

at the unholy shrine of intemperance! It is a thrice-told tale; too familiar, alas! to many of our readers.

For a long time, Evelyn parried the censures and harsh judgments of the world, the secret regrets of friends, and open attack of foes. Clothed in its mantle of devotion, her heart clung with increased tenacity to its object; and the image was only shrined the deeper. In the trusting earnestness of her heart, Evelyn had thrown all on the venture of his vow; and thus it was that she yet sustained herself.

But the truth came at last! That which Evelyn Rivers had deemed it even a sin to think on, now stood before her a lamentable and sure reality—her husband was an irreclaimable drunkard!

Painful rumors reached the ears of Philip Sargent, and he hastened to learn the truth. He came alone and unannounced, to find his worst fears realized. One glance at Mrs. Rivers' pale, dejected countenance, told the story of "wine occasionally," and its effects, more eloquently than words! Indeed, few words were spoken. Mr. Sargent announced his determination to take Evelyn home with him: the physician had prescribed her native air, and she consented to go. One who knew her husband's accustomed haunts sought him out, with a message that Mrs. Rivers wished to see him—him, round whom her affections still lingered, though changed indeed from the high placed love and confiding trust of the wife, to the pitying care of a friend for a misguided and lost companion.

He came at length, with a flushed face, and restless eye, and unsteady step. Oh, might these but grow out of his intense anxiety for her dying condition! No! she turns away from the bloated visage, and the thick tongue, attempting to mutter words of inebriate and disgusting fondness. Has that man ever been her blessing and delight? \* \* \* Every trace of emotion had vanished from her face; and, when she again lifted her languid head, she had schooled her heart to such perfect self-control, that, to the careless eye now fixed upon her, she seemed not to suffer. You will readily believe, dear reader, that no word of censure, no tones save those of pity, for the author of all this misery, passed her lips. No! but in this their last interview on this side of eternity, she entreated him for *his own sake* to pause in his downward career.

She said it was the last kindness she should ever require of him:—that she could add nothing to what she had already and frequently before said; and now she entreated him again, because she could not forget the time when he was her good and honored husband. She could but pray, as she had long done, that a merciful God would have that pity on him which he would not have upon himself.

A momentary remorse struggled with the dim perception of the inebriate, and, reeling, he flung himself beside her couch, and wept aloud! What further passed at their parting hour we know not, save that the last words of counsel had been spoken by the faithful wife, her last admonition fallen on the husband's dull ear, and she was gone! As the last sound of the carriage wheels, which conveyed Mrs. Rivers from the home of her wedded life, died away, Frank Rivers went forth to his wonted resort, and spent the night, as usual, in degrading the dignity of manhood below the brutes that perish. Woe! that one so formed to excel—so gifted in every thing, possessed an intellect so noble, so elevated—woe! that, through the insidious advances of "wine occasionally," he should yield to the fascinations of vice and its deceitful allurements!

Evelyn died early! but not before the last ray of hope was quenched in her soul, and a death-like withering had come over her heart; not until the flower of conjugal feeling had faded away, and the bruised vine of her affections had no pillar whereon to lean! Yes! beneath the roof which she had left three years before, in all the splendid *eclat* of a prosperous bridal, Evelyn Rivers—still young and beautiful—lay dying! Surely Philip Sargent had spoken with a prophetic spirit, when he offered the fair bride his protection through all her future life! Three short years! Then he had foreseen the consequences of taking "wine occasionally." Poor Evelyn felt them later! And oh! how many burning tears and blasted hopes, would have been spared her! But the blow had come from the hand of one for whom she was sacrificing life itself; and she bore her terrible calamity with uncomplaining sorrow to the end.

"I know," said she to Mr. Sargent, the evening before her death, "I know, dear Philip (she seldom called him uncle, as she

was an adopted niece,) that I have been burdensome to you; but God, in his infinite mercy, will soon relieve you, and release me from this prison-house of clay. You were ever most kind to your poor orphan girl, Philip, but truly so in this heavy time of trial. My years, though few, have been evil, my friend; and my days of darkness, have they not been many? Oh, Philip! could I dream that a glass of 'wine occasionally' would work such woe to me? Dear uncle—" "Don't ever call me uncle again," interrupted Mr. Sargent, with an indescribable expression in his large black eyes. "Oh, Evelyn!" he murmured, "I have dearly bought the happiness of watching over you till the end! Call me Philip, dearest Evelyn," he said, turning again towards her; "during the short remnant of your days, my poor Evelyn, let me be nothing but Philip to you!" And Philip's heart was wrung as he thought of the young girl's past and present. "Dear Philip, you feel for me too deeply," faltered Evelyn, remarking the great grief that sat on his manly features; and she pressed his trembling fingers in her own little hand; and Philip Sargent shook in every limb of his well-knit frame, as if he had been a child! "Be calm, my friend, my only earthly friend and listener to me. When I am no more," she continued, in a low voice, "there is one office of kindness I could wish you to perform." "Name it," returned Philip: "whatever is in my power to comply shall be done."

"Bless you for those words. Philip, when I am dead, and gone, you must find out Frank's haunts, and try to reclaim him. God did not will that that great blessing should be mine. The work of reformation must be done by one who never even drinks wine occasionally. I did sometimes join Frank in a glass, in the early days of our union; and the remembrance is like molten lead in my throat now! Oh, Philip! could I live my life over again, no one that I loved should touch, taste, or handle, the accursed thing! But seek him, dear Philip; tell him that if he but leads a sober life, I shall not have died in vain! Tell him that, with my latest breath, I forgave and blessed him; that I loved and prayed for him till my life's end. Will you do this, Philip?"

"I will, indeed," he replied in a broken voice—"Oh, Evelyn!"

With a faltering footstep Philip Sargent followed Evelyn Rivers remains to their last home. But he shed no tear as he performed his last mournful duty over her grave; for he knew that the sorry spirit of that lovely and broken-hearted one had reached the haven of its everlasting rest.

And Mr. Sargent religiously fulfilled Evelyn's last wishes. He did try, long and faithfully, to save Frank Rivers; but all his efforts were vain—vainer, alas! than water spilled upon the ground. The man was an irreclaimable drunkard!

### Baxter on Tippling.

The following objections and answers are in Baxter's Christian Directory published in 1678. They are interesting as showing the sound and correct views of that eminent writer, and who was on this point much in advance of the age in which he lived.

OBJECTION.—The Tippler saith, *I take no more than doth me good: you allow a man to eat as much as doth him good, and why not drink as much? No man is fitter to judge this than I; for I am sure I feel it to do me good.*

ANSWER.—*What good doth thou mean, man? Doth it fit thee for holy thoughts, or words, or deeds? Doth it help thee to the well? Or fit thee to die well? Art thou sure that it tendeth to the health of thy body? Thou canst not say so without the reputation of folly or self-conceitedness, when all the wise physicians in the world do hold the contrary. No, it doth as gluttony doth: it pleaseth thee in the drinking, but it filleth thy body with crudities and flegm, and prepareth for many mortal sicknesses. It maketh thy body like grounds after a flood, that are covered with stinking slime: or like fenny lands that are drowned in water and bear no fruit: or like grounds that have too much rain, that are dissolved to dirt, but are unfit for use. It maketh thee like a leaking ship, that must be pumped and emptied, or it will sink.*

Physicians must pump thee, or disorder thee, or thou wilt be drowned: and all will not serve if thou hold on to fill it up again for intemperance maketh most diseases incurable. A historian speaketh of two physicians that differed in their prognostic about a patient: one forsook him as incurable, the other undertook about as certainly curable; but when he came to his remedies, he pro-