

to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness; will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart, which can only be discharged to the dust—" His voice faltered and broke. He was thinking of his wife, and her bitter years of sorrow and want.

"May I tell you my story, Mr. McPherson?" he asked, after a little. "There seems a sort of parallel between our lives, as far as yours has gone. Perhaps my failures may prove a beacon light to warn you from the rocks that made shipwreck of my happiness."

And then he told the story, going into the very depths of its blackness and despair—its wretchedness and sin. Harry listened with paling cheek. Mr. Hamilton did not spare himself. He wanted Harry to feel all the dreadful possibilities for wickedness there are in a heart which has drifted away from God on the stormy sea of temptation and sin. Then he told him why he had opened these old wounds.

"They tell me your wife is so different, that the joyousness has gone out of her life, when she used to be as joyous as a bird; and yet she is so patient and uncomplaining. Harry, you do not know what you might do to her and your children, when you are crazy with alcohol. For all these long years, I have believed I was a murderer; I did murder my wife's happiness, her joy and hope, and of what value is life when they are gone?" Long and earnestly did Mr.