, and he was compelled to drink, the men of the shop declaring that unless he could take his glass with them he was unfit for their society. "By incessant entreaties on the one hand, and jeers on the other," he says, "I was induced to drink again and again; and under this treatment, my natural repugnance to strong drink began to give way to an artificial craving for the once hated liquor;—so that by the time I became a journeyman shoemaker. It might be said with truth, that I had become a journeyman drunkard. Still my life was miserable among such beings compared with what it had been among the cattle and sheep." When a boy, he had often retired behind an old stone dyke to pray to Him whose handwork he surveyed in the scenes around him, and of whose grace he had learned in the Bible, which he loved to read; but now he was familiarized with the mean practices and profane and vulgar language of men who knew of no higher enjoyments than those of singing songs and drinking whisky. In 1793 he married, commenced business, for himself, and settled in Milngavie. The remembrance of his better days returning, and feeling degraded by the kind of life he had lived in Paisley, he resolved to begin anew to walk with God. He went to church, and com-

menced family worship. For a time he lived very happily, but the customs connected with his trade again lured him into dissipated habits. Deeply conscious of the sin and the danger of his conduct, he would resolve to resist the temptation, and often did he pray God to give him grace to stand firm, but he learned by bitter experience that grace and whisky could have no fellowship with each other and that if he drank at all he lost all power over his appetite, and was thus betrayed into frequent instances of excess. Mortified at his failure to preserve a strict moderation, often he spent sleepless nights in pondering what he would do that he might escape from the tyrant who exacted so cruel a servitude. One night when thus ruminating he resolved that he would, at the close of public worship on the following Sabbath, stand up in church and propose the formation of a temperance society. This was some fifteen years before the idea had been broached even in America, but Sabbath after Sabbath passed and he had not the moral courage to carry his idea into effect. Sometimes, however, he would abstain for as long as eight or ten months at once, but drinking customs and drinking companions always drew him into the vortex again. The day of his deliverance at length came. The practice of worshipping God in his family, which had been commenced with his married life, had never been entirely neglected. When he was unable to officiate, or when out upon his drinking rambles, his wife always read a chapter to the children. Returning one night as she was reading the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, where it is said that the Judge on the great day shall set the sheep on his right hand and the goats on the left, his youngest boy, seven years of age, looking up, said to his mother, "And will father be on the left hand? The question was asked with such simplicity and evident concern that the father felt as if an angel's voice had forewarned him of his approaching doom. That night James slept not. Often he had mused upon the past, and shuddered when he thought of the future. But he felt that the crisis in his career was come now. When a man's own children stand up to bewail his impending doom, the time has come for decision. To refuse the voice which now spake might be to silence the last which would break upon his ear. For several days he went about as a man bowed down with some concern of mighty import. Sabbath came, and getting possession of a copy of Dr Beecher's "Six Sermons on Intemperance," he remained at home and earnestly perused them. His course was now clear. He saw that in abstinence alone he could find safety, and he resolved to abstain for ever. At his suggestion his minister obtained a copy of the rules of the temperance society. A meeting was convened in February, 1839. Eighteen persons attended, and James was the first to sign the pledge. Eleven more signed, some to try it for one year, and some for two. On the minister asking, "How long have you pledged yourself for, James?" "For evermore, Sir, I hope," was the reply. Everything now prospered with him. He found a new happiness in his family, great profit in the service of the house of God, an increase of business, and higher esteem in the community. Having given an address at a neighbouring soiree, and evinced remarkable talents for public speaking, application for his services so multiplied, that he abandoned his calling, and entered upon that course of advocacy which made him favoura-