

Simon O. Keeler, the deceased, was about thirty-seven years of age. He was a man of good general character, industrious, well educated and enterprising, and was the owner of a good farm under cultivation, from which he derived his support. At the time of his decease, however, he was residing with his father, upon a farm owned by Judge Keeler. Mrs. Keeler, the wife of Simon O. Keeler, was about thirty years of age, who was also well educated, intelligent, and of excellent moral character, unblemished reputation, correct deportment, and refinement. As a general rule, the utmost affection and confidence prevailed between this couple. The deceased husband, however, was subject at times to excessive drinking, which continued upon him sometimes for weeks together, and which affected his nervous system to a great extent, rendering him almost insane. At such times, he was beset with jealousy toward his wife, which rendered him fierce and overbearing in his deportment toward her, and at such times their previous good understanding and affection were replaced by feelings in entire contrast to those of their real nature.

On Friday, March 25, Judge Keeler went from his residence, to be gone until Sunday the 27th, leaving his son and wife the only persons at home. For about three weeks previous to that day, Simon O. Keeler had been constantly indulging to excess in the use of liquor, so much so that his appetite for food had forsaken him. Before leaving home, Judge Keeler (between whom and his son and wife the strongest affection subsisted) took occasion to admonish his son that his drinking, if persevered in, would soon lead him to the drunkard's grave. Judge Keeler exhorted him to put his foot down and promise that he would not drink another drop of liquor, until the 1st of January, 1851, promising him, in case he would so promise, and knowing from his character that if he so promised, he would perform, to give him the free use of the farm, which is well stocked, with a span of horses, wagon and harness, two yoke of working oxen, twenty-five hogs, cows, sheep, &c., and with all necessary farming utensils, and to make him a present besides of hay, provisions, &c., amounting in all to about \$500. The son admitted that he was killing himself with liquor, but evaded making the promise desired by his father, and saying, "Well, father, I will think it over, and when you come home, we will make it all right." These were the last words ever spoken between them.

Judge Keeler departed on his business, and the awful tragedy which followed was not witnessed by mortal eye, so far as is known. Sunday afternoon Judge Keeler returned to his home, finding the house shut. Failing to arouse the inmates, and with foreboding of evil, he effected entrance into the house, when the first object which met his eye, was the corps of his daughter-in-law decently disposed upon the floor of the sitting-room, her face bound up with a handkerchief as if for burial, and the limbs straightened and stiff with death. A pillow was under her head, and by her side were evidences that another person had lain down. She had been shot through the heart. Upon entering the bedroom through the open door, he discovered the body of his son, stiff in death, but distorted and convulsed as though he dragged himself in the agony of dying from the side of his wife to the bed which they usually occupied, and had there died in extreme torture. Upon searching for the cause of his death, the father found that a large piece had been shaved off from a lump of opium, and to this agent he attributed the death of his son, though a post mortem examination failed to give evidence of that or any other positive cause.

Judge Keeler, who of course was intimately acquainted with the habits and character of his son, is strongly of opinion that he never intended the death of his wife, even under the sudden influence of passion created by strong drink, but rather supposes that in one of his temporary fits of jealousy, he sought to work upon the fears of his wife, and that she shot herself was accidental, and being seized with despair and remorse at what he had done, he took means to terminate his own life. Appearances indicate that he had taken every possible means to restore animation to the body of his wife, before committing the last fatal act against himself.

The grief of Judge Keeler, who, to use his own words, is "now a lone old man," was touching in the extreme. He gave us the foregoing particulars in youthful simplicity, and as we believe, earnest truthfulness: his words were broken and choked by the powerful and agonizing emotions with which his heart was filled. The monition must furnish its own comments. It is not for us to add a drop to the overflowing cup of sorrow which an inscrutable

Providence presents to the lips of this worthy and heart-stricken old man, nor is such comment necessary. His frank and full statement gives of itself a stronger and deeper lesson to all who read it, than any attempt on our part to enlarge or moralize upon it a rule.

Sabbath Meditations.

A WORD TO CHRISTIANS.

Brethren, pray. Though in various sections the revival spirit prevails, the prince of darkness is also at work, and most mightily do his servants fight for victory, and the setting up of his kingdom.

Pray, for the love of many is waxing cold; pride and the increase of wealth are eating like cankers at the hearts of many professed Christians; they find little or no time to pray for themselves, and unless God interpose and wake them from their sleep, they will be awakened only in hell. Pray, for great is the neglect of God's word. How deep lies the dust on the lids of the Bible, and how seldom are its leaves opened, or its light implored for guidance thro' this dark world! How much time is found for reading almost everything of an earthly production; but how little, O how little is found for reading the gospel of liberty and life!

Pray that strife among brethren may cease. If they that be of Israel's household engage in warfare, the enemy will come and mock. If brethren must indulge in heat and controversy, the interest of Zion will languish and bleed, the food of spiritual growth will be kept from hungry souls, and many will wander from the fold, and starve to death on the barren mountains.

Pray that the God of Israel would undertake his own cause. Too long have we boasted over our own strength; too long has the arm of flesh been trusted in for safety and defense. Too long have we shouted, the one of us for Paul, the other for Cephas, a third for Apollos, and but few for the right hand and the strong arm of the Almighty.

Pray that the dark cloud settling down on the world may be dispersed. O, how deep and dreadful the iniquity that is prevailing, how trumpet-loud the tones of the sinner, and the ungodly! While here and there only a pilgrim keeps his feet in the narrow way, how many are ploughing their course, through the filth and mire of iniquity, to perdition! While on our right hand and our left, thousands upon thousands are sinking to the chambers of eternal night, cannot we lift one petition on high for their deliverance?

"Jesus, thou sovereign Lord of all—

The same through one eternal day—

Attend thy feeblest follower's call,

And O, instruct us how to pray!

Pour out the supplicating grace,

And stir us up to seek thy face.

Come in, thy pleading Spirit, down

To us, who for thy coming stay;

Of all thy gifts, we ask but one—

We ask the constant power to pray;—

Indulge us, Lord, in this request,

Thou canst not then deny the rest."

Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Examiner,

"OCCUPY, TILL I COME."

Ab, not so, my father; the world is bright and beautiful around me; flowers breathe their perfume and soft winds fan my brow; let me live to enjoy this sunshine and beauty. I would rest in the tempting bowers, linger beside the low murmuring waters, sleep upon the soft mossy banks. Scenes of enchantment rise about me; hope's bright fancies shed gleams on my path. Let me tarry for a season, delight myself with their charms, and be borne on "flowery beds of ease." Others may labor, my spirit shinks from the task; others have better abilities than I, let me watch their efforts: others respond to the call, "Go, work in my vineyard," "I pray have me excused."