

"Isabel, my darling wife, can you forgive the past and believe that to-night I have broken the chains which have so long bound me? And with God's help, I will try to be worthy of your love again." He spoke with such earnestness, and there was such a resolute look in his eyes, it seemed as if the Harry she had first loved had been on a long journey and had come back to her—that at last the heavy clouds were breaking.

And were there no struggles—no failures? Sometimes in spite of all their watchfulness—all their loving help and encouragement—it seemed as if the struggle were too much for him, and he must go back to the old habits. But with every victory came new strength, until at last the temptation had lost its hold on him. The joy and peace came back to his home; but there was never the same unclouded joyousness. Alas, sin leaves its scars. There was the memory of those wasted years, which God had forgiven; but Harry could never forget. His vigilance never relaxed: he had learned his own weakness.

And now from these Christian homes went forth an influence, which was felt by all who came within its reach. God recognized and honoured their faithfulness to Him.

Oh ye Christians! think of the thousands who are going *downward* by many paths, with no loving hand to point them to the Divine helper: no voice to plead with Him for their salvation!