

were devout and professedly religious men. Dr. Beecher's great-grandmother was the daughter of a full-blooded Welsh woman—a Roberts. Thus the blood of the Beechers received a happy mixture of Welsh blood, with its poetry and music, and its insatiable and intolerable love of genealogy; for no Welshman ever lived who had not a clear genealogical turnpike opened up to Adam's very front door-yard.

Dr. Beecher's own mother was a *Lyman*, a family whose blood was joyous, sparkling, hopeful, and against all rebuffs and disappointments, hoping still. He was a seven months child and extremely feeble. His mother died four days after his birth. Her sister, Mrs. Lot Benton, of North Guildford, having no children of her own, took Lyman, at about three months of age, and kept him in her family until he began to "fit for college," which was about his seventeenth year.

Lot Benton was a thorough original; a great, kind heart, hedged about with scolding, ill-natured manners. Whoever asked a kindness of him surely got it, and a good deal more besides. If one came to borrow a hoe, "why don't you have hoes of your own—what do you hang on to your neighbors for? Here, come back—take the hoe, will ye? I suppose you never will return it—will break it, I guess."

On one occasion Lyman Beecher was driving an ox team so as nearly to graze a plough which lay upon the ground. "There, there, Lyman, you have run over that plough and broke it all to pieces." "Why, uncle Lot, I haven't touched the plough." "Well—I'd a great deal rather you had, than to have gone so near it."

The following story is told of young Lyman Beecher's mode of study. One day while gathering apples in an orchard, Uncle Lot said, "Lyman, how should you like to study, and go to college?" No reply was made, and the work went on. The next day, as they were busy at the same work, Lyman remarked, "Uncle Lot, I think I should like to go to college." Nothing more was said on either side. But the lad was forthwith prepared for studying. One year of preparation in these days sufficed for entering college. He entered Yale College, under the presidency of Dr. Dwight, in September, 1793, at the age of eighteen.

Those who know the Dr. Beecher of to-day will easily believe in this anecdote of him in his student days. One night, Mr. Beecher was awakened by a sound at his window, as if some one were drawing cloth through a broken pane of glass; springing up, he dimly saw his clothes disappearing through the broken window—a thief having taken a fancy to them. Waiting for no ceremonies of toilet, he dashed out through the door after him. The rascal dropped the clothes at once, and put himself to his best speed. But Lyman was not a man to be easily out-run, especially when thus stripped to the race. After dodging a few times, and turning several corners, the catiff was seized and marched back by the eager student. He ushered him into his room, compelled him to lie down on the floor by the side of his bed while he more comfortably ensconced in the bed, lay the night long watching him,—the silence being broken only by an occasional "lie still, sir."

In the morning the culprit was taken before a magistrate, who was evidently a lineal descendent of Justice Shallow. The magistrate, after hearing the particulars, asked Mr. Beecher "whether in turning the corners he lost sight of the man at all." He replied that he was out of sight but a second, for he was close upon him. "Ah, well, if you lost sight of him at all, then you cannot swear to his identity," and so the man was discharged. Mr. B. met the fellow several times afterward, but could never catch his eye.

Of Dr. Beecher's first marriage we need not speak. His first six children were born at East Hampton, L.I., where he amused himself in the intervals of labor with fishing and hunting. He then removed to Litchfield, and there, he says, passed the most laborious portion of his life.

It was while at Litchfield that Dr. Beecher recommended *total abstinence*, as a remedy for intemperance, earlier, it is supposed than any other one. As early as 1811, the association of which he was a member, had appointed a committee to report what could be done to stay the progress of intemperance. That report was made, and after lamenting the wide-spread danger, discouragingly said, that there seemed no feasible remedy. Dr. Beecher immediately moved that the committee be discharged, and that another committee be appointed to report, instantly, a remedy for intemperance. He was made chairman, and reported resolutions at once, recommending to all christians and good men, the immediate and entire abandonment of intoxicating drinks. The resolution was carried, and this, it is believed, was the first step taken in the great history of Total Abstinence.

The famous six sermons upon Intemperance were first written and preached in Litchfield. A very dear friend of Dr. Beecher, living about four miles from the church, became intemperate. This fact moved all his affection and zeal. The six sermons were born of a heart full of love and grief, and although this did not save the man whose case inspired them, they have, doubtless, saved millions of others, and are still read in almost every language in the civilized world.

In this memoir before referred to, the Doctor touchingly says:—

"In my domestic relations, my cup of mercy, though not unmingled with bitterness in the death of two beloved wives, two infants, and an adult son in the ministry, has nevertheless been filled with pure, copious and habitual enjoyment, especially in the early conversion of my children, and their blessed affection for me and usefulness in the Church of God."

In the prime of Dr. Beecher's life, there was, it is said, in his discourses and speeches "an admirable mingling of reasoning, fact, wit, emotion and pathos. These qualities were not pre-arranged, but spontaneous; they were not in the sermon so prepared, but in the heart that prepared it."

The Publican and the Minister.

BY REV. R. TABRAHAM, WESLEYAN MINISTER.

To promote personal, growing, and active piety, it is the rule of the Wesleyan Methodists, that the travelling ministers meet the members of the society quarterly, and renew the evidence of their membership. In this duty, in September, I met with some of the doings of strong drink, which I put upon record for the spiritual good of others. The classes I met contained five hundred and twenty-four members. There were nine backsliders, and five of these were spiritually ruined, principally through drink. Some of these were very bad cases. In a village, a fine young man could make no progress in religion through taking drink occasionally. In another, where there had been a gracious revival, one got drunk, and went home and broke his household furniture: and another was left out the *second time* for being frequently overcome with drink.—"This man chose to give up connection with the church of God rather than lay aside his easily besetting sin. In another village, I found a grey-headed man applying for membership, after the usual trial of three months. He was a publican, and the following conversation took place:—

Minister.—It is, then, your sincere desire to become a member of this society for your spiritual good and for life?

Publican.—This is my desire and purpose.

Minister.—Do you not keep a public-house?

Publican.—I do Sir.

Minister.—Do any get drunk in your house?

Publican.—Not often, sir.

Minister.—If you become a member of this society, will you promise that none shall get drunk there again?