

'I have much to say, and I have but little time to say it in—I feel that I shall never see another sun.' A violent fit of coughing interrupted her.

'Oh, no, you must not, will not die,' sobbed her husband, as he supported her sinking frame, 'you'll live to save your repentant husband.' Oh! you will!

The tears gushed into her eyes, but she only shook her head. She laid her wan hand on his, and continued feebly—

'Night and day, for many a long year, have I prayed for this hour, and never, even in the darkest moment, have I doubted it would come; for I have felt that within me which whispered that all had deserted you and I had not, so in the end you would at least come back to your early feelings. Oh! would it had come sooner—some happiness then might have been mine again in this world—but God's will be done. I am weak—I feel that I am failing fast—Henry, give me your hand.'

The little boy silently placed it in hers—she kissed it, and then laying it within her husband's, continued,

'Here is our child—our only born—when I am gone, he will have none to take care of him but you, and as God is above, as you love your own blood, and as you value a promise to a dying wife, keep, love, cherish him. Oh! remember that he is young and tender—it is the only thing for which I would care to live; she paused, and struggled to subdue her feelings—'will you promise me Charles?'

'I will, as there is a Maker over me, I will,' sobbed the man; and the frail bed, against which he leaned, shook with his emotion.

'And you, Henry, will you obey your father, and be a good boy?—as you love your mother, child, you will.'

'Oh, yes,' sobbed the little fellow, flinging himself wildly on his mother's neck, 'but, mother, dear mother, what shall I do without you?—oh! don't die!'

'This is too hard,' murmured the dying woman, drawing her child feebly to her. 'Father, give me strength to endure it!'

For a few minutes all was still, and nothing broke the silence but the sobs of the father and the boy, and the low deathlike tick of the rain dripping through upon the floor. The child was the first to move. He seemed instinctively to feel that, giving way to his grief, pained his mother, and gently disengaging himself from her, he hushed his sobs, and leaning on the bed, gazed anxiously into her face. Her eyes were closed, but her lips moved as if in prayer.

'Henry, where are you?' faintly asked the dying mother.

The boy answered in his low, mournful voice.

'Henry, Henry,' she said in a louder tone, and then, after a second, added, 'poor babe, he doesn't hear me.'

The little fellow looked up amazed. He knew not yet, how the senses gradually fail the dying; he was perplexed; the tears coursed down his cheeks; and his throat choked so that he could not speak. But he placed his hand in his mother's and pressed it.

'Come nearer, my son—nearer—the candle was snuffing—there, lay your face down by mine—Henry, love, I can't see—has the wind—blown—out—the light?'

The bewildered boy gazed wildly into his mother's face, but knew not what to say. He only pressed her hand again.

'Oh! God,' murmured the dying woman, her voice growing fainter—'this is death—Charles—Henry—Jesus—re—'

The child felt a quick, electric shiver in the hand he clasped, and looking up, saw that his mother had fallen back dead upon the pillow. He knew it all at once. He gave one shriek, and fell senseless across her body.

That shriek aroused the drunkard. Starting up from his knees, he gazed wildly on the corpse. He could not endure the look of that still sainted face. He covered his face with his hands and burst into an agony of tears.

Long years have passed since then, and that man is once more a useful member of society. But, oh! the fearful price at which his reformation was purchased.

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?

After a day's work of calculation and copying, I was under the mortifying necessity of waiting an hour in the bar-room of a low

tavern, to secure the services of a mail-guard, who was to carry a parcel for my employers. Amidst the smoke, the spitting, and the clatter of a crowd of Jun-haunters, I could not but find some subject for reflection. The presiding genius of the bar was a bloated, carbuncled, whiskered young man, whom I had long known as the abandoned son of a deceased friend. I sighed and was silent. Ever and anon, as one after another, or squads of two, three or more, approached this shrine to receive and empty their glasses, and deposit their sixpence, I heard the short, pre-emptory formula of the Bacchansl monster—'What will you have?—brandy? gin? punch? What will you have? And the victims severally made their bids, for a smaller, a cocktail, a sling or a jub-p, as the case might be. The constant repetition of the 'form in that case made and provided,' set me upon a drowsy meditation on the pregnant question—'What will you have?'

methinks I can answer the question, said I to myself, as I cast a glance around the murky apartment; and first to the young shoe-maker, who, with a pair of newly finished boots, is asking for 'grog.' What will you have? Young man, you will soon have an empty pocket!

There is a trembling, ragged man, with livid spots under the eyes. He is a machine-maker, and has lodgings in the house.—What will you have? Ah! the bar-keeper knows without an answer; he takes gin and water. Poor man! I also know what you will have. Already you have been twice at death's door; and the gin will not drive off that chill. You will have typhus fever!

There comes my neighbour, the book-binder. His hand shakes as he raises his full glass. Ah! Shannon—I dread to say it, but you will have the palsy!

The glasses are washed out, not cleansed, in the slop-tub under the bar-shelf. Now a fresh boy comes up, cigar in hand.—Gentlemen, what will you have? I choose to supply the answer myself, thus:—the baker will have an *apoplexy*, or a *sudden fall* in his shop. That tailor in green glasses will have, or rather has already, a *consumption*; and I fear the three idlers in their train will have the next epidemic that shall sweep off our refuse drunkards. But what will that man have, who leans over the table, seeming to pore over the last *Herald*? He is scarcely resolved what he shall drink, or whether he will drink at all. I understand the language of his motions, he is a renegade from the temperance ranks. He has borrowed money this week. John, you will have *lodgings in jail*! Sorry, indeed, I am to see in this den, Mr. Scantling, the cooper. Not to speak of himself, I have reason to believe that both his grown sons are beginning to drink. He looks about him suspiciously. Now he has plucked up courage. He takes whiskey. You will have a pair of *drunken sons*!

That young fellow in the green frock-coat, and colored neck-cloth, is a musician, a man of reading, and the husband of a lovely English woman. He takes his glass with the air of a Greek drinking hemlock. You will have a *heart-broken wife*!

What! Is that lad of fifteen going to the bar? He is! and tosses off his cogniac with an air. You will have an *early death*!

The old man that totters out of the door has doubtless come hither to drown his grief. His last son has died in prison from the effects of a brawl in the theatre. His father has looked unutterable anguish every sober moment for two years. Wretched old man! you will have the *halter of a suicide*!

I must take the rest *en masse*, for it is Saturday night and the throng increases. The bar-keeper has an assistant, in the person of a pale, sorrowful girl. Two voices now reiterate the challenge—'What will you have? What will you have? Misguided friends, I am greatly afraid you will have a *death-bed without hope*!

My man has arrived; I must go; glad to escape to purer air; and still the parrot-note resounds in my ears—'What will you have? You will have—to sun up all—you will have a *terrible judgment* and an eternity of such retribution as befits your life!

As I walked home across the common, I thought thus; and what will he have, who day after day, and month after month, and year after year, doles out the devil's bounty to his recruits, and receives his sixpences as it were over the coffin of his victims? You, to say the least, hardened tempter, if memory live hereafter, will have the recollection of your triumphs, and the vision of their eternal results.—*Sentinel of Freedom.*