

the plan, and Mary, when she saw that he was opposed to it, ceased to add her solicitations to mine. I can only describe as infatuation the manner in which she had accustomed herself to yield to him in everything.

He was not to my mind a particularly attractive man. There was a weakness of character, and frequently of purpose, that shewed itself in his countenance when you carefully studied it, and Mary had always hitherto revered strength. Then, too, though ordinarily his manners were strikingly gentlemanly, I had known him, when thrown off his guard, to make use of language quite the reverse, and even to take the name of God in vain, though for this he always expressed himself penitent, saying he had acquired the evil habit from bad companions in his wild days, and that it was a difficult one to overcome.

And Mary, by instinct and education, was reverent in all things. But she was not singular in her admiration of him. With most of the people of the neighborhood he was a favorite, and when I had broken off the engagement between him and Mary, the sympathies of the majority of our acquaintances had been with him, not with me.

He had a certain frank and friendly manner, which went a great way with most people, and he had, for a young man, seen a great deal of the world, and could talk readily, if not eloquently, on almost any subject. And these are qualities which, united to what would ordinarily be pronounced a handsome person, were enough to justify public admiration. I often asked myself if it was prejudice that made me see his faults in the preponderance rather than his virtues, and I tried to be just to him, and to strain myself through a mental alembic that I might rigidly separate what was unfair, ungenerous, unchristian in my estimate of him, from what was just, generous and merciful. But it always ended where it had begun

—I had no confidence in the man.

Well, as I have said, it wanted but three weeks of the wedding day, and outwardly, in the eyes of the world and of Mary, there was no cause for fear.

It was a pretty little home that was preparing for my child, with our own glorious mountain full in view, and the magnificent Richelieu not far distant.

But what prospect of happiness, what consciousness of all that is dependent upon his abstinence, can stay the cravings of the drunkard's appetite? What but God's mighty Spirit can make him permanently a sober man?

Let me not be understood to decry any effort that has for its object even the moral reform of the victim of strong drink. I believe with one in our own day and Province, who has done much for the temperance cause, that if you make a man sober you take the first steps towards making him religious. If you can induce him to abandon the saloon and the tavern, you can, in nine cases out of ten, induce him to come to church; and then, when you have him there, you can preach to him the Gospel which shall convert his soul forever. But it is this Gospel alone, savingly believed and followed—in other words, the power of God in the soul—that alone can place your moral reform on a solid basis. When the drunkard has become the Christian you may have faith that his pledge will be inviolate, but not till then.

It was the last day of April. I had agreed to meet Mr. Monteith at the new house to superintend the arrangement of some furniture which was to arrive during the afternoon, and I set out alone at the time appointed, Mary remaining behind with a girl who had been called in to help with the sewing. When I arrived at the door I found it open, and on entering, to my surprise, ascertained that the house was empty.

The furniture had arrived, and apparently had been set down hap-hazard in the nearest vacant spot; but there