

he would go again, and more mad and wilful he would revel on, not knowing where he went or what he did, often perilling life by walking into ponds, sleeping in the open air, and falling in the high road. Strange that the Governor of human life, and to whom all are amenable, should so long permit, with so much forbearance, the violation of his laws both physical and moral. "But his mercy endureth for ever."

"Thomas," said this lady, "why are you afraid to meet me, have I wronged you?" "No—but—" "But what?" "Why, you trouble me, I can't become sober, it is impossible—I have tried your *moderation* plan, and drink a little, but when it is before me, I feel such a strange infatuation, that I must drink on." "Well, why don't you become a teetotaller; thousands have been cured and why not you?" "A teetotaller! why I should be laughed at?" "Well, had they not better laugh at 'sober Tom,' than 'drunken Tom?'" asked the lady. "Why, as for that, I don't know; what a weakness it is to sign a pledge—a man in all other things, but a child in this—but, ma'am, have you signed the pledge?" "Why, no, Thomas, I have not." "Then, why do you ask me?" and he turned abruptly and went away. Such a question, and at such a time, forced itself upon the conscience of the lady, and, troubled and concerned, she went away to ponder the searching and unanswerable question of Thomas Conrad, the drunken father of sweet and well informed children. What! said she in her closet, am I not in a condition to reprove this wicked man, and to teach him a more excellent way? I never get drunk, nay, very rarely taste the drunkard's drink, what need have I to sign the pledge? Beside, how can I become one of a community which is professedly to reclaim drunkards! and she read her sacred book, and asked for wisdom from on high, and she rose from her knees, and the thought that the drunkard must once have been sober, and by little drops, often taken, his taste became stronger and stronger, and as all sin is progressive, *this very little* with me may increase to more, and beside, this total abstinence society is for the *prevention* as well as the cure of drunkenness. So that it is as safe for me to sign for prevention, as Thomas Conrad to sign for a cure—and away she went to the Secretary, and nobly put her name on the registry, and took out her card, and then requiring a blank one, she started for Tom's house. He was at home. For many days he had been absent, debt had overwhelmed him; poverty, with her rude hand, had dressed him in rags, and, depressed and woe-worn, he was literally on the point of desperation, revolving in his mind as to what his steps should be. He had dressed himself and was coming down stairs, when a stranger's voice was heard. He paused, but it was no use; untiring fidelity in the office of benevolence must be rewarded, and though determined to go up again, yet the lady's voice prevented him. "Thomas," she said, "I have signed the pledge, and have brought a blank pledge card for you." "Well you may leave it," was his cold reply; he left the lady and his wife together—he could eat nothing, but felt thirsty in the extreme—he went to his work—his boy went with him—his father was on the same job—and as the day rolled on, he sent the lad for *half a pint*; the lad went and returned, but the landlord, with whom he had spent pounds, would not now trust him a penny. "Where's the beer?" asked the father. "They won't trust you," replied the lad. "Won't trust me?" and he paused,