

hard stones, and slept the drunkard's sleep till morning. Upon rising from her comfortless bed, she resorted again to the *house of death*, and laid out the remainder of the shilling for more of the deadly draught. At the appointed hour she stood before the parish officers. How were they astonished, upon discovering in this devoted drunkard, this living mass of filth and misery, the once amiable, lovely and interesting Miss —, the former mistress of Alverstoke Seminary! Yet it was even so; but so completely had she become imbruted by the Circelike power of gin, that scarcely any traces remained of her former beauty and intelligence—she was empathically *in ruins*. It only remains to be told that the poor-house became her home, and that in a short time the greedy worm fed upon her bloated form under the sods of the village church-yard.

Thus fell youth, beauty, learning, intellect, and female loveliness. Seduced by the syren voice of Fashion, she unwarily stepped into the snare, where, like the fluttering fly under the torture of the wily spider, the fatal web entangled her, and she perished—another victim to the shrine of alcohol.—*Zion's Herald*, quoted in the *St. John's Christian Reporter*.

A WORD IN SEASON.

The stage was crowded with passengers as it passed from New York to Boston. It was late in the evening when one of the passengers, a sea captain, endeavoured to excite the attention of the drowsy company, by giving a relation of his own situation. He had been to sea in a fine ship; in a dreadful storm his ship had been wrecked, every cent of his money and all his property destroyed, and every soul on board had been lost, except the captain, who had saved his life by being on a plank, at the mercy of the waves for several days together. The

company were interested in this narrative; they pitied the poor unfortunate captain, who was returning home to his family, entirely destitute; but they wondered that a man relating such a tale, and telling of an escape almost miraculous, should confirm almost every sentence with an oath. Nothing, however, was said to him. In the morning, when the stage stopped, a Mr. B., one of the passengers, invited the captain to walk on before with him, and they would step into the stage when it should come up. The proposal was agreed to. They walked on alone. Says Mr. B., "Did I understand you last night—the stage made much noise—did you say that you had lost your ship?" "Yes." "That all your crew were drowned except yourself?" "Yes." "That you saved your life on a plank?" "Yes." "Let me ask you one more question;—when on that plank, did you not vow to your God, that if he would spare your life, *you would devote that life to his service?*" "None of your business," said the captain angrily. The stage by this time came up, and they entered it. Towards evening, as the stage was entering Providence, the captain informed the company that he should not sup with them as he was so unfortunate as not to have any money. Mr. B. takes from his pocket, and offers him a handsome bill. "No," says the captain, "I am poor, yet I am no beggar." "But," replied Mr. B., "I do not give it to you as to a beggar, but as to an unfortunate brother. You must learn that I profess to be a *Christian*, and I am taught by my religion to do good unto all men. The Gospel prescribes no limits to benevolence; it teaches us to do good to all." The company applauded, and pressed the captain to take the money. He silently put it into his pocket, without even thanking the donor; though his countenance betrayed uneasiness.