

many days, I barely escaped? Need I tell you how he who was thus forsaken, like Esau, in vain sought space for repentance and found it not, though he sought it carefully with tears? No—I need not tell you this. Nay, it is a tale that cannot be told—let it sleep. But I will tell you, that for the last time, he renewed, as with a dying struggle, the terrible conflict with his enemy. In vain he looked on this side and on that for help. Help there was none, but on every corner stood the tempter in bright array. All around him were men—men in the image of their God—men whom the law called good moral men, licensed by law to send his soul to hell and his body to the worms! Ah, too sure was their work, for as he had lived, so he died. In an instant, and when he looked not for it, death claimed his victim and he was no more? No sympathizing hand smoothed his dying pillow! No daughter's kiss assuaged his last death-thrills! No son was there to hear his last commands! His body fills a drunkard's grave. His murderers may meet his soul in a world to come.

And now tell me, ye honorable men, ye whom God has commissioned with power to avert from others the doom which awaited my once loved husband—tell me, have I no voice in this matter of life and death?

Of wrongs and outrages—of cruel and barbarous murders—of suicides and homicides, you have a full surfeit day by day; but of the deeper, darker sufferings of the unprotected, helpless females, you have little. Almost within sound of your legislative halls, within the week last past, a poor lost victim, hopeless of the relief for which we pray, madly rushed into the presence of his God, declaring as his last words that he did so rather than longer bear the tormentor's sting on earth. You can hear the explosion of the death-dealing weapon, but the groans of the widow and orphan you cannot hear. You cannot bring the dead to life! You cannot restore to me, nor to the tens of thousands whom like me rum has deprived of our husbands, our loved ones, again! But you can, yes, you can hurl this demon from his high places! You can put the brand of Cain upon the man who engages in this accursed traffic. You can take away this temptation from those who would, if they could, avoid its snares! You can save the lives of tens of thousands of precious husbands, brothers, and sons—and it is for this we most humbly pray. Will you turn to us a deaf ear, and spurn us from your doors?

A WIDOW.

The Drunkard's Funeral.

A SCENE IN NEWARK.

"Can you attend a funeral this afternoon at 2 o'clock?" inquired a man beyond the meridian of life, who stood at my door, with an expression of sympathy upon his countenance—"Can you attend a funeral at the corner of—and—streets? There is a man dead there, sir; and although he is poor, yet we do not like to bury him without some kind of religious services. We should be very glad, sir, if you could attend."

"I am sorry to say that it is out of my power to comply with your request," I replied, "inasmuch as I am previously engaged to attend a funeral at that hour, in another direction."

"I am very sorry, sir," he replied; but after a moment's reflection, again inquired—"Could you not come a little later, if we were to defer it an hour? Could you not come at three o'clock?"

"I think I can," I replied. "At all events I will come as near that hour as possible."

He left me, and at the appointed time I went to fulfil my first engagement. A man of four score years was sleeping his last long sleep. Relatives and friends were occupying the comfortable and well-furnished apartments absorbed in grief. The services being over, the lengthy procession moved slowly onward to the peaceful mansions of the dead. It was not a costly burial, but such as we could desire for ourselves—plain, solemn, appropriate—nothing extravagant, yet nothing wanting; and while we felt that the burial was such as we could desire, there was a congeniality also in the place selected for the last sleep of death, even our own beautiful and quiet cemetery.

I hastened from these solemn, orderly, and appropriate obsequies, to obey my second summons. An open wagon, with one horse attached, and four or five individuals were standing at the door. I felt a chill run through my veins, part of the fearful truth was now revealed. The keen November wind was blowing,

and the sky wore its gloomy autumnal aspect, but I feared there was keener anguish and deeper gloom within. I entered and at one glance at the table was told. It was the funeral of a drunkard! A small, cold, and desolate chamber was appropriated for the solemn services. Indeed, it was all they had. Here for a season had lived, and here had died, and now from here was to be buried, a husband and a father who had lived and died a drunkard. It was a dreary place. There in one corner, upon a rough old rickety table, from which they had often eaten their cold and cheerless fare, was placed the coffin, made of rough pine boards, slightly stained with red, in which was placed the corpse. He was a man perhaps of fifty, coarsely clad with grave clothes. His countenance, if an index to his state of mind, bespoke nothing but gloom. Around and underneath his head, where, in other places, I had often seen the downy pillow and the rich satin linings, were stuffed a few of the shavings roughly taken from the boards which composed his coffin.

I looked with spirit almost crushed within me, first at this new trophy of the reign of death, and then at the living around me. Both were expressive of the deepest wretchedness. In an opposite corner, under a pile of old clothes, rudely thrown together, sat the unhappy widow, a tall, spare woman, pale as the corpse before me. Her eyes were large and sunken, and she was thinly and poorly clad; and as she sat she wrung her hands as if to relieve the agony she felt within, while with almost every breath she gave a low, hollow, consumptive cough, which told me too plainly that death had marked her for his victim also. Several children were standing around and beside the table where the coffin rested, shivering with cold, and weeping from some cause—or whether they understood the meaning of a father's death or not—and the tears rolled down their pale and hollow cheeks, upon the uncarpeted floor in large and briny drops.—A few of the neighbors had gathered to attend the solemn services connected with the funeral. They were seated, some on boxes, others upon an old worn out trunk, while others stood. It was a gloomy scene; gloomier than the day without, and the anguish keener than the biting blast.

I stood there in the midst of that group, a minister of Christ. The table was before me—the Bible so full of demonstrations against sin. But as I looked around me, it seemed as if sin had denounced itself. There were the visible, tangible, heart-rending fruits of a godless life, and if possible the more revolting spectacle of a godless death, upon all of which seemed written, forsaken, hopeless, miserable. I strove to direct attention to the necessity of religion to preserve us from the vice and miseries of our earthly pilgrimage. But I feared then, and still fear, that it was too late for such advice. There were hearts there which had been so long accustomed to the treachery of men, so steeped in sorrow and accustomed to sin that they could hardly be led to repose confidence in God. Having commended them to the care of Heaven, and especially to the God of the poor, the coffin was carried down the narrow stair-way, and the drunkard's family, shivering in the November wind, was placed in that one horse open wagon at the door, and following the hearse, drove lonely and sad through the streets of our christian city to the Potter's field, the last resting place of the friendless poor, where the drunkard sleeps to day unhonored and unknown.—Sentinel.

Fragments of Influence.

"Gather up the fragments which remain, that nothing be lost." Such was the utterance of the Supreme Benevolence, speaking for a time in the fashion of man. As the bread passed from under his benediction, it grew and multiplied in the act of moving from hand to hand, till hunger was replenished and every appetite stayed to the full. No parsimony was there; no stinted administration; no withholding of more than was needed. It was a generous godlike effusion of the bounty of heaven on the needy, weary, fainting, worn out hearts of men. But even in the midst of the unwonted profusion, this gorgeous display of boundless beneficence, frugality lifted up her voice, and the wisdom of practical benevolence uttered her warning—"That nothing be lost."

Whether as expressive of what ought to be in the thriftiness of men, or of what is in the ways of heaven, carrying forward the great interests of humanity, the conditions of human life and