

stimulants, and those for *unpledged abstinence*, with an honest desire to take the course which should be followed by a man feeling individually responsible for his opinions; and after all, we are only the more convinced of the soundness of the principle of Total Abstinence, and of the necessity of being pledged to it.

Let us, then, persuade you to give the subject your own personal thought. Think, think, think, and then decide. If you do think, you will, we are sure, put up your helm and follow the LIFE BOAT into safe harborage; and may you be guided in your reflections by "the Spirit of Wisdom and of a sound mind."

JACK AIMWELL.

Celia Beverley;

OR, POWER OF WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. ELECTA M. SHELDON.

[Concluded from our last.]

CHAPTER II.

"By this the drooping daylight 'gan to fade
And yield his room to sad succeeding night,
Who, with her sable mantle, 'gan to shade
The face of earth, and ways of living light.
And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright."

"O, I am so glad it is night!" exclaimed Ella, as she flung herself on the sofa after tea, "I hope we shall not have another call; I am almost tired to death."

"Gather yourself up, my dear, and put on a less lachrymose phiz," said Celia, carelessly, as the door-bell rang again.

"O, yes, I am all in order," she replied, springing up laughing, and shaking back her curls; "I should think the poor bell would be tired, shouldn't you?"

"The compliments of the season," ladies—many returns of a happy New Year," said Henry Lester, marching into the parlor, closely followed by Charles Lucerne, and more leisurely by the rest of the troupe.

"Pray, be seated gentlemen, happy to see you are able to get here, said Julia, teasingly.

"We are very much fatigued," coolly remarked Bancroft, "but we have nerved

ourselves up by a desperate effort to do something for our friend Somers, who has been as one moonstruck all day."

Somers blushed deeply at this sally; but Lucerne, knowing Celia's sensitive nature, and fearing they might fail to elicit the recital they desired, dexterously turned the conversation upon the events of the day for a time. At length, taking a seat on the sofa beside Celia, he told her plainly the object of their second call.

"But I cannot tell my story before all these," remonstrated Celia.

"You said your reason for not drinking wine would be a warning to me, will it not be equally so to them?" asked Lucerne.

"Can you not repeat it to them?" inquired Celia.

"Not as you can tell it," replied Lucerne.

"O, Celia! if you only knew the power in woman's very tones, you would not hesitate to exert your influence where there is the possibility of doing good," he added with emotion.

"You have conquered," said Celia; "may my melancholy story be indeed productive of good."

"Miss Beverly will favor us with her reasons for not drinking wine, though her story is a sad one," said Lucerne, addressing the company.

All eyes were immediately fixed upon her, and a breathless silence evinced their anxiety for the narration.

Celia struggled a moment with her embarrassment, then turning partly toward Lucerne, she said:—

"I once had a brother Charles, an only darling brother," she murmured in tones so low that her auditors could scarcely catch the words; "he was ten years my senior. I was his pet—his 'baby sister,' as he fondly called me—and he, he was to me the personification of all that was good, and noble, and manly.

"And now, as I look back through the dim vista of long, long years, I still feel that my brother must have been all I then thought him;—tall and commanding in form, with fine classical features, a mind richly endowed, and a heart overflowing with kindly affections—such was my brother, my only brother, is it very strange I loved him?"

How beautiful was Celia at this moment; her cheeks glowed, her fine eyes were lit up with enthusiasm, and her voice had grown stronger and stronger, till its silvery notes rung like harp tones through the apartment: she paused, sighed deeply, and resumed.