

in the middle of the apartment. As morning dawned, the voice of praise again greeted their ears, while by their bed-sides they found placed some ripe fruits, and their hats crowned with flowery chaplets. Sabbath was strictly observed as a day of devotion. Having proceeded to church, within which was gathered the entire community, the service was commenced by singing a hymn, after which prayers were read by Adams, while Buffet read the lesson. A sermon followed, which was well delivered by Buffet; and in order to impress it properly on the minds of his hearers, repeated it three times, the whole being concluded with praise. An instance of their piety was afforded some years after, when Captain Waldegrave arrived with supplies for them from England, 'I have brought you clothes and other articles which King George has sent you,' said he. 'But,' said Kitty Quintal, one of the women, 'we want food for our souls.'

A sad calamity befel this interesting people in 1829, when their chief was removed by death. Their harmony, contentment, and virtuous conduct, are to be ascribed to John Adams. The dwellers on this lone islet in the drear expanse of the South Pacific, now number eighty-six females and eighty-eight males, or nearly two hundred persons in all. They still speak the language and profess the faith of the English nation. Last year there arrived at Southampton an ambassador from this interesting community to our Government to obtain further means of religious instruction, and to secure, if possible, more frequent visits to the island of English ships.

But a fact remains to be stated to which the extraordinary character of this people is doubtless in no small degree traceable. M'Koy, one of the mutineers, had formerly been employed in a Scotch distillery, and being an intemperate man, set about making experiments, and unfortunately succeeded in producing an intoxicating liquor. This success induced a companion, named Quintal, to turn his kettle into a still. The consequence was that both were habitually drunk, and M'Koy one day in a fit of delirium, threw himself from a cliff and was killed on the spot. His companion's conduct was so horribly savage that John Adams, along with another, considered it necessary for the preservation of the general safety, to put him to death by felling him with a hatchet. The conduct of M'Koy and Quintal so shocked the rest of the community, that they resolved never again to touch intoxicating liquors, and to this day they have kept their resolution. The only spirituous liquors allowed to be landed on their shores are a few bottles of wine and brandy for the medicine chest of the doctor.

Were these simple islanders not wise in joining in a confederacy of entire and perpetual abstinence? The visitor of their secluded ocean home will search in vain amid its deep ravines, and towering mountains, and lofty trees, for an hospital, a workhouse, or a barred and grated gaol. Had they, like many who make greater pretensions to sagacity, said, 'Our companions have done very wrong in abusing themselves; but that is no reason why we should deny ourselves a moderate degree of the excitement in which they grossly exceeded,' would this community this day present to the most highly civilised nations a model of a christian state? Did they then do wrong in at once and forever renouncing the use of a liquid in which evils so terrible had originated? and do we do right in sustaining the system which they eschewed, after having learned its nature by a more dire experience? Who in the face of the manly forms, and virtuous conduct, and prayerful life of those interesting people, will maintain that intoxicating liquors is essential to health or happiness? Often has God employed the simple to confound the wise; and now in that remarkable colony, he is presenting to the whole world a pattern of public and universal sobriety. He that would seduce that people from their habits of rigid temperance, would perpetrate a fouler

deed than that which blackens the murderer's heart. Are those then sinless, who, by sustaining the drinking customs, help to make the sober intemperate, and keep the intemperate drunken?—*Abstainer's Journal.*

### Don't Drink it at all.

One autumn evening, eight or ten years ago, we were sitting in a country tavern, in a village not many miles from Providence. One of the company present, was a young man who had become addicted to habits of intemperance, and was then suffering from the effects of deep potations. Another, Mr. L—, his brother-in-law, had called to see him; and perceiving his sad condition, took him aside, and conversed with him on the subject of Temperance. "If liquor served me so," we heard L—, remark, "I would not touch it. The better way is to let it all go. Don't drink it at all, C—, don't drink at all."

C— pondered the words of his friend; and, although they did not accomplish his reformation immediately, they were not without effect. He thought of them, whenever he raised the glass to his lips, and many a night, when his aching head lay, unblest with repose, upon his pillow, he pondered them in his mind.—Two years afterwards, he formed the resolution never to drink again; and while he was doing so, the good advice of his friend came fresh to his thoughts. *Don't drink it at all*, must, he felt, be his motto; and *I won't drink it at all*, was his resolution. Friends soon came around him. That veteran in our glorious cause, Dr. Hunting, we chanced to know, was amongst the first to give him an encouraging word. Henry A. Howland, with a heart full of sympathy, also took him by the hand. He was saved, and is now toiling in his adopted State for the salvation of others.

But the story is not finished. L— was sincere in his good advice to his friend. He wanted to save him; and he felt, undoubtedly, the power of his words, when he said, "If liquor served me so, I would not touch it." This is what every moderate drinker thinks. Not one of them ever expects to become a drunkard. "When there is any danger of that," each one reasons, "I will stop." "If I can't drink, without drinking or wanting to drink *too much*, I will not drink at all."

But appetite steals upon him—blinds him first, then chains him, and then shouts in his ears—*You are a drunkard!* What now has become of the resolution not to drink at all?—Too frequently, it is gone—has vanished, and left nothing in its place but a burning, tormenting, ever present thirst for rum.

It was so with L—. Step by step, he was led along in the smooth path of the moderate drinker. He saw flowers by the way side, and culled them for their sweet perfume. Jovial friends cheered him on, and called him generous. His love of excitement led him into the company of the politicians, and he became the representative of his town in the Assembly.—This did not, by any means, moderate his downward career. Year after year, the habit of drinking grew upon him, and now he is lost to himself, to his family, and to the world.—Friends try persuasion upon him, but without avail. He cannot retreat. He cannot break from the grasp of the monster. He cannot say, "I will not drink at all." Day after day, he rises to the same routine of terrible cravings for rum—terrible reflections on the past—terrible thoughts of the future. Despair is written on his countenance and in his heart; and in the bitterness of his soul, he cries out, hourly, "Oh! that I had died five years ago!" A few days ago, his friend C— was sent for, in the hope that his influence might yet bring him back to sobriety. But there is little hope that this result will ever be realized. The politicians have decided that rum shall be sold, law or no law, for that their interests demand it; and while it is