

never been seen without it, if he only went to call at a neighbor's on a warm bright June day. In summer it was a protection from the sun, and in winter from the cold and rain. No one was surprised at Dr. Fergus's silence on the topic under discussion for they knew he had not had an opportunity of consulting his mother as to what he should say; nor at his refusal to take wine, for his mother's sentiments on that point were well known, so he was allowed to sit at the end of the table and watch and listen while his more wordy rival kept the table in a roar.

"Come, Hamilton, try this punch. It is the best I have ever tasted. Why, is it possible you have not emptied one glass of wine yet?"

"Thank you, Doctor Angus; I prefer not to take any."

"Prefer not to take any," repeated the Doctor in a mocking, simpering tone; the liquor he had already taken was making him unguarded in his language. "Zounds, I should have thought it was a pretty, affected boarding-school miss that had answered so. Perhaps it does not agree with your constitution," he continued, in a drone so striking in its resemblance to Dr. Fergus's ordinary conversational tone as to excite a laugh. "Really, Hamilton, I did not think you were so squeamish. We will have to put Dr. Fergus and you at a table by yourselves and get bread soaked in warm water, sugar and a little milk for you."

Hamilton's face flushed; he was most sensitive to ridicule. It was a weapon he could use with telling effect against another, but could not bear that it should be turned on himself.

"Be social, Hamilton; fill your glass and give us your opinion on this subject."

Hamilton felt that the eyes of the company were on him, wondering at his reluctance, for though he had abstained, he had not come out as a temperance man. He was ashamed of his colors. There was a fearful struggle went on for a few minutes, ere he yielded; but the wrong had prevailed before, and, stronger now, drowned Conscience's warning voice. He filled a glass of liquor and drained it hastily becoming the life of the party, making the

old walls of Graigse Lea ring with the laughter his sallies occasioned. His glass was filled again and again ere the party broke up, and when he reached home it was to send the servant for a bottle of brandy, feigning the excuse of sickness (for one sin always make way for more), and to shut himself up in his room and drink till he lay in helpless intoxication on the floor. It was several days before he was able to take his place again in the school, and when he did so, the frank, open, friendly expression of his face had given way to one of shame and avoidance. Verily, sin maketh cowards of us.

## CHAPTER X.

FARLEIGH DRUMMOND.

"And this man fell—fell, ay, without a look  
That durst appear his friend, or lend so much  
Of vain relief to his changed state, as pity."  
—Johnson.

"Who wants you, Arthur?" asked Nora of her husband, on his return to the drawing room, from which he had been called.

"There is some man dying down in the inn wants to see me. I can't think who it can be, or what he wants."

"But to-night, such a night! Do you hear how it storms? Oh, you can't go, dear."

"I must, I think; the man that came for me says the doctor does not think he will live many hours?"

"Which doctor is attending him?"

"Fergus. Poor Angus has been drunk for nearly a week."

"Such a wretch! What does his wife do?"

"Bears, I suppose, like other poor women. He turned her out of doors the other night with a babe no older than our sweet wee Mabel. A neighbor, hearing the noise, came and took her in, or I do not know how it might have ended."

"Such a shame! Here, hold Mabel a moment, till I get you a glass of wine; and see that that other little rogue of yours does not tumble climbing up that chair."

"Did you know that Mr. Hamilton has