

never touch liquor again. Oh, Mary! what a fool I was to risk so much happiness for drink! You know how I love you, and though I now despise myself, I love you more than ever. Give me some hope, some chance to right myself; try me: I will do anything for your sake."

There was a pause: though apparently calm, Mary's emotion prevented her speaking; she stood with her tearful eyes fixed on the face of the young man, who watched her with an eager look. At length she answered—"Philip, I did not expect so sore a trial; but let us no more deceive ourselves with false hopes. If you really love me, come to me at some future day, your own heart will tell you when, and give me some assurance that from this time you have tasted no intoxicating drink, and we may again be to each other as we were but a few days ago."

"Heaven bless you for that!" answered Philip, fetching a deep breath—"you have saved me. Had you cast me off, there is no telling what my desperation would have led to. But now I promise never to touch strong liquor of any sort again." He took Mary's hand, which this time was not refused, and was about to press her to his heart, but checking himself, as though the endeavor were to be a first step in his promised course of discipline, he uttered a hasty farewell, and hurried from the house. As the sound of his footsteps died away in the distance, a pang shot through Mary's heart, and the consciousness of having acted for the best was for a time too feeble to repress the tears that started to her eyes.

Six months passed away without bringing any news of Philip. He had not been seen at his usual place of work since the unhappy frolic which cost him so dear, nor had he once written to say what he was doing. The winter came and went; snowdrops and primroses showed their pale blossoms in the gardens and hedgerows; but still no tidings of Philip. Mary, it was observed, looked pale, and less cheerful than she used to be; and though persevering quietly in her business, and apparently reconciled to the disappointment of her hope, there were anxious moments when she thought of the evening on which she and Philip last met. About the middle of April, word was brought to Lappington of the death of Philip's late employer, and that a young man from the county-town was coming to take to the business. No one had heard the new-comer's name, and while Mary sat at her work one afternoon, thinking whether the change would bring her any intelligence of him whose memory was dearer to her than she would confess even to herself, a horse drawing a light spring-cart stopped opposite the window. On the side of the vehicle was written, Philip Harris, Plumber and Glazier; and a man whose back was towards her, had just alighted; he turned round—it was Philip. In the joy of her heart she ran to open the door, and then, not knowing under what circumstances they met, sat down in her little work-room, as Philip, who had come in, took what appeared to be a letter from his pocket, and placed it in her hands. It was a certificate signed by the chairman and secretary of the County Temperance Society, declaring that Philip had been a consistent member from the time he first joined, nearly twelve months before, and by his persevering endeavors had reclaimed several young men from drinking habits. He stood and watched her while she read—her breath came short—her cheek flushed—and when she raised her eyes to his, they were filled with tears, not of grief, but of the purest joy.

"Your own word would have been enough," she said as he clasped her in his arms. Their hearts rushed together, and in that embrace the great sorrow of their lives was forgotten.

Need we relate what followed? May was close at hand, and brought another wedding-day. The sun shone as brightly as in the former year, the bells rang as merrily, and the hum of the bees was not less gladsome. The miller was

there too, and as the happy pair drove off in the phaeton hired for the occasion, he turned to the sexton, and said in his hearty tone—"She deserves all he could do for her, and more. If a young fellow could not give up drink for a wife as good as she is good-looking, he ought never to have a wife at all."—*Family Economist*.

A DRUNKARD IN HIS OWN FLAMES.

[We copy the following appropriate reflections from the *Scottish Temperance Review*, on the tale entitled "The Artist," with an additional instance of a similar miserable end to another of our fellow creatures. The "Artist" appeared in our number of the 15th May.—ED. C. T. A.]

The end of the drunkard, whose history is delineated in the sketch "The Artist," cannot fail to appal and horrify the reflecting portion of the masses who uphold the drinking system; but whilst this opinion, formed on the occasion of the first reading, is not weakened by more mature consideration, there may be some so tenacious of the things that be, and so ignorant of the nature of alcoholic drinks, as to question the veracity and possibility of that which the writer has so feelingly described. It would be advisable, yea, it is imperative, that such persons should examine the question of the combustible nature of alcohol, even when it is received into the stomach of man; and in this examination they will receive appropriate aid from a work entitled "Cyclopedia of Domestic Medicine and Surgery," by Thomas Andrew, M.D., &c. From the conflicting views which that writer submits on the different intoxicating drinks, there is every reason to conclude that he has not subscribed to the abstinence pledge, and may rather be suspected of being at one with a distinguished M.D. in Glasgow, who, in a letter to Mr. Logan, commissioner of the League, states, "I feel an *utter distaste* to become an apostle of total abstinence principles." Under these circumstances the observations and testimonies submitted, under the designation—"Spontaneous Combustion of the Human Body," will not be regarded as special pleading, or a defence of the principles to the advocacy of which this *Review* is devoted. The author begins by saying—"That the human body has been in many instances spontaneously consumed, or partially consumed by combustion, no one who has read with ordinary attention the history of facts illustrative of that astonishing phenomenon, will attempt to deny. True, indeed, many of the cases first submitted to the public were of a questionable nature, and related by those scarcely competent to form a correct judgment on the subject; but year after year, there have been facts recorded by scientific and intelligent writers, which place the evidence of the case beyond a doubt." The author follows these statements with a long array of facts, which fully establish the principles laid down; and from these facts we crave attention to that one which has led us to designate this article, "A drunkard in his own flames." The author says that it was published by Mr. Devanar, in the first volume of the *London Medical and Surgical Journal* :—

"Thomas Wallace, a sailor, aged thirty-eight, who had for a long time used himself to drink a quantity of spirits, especially rum, was in a smuggling vessel in the month of November, 1806, which landed at Amberforth, in Wales, having several barrels of rum on board, which they managed to get on shore without discovery, and took them to an old house in the village; which they had previously taken for the purpose; when all was right, they began, as they termed it, to enjoy themselves; and to partake plentifully of their bounty. This man, who had been noted for the quantity he could take, (for according to his companions, his usual quantum was two quarts of spirits daily,) now took consi-