

life than he whose head I had held the long night. This was too much. My over-tasked strength gave way. Months passed ere reason returned. What wonder! Only a few weeks had passed since I had watched over the death-bed of my husband. Alone I had watched him die the most horrible of drunkard's deaths. And the fear that my son was treading the path that leads to the same end, was enough to set a stronger brain on fire.

But of all who listened that night, no happier heart was there than that of humble Bessie Dunkin's. "A wise son is the joy of his mother."

We have seen her son push his way through poverty and temptation, until he had taken his stand, and is pleading his country's cause. And thus her prayer is answered, for she feels that from her name and generation the curse of Intemperance is forever washed away.

CHAPTER III.

THE GROANS OF FATHERS.

That a crime has been committed the reader doubtless is aware. But a knowledge of the misery with which that event fills hitherto happy hearts, can only be obtained by a visit to an old mansion some hundreds of miles from the scene of the crime.

In this abode of wealth and happiness the reader will meet old Mr. Grey and his daughter Agnes, the betrothed bride of Ned Melbourn; also Rev. Thaddeus Grey, who preaches in another town, but is now visiting his father and sister. He has thrown off the clergyman entirely, and become a boy at home again, as he says. What with boating, fishing, driving, and a little harmless flirting, he is as much a man of the world as it is possible for a clergyman to become. Just now he has thrown himself down in the cool shade of the syringia bushes, where he would have lain in quiet enjoyment of his cigar, but for the fact that old black Jake had got down on his knees just over the fence, the other side of the bushes, and was pouring forth his grievances into the ears of our common Father, thus:—

"Lawd, we's got de greatest trouble down heah on dis buful earf you has made. We spected de millenium right off when 'Merican slavery were done gone 'way. But how could de Lawd Jesus reign on dis earf when 'twas cursed wid rum. O bressed Lawd, I was 'joiced when me and de little ones all got free and