

and confided in, have I been at the moment when I was causing full streams of woe, sorrow and despair to flow through the community.

My reader, has been no ordinary gait. To the sin of ruining and demoralizing whole generations. I have added the baseness, the meanness of doing it by stealth. I have not even the credit of common courage in what I have done. The bandit chief ranks far above the midnight assassin: for he, at least is not a coward, as well as a murderer; but I have been as he who thrusts with the stiletto—I have stabbed in the dark!

Fearful have been the curses showered on the heads of others, which, had justice spoken, would have fallen upon me. I have seen the widowed mother, as we stood around a drunkard's grave, rise, and, amidst her tears, denounce him who sold her husband his last glass, as the author of all her wretchedness—when conscience, in a tone too distinct to be misunderstood, whispered in my ear that I was the guilty one—that it was I who had rendered that wife a widow—that it was I who had made those children orphans—I who had filled another drunkard's grave, and sent another drunkard to the judgment seat of God. Yes, and with these indignant denunciations still ringing in my ears, I have turned to her, and, with my hypocritical words, tried to sooth her anger—in her hour of affliction, I, the cause of all her woe, have sought to console her—I, who rendered her children orphans, have promised to be henceforth as a father to them, and she did not spurn me for the insulting offer. Yes, she, whom I had made a drunkard's widow, thanked me for my offer, and entrusted her child to the protection of me, who had, by my accursed traffic, slain its father. And neighbors spoke to each other of my sympathy for affliction my benevolence and charity to the distressed!

I have stood by the bedside of the delirious, dying im-temperate—have heard his piteous moanings, his shrieks, and his howlings; I have heard him, in his delirious fancies, shout to his attendants to save him from the presence of him who sold him the last glass, imprecating curses upon his head for completing the ruin of one who never injured him. Think you, reader, that I stood unmoved as I listened to the drunkard's curse—a curse which conscience told me would have fallen on me, had justice spoken? Ah! the rum-seller's heart is hard, hard as the neither millstone; but there have been times when the heart of at least one rum-seller has been well nigh bursting with emotion; but its emotions have been subdued and stifled by the consciousness that though to others poverty and misfortune were the consequences of my conduct, yet I was prosperous and adding to my wealth.

Yet, had my gains been doubly great, I think I could never have continued in my course of iniquity, had it not been for the fact that I remained all this time, the unsuspected cause of so much woe. There were others about me engaged in the traffic, who often encountered the odium which their business richly merited. My fellow rum-sellers were often denounced as the causes of the majority of the instances of pauperism and crime with which the annals of our neighborhood were stained. There were many who talked even of calling in the strong arm of the law to stop them in their unholy career. But none reproved me. Although my victims were tenfold more numerous than were those of any of my fellow rum-dealers, yet was the cry of censure never heard against me. Nay, was almost honored for doing the very thing, for attempting which my humbler brethren were stigmatised and branded with disgrace. Strange as it may appear, I had succeeded in throwing such a veil around my business, that none seemed to suspect its evil consequences; I had enveloped it with such a mystery, that even my victims never reproached me: there was such a delusion about it, that, although day by day its evil effects were seen, yet none charged them on me. I was respected, honored, looked up to, as a deserv-

ing member of society, when by my accursed wares, I was scattering the seeds of death in every path. I gloried in it once—I congratulated myself on my success in duping those about me; but, alas! now I would give my ill gotten gains, a thousand times told, for the peace of him who has never sold rum.

Would you know reader, how I succeeded in carrying on honorably what disgraced others?—how it happened that the death of my victims was laid at other doors than my own? Would you know how it was that I blinded the eyes of the widowed, so that she, the keenest of all observers, failed to detect me in my wickedness?—why it was that the orphan never cursed me, as the cause of his wretchedness? Would you know what was the veil that so shrouded the enormity of my sins, that others perceived them not?—how it happened that, while many a stone was cast upon the slayer of a single victim, I, the destroyer of hundreds, passed along, and none said aught against me? The solution of the mystery is contained in a single line: I sold Rum only by the Wholesale.

### The American Navy and Missions.

A letter from the Rev. Mr. Coan, our excellent missionary at the Sandwich Islands, states a fact highly creditable to our Navy, and encouraging to the cause of missions. The flag Ship *United States*, commanded by Commodore Jones, arrived at Hilo in August last, and during their whole stay, the conduct of the officers and crew was not only perfectly unexceptionable, but such as greatly to strengthen the hands and increase the influence of the missionaries. They manifested such uprightness of deportment, such kindness towards the natives, and confidence in the missionaries, such hearty interest in their work, and such temperance, as to leave a happy impression. Commodore Jones made an address to the people, in which he congratulates the natives on the reception of the gospel; contrasts their present with their former condition; recognizes the hand of God in all the blessings of civilization and Christianity they now enjoy; and exhorts them to press forward in knowledge and virtue. The whole address, Mr. Coan says, is fraught with good sense, candour, and evangelical principle. On the subject of Temperance the Commodore is both orthodox and strong:

“In this respect, Hawaiians, you are in advance of all other Christian nations. Your rulers have been wise in time, in plucking up the evil before it had spread too far, and taken too deep root in your constitutions; and I may also say, in your affections. Hilo and Oahu are the only ports our ship has visited since she left the United States, where the dram-shop and the drunkard were not the first objects that strike the eye of man-of-war's-men, as they approach the shore! Ship's boats can seldom land in Europe or America, without the intoxicating and maddening draught being, in some cases, forced down the sailor's throat. And whenever a taste is taken, then there is no safeguard against drunkenness; and a drunken man is always a fool. When drunk, the man becomes a beast; a wild, frantic beast; and in that state, commits crime; perhaps kills a fellow man, his brother, his father, his wife, or his children; and the beast, drunken man, expiates his offence on the gallows, in the prison for life, or at the gang-way. When free from the demon rum, and in the possession of reason, he stands a conscience-stricken, self-condemned culprit.

Hawaiians, friends, countrymen, young and old, let me conjure you, one and all, never to enlist in the service of King Alcohol; for he is the greatest tyrant, and the hardest task-master any man ever yet volunteered to serve. He requires all, everything, of his slaves—health, strength, wealth, honour, happiness, and even life itself, when nothing else is left. And what he claims of his subjects, he is sure to obtain. And what does he promise you in return for these great sacrifices? In life, nothing, nothing—