THE DRUNKARD'S BIBLE.

HERE is more money made in the public line than in any other, unless it be pawn-broking," said Martha Hownley to her brother; "and I do not see why you should feel uncomfortable; you are a sober man: since I have kept your house, I never remember seeing you beside yourself; indeed, I know that weeks pass without your touching beer, much less wine or spirits. If you did not sell them, somebody else would; and were you to leave "the Grapes" to-morrow, it might be taken by those who would not have your scruples. All the gentry say your house is the best conducted in the parish"—

"I wish I really deserved the compliment," interrupted Matthew, looking up from his day-book. "I ought not to content myself with avoiding beer, wine, and spirits; if I believe, as I do, that they are injurious alike to the character and health of man, I should, by every means in my power, lead others to avoid them."

"But we must live, Matthew; and your good education would not keep you—we must live!"

"Yes, Martha, we must live! but not the lives of vampires;" and he turned rapidly over the accounts, noting and comparing, and seemingly absorbed in calculation.

Martha's eyes became enlarged by curiosity—the small low curiosity which has nothing in common with the noble spirit of inquiry. She believed her brother wise in most things; but in her heart of hearts she thought him foolish in worldly matters. Still, she was curious; and yielding to what is considered a feminine infirmity, she said: "Matthew, what is vampires?"

Matthew made no reply: so Martha—who had been "brought up to the bar" by her uncle, while her brother was dreaming over an unproductive farm—troubled as usual about "much serving," and troubling all within her sphere by worn-out and shriveled-up anxieties, as much as by the necessary duties of active life—looked at Matthew as if speculating on his sanity. Could he be thinking of giving up his business, because of that which did