

exhibit the hideous and horrible thoughts that lodged there. He could not look upon the stream that rippled past the door, for he thought that its sweet translucent wave contrasted awfully with his dark troubled spirit within, and yet could never wash away its stain. He could not gaze on the innocent face of nature, for he thought that it, too, reproved him, and the very birds in the woodland choir seemed to be tormenting him in their song. Unhappy man! but whither could he flee? His tormentors were everywhere. Imaginary fiends haunted every step. The sun-beam, the dew-drop, the birds, the flowers, were all his accusers. Nature seemed to disown him. He could not flee from himself. He was his own dread enemy. He preyed upon his own vitals. In his bosom was his hell. Poor Archie Gray! And was all this untold suffering the consequence of following thy "courteous" abstinence friends to the festive board, and there handing round the sparkling wine-cup. To thee, alas! it has proved replete with tremendous peril, and, to multitudes who have acted as thou hast done, the cup of poison and death?

It was when in one of these paroxysms of self-accusation that he muttered as he left the house, "O God, and is my angel, Mary, sinking fast into the grave through my conduct! and my little darlings, too! I cannot live—I will bury my shame in the oblivion of the tomb. O death, how could I now embrace thee! come as a friend, and end my sorrows." Again he thought that fiends were at his heels, and, more like a ghostly impersonation of fury, madness, and despair, than a man, he stalked hurriedly away.

The last words which he muttered fell upon the ears of his half-unconscious wife. They woke up her slumbering spirit as if with magnetic influence; and the thought rushed in upon her as with the lightning's vividness, that Archie was bent on self-destruction. She started from her seat, and flew after him with the view of watching his steps. He, however, pursued his way to the Black Bull, and she followed him thither. When she reached the door, her courage forsook her; but after hovering about for a little, she at length ventured in. She was met by Mr. Roebuck, the landlord, of whom she enquired for her husband. He knew her, and at once professed to take a deep interest in her case. "I am sorry," he said, "that Archie is going to such lengths at present, but hope that he may soon do better."

Such a salutation from such a man, roused all the remaining energy of a prostrate spirit.

"Obl hypocrite," she said, "deacon though you be, I charge you with the most heartless inhumanity that man ever showed to a helpless woman, with two helpless babes. You have taken the morsel from our mouths, the rag from our backs, and the last penny from our pockets. You have sent desolation and ruin to our home. You have taken from me my Archie, and reduced him to a wreck. Think, not, cruel man, that you shall escape unpunished. You shall yet know that it is God who pleads the cause of the helpless families, that you have brought to misery by your accursed gains. Repent in time; nor lay your hellish snares no longer."

This keen rebuke, the eloquence of woman's injured spirit, was like the scorpion lash to the landlord of the Black Bull. He writhed beneath it, and shrunk back into a corner. For a few minutes he remained mute and motionless, and when he recovered himself a little, he thus proceeded:—

"Woman, whatever you may think, I am as much opposed to drunkenness as you are. But if people come and get drunk in my house, it is evident I cannot help it. I myself, personally, abstain, and am anxious to do what I can to put down intemperance."

"It is dark hypocrisy," said the anguish-stricken woman, "your deeds belie your words, and I cannot but liken you to Satan reproving sin, or appearing as an angel of light."

While Mary Gray spoke thus, she was interrupted by the

sudden entrance of two gentlemen. These were Mr. Thompson and Mr. Jackson. They had accidentally met near to the Black Bull. Their subject of conversation, very naturally, was Archie Gray. While they stood and talked together, they received information that Archie had been seen to enter the Black Bull a few minutes before, and that his wife had followed him there. Mr. Thompson proposed to Mr. Jackson that they should go also, and see what could be done for the rescue of the poor man. Mr. Thompson had frequently visited him since he fell, and manifested deep solicitude for his welfare. Mr. Jackson had never seen him, and indeed cared very little about seeing him; but at the earnest request of Mr. Thompson he accompanied him to the Black Bull. Mr. Jackson took the first word, and gave the landlord a hearty salutation. The landlord on returning it said—

"I am happy to see you, Mr. Jackson, as you can bear testimony to my sincerity, when I say that I hate all drunkenness, and intend becoming a member of your abstinence society."

"You-you-you," exclaimed Mary Gray, in wild surprise, "you had better pull down your sign, and save your barrels first, and give me back my husband."

"Softly," said Mr. Jackson, "I can testify to Mr. Roebuck's good will to the cause, and know that he would not harm a hair of any man's head."

"It is easy for you to speak thus," she replied, "after that you assisted in tempting my husband to his ruin; but had you been treated by him as he has been treated by you, or had you felt but one of the thousand pangs that have torn my heart since he fell, perhaps your charges on those who injured you would have been as bitter as mine."

Mr. Thompson prevented a reply, by saying, "Let us go into Archie, and speak to him; perhaps he may yet listen to our warning and advice."

When they entered the room where he had taken a seat, he appeared sullen and moody, rose from his seat, and made a motion towards the door. Mr. Thompson interrupted him, by saying, "Sit down, friend Archie, we wish you well; and are come, not to reproach you, but to comfort you." "Ah!" said Archie, his sullenness instantly merging into a look of wilk despair, "call me no longer friend; you once called me brother, but now call me fiend."

"Nay, Archie," said Mr. Thompson, "I will call you brother still; here is the right hand of brotherhood; give me yours; for, oh! language cannot express how my bowels yearn for your well-doing."

"We are all anxious for your return to the ways of sobriety," said Mr. Jackson.

"Speak it not," said Archie fiercely; "I never shall believe it; you cruelly deceived me; your principles are a mockery; oh! that cursed hour when I listened to your voice."

"You speak unadvisedly, sir," replied Mr. Jackson, "you cannot show me wherein my principles are a mockery."

"You said they would protect me," said Archie, "and they ruined me. They will ruin all like me, they never saved, and they never will save one. The sight of the wine-cup going round, kindled a fire in my bosom that tormented me like the fire of hell. The moment I touched it, to hand it to another, my senses reeled; I was bewildered, I had no will, no judgment; I was all appetite; I thought I should have been burned up but for that glass, and I clenched it like a fiend, and gulped it down. Oh! that rueful, cursed hour!"

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Thompson, turning to Mr. Roebuck and Mr. Jackson, "allow me one word of earnest and affectionate remonstrance. It seems to me that the principles of the short-pledgers, are utterly inadequate to the rescue of the drunkard. If he keeps strong drink in his house, if he goes where it is, if he do but touch it, his fall