

"Is this your only daughter, my friend?"

"Yes," replied the farmer, "she is my only child."

"Indeed," was the reply. "As you seem to be blessed with all the comforts of life, I suppose you mean to give her a very perfect education."

"Not I," the farmer rejoined, "I never had any education myself, and I do not believe it will do her any good. I mean to leave her money, so that she will not have to work so hard as her poor father and mother have been compelled to do. Money is the best friend one can have in such a world as this."

"I think you are wrong, friend, there," the gentleman replied. "I also have an only daughter and an only child. She is of about the same age with yours, but I mean to give her as perfect an education as money can give and as she has the capacity to receive. A good education is something which no one but God can take from her."

All relapsed again into their former silence. But there was something in the terseness of the expression, "*A good education is something which no one but God can take from her*," which struck, with peculiar force, the mind of the young man. He repeated the words again and again. He pondered their weighty import. They became engraved upon his memory in characters never to be effaced.

The night passed away. The morning dawned. The cold rays of a winter's sun glistened upon the wide and cheerless expanse of snow. After breakfast in the warm kitchen of the farmer, the two strangers separated, each to go his own way. They never met again. But the remark which had fallen upon the ears of the young man, had awakened thoughts which were never to be forgotten: "*A good education is something which no one but God can take from her*."

Years, with their changes, rolled on. The young man, enterprising and energetic, had found him a home, and a group of bright and happy children were clustered about his comfortable fireside. When he received his first-born son to his arms, he said: "This child is given to me to educate. A good education is something which no one but God can take from him." His wife imbibed his spirit. And as one after another was added to the number of their happy family, they both felt that their great duty in life was to educate their children. It became the all-absorbing object of their labour and their ambition. Thirteen children were given to them. They were all educated—highly educated. The sons became prominent members of the learned professions, swaying a wide influence over thousands of minds. The daughters became highly accomplished, intellectual ladies, to fill the posts of wives and mothers, to inspire their children with a love for knowledge. And what finite mind can tell where this mighty influence shall terminate? Who can tell to what uncounted thousands of roused and invigorated intellects this one sentiment will not prove to have been the guiding angel? It is thus that in this world apparent accidents achieve the mightiest miracles. A casual word, forgotten almost before it has left the lips, may form the destiny for time and eternity of multitudes which no tongue can number.—*Mrs. Whittlesey's Mag.*

Pastoral Reminiscences.

DEATH IN THE STATE PRISON.—Bradbury Ferguson, who shot his wife in the year 1840, at Exeter, N. H., died in prison last month, aged 52.

His murdered wife, as will be remembered by many, was a native of Portsmouth, Eliza J. Frothingham. Ferguson was a drunkard of that class who torment and abuse their wives when they have been drinking; and his brutality to his wife had been of such a character, that the *coup de grace* by which he sent her out of the world was a good deliverance for her. He was sentenced to the State Prison for life, and having passed a dozen sober and useful years in that asylum, has now closed a far better life than he would have done, had he been suffered to go at large. In his case, the operation of the law has been salutary.—*Portsmouth Chronicle*. Dec. 10, 1853.

The preceding notice awakens a series of painful reminiscences in connection with gone-by years.—This same Ferguson was, at the time indicated, a citizen of Exeter, N. H. The pastor was then located in a town adjoining. Being at Exeter, on an exchange, it was his province to attend the funeral of the aforesaid murdered Mrs. Ferguson. No ordinary words can convey a just idea of the scene there exhibited. The wife, the mother, young, fair, beloved by her acquaintances—the victim, the bleeding, lifeless victim, of a husband demonized by rum! There she lay, calm in death, with two ghastly wounds in her breast, which seemed to cry for vengeance—not less upon the vender than upon the consumer of the "distilled damnation." Several little children clustered around the bier, motherless and afflicted. The scene and associations could but be deeply solemn, and peculiarly affecting, whilst the pastor remarked, from the words, "Sin when it is finished bringeth forth death." But notwithstanding, the fiery liquid, like a stream of burning lava, continued to flow from that populous village to the surrounding neighborhoods, marking its course with wounds, and sorrow and death.

Within a few months of the above, a parishioner of the undersigned obtained a quart of New England rum at this same village. His wife was an industrious woman. On reaching his home in the evening, he commanded her to hand him the butcher knife. With this instrument he threatened to murder her. Being affrighted, she fled from the monster, who, in pursuit, pulled a stake from the fence, felled her to the ground, and continued to beat her until life was extinct!

Here was another affecting illustration of the murderous business of rumselling! But, as if the blood of two victims in the neighborhood, and about the same time, were not enough, a brother of the last named visited this same Exeter, drank to excess, returned to the vicinity of his house, wandered into the woods, sat down, (as it would seem,) partook liberally from his bottle, and died on the spot!

And, by the way, both of these men were sons of a rumseller, in this same town, adjoining Exeter, whose business was for years extensive, and whose opulence was parallel to his business. These sons, when young, became inebriates, on their father's premises, and he after having comparatively "slain his thousands," died a pauper in the alms-house of B—. A third victim, about the year 1840, was J. F., another parishioner. His weekly supply of "liquid fire," was drawn from the same deadly reservoir. He had often been a subject of conviction, and as often, through the influence of rum, "rejected the counsel of God against himself."

On a certain Wednesday afternoon, the pastor addressed him, in private, affectionately and solemnly,