

All through the hours of that dreary night we watched him, and just as the grey dawn of the morning streaked the sky, the restless, horror-stricken spirit took its flight.

It is needless to dwell on the particulars of the sad funeral—suffice it to say, that friends saw the father and child laid in the grave, and offered the bereaved, and heart-broken survivor a home.

Happiness could never more be hers on earth, but we trust a better day has long since dawned for her, where, temptation can never more assail those who are dearer than life, and where the cold, damp mildew of disappointment can no more blight the fresh green buds of affection.

Many will say "this is a strange transition from the bright hues, which gilded the opening of this sketch," but it is a short story, and one alas, too often told.

In the excitement of a political campaign, young H— had drank freely, and the rumors of his excesses had reached his father, and he—the moderate drinker, who would not banish wine from his table—careful of the family honor, had disowned—disinherited the son; because with an ardent temperament, and an appetite for stimulus nursed from childhood, he had not power to say to the waves of temptation, as they rolled towards him, "thus, far shalt thou go, and no farther."

Kind words might have saved him, but accustomed to all the appliances of wealth, and with a wife depending on him, whom his conscience told him he had wronged, this severe reassurance stung him to the quick. He could not remain in a place where he felt he was disgraced, and gathering up the small amount of his private property, he, with the loving woman who was ready to cling to him through evil, as well as good report, sought a home in a distant city. For a time in his new home, he struggled nobly for the mastery, but business troubles assailed him, and ever and anon the old appetite would come up with resistless force.

Thus year after year passed on, and each one found him less, and less able to stem the current, that was setting in against him, until at last he no longer struggled.

Wife and child were no longer any check, so that the appetite which was consuming him might be appeased. One after another the comforts of home were sacrificed to its demands, until, at last, destitution stared them in the face. Then poor H—, the mere wreck of his former self, sunk down to die a Drunkard's death, while wife and child were perishing beside him—innocent victims of a soul-destroying vice.

In view of such instances as this, and they are far from rare, what shall we say of the parents, who, for fashion's sake, help to create and foster such appetites in their children?

At the last great day, when it is made manifest that "no Drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God," will not the blood of these ruined souls be required at their hands?

Montreal, Oct., 14th 1854.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY," "GOING, GOING, GONE!" &c.

(From the Saturday Evening Mail.)

CHAPTER II.

Martin did not know precisely what to do under the terror of audacity of which he had been guilty—so he sought to resolve his doubts in the fountain to which he had often before applied. Whether alcohol is a good solvent in mental operations or not, is a mooted point, though in official preparations it is useful. As however the Maine Law, which admits its sale for medicinal and some other purposes, does not make any exception in favor of its use as a quickener of the intellect, we suppose the weight of authority would be against our friend Martin. However, he took a drink; and that drink, superadded to his previous imbibitions, was an effectual soother, and he went to sleep under it. What were his dreams we are not able to record, but the presumption is that they were none of the pleasantest, since, when he awoke, he was very much surprised to find that the world was still standing.

He drowsily surveyed Tumble Down Farm in the twilight, and thought that it never had seemed to him quite so dilapidated. He leaned moodily on a tumble down fence which scarce seemed equal to his weight; and if only he had seen Hogarth's picture of Gin Lane, he might have discovered a striking general resemblance in the scene to the great artist's ideal. The very out-houses seemed to reel—and the scraggy trees looked as if they might have pawned their fruit and leaves for the means of intoxication. The pigs had a lean and hungry look—utensils and tools rotted in corners, waste and want stared out from all sides. "Indeed," he cried at length, raising himself upright, "things must mend, and they shall!"

He felt a hand placed on his arm, and was surprised to find that he had been overheard—for he did not know that any one was near him. It was his eldest daughter; and while with delicate tact she concealed the fact that she noticed his exclamations, she led him on to talk hopefully of the future; as if indeed it were within his reach and control. The family gathered round them—three daughters—two sons, and their mother. Each was surprised to find that the subject of the conversation was the projection of various improvements—for they naturally supposed that the exciting event of the day was the theme. The mother heard incredulously. The twilight concealed the bitter smile with which she listened to all these fine promises; for a drunken man's wife may be excused if she has no faith in him whatever. But this much at any rate was gained—an evening at home, for one who had not before missed the tavern for many a long day.

On the morrow all was astir, betimes, at Tumble Down Farm. The two boys—better late in the season than never, took lusty hold of whatever would least bear waiting. The three girls made themselves busy within doors; and a new atmosphere seemed to surround the homestead. The breakfast commenced cheerfully, but was interrupted. One of the deputies of the sheriff of the county made this very early call. With considerate politeness he refused to broach his business, until Martin had gone