

were all locked in the arms of one another! My regenerated old father fell once more upon his knees; we all followed his example; and before a word of congratulation had passed from one to the other, he poured forth such a touching strain of thanksgiving and praise to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for my safe return, as would have melted the heart of the most obdurate offender. It came directly from the heart of a truly penitent sinner, and it went straightway to the God of mercy. I gazed upon my poor old father. It seemed like the moral resurrection of one, already dead and buried, in trespasses and sins. I glanced rapidly about me: all was peace, all was order; where all had been strife and confusion before. The rum-jug no longer occupied its accustomed place upon the table—the expanded volume of eternal life was there in its stead!

Six years have now gone by, since a merciful God softened the stubborn soil in my father's heart. The seed did not fall altogether, as Tom Johnson supposed, upon stony places. Some of them have sprung up, as in our highly favoured heritage, and borne fruit a hundred fold. Let us thank God then who hath enabled us abundantly to gather the *Harvest*; for peace is once more at our fireside; the wife has regained her husband, and the orphans have found their father.

The Elder's Twelve Prayers

Elder L. — was a distiller, earned on the business largely and supplied his neighbours with the good creature. At length one, and another, and another, became drunkards, squandered away their property, and reduced their families to beggary and wretchedness. Nevertheless, the Elder continued to supply them, "for the public good" and being a sober man, did it "very regularly." By and by one of his customers came to settle with him, and on settlement owed him \$20; and yet had nothing to pay, and nothing with which to supply his family with a rag of clothing or a morsel of bread. — He and they were literally destitute. "What has made this man a drunkard, and brought his family to poverty and wretchedness?" Conscience answered, "your whiskey." — "And who must answer in the day of judgment?" said the Elder. Conscience replied "You;" and spoke in a voice which the Elder could not but hear. He went away heavy-hearted; and sorely pressed, as conscience continued to echo, "You must answer at the day of judgment for making that man a drunkard." He retired to bed, but not to rest or to sleep. He got up, kneeled down and prayed, and went again to bed; but obtained no relief. He got up, kneeled down and prayed again, and

retired, and so again, till he had gotten up, prayed, confessed his sins, implored mercy; prayed for the man and his family whom he had ruined, and laid down, no less than eleven times. And his distress grew greater and greater. Not only that man, but one and another, and another, great numbers whom he had made drunkards, and for whose ruin he must answer at the day of judgment, rose up to his view, and he was well nigh overwhelmed with the conviction of his guilt. He rose and kneeled down the *twelfth* time before God, and not only confessed his sins, but new for the first time resolved, *without delay*, to forsake it. He promised before the Lord, that no portion of his time or property should ever again be employed in making that which tends to destroy the bodies and souls of men. And he meant what he said. He then laid down and slept till morning; he rose, cleared out his distillery, and said that no whiskey should ever be made there again. He made known his determination to his children, and his neighbours. One of them thought he had become too superstitious, and offered him for the use of his distillery \$500 a year.

But he utterly refused and said that none of his property should ever again be employed by any body in that way. He held to his resolution till his death, and tried to induce all to follow his example. With his children he was successful, and numbers of them, before his death, were hopefully made partakers of divine grace, and heirs of the kingdom of God. The Elder appeared to live the life and die the death of a penitent, and has lately gone to give an account to the Judge of the quick and dead. There he expected to meet with numbers whom his business had ruined, but as, during the time of divine forbearance, he trusted that he had confessed and forsaken his sins, he died hoping for pardon, through the boundless mercy of God in the Redeemer. — *Boston Recorder*.

Interest Sacrificed to Principle.

General Harrison's farm, at the North Bend of the Ohio river, contains some hundreds of acres of as fine *corn ground* as any in the world, and it is not suitable for wheat, or small grain of any kind. Many years ago, when corn could not be sold for more than eight or ten cents per bushel, the General established a distillery, in order to convert his surplus corn into a more portable and profitable article for the New Orleans market, then the only outlet for Western produce. In a short time he saw the evils resulting to society from such manufactories, and, however injurious to his pecuniary interest, he set the noble example of sacrificing gain to principle, and abolished his dis-

tillery. In his address to the Hamilton County Agricultural Society, delivered five years ago, he beautifully and feelingly alludes to this subject in the following extract:—

"The exports of Ohio are generally the substantial comforts of life, which are every where acceptable, their arrival hailed as a blessing as well in the mansions of the rich as in the cottage of the poor—by the luxurious inhabitant of the tropics, cloyed with the luscious product of his burning climate, as by the poor negro who ministers to his wants. Alas! that there should be an exception; that a soil so prolific of that which is good, should, by a perversion of the intentions of the Creator, be made to yield that which is evil—to scatter life and death with an equal hand. To the heart-cheering prospects of flocks and herds feeding on unrivalled pastures of grain, exhibiting the scriptural proof that the seed has been cast on good ground—how often is the eye of the philanthropic traveller disgusted with the dark unsightly manufactories of a certain poison—poison to the body and the soul. A modern *Aeneas* or *Ulysses* might mistake them for entrances into the Infernal Regions, nor would they greatly err. But unlike those passages which conducted the Grecian and Trojan heroes on their pious errands, the scenes to which all these conduct the unhappy wretch who shall enter them are those, exclusively, of misery and woe. No relief to the sad picture; no Tartarus there, no Elysium here. It is all Tartaric darkness, and not unfrequently Tartaric crime. I speak more freely of the practice of converting the material of the "staff of life" (and for which so many human beings yearly perish) into an article which is so destructive of health and happiness, because in that way I have sinned myself; BUT THAT WAY I SHALL SIN NO MORE." — *Ohio Free Press*.

Power well Employed.

Mr. Spaulding, from the Sandwich Islands, under date of Nov. 1835, thus writes: "At the Society Islands rigid and wholesome laws are now enacted against the manufacture, sale and use of ardent spirits. After having almost been irrecoverably ruined from its effects, the nation have at length awakened to their danger and fled to the law for protection."

What people on earth are making a better use of their reason than these islanders? And yet it is scarcely twenty years since they began to learn that they had any such faculty. They were sunk into the most degraded and loathsome sensuality. The most disgusting and revolting vices were carrying terrific ruin in every direction among these islands.

An eye witness of their condition when the gospel first arrived there, declares, "that there was the fairest prospect of a total extermination of the population, if something was not done to stay the destructive influence of vice." But it has been stayed. And one among the thousand pleasing testimonies of this, may be found in the quotation at the head of this article. These islanders have perceived that there was not a more deadly foe to their welfare, than the