

der the influence of liquor, his hand has struck her down. Look at him, and say an occasional glass does no harm. He began with an occasional glass, and ended with—death in the gutter!

## CHAPTER II.

Go back with me a few years; it matters not how many. See yon cottage, nestling mid lilac and rose! Enter. A widow and her only son are the sole occupants of the room. Hers a noble face, full of chastened sorrow, telling she has bowed more than once to the tempest. There is a quivering mournfulness in her sweet, low tones, and an expression of mildness and love in the blue eyes. He is young, with the health dye on his cheeks, and a fire in the dark, proud eyes. There is strength, and vigor, and great muscular power, showing forth in the large arms and broad chest. The brown hair shades a brow, noticeable for its fulness and height.

"Mother," he says, "dear mother, have no fear. I am strong. I only take a glass now and then."

She answered not, but tears fell upon the book she held. She well may weep for her boy, so young, so proud, so full of hope.

Walter Lansyn was hardly three and twenty when he took his seat at the bar. Gifted with a mighty intellect, a strong, retentive memory, he mastered every obstacle in his path. Old men listened and wondered as the words of burning eloquence fell from his lips. His path was up and on, until he stood first among senators. Then great men were proud to be his friends, and the fathers pointed him out to their sons, as one well worthy to be followed in his course. But the new candidate must go to dinners, and evening companies, got up expressly for him, and there the social glass was circulated, healths to be drank, pledges given, toasts redeemed.—Young Walter Lansyn tasted, and then, his course was downward.

The pale cheeks grew ruddy, the strong arm weak, the dark hair matted, the eyes blood-shot, the face bloated. Men turned away in loathing and little children fled from the drunkard!

Night after night his widowed mother knelt and prayed he might be saved.—She knelt night after night, and night after night. That prayer was drowned by the staggering steps and muttered curses of the fallen son.

Two years passed by. Once more enter the little room. There are stern men, and timid women grouped in the corner, and in another stands Walter Lansyn with iron bands on his wrists, and oaths on his purple, swollen lips. A little to the right lies the widow. Blood on her wrinkled brow—blood on the long, white hair, dying her dress and trickling slowly over her hands, across the floor.

Walter Lansyn is his mother's murderer!

They condemned him to die, and his last words were, "*Young men, little boys, beware of the wine glass!*"

Young men, strong in the strength and pride of your manhood, full of hope and confidence, with a will to do, a heart to dare, a resolve to bear and never bend; the path all untrod before you; the life flowers at your feet rich and glowing; health at your door; list to the cry, ringing all through our broad land, and echoing along the shores of England, "Away with Rum! Put forth your hands, with their iron sinews and strong muscles, hurl the demon from your path, free your country from such a curse."

Turn from the occasional glass. There may be young babes at your fireside, manly boys, or bright free maidens; a wife, whose smile has cheered you in the trial hours. A betrothed bride, perchance, turning to you in truthfulness. Has she no power to save you? Will you throw down her idol, wither her young life, blast her hopes, see the eyes, now full of love, grow dim with tears of anguish? Must she turn from you in loathing, scorning the name once dearer to her than life? Will you become a curse to your parents, a shame to your sister, an object of contempt to your brothers, merely to gratify an appetite at once debasing and placing you on a level with the brutes?

I see young hands, full of power, grasping the wine glass; bright eyes, undimmed by care, peering into the rich, sparkling liquor. There rings a light laugh, a careless jest, a confident "I know a glass never did me any harm. I don't like it now any better than I did years ago."