

obtained; and after dinner he started off full of happy anticipations. Arrived at the place, his attention was occupied for a time in the erection of the building; too soon, however, he discovered a keg on the premises which his ready genius quickly told him contained his favorite beverage. Without a moment's hesitation he asked for a drink—it was given him; he asked for another, and then another, and before the afternoon was half gone Dennie was *dead drunk*; and the workmen had laid him on a board under a tree.

About four o'clock his father called to accompany him home; not seeing him, he eagerly inquired for his child; they pointed him to the place where he lay. With a heart full of sorrow, he carried him home to his mother and sisters. Together his parents watched by his bed during the tedious night that followed, not knowing but the dreadful stupor would result in his death; but fully resolved if he lived not to leave untried any effort that might promise to save him.

It was not until the evening of the second day that he was restored to perfect consciousness. His parents thought it best not to speak to him of the *cause* of his illness for some days, hoping his own reflections would do him much more good; but in this they were disappointed—he did not exhibit the first symptom of remorse or consciousness that he had done wrong.

About a week after the event just related, his father invited him one pleasant morning to take a walk. Their road lay along the shore of the lake, and was lined with stately trees on either side. For a time they walked on in silence.

"Dennie," said he, "do you know

what it was made you sick the other day?"

"Why, I suppose I drank too much rum," he artlessly replied.

"Well, my son, do you know that I think you are in danger of becoming a drunkard?"

"Why, father, I know you tell me so, but I am not afraid of it. You drink rum every day, and you are not a drunkard; and when I get old enough to know how much it will do for me to drink, then I can keep from being drunk too."

They both seated themselves on a rock near the shore, and most faithfully did his father speak of the evils of intemperance, then taking a small gold watch from his pocket, which Dennie had long desired to call his own, he said, "Dennie, if you will promise me that you will never drink any more rum, I will give you this gold watch. Will you do it?"

Rising from his seat, and looking his father full in his face, he replied, "if it is wrong for me to drink rum, I *scorn* to be *hired not to drink it*. But I will tell you, sir, what I *will* do. If it is wrong for me to drink, it is wrong for you, and if you stop drinking, I will."

Had a flash of lightning burst from the cloudless sky above them, his father would not have been more startled. "How could he preach or perform the laborious duties of a pastor without his daily glass of bitters? How could he get up in a cold winter's night, and go to pray by the bed of some dying parishoner, without a glass of something to prevent him taking cold? How could he attend the various ecclesiastical meetings of the Church without something to help him bear the fatigues of the journey?" The sacrifice was indeed great, but the welfare of his child demanded it. And summoning all his resolution with a falter-