

pecuniary reward for my services in the case, the dear child was in no danger of suffering from professional neglect. It is a great privilege and honor to minister to those whom we have reason to believe are soon to become "as the angels of God."

One morning, being under obligations to leave the village immediately after the hour of breakfast, to be absent during the day, I rose earlier than usual, that I might have time to visit my village patients before breakfast.—The residence of the little girl, whose situation I have described, was the first place at which I called. I found her, on entering the house, sitting in an arm-chair, with a blanket wrapped about her person, and shivering as with the cold. Desirous of knowing for a certainty the cause of this agitation, I asked, "Martha, what makes you tremble or shake thus?" She answered through chattering teeth and with a feeble voice, "Sir, I am very cold." "But why are you not in bed?" "I have had one of my distressed spells, and could not lie in bed," was the reply. "How long have you been sitting here, Martha?" "Almost through the night." Seeing that there was, at the time, no fire in the apartment, I further inquired, "Have you been sitting here alone, and without fire?" She replied that she had, and remarked that there was no wood in the house. Touched to the soul by the melancholy condition of the little sufferer, I inquired for her father, and she informed me he was in bed. Once more I inquired, "Where is your mother?" "She is in bed too," was the answer of the little uncomplaining angel.

While I shall live, may a merciful God spare me from another such trial of my feelings. Is there another influence under heaven, with which any one before me has ever become acquainted, strong enough to drag a mother from the side of a dear, sick, suffering child, and lead her, while she can stand up or move, to abandon it to the united power of disease, biting cold and utter loneliness, through the long tedious hours of such a night, except the accursed influence of the intoxicating cup? I have lived more than forty years, and been a pretty careful observer of what is passing in the world around me, and I have never witnessed the operation of any other power than that of alcohol drinks which was capable of conquering a mother's love. That old couplet, which, with some injustice to my own sex, as I think, contrasted the strength and endurance of a mother's and a father's love, certainly fails to convey the truth relative to the character of drunken mothers. It may not be said of drunken mothers in the sense intended in the old couplet, that

"A mother's a mother all the days of her life."

One who has become the slave of this dreadful vice is a mother until she gets hold of the bottle. The father of that little girl had, the evening before my visit to her, obtained a quart of rum from a grocery kept in the village by a "Justice of the Peace;" and the result I have already stated. He added, perhaps, a sixpence to his ill-gotten gains, and that poor, sick and suffering child sat there alone, and shivering with the cold, while hour after hour of that gloomy night rolled heavily and slowly away. What burning thoughts must have passed through the brain, and what agonizing feelings awakened in the breast of that child, as she sat there alone, without fire, or the presence of one solitary friend, during that bitter night! Even with the best of care, with kind friends continually by our side to minister to our wants, to raise up the drooping head, to put the cordial draught to the parched and fevered lip, and whisper in our ear words of sympathy and comfort,—O, with all these, is there not enough of trial for poor human nature through a long and wasting disease? When the limbs fail to perform their office, and we feebly stretch forth our emaciated hands to those around us for support; and when we know that the blessed sun shall but for a few mornings more rise for us, and that we shall no more walk abroad over the pleasant

fields, brushing, with our feet, from the bending grass tops the diamonds which night had hung upon them, and when memory is busied in bringing before the mind all that we have loved on earth, and are about to lose forever,—then, even if sustained by a hope of happiness beyond the grave, we need also the kind offices and kind words of our friends.

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Lest the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor east one longing, lingering look behind?"

God have mercy on those who, at such a time, and under such circumstances, cast into the cup of the sick and afflicted one unnecessary element of bitterness. Those who do thus, greatly need mercy, for they have much to be forgiven. Such, however, is the almost daily business of those who fill the intoxicating cup for the victims of this terrible vice, while, often, their nearest and dearest relatives are sick and suffering at home.—*Journal American Temperance Union.*

THE JUDGMENTS OF THE ALMIGHTY.

The most signal judgments of the Almighty upon our world for sin, have been wars, famines, earthquakes and pestilences.

In some respects war has differed from the rest, being inflicted by the hand of man. It is, however, none the less a judgment of heaven; a judgment upon those against whom it is waged, and on those also, who are the aggressors. In the opinion of such as have investigated the subject, more have been slain in war, than all who now inhabit the globe. Millions on millions have died full of bitterness and malice, biting and devouring one another; and other millions of innocent women and children have been butchered and trampled in death by cruel invaders. In the wars of Europe, occasioned by Napoleon alone, five millions of human beings were hurried into eternity.

Famines have diminished as the intercourse of nations has increased—one part of the earth now easily supplying another with food. The famine in Egypt and over all the land in the days of Joseph; the famines in the days of David, of Ahab, of Jehoram, of Joel; the famine in Jerusalem, when the mother was discovered by Titus boiling her son; the famine over the whole Roman Empire, predicted by Agabus; the terrible famines predicted under the 3rd and 4th seals, must all have swept their thousands and millions prematurely and wretchedly into eternity. In 1035, a severe frost at mid-day destroyed the corn and fruit over all Europe, occasioning great distress and frightful mortality. The severest famine of the present day has been in Ireland, and still she suffers,

"Look on the lowest of her ragged sons
Sitting in dust, no bread to eat,
No limbs to walk, observe their goblin cheek
And wretched eye, and hear their groan,
Their long and lamentable groan
Announce the want that gnaws within?
They gasp; they die."

The earthquake, like the famine, is easily traced to natural causes, yet it is a judgment of the Almighty, "He looketh on the earth and it trembleth, He toucheth the hills, and they smoke." Unhappy Lisbon! in 1755 was swallowed up with 50,000 inhabitants. "The earth shook and trembled, the foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken, because He was wroth." One hundred and fifty towns were at one time overthrown in Greece. 100,000 persons were once engulfed in Sicily.

The pestilence walketh in darkness, and is God's more direct messenger, and therefore David preferred it to war, or famine, for he would fall into the hands of the Lord, and not into the hands of man. It has always been terrible to men. It was terrible in the land of Egypt when there was