

who were made so by the use of intoxicating drinks, and that to support these paupers, it cost the State more than the salaries of all the commonwealth, including the Legislature. He drew a contrast between a rum-house in Boston in which a young man, of whom he had been told, took the first glass that made him a drunkard for life; and one of our temperance houses, in which by accident a young inebriate passed the night, was present at family devotions, and went out a sober, and saved man. He referred to the report that intemperance is spreading on all hands; that there was a reaction, &c. To this he replied, that if it were so, the cause was as sacred as in its palmier days—drunkenness was as great a curse—and the demand was louder than ever to temperance men, and men in official life, to stand out, and stand firm, and be true to the last. His Excellency was followed by his honour Lt. Governor Reed.

We have, it cannot be denied, some dark spots—yes, clouds in our temperance horizon. In Boston, the sale of liquors, and the opening of new dram-shops have increased the past year in an alarming degree. The Sabbath-traffic, and the boldness with which it is done, are startling. But all is not dark. When you have said this, you have said all that can be said in proof of re-action. Much is cheering. Take the noble temperance society in the Legislature. It is a beacon-light on Beacon Hill, a watch-fire on the summit, that tells to desponding friends and exulting foes of men on duty. It never before was so large. Members join it each year and renew their pledge. So many never before signed it at so early a period of the session. At its head stands the Governor of the state, true as steel on this subject; then follows the Lt. Governor; the Secretary of State; the State Treasurer; many of the Council, and a large number of both houses. All the officers referred to, make their home at temperance houses in the city, and may be found at morning and evening, uniting in the family devotions of the houses at which they reside during their stay here. In respect to the position of its public officers on this subject Massachusetts, I presume, is the model State. The friends of the cause generally were never more numerous or decided. Some of them may be asleep; but they are not dead. The sale of liquor has been banished from 150 taverns in the State. The traffick driven from the interior, has concentrated in Boston. But by far the larger portion who sell, and who drink, are foreigners. We have here a great work to do. I never attended a temperance convention which had better features about it, than the meeting at the State House. The tone was such as men possess in times of peril—calm, deep, decided. We shall see good results, I don't doubt, before the session is over. It is three years since we have had a State Temperance Convention. One is now called for. The old license law will be remodelled or essentially changed. The cry is heard on all hands—"Let us unite and build." God speed the work.

### THE FATAL GLASS.

It was a lovely morning in June, when Mr. B. and his two daughters set sail for the coast of France. Not a cloud was in the sky, nor a ruffle on the deep. The blue waves lay calm and untroubled, as an infant in soft

slumber; and the sea seemed as if it were of glass. How delightful to set sail on such a morning! They paced the deck to and fro enjoying the lovely scene, and the hours of the day flew past as if on golden wings.

Amongst other preparations which they had made for the voyage, they had taken with them a bottle of brandy, thinking that a little of its contents would prove effectual in preventing sea-sickness, or in curing it should they be overtaken with it. Ah! had they only foreseen the desolation that that bottle was destined to cause, they would have trembled to touch it, and would gladly have dashed it to pieces on the ground, or cast it into the depths of the sea.

The day had come to a close, and night had drawn her dark curtains alike around the earth and sea. Mr. B. and his daughters had retired to the cabin, and were enjoying supper before going to rest. The bottle of brandy stood upon the table, and it was proposed that the captain of the vessel should be requested to accept of a glass. He was accordingly called down, and very cheerfully took the glass in his hand, and after wishing each of them 'a good health,' he swallowed its contents, and soon left them. They went to bed and slept soundly till midnight, when they were awoken by a noise upon the deck. It resembled the hurrying to and fro of many feet, and the confused cries of many voices. Mr. B. arose from his bed and went on deck to see what was the matter. What was his astonishment and dismay to learn that the captain of the vessel had fallen over the deck, and was lost in the sea. The boat was launched forth, and all eyes were strained in looking to see if his body was not visible on the surface of the deep. But their search was in vain; the darkness of midnight was against them, and the captain's body could not be found. On Mr. B.'s enquiring into the cause of the captain's mournful fate, how was his horror increased when he learned that it was to be traced to the glass which he himself had given him. The captain was fond of rum; the glass of brandy set his appetite in a flame, and he drank on until he became so intoxicated that he could not keep his own feet, and having lost his balance, fell over into the sea.

Ah! how bitter must have been the self-reproach of Mr. B.! and what would he not have given if he could only have recalled that *fatal glass*. But the thought was vain, and words could not now bring back the lost man. Let others take warning. Let them remember, when they present the glass to the lips of a friend, that it may be the *fatal glass*, and may drive him who takes it to deeds of madness, or death.

There is one deeply touching incident in connexion with the loss of the captain, which must not be overlooked.

When morning came, and the vessel was approaching the French coast, Mr. B. stood on the deck with a telescope in his hand, and looking at objects in the distance. Amongst other things he beheld a house on the shore, which attracted his attention. A window in one of the upper flats of the house seemed to be thrown open, and a tall lady-like figure stood at the window, waving a snow-white handkerchief in her hand. After gazing upon it for some time, and wondering what it meant, he at