

"Sister, the gloomy waves thou seest, though cold, and dark, and terrible, roll ceaselessly onward up to the great gate of Heaven, and thither they bore thy mourned-for gem, which the Good Father lent thee, the waves have borne it back to Him, and it blooms and shines forever near the Throne like yon brightly beaming star!"

The voice was hushed, and the sorrowing mother turned away with her eyes lifted from the earth and the gloomy river, and fixed them hopefully and wistfully on Heaven.

And the bright star she saw, when tears filled her eyes mourning for her loss, yet beams brightly, and shines on her little baby's grave!—*Spirit of the Age, U. S.*

Views from the Housetop; or, Boston here and there.

"Black Maria" is the name given to the carriage in which the prisoners are conveyed from the jail to the court house. It runs past my rooms every day, filled with pick-pockets, blacklegs, burglars, incendiaries, prostitutes and drunkards. This half-bearse and half-coach concern might with perfect propriety be called the RUMSELLERS' EXPRESS CART, for it is used in carrying the machines they make out of men, from their general depot in Cambridge street, to their warehouse at South Boston. Now, gentle reader, just look through my telescope the quill, and see that express wagon standing in front of the grim and gloomy walls of the jail. The official jams the prisoners into that cell on wheels, as though it were the preliminary punishment to be inflicted before the parties had an opportunity to prove their innocence or confess their guilt. If the weather was warm and the culprits fat, they would be fried before they reached the halls of justice.

See how the carriage rattles over the stony street, past the gazing, and surely I may add, pitying multitude. By the sickly light that staggers through a small dirty window, some of the prison-passengers can see dimly the free and happy people that throng our crooked streets. "Deacon Grant lives there," says one to himself. "Oh had I taken his kind advice and abstained from the use of rum, I might have travelled where I pleased in my own carriage to-day. Hereafter I will heed the admonitions of disinterested philanthropists. The man who drugged me with rum did not visit me in jail, but the 'poor man's friend' I am sure will not turn his back on me in the dark hour of trouble."

"That is the Revere House," observed another. "When I first came to the city I put up there, and paid ninepence a glass for bad brandy. It is the gilded hopper of the Boston Rum Mill, the crank of which is turned by the City Government. When I slid down its smooth walls I was rich, healthy and handsome; but when I passed through this mill, (where multitudes have been ground over) and came out of one of the cellars in Ann Street, I was poor, penniless, bruised and ragged. The money had been shaken out of my pocket, sense had been sifted out of my head, and honor torn from my lacerated bosom."

"There's the Church," remarked a third. "Had I spent my Sabbaths there instead of worse than wasting time in the taverns, I should not now have been a drunken vagabond. The churches stand up amid the other buildings like Saul among the Hebrews, a head and shoulders the tallest, inviting all to fly to the horns of the altar for safety."

"There's Brigham's saloon," says a fourth, "That lantern, like a painted harlot, stands on the sidewalk tempting the passer-by to run into the fires behind it, as the silly goat plunges into the candle-flame. It is a light at the portico of perdition—where I have been burned so badly, the fire-scars covering my rotten flesh."

About nine in the morning a crowd of spectators convene in Court Square and wait the arrival of the Black Maria. Some are sad-faced wives and husbands, parents and chil-

dran. Some are witnesses, others spectators. Others still, siders and abettors in crime. The Court-House is a substantial building, made of granite as hard as the hearts of some of the officials who frequent its halls. It stands aloof from other buildings, and very much unlike justice, has two faces, one for the City Hall, the other for the common highway. At the proper time the officers take their places and then the witnesses, reporters, and lawyers, come in and occupy a front part of the hall, while the spectators rush and fill up a nasty, narrow room in the rear.

I will sketch a scene I witnessed there two weeks ago last Monday, and with that conclude.

On the bench sat a fine-looking old gentleman, with a bald head, an honest face, and large blue eyes. No innocent man need be afraid to appear before him. I have often noticed how he tempers justice with mercy, and with what patient indulgence he hears what can be said in behalf of the unfortunate. Under him sat the clerk of the Court, who has improved during his absence from the Court House. One of the officers, who wears a forbidding face, disturbed the peace of the room by frequently ordering the spectators to take seats, a trick they would like to have performed, but the seats were all occupied, and the floor was too cold and too much stained with tobacco juice to answer the place of chairs.—The rest of the officials were civil, quiet, good tempered men.

Among the philanthropists, I notice Louis Dwight, John C. Cluer and others who came to perform their accustomed deeds of mercy. Case followed case in rapid succession: men, women and children were charged with drunkenness, and a majority of them plead guilty, were fined with prison and costs each. While the pen or dook was filled with prisoners, I noticed one of our licensed rum-sellers who came in I suppose out of curiosity. He seemed to be on good terms with the officers, they gave him a good seat behind one of the desks—chatted and joked and smiled with him. To all that, I had no particular objection, but when I saw him rub his hands over his bald pate and laugh at the poor victims of his trade, I must confess I was indignant, for at that moment a handsome fellow, not more than five feet twenty, stood up for trial, and the poor man was trembling with delirium tremens.—*From the Massachusetts Life Boat.*

A Wesleyan Minister's Gratuitous Efforts for the Temperance Cause in 1852.

The temperance cause is as dear to my heart as ever; my joy in its progress and my sorrow in its limited operations are as intense as I ever felt; my conviction of its importance to this nation and the world is as deep as ever; and my persuasion as strong as ever, that when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, these body-and-soul-destroying liquors will have no existence any more than they had in Eden when the holy couple drank of the crystal stream which reflected their beautiful image so lately impressed by the creative skill of Jehovah. Circumstances have limited the detail of services of the past year, but such as it is, I hand it over, that if you think it worthy a place in the Advocate, it may speak a friendly word to other ministers to help as their ministerial duties may justify.—April 4: In a sermon suggested by the Assizes, took occasion to show how intemperance ministered to crime, and that abstinence was the only certain way of preventing this great evil.—May 12 and 13: Temperance festival at Hadleigh; preached in the Baptist Chapel, to a small attentive audience. The tea and public meeting very largely attended and interesting. Spoke briefly on the general question, and heard others speak with great pleasure.—May 25: Took the chair at the Guildhall, Bury St. Edmunds, being favored with a visit