

mother, with all their loving entreaties that he would shun the precipice,—the whirlpool of dissipation.

But man hath said in his heart, let us make unto ourselves gods, and then an idol of clay had taken the place of loving parents,—a demon had become king, excluding God from the heart of Mark Davidson.

Yes, the demon rum had gained the victory and implanted vice where the seeds of virtue had once been sown.

“He’s over head and ears in love with Eliza. Get him here when Lieut. Brownly comes again, and let him hear about city airs and qualities’ wine, and the ladies and gents he’s been used to drink with. If we can only manage to get the first glass down him I’ll risk him after that. Bye and bye Eliza will send him home not worth taking. It’s the only way to take the airs out of ‘um, wife,” and Mr. Wilder laughed as if his hopes were already realized.

And now, reader, if you will accompany me over the bleak, cold, barren bed of rock where all the poetry and music of the waves as they roll upon the beach below, are hidden and drowned by the steep upright ledge of solid rock, which says more plainly than words, “Here let thy proud waves be stayed.”

But why choose a path so drear? Not a single flower grows on these rocks. And then those tenements; can it be possible that human beings dwell there? Come in and see. Oh, horror! There lays Mark Davidson drunk. Yes, Wilder has done his work well. Eliza has sent him home not worth taking. But she too has fallen. And when without pity her father had turned her from home, what was she? an outcast. Though her heart may have been filled with good resolves there were none to help or pity.

Yes, Mrs. Wilder, you have at last gained an equality with the Davidson’s—for that pale, half-starved looking woman is no other than Eliza Wilder. And we can plainly see that those fatherless children will soon be motherless, and Mark lays there drunk. He has often told Eliza it is she who made him what he is, and she knows it is true.

Of course Mrs. Wilder cares nothing about them, if they were married it would not be so bad; she thinks they might take one of the children. “But it would not do now, oh no!” So they will have to share the pauper’s fate according to the disgraceful laws of the land.

If Uncle John Bretman had lived, in his unselfish heart no doubt Eliza’s helpless children would have found a place.

He had seen Jim Magee carried to jail, and followed him.