

man, presented the same external manifestations of a heart at ease, during the five days the authorities were in search for the body. But the eternal law of compensation, is written upon every man's soul,—traced there by the burning finger of the Almighty—and none can elude it. Even if the crime escape the eye of human justice, there is an Eye "that never slumbers nor sleeps," forever gazing down into and lighting up the dark chambers of the guilty spirit—an ever present avenger of wrong. Earnestly and agonizingly should we all pray to our Heavenly Father—"*Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*"

### The Two Homes.

BY C. E. FULLER.

Among the earliest pictures daguerre-typed upon the tablets of my memory, is a quiet little home, embowered in rose-bushes, and adorned with living gems, fresh from Flora's matchless casket; and in the distance, blue and beautiful Erie, rolling its eternal tide of waves upon the sandy shore; and on her swelling bosom, the graceful schooner, whose white sails glistened in the sun, like the snowy plumage of some fabled sea-bird, reared in Neptune's coral caves. Such are the remembrances of my early home, where an unbroken band of loved and loving ones dwelt in peace and happiness. But a change "came o'er the spirit of my dream." The Death-angel came, and he laid his cold hand on one of our number, and now she is sleeping "the dreamless sleep that knows no waking," in a quiet grave-yard in the Peninsular State. Those bright scenes in life's unclouded morn have vanished, yet they have left a fadeless picture, graven upon my mind; one which the cold cares of life will only serve to brighten.

From the scenes thus impressed upon my youthful memory, permit me to sketch two homes, occupied by two brothers, at a short distance from my father's residence.

The one was a large and commodious brick house, surrounded by fruit and ornamental trees, and beautified by flowers; the barns and fences were in good repair, and the neatness of the fields was a sure index of comfort, if not of affluence.

On the opposite side of the street, stood the residence of the other. It was an old house of logs, which looked as though it had borne the storms of thirty winters; the small windows, from which half the glass had been broken, were filled with boards and rags, and an old, broken down fence partially surrounded the dilapidated tenement. There was a little orchard near the hovel, which had been struggling for existence, for years,

against the grass and briars, and half conquering, half vanished, it presented anything but a pleasing appearance. The fields looked as though some scathing sirocco, with its pestilential breath, had withered every living thing, and the miserable tenement remained as a crumbling monument of desolation and desert loneliness.

I was a child then, and the appearance of these houses, so unlike, produced an impression on my mind which time will never obliterate. Childish curiosity led me to inquire the cause of the different circumstances of these brothers; and I learned that the land occupied by each had been a gift from their father, one of the early settlers of the Western Reserve. They had both married at nearly the same time, and commenced, with equally flattering prospects, the journey of life. The one had been sober and industrious, and success had rewarded his efforts. The other was the poor, the fallen victim of Intemperance. At the shrine of the demon, Strong-drink, he had offered up his good name, his prospects in life, his wife and his children, his home, and every talent that God had ever given him. Manliness was gone; in tattered habiliments, he wandered through the streets with fearful blasphemies upon his gibbering tongue. The fierce stimulant had blotted out the last trace of the image of God from his brow.

Years have passed by since I have seen the wretched wreck of humanity, whom I have endeavoured to sketch. I believe he yet lives, if possible more loathsome and degraded than in former years. But his days on earth must be few, for "the way of the transgressor is hard." Ere long he will be swept into the grave, unnoticed and unnumbered, with none to drop a tear to his memory.

O, young man! beware of the poison cup, the envenomed draught that lures but to destroy.

\*Twill blast each pleasure, wither every joy,  
And breathe a millieu on the holiest hopes;  
With it is mingled every woe. It rolls