

enjoined upon his congregation this morning. I am forced to conclude that he has not given the subject the consideration it ought to receive, and that he is not fully alive to the tendency and the results of the practice of using intoxicating liquors. I suppose I must now give up all hope of bringing you over to my sentiments, and getting you to leave off the use of liquor."

"I do not see that I am called upon to go so far," answered her husband, "I consider myself in no danger from what I take, and you cannot expect me to pay more regard to your opinion of the propriety of the practice than to that of our Minister. I never felt any injury from what I drink—and I don't think I ever shall."

"I only hope my fears may prove groundless, and that you will never repent your present determination," was the reply of the wife, and the conversation dropped.

But her hope was not destined to be realized. Her husband, notwithstanding his confidence, by degrees became a drunkard, and his family was left to suffer want and wretchedness. John's moderate drinking became immoderate; he lost his means of livelihood, his sense of shame, and his regard for his wife and children. His unhappy partner sought to win him from his destructive course, but in vain. She endeavored to set before him the peril to his soul consequent upon his vice, (for he once had a strong sense of religious obligation) but it was of no avail. She would have entreated the good offices of the Pastor of their Church in warning him from his danger and misery, but one thought withheld her from seeking help in that quarter. Her husband had, until he reached the point of open and abandoned drunkenness, justified himself in the use of liquor by the example of the minister; but when he became wholly given up to the bowl, though he ceased to justify his conduct, he ever persisted in attributing his degradation to this cause. On one occasion he was met by Mr. Hartley upon the street, and the clergyman began to expostulate with him. He was cut short by the fierce answer of the ruined man, "I will take no admonition from you, sir; I was once nearly persuaded to take a step that would have saved me from this living death, but becoming acquainted with your practice, I was induced to disregard the warnings of my wife, and now behold the consequences. You possessed sources of enjoyment that I was deprived of, or you might have been what I have now become." No more was said on either side, what more could be? Reader, this sketch is not all fiction.—*N. B. Temperance Telegraph.*

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher.

In the very interesting series of sketches, published in the *Massachusetts Life Boat*, under the general title of "The Church Goer, or Pen-pictures from American Pulpits," we find an original and graphic account of the venerable minister whose name stands above, particularly as he appears at the present time:—

Let us travel, dear readers, as far as Cambridgeport, for there, on this Sabbath morning, the Doctor is to preach. He is not just now the pastor of any particular flock, but he has been elected to fill, for a time, the pulpit of the church in which the Rev. Mr. Lovejoy formerly officiated. Every one remembers that the latter named gentleman had to quit it, in consequence of his having advocated the repeal of the *Massachusetts Liquor Law* in the State House. As if to mark their disapprobation of this conduct the more strongly, the congregation installed in the vacant pulpit the Nestor of the temperance movement, Dr. Lyman Beecher. Scarcely had the voice of the defender of the traffic in intoxicating drinks ceased to sound within the sacred walls, when the tones of its most uncompromising opponent were echoed from

them. A more striking exhibition of the popular sentiment on a momentous subject was never made.

We are, then, snugly secured in our seat in the church alluded to. Already it is filled, and the preacher ascends to the pulpit. Now look well at him, reader, for he is a man of mark. If you be young, daguerreotype every line and limb on the plate of your memory; for when that venerable man shall in the course of nature be resting from his labor, you may, in future days, love to recall those lineaments, and say—"I saw and heard the author of the 'Six Short Sermons.'"

Like many other men who, by indomitable energy, have achieved great triumphs, Dr. Beecher is a little man. So was Isaac Watts—so was Alexander Pope—so was Napoleon—so was Wellington. The Davids of our race, in whom lay so much power, unsuspected as well by themselves as by others, have been the greatest victors in the world's physical and moral conflicts. Yet small as the Doctor's figure is, it is well knit, close and compact. How much vigor there yet remains in every muscle. What, then, must have been their vitality half a century ago? But the head and face—look at them. The head is large for the size of the frame which it surmounts, and it is thickly, aye, abundantly covered with iron gray hair, although, our life on it, the locks have never been anointed with bear's grease, or any of the thousand and one hair preservers that beaux and belles patronize. This hair is combed from the forehead and temples, and running towards the back of the head it there terminates in a cluster which somewhat resembles a small full-bottomed wig of the time of the third George. The face is remarkably striking. A queer and fanciful book, recently published by Dr. Redfield, which treats of the resemblances between the faces of men and those of animals, gives parallel pictures of Dr. Beecher's face and that of a lion, and its author declares that many of the courageous, magnanimous and powerful qualities of the king of beasts belong to man. Now, although I cannot see much resemblance between the physiognomies of the brute monarch and the Christian minister, I willingly concede that both have in common great power and considerable influence. The eyes are of light blue, with a greyish tint. The nose is large, long and rather prominent; the mouth wide and marked all about with the lines of decision. As for the forehead, it is high and broad. The complexion is florid—remarkably so for a man who has passed his three score and ten years—and the whole expression is that of a man of vast energy, determination and perseverance. The only man I ever saw to whom, in point of personal appearance, he bears a close resemblance, was the late Rowland Hill, and in the constitution of his mind, also, Dr. Beecher is far from unlike the venerable English Divine.

And here, as the Beecher family are more widely known than any other family assembly in these United States, I must be excused if I deviate somewhat from my usual custom, for the purpose of furnishing some account of the antecedents of its venerable head, partly drawn from his own account, which he contributed to a volume of memoirs, of the class of 1797, edited by Dr. Murdock, of New Haven, and partly from an interesting article in the *American Phrenological Journal*.

Lyman Beecher was born in New Haven, Connecticut, Oct. 12, 1775, and is consequently seventy-eight years of age. He drew his first breath in a dwelling which is still standing in New Haven, on the corner of George and College streets. Some ancestral traits will be of interest, at least to those curious in psychological heraldry. The Beecher blood was dashed with hypochondria. Dr. Beecher himself, his father, and his grandfather, were, in early life, great sufferers from that cause. But in each case, it was confined principally to early life, and wore out with years, leaving a serene and cheerful old age. All his ancestors