

'Well, I've Done it.'

'Well, I've done it,' groaned Robert Bradford, as he sat by the fire after the doctor's visit. 'Well, I've done it, and the parson was right.'

'What have you done?' said a kind voice at his elbow, and looking up he faced Deaconess May.

Usually, when Deaconess May came to visit Mrs. Bradford, Robert would slink out of the room after a hurried good day, but now he never even rose from his chair, and seemed in a maze.

A glance at the bed told the tale to any one who knew the husband and wife. Robert was a good-natured fellow when sober, but in drink he was furious. When he had married, ten years ago, the clergyman had

'And will she never get better?' inquired the deaconess.

'I'm afraid not,' was the reply, and Robert groaned again.

Deaconess May went to the bedside and spoke a few words to the poor sufferer, whilst Robert, apparently unconscious of any one present, kept on repeating, 'I've done it, I've done it; the parson was right.'

'Do comfort him, please,' said the wife; 'he is a real good husband when he is sober, and I will never inform against him. Robert,' she continued, 'don't take on so; let Deaconess May talk to you.'

It was long before the wretched man could be calmed down, for he loved his wife as much as she loved him, and the thought of losing her was unbearable.



'WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?' SAID A KIND VOICE AT HIS ELBOW.

entreated him to take the pledge, but Robert would not hear of it.

'I am not a drunkard, sir; time enough to abstain when I am.'

'But, Robert,' replied the clergyman, 'when you do take too much you lose your temper, and the first person you would hurt would be your pretty wife.'

'Hurt her, sir!' why, God bless her, I should be a brute to do it,' and so the talk ended.

The years passed on, Robert was more often drunk than he cared to be, and made many resolutions when sober, short of signing the pledge.

The vicar's words came true on several occasions, and the pretty wife was frequently the victim of a drunken husband's rage. 'Well, I'll tell you,' he said at last to Deaconess May. 'I came home drunk last night and hit her. She did not cry, but went to bed, and I felt ashamed of myself; but this morning she could not move, and the doctor says there's mischief inside.'

'You have never yet told me what you have done,' at last said the deaconess.

'Done, why I've killed her,' was the sharp reply.

'Who said so?' she asked.

'The doctor.'

'Did he say that?'

'He said there was mischief inside, and I know what that means.'

'I don't think she need die, even if there is,' observed Deaconess May quietly.

Robert looked up, and his face was a study. 'Do you mean that she will live?' he asked eagerly.

'I hope so, but I am not a doctor. Will you help her to?'

'Help her! What can I do?' he muttered.

'This,' she replied and taking a book from her basket, she tore out a leaf. It was a temperance pledge.

'Quick, missus, quick, where's the ink?' cried Robert, forgetting his wife's condition.

The ink was soon found, however, and he took up the pen.

'No, not yet,' he added, and to the surprise of the deaconess, he fell upon his knees. 'Lord help me to keep it, help me to keep it, and do save my Bessie, for Jesus Christ's sake.'

'Missus, I've done it, I've done it,' he exclaimed, as the pen was laid down; and Bessie whispered a faint Amen.

Deaconess May was right. Mrs. Bradford recovered, Robert kept his pledge, and was henceforth the most loving of husbands. — Friendly Greetings.

Leaves From Two Lives.

(Mary Sweet Potter, in 'Morning Star'.)

Nellie Harder's name was on everybody's tongue; that is, everybody who lived in the little town which had been the home of her girlhood, and she carried her head proudly and seemed fully conscious of her own worth and importance as compared to those of her former associates.

She and Sarah Layden had been close friends in the old days, and as Sarah stood watching her go down the street she tried to believe that they were close friends still, notwithstanding the fact that Nellie had not yet returned the call which she had hastened to pay her.

Sarah Layden was at present living at home, although often when she was not teaching she did housework for some one of the many who valued her for her neat, thrifty ways in their kitchens as well as for her other excellent qualities.

It would have been far pleasanter for her to spend her vacations in the quiet enjoyment of home pleasures with the mother she loved so well, but this seemed not for her. The children must be kept at school, and they all needed so many things that were so hard to get. Her's was then a life of constant self-denial and sacrifice.

But Nellie, bright, gifted Nellie, had long vacations; her work was light and congenial and she always had plenty of money. Just now she was making one of her rare visits to her village home.

A wealthy lady had taken a fancy to her, and she remained with her as companion at the end of a visit made one winter at the home of an uncle. In some way she had gained a position as singer in a popular and wealthy church, and attained thereby many friends and much popularity, because she really possessed an exceptionally fine voice that had been well trained and cultivated by means of the help extended to her by the uncle before mentioned.

In short, every move she had made had been in the way of success and popularity and happiness; and now, to crown all, she had become engaged to the son of the lady whom she had made a pretence at serving as companion, but to whom she had always been almost as a daughter, and this would be her last visit home as Nellie Harder.

It all sounded like a hackneyed novel story, and Sarah Layden, watching the graceful movements of her old-time friend as she walked down the street, exquisitely dressed and carrying her head so high, thought over all the different details of Nellie's career, as they had come to her ears, and wondered why it was that one should have everything and another nothing.

Not that she wanted any of her friend's blessings, her lover the least of all, but she wanted more money for the work she did that she might make her loved ones more happy and comfortable. She wanted time for musical practice, and she wanted a good instrument to practice upon. Her own musical talent was not inconsiderable. Of late