

"he looked and found in the barn a mason's hammer, which he thought very well suited for the atrocious deed he contemplated. He spent some time in making the handle shorter, so as to be more easily concealed, and to give a surer blow; and then came into the house, took his breakfast, wrapped his father's great coat about him, concealing the hammer under it, and set off on the road to the school of Nedd as usual."

About one o'clock he met his victim, by appointment, having promised to purchase the whole of his pack for two pounds, if he would accompany him to his father's house. The bargain had been agreed to, and it was in order to fulfil it, that he now professed to be leading him to his home. But he had resolved to murder him by the way, and the better to effect his purpose, he led him by an unfrequented path. As they proceeded, "Hugh had several opportunities, for committing this murder, of which his feelings would not allow him to take advantage. And, at last, he thought of relinquishing, utterly, his bloody purpose; until it flashed across his mind, that if he left the merchant abruptly, he would suspect him of some trick, and spread it over the country; and if he took him to his father's house, he had no means for making the purchase, on the alleged account of which he had brought him so far. At this moment they came to a lonely spot, at the side of Loch-tor-na-eighin, and as Macleod was looking eagerly around, to see that none was near, Grant said, "What are you looking at?" He had scarcely uttered the words, when Macleod struck him a dreadful blow, with the hammer, on the left side of the head, which knocked him down instantly. While he was lying on the ground, with his face all swollen, he struck him several other blows. Grant was now in the agonies of death, and being a stout robust man of five and twenty, his dying struggle was fearful to behold. Macleod took out his money from his pockets, as he lay upon the ground, and the warm blood was gushing all the while upon his hands. He did not then dare to look upon the face of the murdered man; but took him by the feet, while he was still breathing, and slid him down the declivity, into the loch.

"The place where the murder was committed, was a solid rock, having a footpath across it, with a little green grass beside; there was a pool of blood upon the spot, and while he alternately gazed on it, and on the water rippling over the murdered body, the feeling that he was a murderer, flashed across his mind, in a way of which he had not dreamed that forenoon, when baseless notions of Divine mercy made him merciless as the wolf of the desert. He felt himself abhorred by his God, and a voice seemed to speak within him, that he had now sold himself to the Devil, who is a murderer from the beginning. Vainly did he wish in agony, that he could now rekindle that spark of life he had extinguished; the bloody money he had gained, he would gladly have cast into the water, if he could be as free from innocent blood, as he was when he left his father's cottage. The feeling of being in debt, which he could not pay, seemed light indeed, when contrasted with the awful sense of guilt, which now weighed down his soul, as he stood like Cain, trembling lest the lightnings of God's anger should in a moment call him to death, and judgment—and hell. * * *

"Before Macleod had left Loch-tor-na-eighin on Friday evening, after carefully washing the blood from his hands, he had cast the hammer into the Loch. There was no blood sprinkled on his clothes. But when the light of Saturday morning, had relieved him from the terrors of the previous night, he looked and saw his hands all black; and he fancied that the more he washed them, the blacker they grew. He washed them over and over again, with sand and water, and they were not quite white, until he came to Nedd in the forenoon. At the usual hour, he set out to go to school, and he thought that every person he met, cast a suspicious look at him. But as soon as he found this to be only his own imagination, that no person did really take any particular notice of him, and that his hands were now as white as before, he felt encouraged, and went into a public house in Nedd to drink whisky, quite forgetting the terrible feelings of the last day and night. He plunged still deeper into sin. Anxious to get free of this bloody money, the sight of which often made him tremble when alone, he paid all his debts, and became very lavish of what remained. When the thoughts of his crime haunted his mind, he drank deeper than ever, to banish the memory which tormented him. He was a jovial companion. By numerous falsehoods, he contrived to account

for the fact, which excited the wonder of his acquaintance, that he, who was so poor a few days before, had become suddenly possessed of so much money."

We shall close this extract with the following passage, from the concluding Address of the preacher:—

"My dear friends! I have now concluded the outline I proposed to give you, of one of the most melancholy histories, which has fallen under my own observation; and I would close this recital, which deeply agitates my feelings, by a short appeal to each of you, to which I entreat you to listen patiently, not only as proceeding from one who earnestly loves you, but who is under the obligation of a solemn vow, to deliver God's message faithfully. My young hearers, entering on life's perilous voyage, in all the buoyancy of youth! Beware of the beginnings of evil. When Hugh Macleod was carried along by the love of dress, and the love of drink, he little thought that he would never stop, until he became a murderer. Beware of getting in debt—be strictly honest—and that you may be honest, lead holy lives—sin is a very expensive thing—it will plunge you into entanglements, which will render your escape every hour more difficult. Shun profligate and irreligious companions. If you are servants, seek to live in the holiest families you can find; and if necessary compel you to serve those who hate the Lord, think of Obadiah, who, serving even in the house of Ahab and Jezebel, "feared the Lord from his youth." Flee scenes of drunkenness, revelling, and dissipation, for they formed and strengthened in Macleod, those propensities which made him a murderer, and caused him often to wish in agony that he had never been born."

MORE LIGHT.

"The success of the temperance cause, will be the triumph of infidelity."
—Bishop Hopkins.

At an ecclesiastical meeting held a few weeks since, a clergyman stated that two men in his congregation, had long been drunkards. They had lost both their property and characters. The temperance enterprise found them in this condition. They united with a temperance society. One of them under strong temptation, violated his pledge; but repented and was received again. Both attended upon the means of grace, "and last Sabbath," said he, "after the frosts of more than seventy winters had passed over them, they made a public profession of their attachment to the Lord Jesus Christ." The Temperance Society clothed and put them in their right minds, and brought them to hear the gospel. There are many other cases like the above, in our own land. How fearful, then, must be the responsibility of those professors of religion, and especially of ministers of the gospel, who take no part or interest in helping on the temperance cause? and how greatly is the responsibility increased, when by their discourse or lives they embolden others to drink intoxicating liquors, and in this or any other way, retard the march of this heaven-born and heaven-directed plan of mercy?

THE MORE TAVERNS, THE MORE DRUNKARDS.

This has been, and is true, everywhere, in Christian or Pagan lands. The facilities for obtaining intoxicating drinks, multiply their use. The same disgusting and hateful vices every where follow in the track of this evil. The revenue to Government and the paltry sum paid to the licensing officers or boards of excise, have tended greatly to increase the mischief. The following remarks are from the Rev. James Selkirk, one of the Missionaries of the (English) "Church Missionary Society," in Ceylon. Ceylon is a wine-producing and a wine-consuming country. The people of whom Mr. S. speaks, are nominal Christians.

The Shaster teaches the Hindoo, that wine and all intoxicating drinks are unclean. How truly lamentable, that as soon as we teach the heathen and musclemann Christianity, our "nominally" Christian governments, and the habits of Christians, learn them drunkenness too! O when will every Christian "let his light shine," and always remember, "if the light that is in them be darkness, how great is that darkness?" When this blessed day arrives, the progress of temperance, and with it all evangelical truth, will be accelerated a thousand fold.

"I lately went to visit two sick persons. One was a man of the barber caste, in the village of Pannikemulle, who has been almost a skeleton for the last twelve months, and who originally brought on