

ing? what right had she even to be seen to weep? for what were the Kennedys to her?

While she was thus occupied, while she trod with gentle step about the house, and felt that she had an errand or duty there, she was comparatively happy. She could even pass the door of that silent room, though she had done this as seldom as possible; but now that all was ready, that the grave claimed its own, and the sacred charge must be resigned, she felt a strange sinking of the soul, a sense of forlornness in her unpitied grief, under which her spirit failed; and having occasion to follow the servant into the room where the father sat alone beside the closed coffin, she lingered there a moment, to see if she might not be permitted, though silently, to mingle her sorrow with his.

(To be Continued).

### Hardening Influence of the Traffic.

The following relations were made by Mr. Gough at the Anniversary of the Temperance Union:

In one of the quiet towns of Mass. a young lady, the only child of her parents, who had an accomplished education, and all the charms of modest beauty and noble intellect, went to a rum-seller, who was daily enticing her father to drink, intending soon to possess his snug little farm. She told him that he was not only destroying her father, but bringing ruin and disgrace on her and her mother. O, he said, she would soon be married, she need not trouble herself. She replied, she never would; she could never involve in their shame one that she loved; she would never leave her mother; but would work with her own hands, and every day bring him the amount of the money he now received of her father; if he would sell him no more. She entreated him with tears. But, with an infernal leer, he asked the poor girl if she would say to her father that she had requested him to sell him no more. Her eyes flashed—and reason reeled. 'You are not a man!' said she. She is now a maniac in the Worcester Asylum!

A poor old lady in another eastern town, who formerly lived in affluence, had a husband and two sons, who gave themselves up to intemperance. One day the father and sons were drinking at a tavern, with others like themselves, when a icarse passed by the door. One of the sons swore, with an idiot grin, that he would be the next who rode in that carriage!—the next morning he was found dead with his face in a muddy pool of water, not large enough to drown a cat. In view of this awful judgment, the mother wrote a petition to the rum-seller, entreating him to sell her husband and remaining son no more liquor. This petition, under such circumstances, one would think, might have melted the heart of stone. But the rum-seller cut it up, and rolled it into matches, which he put in a tumbler and set on a shelf; and every time the old man or his son came into the bar-room, he would give them a cigar and hand down the tumbler of matches to light it, till they were all consumed; and then he boasted that he had made the husband and son burn up the pious petition of the old woman.

A poor widow in Oxford, Mass., had an only child, Frederick. He was a kind, generous hearted boy; but in that beautiful town, where intemperance formerly made its fearful ravages, he was insensibly drawn within the circle of the awful vortex. Frederick became a drunkard and a vagabond. To spare the feelings of her he had most tenderly loved, and still in some degree revered, he wandered away she knew not where. After an absence of some years, in which he suffered all the poverty and misery of a drunkard, he was persuaded by some philanthropist to sign the temperance pledge. The next morning, he soberly considered his condition, and fearing the tremens, his heart yearned for the sympathy and fostering care of his pious mother. He set out on foot, a journey of forty miles; and when he arrived in Oxford, was worn out with fatigue, his nerves trembling for want of the accustomed stimulus. At this moment his mother, mourning for her son, opened her Bible and read of the young man cutting himself among the tombs. She said it was her Frederick, and she would go up stairs and pray for his deliverance and return. As she was in the act of taking her Bible, he looked into the window and saw her; but feeling that he made but a sorry appearance to stand before his honored mother, he thought he would just step into the tavern, and brush his hair, and adjust his cravat. As he stood trembling before the glass, the rum-seller recollecting him, cordially shook hands, and offered him something to drink. But he declined, saying he had signed the pledge. O, no matter for that, your hands tremble, you won't shake so; then you need not

drink any more. He was persuaded; but one glass did not satisfy; he wanted more.—Then the hard hearted rum-seller induced him to bet he could drink a pint without taking it from his lips. He swallowed it, and the next morning was found dead in the barn! The unfeeling wretch assisted in carrying the body on a board to the house of his mother. In her agony she cursed him for having murdered her son. He acknowledged he had given him the liquor; but said he did not know it was Frederick. She told him he did, and, said she, I cursed him; I know it was wrong, but I did it.—I cursed the murderer of my only son, my Frederick! Heaven forgive him and me.

### Convention at Detroit.—Action on Temperance.

The following resolutions on the subject of temperance were passed at the late Convention at Detroit, composed of about 200 Ministers of Presbyterian and Congregational churches in the West:

*Resolved, 1st,* That this Convention have full confidence in the principle of total abstinence from all alcoholic drinks as a beverage, as being the only true basis of the temperance reformation, and designating the only successful method of its prosecution.

2. That we deprecate as unsound philosophy, and as condemned by the experience of the past, all efforts to promote the cause of temperance by divorcing it from its connection with the religion of the Gospel, inasmuch as the spirit and principles of the Gospel embody the only conservatory and vitalizing power that can render permanently successful and finally triumphant, any scheme which is projected for the reformation of man.

3. That we hail with gratitude to God the legislative provision, which is now extensively granted, of deciding by legal votes in each town, whether license shall be given to sell intoxicating liquors, and that we interpret the movement as the determination of "the people" in the exercise of their rights, to suppress the evil of intemperance, and that we confidently anticipate the time when all communities will avail themselves of this mode of redress, where there is a prospect of success.

4. That facts, as seen in the providence of God, and in the pecuniary disaster which so often befall the manufacturers of ardent spirits, are working out a visible proof for the conviction of society, that this business shall not prosper, and that the way of transgressors is hard.

5. That as God has in the past history of the temperance reformation, provided for its trying exigencies by developing new auxiliaries for carrying it forward, we ought not after such success to falter, but advance, till the earth is redeemed from the plague of intemperance.

6. That this Convention recommend to all the ministers in our connection, that on all suitable opportunities they spread before their respective congregations the causes which retard the progress of temperance, and the means and encouragements for their removal.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

The practice of using intoxicating drink in Asia is increasing among the people at a fearful rate. When Protestant missions were first established at Bangkok, in the province of Siam, about ten years since, it was a very rare occurrence to see a man drunk, except among the Indo-Portuguese. The Siamese sacred books strongly condemn the use of all intoxicating drinks, and the people appeared to be then remarkably abstemious in the use of them. But now the enemy has come in like a flood. It has already swept away many priceless souls to a premature death, and to their eternal state beyond the confines of time.—Crime, poverty, and wretchedness of all kinds, are greatly increased among the people. The public appetite for spirit is very strong; hence, their distilleries are increased in number and enlarged. Some thirty or more of these springs of the bottomless pit, are now in vigorous operation. The manufacture and traffic in ardent spirits is all farmed out by the government.—The whole kingdom is divided into spirit districts. These are leased annually to the highest bidders, who pay their license money into the king's treasury. The district, including only Bangkok and its suburbs, is taken by one man, who pays the government annually about 160,000 ticals. (equal to £21,600) for the privilege of monopolizing all the