

Frederick turned over the pages of the music book until he reached the song—adapted to a beautiful Irish melody—"Nay, tell me not."

"Here is a song, Ellen, which I am going to sing expressly for your gratification," said he, looking archly at her. "I have been thinking of it ever since our last quarrel," and he commenced with his superb voice—

"Nay, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thine angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in the bright wave yet."

Ellen suddenly ceased playing the accompaniment. "You did not select that, may I inquire, with the intention of appeasing my indignation?" she asked. "Allow me to say that you have made a most decided failure. Don't you know that I belong to the Martha Washington Temperance Society?"

"Why, what has that to do with it?" inquired Frederick, with undisguised astonishment.

"A great deal," said Ellen, "as you will see, if you will read the remainder of the verse."

Frederick accordingly read as follows:—

"Ne'er hath a beam been lost in its stream,
That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
The balm of thy sighs, the light of thine eyes,
Still float on the surface, and hallow the bowl.

Then fancy not dearest that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me,
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

"The bowl but brightens my love for thee," repeated Ellen. "What a delightful, substantial kind of love that must be, that needs brightening up in that way; and what a remarkable bowl that must have been, with frowns mixed up in it, and sighs and tears floating together on its surface. Really it ought to have been sent to Barnum."

"I thought you considered Moore incomparable, as a song writer," remarked Frederick, looking considerably annoyed at this raillery.

"So I did, and so I do," said Ellen. "For exquisite harmony of versification, sparkling fancy, and a certain assimilation of sound to sense, which make his numbers the soul of harmony, he has seldom been equalled—perhaps, as far as my limited knowledge extends, he has not been excelled."

"Why, then, do you enter the lists against him?" inquired Frederick, evidently mollified by this tribute to his favorite author, by one whom he particularly preferred.

"Because I consider the tendencies of his songs, his convivial songs, as most pernicious; and for the reason that they are exquisitely harmonious and graceful, they are far more dangerous than if invested in a less captivating garb. But I don't confine my accusation to Moore. He is only one of a school, who, to use his own words, seem to make it their aim to 'wreath the bowl with flowers of soul.'"

"I suppose, then, it won't do for me to sing this," said Frederick, mischievously turning over the leaves to the song "Come send round the wine."

"Not unless you send me round with a Temperance pledge at the same time," said Ellen.

"Well, but letting alone Moore," said Frederick, affecting great anxiety, "what shall I do with all those delightful German songs, 'Love, Music, and Wine,' 'Crambambali,' and some dozen others, which you and I both admire so much, all those little gay French and Italian airs, we have practiced so often, must we never sing them again?"

"I must not play them again for you," said Ellen, looking rather serious; "that is if I mean to be perfectly consistent. And let me tell you, it will be something of a sacrifice on my part, to refrain from playing them, for you know I am passionately fond of these light graceful melodies."

"What a pity!" said Frederick, though it was difficult to judge from his manner, whether he was in earnest or not. "Now, here are these delightful airs that I was intending to practice to sing at our Club this evening, all written for nothing as far as I am concerned. I promised to learn some new songs for their benefit."

At the word, "Club," Kate and Ellen both looked anxiously at him.

"I was about to add," continued Frederick, meeting their anxious glance with a peculiar agreeable smile of his own, "that, on account of the powerful inducements I have to remain at home, I shall not go to the Club this evening."

"Oh, thank you!" "Thank you!" eagerly exclaimed both young ladies.

Frederick looked gratified.

"Really I shall become insufferably vain, I fear," he said laughing. "If my society is considered such an acquisition. But let us practice something you don't consider objectionable," and in a few minutes he and Ellen were engaged in practicing a beautiful air from Norma.

By and by other company came in, and Jane and Kate withdrew into the adjoining parlor, with them, leaving Frederick and Ellen alone. Frederick stood for a few minutes in silence, turning over the leaves of a music book, while his fine countenance wore a thoughtful, and somewhat anxious expression.

"Ellen," he said at last, "suppose I should promise that I will never visit the Club again—never touch another glass of wine."

Ellen suddenly turned towards him—the tears sprung to her eyes, and a bright flush to her cheek.

"Oh, Frederick!" she laid her hands quickly on his arm, as she spoke, and could say no more; but her radiant face spoke more eloquence than words.

"I have been thinking seriously about it for several days, and have been hesitating what to do. What you said—half in jest—this evening, decided me; and now I promise, seriously, to give up whatever will be likely to tempt me to break my resolution. But will you make me one promise in return?" and Frederick took Ellen's hand, and bent his eloquent face to hers, as he said something in a low voice. Whether the deep blush that suffused her cheek a moment after, or the fact, that a ring, Frederick had previously worn on his fourth finger, was seen on the suspicious finger of Ellen's left hand, the same evening, had any thing to do with said promise, I am unable to say. It is my private opinion that it had. E. G. B.

How to Treat Liquor Dealers.

(From the *Wheeling Gazette*.)

In the progress of the Temperance Reformation the power of moral suasion has been effectually tried upon those who are engaged in this ruinous traffic. The dealer has been made acquainted with the qualities of the article and its effect as well as the buyer. All the sensibilities of his nature have been appealed to—appeals in trumpet tones have come to him from the miserable drunkard, the heart-broken wife, the ragged and starving child.—Alms-houses and prisons crowded with wretched inmates have sent forth their piteous tales. A countless company of liquor dealers ruined in body and estate and reputation, have lifted up their voice of warning, and the whole earth might know the wickedness, and the blighting and damning nature of their business, for God has uttered his voice and pronounced a woe upon him, who dares to put the bottle to his neighbor's lips.

The consequence of all this has been that gradually for twenty years the business of liquor selling has been sinking lower and lower, and in the same degree has sunk the character of those who can afford to engage in it. By a necessity of the case it has fallen more and more into the hands of men bankrupt in conscience and humanity, who are hurrying to get rich, of men who as a class are beyond disgrace by any business, provided they make money. Those with whom reason and moral consideration would have weight have quit the business long ago.

But be the character of the liquor dealer what it may—it alters not the thing he does; it is that we have to do with. There may be individuals engaged in some forms of this traffic who are in other respects estimable men. They may not merit our entire reprobation, but while there may be difference in the men, their work is the same; perhaps even worse, if you view the whole influence of their doings—when done by the quiet respectable man who lends himself to this strange work—than when done by those whose avocation is to do evil. On the former we can only look with surprise and grief, but with dealers, as a class, the case is very different—they are in it as a congenial class.

Let us look at the liquor dealer. He is a man selling for gain