

of her children; who were always decently dressed, clean, and well behaved. But, said he, the women here have attended her since her husband's death, taking care of her by turns.

I expressed a wish to visit her, as she might, perhaps, be pleased to see a countryman; I was therefore conducted to the house, which was small, but in good order. A young woman, a neighbour I suppose, was attending the children, and the poor widow was lying in bed. She had evidently been handsome; but her eyes were so sunken, and black; and her flesh so wasted, that she appeared like one who would not long need assistance. I introduced myself, saying I had heard of her melancholy story; and asked if I could do any thing for her?

She said—"her's had been a sorrowful lot, to lose her husband in such a dreadful manner;" adding that "he had been a good husband to her, and had never given her a bad word in his life;" and beginning to cry, as the recollection of old times came over her. Drying her tears, however, in a little time, she asked me who was with me. I answered Mr. W——. "Oh!" cried she, almost in a shriek, "you were there when my William met his death! I never can understand," continued she, "how he could be drowned in such a place, and if he was so short a time in the water as I hear, it's a strange thing that he was not brought to life again. Little did I think when I was looking for him home every day, to stay with me all winter, that ye would bring in his cold corpse." And in this style she went on for sometime; her words almost choked with sobs.

I tried to comfort her, and represented to her that it was her duty to endeavour to regain her health for the purpose of bringing up her children well; and that she never could regain her health if she so indulged her grief. I entreated her, therefore, to think as much of the future as she could, and as little of the past; and above all things to look up frequently to Him, who is "the husband of the widow." She promised to do as much as she could to forget what was preying upon her mind; "but oh!" said she, "it is so short a time since he was alive, and well; and to have met such an awful end!" Thus recurring constantly to the subject that had possession of her mind.

I ascertained who her relatives were, and promised to write to them for her, as she was not able to do it herself; and, at leaving put a little money into her hand; which she at first refused; because, she said, "all the folks there, though perfect strangers, had been as kind to her as if they had been blood relations."

As I left the poor, heart-broken, dying widow, I could not help wishing that the rum-sellers of Prsecott had been there with me. If they had, would they have felt their minds at ease, about the lawfulness of their business? Surely the drowning cries of William F—— may ring in their ears, especially in the ears of him who sold him the liquor. When "the sea shall give up her dead," where will the blame lie?

#### AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION.

"We have suffered in our agricultural interests. Seasons have been unpropitious, and crops small. And is there not a cause for this? I will not speak of our

*ingratitude* for the bounties of Providence, but what is the *use* we have made of them? In a single distillery in or near New York 800 bushels of grain are consumed daily; and in all the distilleries in that vicinity, 1,200,000 bushels, and in the United States, 25,000,000 of bushels, annually, of that which God gave for bread, are said to be converted into poison; besides an immense consumption of fuel. What a waste of the gifts of God! And what sins and miseries are the consequence! I wonder not at these cold seasons, I marvel rather at our abundance. I wonder that God in his righteous displeasure does not withhold the sun and rain from us, till our hunger shall correct so wicked an abuse of his bounty.—*Rev. Mr. Mitchell's Fast Sermon.*

#### A DESTRUCTIVE WORM.

There are two hideous reptiles called the RATTLE SNAKE, and the COPPERHEAD:—an unexpected sight of either will make the stoutest heart shudder. But there is a species of *worm* found in many parts of this Province, which conveys a poison more deadly than either! It varies in size, and is usually coiled together; it is of a lead colour; it generally lives near a stream of water, and bites the unfortunate people who are in the habit of going there to drink:—the brute creation it never molests—its bite is terrible; the eyes of its victim become red and fiery—his tongue swells to an immoderate size—and delirium of the most horrid character quickly follows; in his madness he has been known to murder his nearest friends! and what is more, no sooner does the paroxysm subside than the infatuated being seeks out the destroyer, for the sole purpose of being bitten again!! Do you ask the name of this horrid creature? It is called the WORM OF THE STILL, and its poison is called INTOXICATING DRINK.—*Temperance Handkerchief.*

#### A DRUNKARD'S HOME.

The following description of a drunkard's home, is copied from the *Buffulo Spectator*. It presents a melancholy, but we fear, a too accurate picture:—

Intemperance rifles "sweet home" of its pleasant joys. A few weeks ago I addressed the people of Simsbury, Connecticut, on intemperance. Sabbath afternoon I visited a drunkard's home. There was but a single room in the house, and that looked as if it had not for a long time known the operation of cleansing. It was covered with dirt. Sticks, crumbs of bread and walnut shells, were scattered over the floors. On a chest sat Jeremiah Hamerson, the father. He was no common drunkard. For 15 years he could have been styled "The King of Drunkards!" He had from day to day drank himself drunk, in spite of every thing. He was a mechanic. He had been a man of strong mind and extensive reading and intelligence, and was said to have a remarkably tenacious memory.

Intemperance had, during fifteen successive years, sunk him lower and lower. Some of the bitter fruits of his transgressions were blasphemy, infidelity, abuse of his wife, poverty, disease and debt. Hamerson sat