

two portraits before referred to. A garret, rags, starvation, a drunken husband and a broken heart was all that was left for poor Ella at the time this true history commences. Nay, not all; two lovely children were hers, one to remain but a few days after the opening of our tale, the other now her only solace.

Of the husband and father she had not heard for months. He had suddenly disappeared from the home he had made so wretched, and as yet no tidings had reached poor Ella of his whereabouts or fate. Whether he was alive or dead she knew not, and this uncertainty of the father, the husband of her youth, of the man she still so much loved notwithstanding the past, added anguish to her broken spirit.

Happier, far happier would she have been to have the certainty of his death, than to suppose that he was roaming the world a scathed, solitary, and blasted mar.

Often while gazing with fond but tearful eyes upon his portrait would her warm heart yearn toward the lover of her youth, the husband of her young, budding womanhood, the father of her cherished Edwin. While fervent aspirations would be addressed to a prayer hearing God for the redemption (if alive) and return of the wanderer.

She could willingly have forgiven the past, and shared the blessedness of the present with the lost one. Hers was a woman's love, the devotion of a wife and mother. Months more passed, and the poor woman began to fear indeed that her boy was fatherless. Yet she did not despair; she clung with desperation to a hope which had sprung up in her heart, that her husband would not only return, but return a reformed man. As if to reward her devotion and faithful love, heaven seemed to have answered her prayers, for without any warning or intimation previously given, the wanderer returned.

All was forgiven, all the past was forgiven in the joy of that moment, and nothing but joy and brightness appeared in the future. There was indeed apparently a change in the husband and father. He was to all appearance a redeemed man, and every thing promised well.

Charles — entered again upon his professional career; a few important cases, ably managed, brought him renewed reputation, friends began to gather around him, and as those were the days of the glorious Washingtonian efforts when men's past faults were readily forgiven, every thing augured well for a happy future.

The Lily passed from the cheek of Ella, it was supplanted by the rose.

Health, joy, happiness, peace, even safety appeared to have taken up their abode in the home of Ella.

But alas! the calm that had succeeded so many days of gloom, was but transient; the storm had not yet spent its fury, the bitter cup had not yet been drained to its very dregs. Could there be more misery in store for poor Ella? We shall see.

For months, even a year or more the husband maintained his integrity; but 'coming events cast their shadows before,' and Ella began to grow uneasy, and fearful, and still knew not why.

In the mean time the husband formed political associations which led him much from home, mingling daily and at last nightly in scenes of riot and political revelry. Is it to be wondered at that when temptation assailed, he yielded to the never to be subdued passion for the exhilaration of the wine-glass? he fell before the tempter, and this time appeared to fall without a possibility or hope, nay, desire of rescue.

What heart can imagine, what words depict the anguish, the horror of Ella at the awful discovery? Nothing that a wife, a mother, that love could do to save the erring one was left undone to save, to restore the fallen man, but all in vain. The husband now threw off all restraint, abandoned

every disguise, and gave himself up body and soul to the rum-demon.

But the story must hasten to a close.

Human nature cannot always endure, the diseases of the spirit prey more upon the principle of life than those of the body, and it is easy to imagine the effect that this last crushing evil produced upon poor Ella.

But I hasten to draw the curtain.—Months had passed since the sad reality broke upon the mind of Ella that she was again worse than husbandless, that her boy had no father, when the physician was again called to the bed of sickness. This time, the chamber bore no indication of poverty, (the little means that had been left the wife had been secured beyond the power of the husband) all was comfortable, but the worst of poverty was there, the poverty of the heart; and a single glance satisfied the physician that the mother anticipated the loss of all that now had any value.

A sudden and severe illness had smitten her only one, and the fat had gone forth that would sever the last link that bound her to earth.

Never can the scene of that death-chamber be effaced from her mind.

'Mother!' said the dying boy, 'dear mother, raise my head a little and turn me, that I may behold for the last time this setting sun.'

Then seeing her drowned in tears he cried, 'Mother, sweet mother, this is not kind to weep for me; I am only going a little while before you to that heaven of which you have so often spoken, where my sister waits me, and where we will wait the appearance of our dear heart-stricken mother. Then, dear mother, do not weep, but rather rejoice that a kind God is taking your son from an evil world, to a bright and happy home.'

Fainter grew his voice in death.—'Mother, your hand! I am growing cold! the room grows dark! sister, I come!—God bless and save my poor father!—mother farewell! for a little while! press my hand! now I am gone!—A struggle, a sigh, and all was over; the pure spirit of the boy had joined its sister spirit in the paradise of God.

The grief of the smitten one here passed all bounds; falling upon the body of her dead child, she frantically cried, oh, do not leave me thus!—take, oh take your wretched mother with you!—my Edwin, my bright, beautiful, my best, leave me not to this loneliness of heart, this worse than living death!

Exhausted nature could do no more, she fell apparently lifeless upon the corpse of her boy.

Footsteps were heard upon the stairs; the fainting woman raised her head, the latch was lifted, and a man staggered into the chamber of death.

A strange light appeared in the woman's eye, arising from the couch she softly approached her husband, and taking him by the hand led him to the bed of death, after glancing for a moment at the marble features of his son, horror-stricken, he was about to fly from the apartment, when the wife seized him as with the grasp of iron and led him back to the bed, then whispered in his ear, 'Charles, do you know this boy?—Do you know our only one? Do you know who filled his young cup of life so full of bitterness, that at the first taste thereof he turned from it with loathing, and shuddered, and died? Do you know who crushed this fair flower and laid him low in death? Man! monster! murderer!' shrieked the now maniac mother, 'twas a drunken father. But go! may heaven forgive you as I do.' The unhappy maniac fell upon the child.—Another struggle, another sigh, and the spirits of mother and child were together before the throne of God.