

of not provoking her to use towards him the language of rebuke and censure. After sitting silent for about half an hour, he rose from his chair and walked three or four times backwards and forwards across the room, preparatory to going out to seek a coffee-house, and there spend the evening—as his wife supposed. But much to her surprise, he retired to their chamber, in the adjoining room. While still under the expectation of seeing him return, his loud breathing caught her quick ear; he was asleep!

On the next morning, the trembling hand of Jarvis, as he lifted his saucer to his lips, at the breakfast table, made his wife's heart sink again in her bosom. She had felt a hope, almost unconsciously. She remembered that at supper time his hand was steady—now it was unnerved. This was conclusive to her mind, that notwithstanding his appearance he had been drinking. But few words passed during the meal, for neither felt much inclined to converse.

After breakfast, Jarvis returned to the shop, and worked steadily until dinner time, and then again until evening. As on the night before, he did not go out, but retired early to bed. And this was continued all the week. But the whole was a mystery to his poor wife, who dared not even hope for any real change for the better. On Saturday, towards night, he laid by his work, put on his coat and hat, and went into the front shop.

"So you have really worked a week a sober man, John!" Mr. Lankford said.

"Indeed I have. Since last Sunday morning, no kind of intoxicating liquor has passed my lips."

"And I hope never will again, John."

"It never shall! If I die, I will not depart from this resolution."

"May you have strength to keep it," the old man said, earnestly. Then, after a pause—

"How much have you earned this week, John?"

"Here is the foreman's account of my work, sir. It comes to twelve dollars."

"Still a fast workman. You will yet recover yourself, and your family will again be happy, if you persevere."

"O, sir, they shall be happy! I will persevere!"

"Surely you have, for so doing, the strongest considerations."

Another pause ensued, then Jarvis said, while the colour mounted to his cheek—

"If you are willing, Mr. Lankford, I should like you to deduct only one-half of what I owe you for those furs I took from you from this week's wages. My family are in want of a great many things, and I am particularly desirous of buying a barrel of flour to-night."

"Say nothing of that, John. Let it be forgotten with your past misdeeds. Here are your wages—twelve dollars—and if it gives you as much pleasure to receive, as it does me to pay them, then you feel no ordinary degree of satisfaction."

Mr. Jarvis received the large sum for him to possess, and hurried away to a grocery. Here he bought, for six dollars, a barrel of flour, and expended two dollars more of his wages in sugar, coffee, tea, molasses, &c. Near to the store was the market-house. Thence he repaired, and bought meat and various kinds of vegetables, with butter, &c. These he carried to the store, and gave directions to have all sent home to him. He had now two dollars left out of the twelve he had earned since Monday morning, and with these in his pocket, he returned home. As he drew near the house, his heart fluttered in anticipation of the delightful change that would pass upon all beneath its humble roof. He had never, in his life, experienced feelings of such real joy.

A few moments brought him to the door, and he went in with the quick step that had marked his entrance for several days. It was not quite dark, and his wife sat sewing by

the window. She was finishing a pair of pantaloons that had to go home that very evening, and with the money she was to get for them, she expected to buy the Sunday dinner. In a few minutes she came out with her bonnet and shawl on, and the pair of pantaloons that she had just finished, on her arm.

"Where are you going, Jane?" her husband asked, in a tone of surprise, that seemed in her ear mingled with disappointment.

"I am going to carry home my work."

"But I wouldn't go now, Jane. Wait until after supper."

"No, John. I cannot wait until after supper. The work will be wanted. It should have been home two hours ago."

And she glided from the room before he could make up his mind to detain her by telling the good news that was trembling on his tongue for utterance.

A walk of a few minutes brought her to the door of a tailor's shop, around the front of which hung garments exposed for sale. This shop she entered, and presented the pair of pantaloons to a man who stood behind the counter. His face relaxed not a muscle as he took them, and made a careful examination of the work.

"They'll do," he at length said, tossing them aside, and resuming his employment of cutting out a garment.

Poor Mrs. Jarvis paused, dreading to utter her request. But necessity conquered the painful reluctance, and she said—

"Can you pay me for this pair to-night, Mr. Willets?"

"No. I've got more money to pay on Monday than I know where to get, and cannot let a cent go out."

"But, Mr. Willets, I—"

"I don't want to hear any of your reasons, Mrs. Jarvis. You can't have the money to-night; and, any how, I don't see fit to pay out money in little *drips*. The fact is," and he looked angrily at the poor woman, "if you don't stop this pestering me for money every whip-stitch, I won't give you another job. I'm tired of it."

Mrs. Jarvis turned slowly away, and had nearly reached the door, when the thought of her children caused her to pause. To have them want for food, was a thought she could not bear. Thus far she had been able to keep them from hunger, and to still keep them from its pangs, had she worked all day with unusual industry, although suffering much from pain and debility.

"I cannot go, Mr. Willets, without the money," she said, suddenly turning, and speaking in an excited tone.

"You will go, I'm thinking, madam," was the reply, while the tailor glanced angrily at her, and compressed his lips firmly.

"O, sir," changing her tone, "pay me what you owe me; I want it very much."

"O yes. So you all say. But I am used to such make-believes. You get no money out of me to-night, madam. That's a settled point. I'm angry now—so you had better go home at once; if you don't I'll never give you a stitch of work, so help—"

Mrs. Jarvis did not pause to hear the concluding words of the sentence.

"What shall I do?" was the almost despairing question that she asked of herself, as she hurried towards her home. On entering the house, she made no remark, for there was no one to whom she could tell her troubles and disappointments, with even the most feeble hope of a word of comfort. Mechanically she proceeded to set the table, and serve up the last portion of food that remained. A loaf of bread and a few slices of cold meat, made up her little store. As they were all about drawing up to the table, there was a loud knock at the door, which Mrs. Jarvis immediately answered.