

friends who were worth preserving abandoned me, until my only associates were drunkards and gamblers. When almost reduced to want (for I had left off business), I received a letter informing me of the death of my father—that father who had watched over my early years—who loved me so tenderly. And did I act as an affectionate child? No. Vice had destroyed the human feelings of my heart, and left only the animal passions and appetites; as the letter contained a check for 500 dollars, a part of my poor father's hard earnings, I drowned my grief that night in a Bacchanalian revel, and in a few days I was again penniless. I will not dwell upon the every day scenes of my life, which were such as may at all times be witnessed at any of the two hundred dram shops of your city, where wretched men squander the little pittance that justly belongs to their suffering wives and children.

"But, to pass on. For nearly three years I have been a drunken, wandering outcast. Six months ago I received a letter from my dear mother, enclosing 100 dollars, and informing me that she was fast sinking with disease, and entreating with all a mother's feeling, to come home and see her before she died. For a time I felt the appeal, and resolved to comply with her request; and accordingly took passage on a steamboat for that purpose. For two days I refrained from liquor; but my thirst became insupportable,—at length my appetite overpowered my better feelings, and I approached the Bar and demanded the liquid fire. I was soon intoxicated, when I madly sought the gaming table; and before the boat reached Louisville, I was stripped of every cent. Thus, all hopes of seeing my dying mother cut off. I remained at Louisville several weeks; in which time I learned that my mother had died, and that her last breath was spent in prayer for her wretched child. From Louisville I shipped on board the steamer *Brazil*, as a deck hand, and came to this place, where I was discharged for drunkenness. Let every young man reflect upon this picture, I, who had moved in the first circles of society—had been the guest of distinguished public men, and a favourite among the literati of our country—was now turned off as unfit for a deck hand on a steamboat! yet intemperance had done this much.

"I loitered about this city for several weeks, and was sometimes engaged in posting up the books of some *Dram Shop*, for which I was paid in the liquid fire, kept for the accommodation of customers. One evening I fell in company with a man who has lately been lodged in jail for passing counterfeit money. We played cards, and I won from him the three dollar bill in question. The next day I learned it was a counterfeit, and I did not offer to pass it for some days. But at last I got out of all employment. I had no other money—I could meet no one who would ask me to drink. My appetite was like a raging fire within me. I could not endure it. I sought a dram shop—offered the bill—it was accepted; and when found a few hours after, by the officers of justice, I was beastly drunk.

"The evidence of guilt was conclusive, and before my brain was clear of the intoxicating fumes, I was lodged in jail to await my trial. I am now done. I have not detained the Court with any hope or wish that clemency would be extended to my case; but with a hope that my example may be a warning to other young men—that those who hear me may, when asked to play a social game of cards or drink a social glass, think of my fate and refrain. They may feel themselves secure—they may believe they can stop when they please, but let them remember that I argued thus until I was lost." [Here the defendant sunk down and appeared to be very much affected, and for a few moments silence reigned throughout the Court House.]

At length the Judge, who is as much distinguished for the qualities of his heart as he is for learning as a Judge, proceeded in a brief but appropriate manner to pass sentence upon the defendant, putting his punishment in the Penitentiary down to the shortest time allowed by law.—*Missouri Pennant*.

#### "IT'S FOR FATHER."

Eliza is a promising scholar in my class in the Sabbath school. She has been absent three Sabbaths from school, and unavoidable circumstances prevented my visiting her parents, to ascertain the cause of her absence, and that of her two sisters.

A few days ago, I was out quite early in the morning, and on passing a grocery, saw my little scholar coming from it, with something in her hand, which as she saw me, she vainly attempted to hide under her tattered garment.

It was too plainly seen, a bottle of whiskey, and it might also have been seen in the distressed and confused looks of poor little Eliza, who had often heard me speak of the misery and sin attached to the use of ardent spirits.

"What have you there?" said I. The tears started in her eyes as she said, in a faint tone—"It's for father;" and again tried to find a covering behind her scanty and torn frock. Her feet were bare, though the morning was cold, and her pinched and uncombed hair showed neglect and poverty.

"Why have you not been to school this long time, Eliza?" said I. "I have missed you, and wondered at your staying away."

Indeed I had, for she often showed deep feelings, and something within frequently whispered to me, "The Lord has thoughts of love towards this child."

"Mother would not let me," said she.

"Why not?"

"Because I had no shoes, and father says he cannot get any."

"Has your father work, and is he well?"

"Yes, ma'am, but—;" and here her voice faltered, and the tears again started in her eyes. She brushed them away, and said—"Mother says she will try to get me a frock, the week to come, for this is quite worn out."

This was too plain a case. Here was a man who could not provide decent and comfortable clothing for his child, and why?

Any one can answer the question.—*Boston paper*

#### HE THAT IS NOT FOR TEMPERANCE IS AGAINST IT.

A reformed drunkard stated publicly, in an address he made lately in one of our cities, that less than three years since, while he was a drunkard, notice was given that a clergyman, whose position relative to the temperance cause was equivocal, would preach a "Temperance Sermon."

He, with other moderate and immoderate drinkers, attended. The preacher defined temperance to be "the moderate use"—and dwelt upon the "fanaticism, ultraism and impiety of the would-be leaders in the temperance enterprise."

Said the reformed man, "It was not an hour after the delivery of this 'Temperance Sermon;' before every bar-room and grog-shop in this city was rejoicing and praising the preacher as 'a good temperance man, such as we will patronize and hear.' He was toasted over and over again that same Sunday night, and highly extolled by all in that city, who sold or drank the 'accursed thing.'"

This is only one out of many instances, where the reformed drunkards have thrown light on the means of pro-