

ly to his wife and children. Often have they fled from their dwelling to seek shelter in a neighbor's house, or spend the night on the streets, rather than expose themselves to his drunken fury, before which no ordinary mortal could stand. This was the dangerous stage of his drunken madness, when no one would willingly meet him. Another stage further on was that of utter helplessness, because dead drunk. When he was in the dangerous stage he was one of the most powerful demons in the city. "No man could bind or tame him." His long sweep of arm and prodigious strength made him an object of special terror to those who had supplied him with drink, and to the guardians of the peace, to whom he was but too well known. In the distorted visions of his drunken frenzy he ever saw the publicans at his sworn enemies, and he dealt with them in a style which frequently brought him under the lash of the law. Happily they knew when the danger signal was up, and they gave him on all such occasions a wide berth. Well would it have been for himself had he seen *their* danger signal in time and kept aloof, but he went like "an ox to the slaughter, and a fool to the correction of the stocks." Seven times was his wretched home broken up, his poor wife taking the children with her, and nobly providing for them as best she could, while her husband was spending all on drink. And yet after all he was naturally a warm-hearted man, and when sober and in his right mind, for there were occasional lucid intervals of this, his heart was soft and tender—he was proud of his wife, and full of affection, kind and over-indulgent to his children, and would give any number of promises to lead a new life.

He was a glazier to trade, and often, often has the diamond with which he cut the glass been pawned for drink.

Ah! what a still more precious diamond he was throwing away in wasted health and strength, and in all home comfort miserably blighted for years. He was driven to the army and remained a soldier for two years; but returned home only to renew his old courses. He had several very narrow escapes for his life. On one occasion when working at the coast he could procure no whisky on Sabbath, and he laid hold of a small boat and made off to the other side of the loch, where he was readily enough supplied with drink, as a *bona fide* traveler. On his return the boat was upset, and but for the vigorous exertions of a fisherman, who risked his life to rescue him, he would certainly have been drowned. He seemed bent on destruction, for shortly after the boat accident he fell from the top of an omnibus and was badly wounded on the head. A crowd gathered round him through which his own little girl forced her way, and she was shocked when he saw her own father lying bruised and bleeding on the street. Her cry of anguish touched many hearts, and he was brought home under her direction, a sad spectacle, to his wife, who was fast losing all hope as to any brighter future. But thank God there was to be a foreground of light and beauty, of new hopes and joys, even to that life; and this it is now my pleasing duty to bring into view, so that the reader may "look on this picture and on that."

On the first Sabbath of May, when he was in a very thoughtful mood, filled with bitter thoughts of the past, his wife got him persuaded to accompany her to the City Hall to hear the annual sermon at the anniversary services of the Scottish Temperance League. The writer of this was the preacher on that occasion, which proved to be the turning point in the history of this wasted life. That night his resolve was taken. He went home under the impulse of