

hearth, by which they might warm their benumbed and stiffened forms.

There was in one corner of the miserable building a bench, in which lay a dump straw bed and a few ragged bed clothes, and there she carefully deposited her child, and kissing it over and over again, she resumed her weary vigil.

Sleep!—she sleep in the momentary expectation of the arrival of her intoxicated husband, and her only child lying at this moment—she shuddered at the thought—at the point of death. Ah, no—there was no rest or sleep for that wretched mother, save that eternal rest which awaited her beyond the silent tomb. No neighbors were near, for they lived on a bye-road distant from the tavern nearly two miles, where her insatuated husband procured the means of his degradation and ruin, and she, indeed, was too weak and feeble to walk a quarter of the distance for help in her sufferings.

No clock warns her of the fleeting hours, but yet she knows that it is late—later than is wont for her husband to tarry at his midnight orgies, for she has visited the couch of her child several times, and listened if he still lived, then moaning in the agony of despair she resumed her watch by the table. The wind whistles mournfully through the crannies in the dilapidated walls, and makes a hollow sound, a kind of trembling echo to her disconsolate thoughts.

She thinks of her childhood's home where she spent the happy, careless hours in innocent enjoyment—of a doting father, and fond mother's love for her in those golden moments of her existence. She thinks of a brother and sister that used to roam with her through the forest in search of flowers and berries that grew in charming luxuriance there. She thought of the school in the corner of the village green—of its various associations and friendships, and of the bright lad who helped her, when perplexed in her studies, and who brought her the earliest apples from his father's orchard. Then pursuing her reverie of the past, she called to mind many a pleasant ramble in the meadows and forest on the out-skirts of her native village with one she loved and adored—the same kind one who assisted her in other days, now changed to an intelligent and comely young man, the pride of his aged parents to whom he proved a staff in their declining years. She dwelt with pleasure on the happy moments centered here, of their betrothal, of the short time before their marriage that ensued—of the bridal day and the golden work of joy and felicity that succeeded that eventful period.

Time rolled on. A pledge of love, in the form of a sweet babe, making bright the fireside hearth by its innocent prattle and engaging actions. New joys, new pleasure and interest, were the result of the advent, and still the bark of life glides peacefully along the stream of time. Anon, the tempest—a struggle for the mastery—the fiend triumphed, and the rum-seller's victim was secured. Trouble and sorrow took permanent lodgings in this hitherto happy and contented household, and the husband and father speedily changed. Here the transition of thought was rapid, and she soon became conscious of her present condition of hopeless misery, and a fresh burst of scalding tears afforded little relief to her overcharged heart. She rises with an effort and steps softly but with dif-

ficulty, she has become so chilled by the damp, night air, towards the spot where reclined cold and motionless the form of her only child, already touched by the icy hand of death. The pale light of the moon glanced through the broken panes of glass, and shone on the couch as if to ascertain what scene of earthly misery was being enacted there, then retired with horror behind a friendly cloud, as if unable to gaze on such a sight as that.

She comprehends all in an instant, as the light reveals his marble features and shuddering frame, and darting forward catches her boy in her arms. A mother's love cannot now save him. Death must do its work, and heaven must receive the spirit of the little innocent sufferer to its last, long home! He opens his eyes as he is sensible of his mother's embrace, and hears her frantically calling his name, entreating him once more to speak to her.

"Charles! Charles! my darling, speak to me once more before you die. Oh, heaven, my cup of bitterness is full! Oh, where is George?—my husband—where can he be? Merciful heaven! and Charley dying—dying now!" and she rocked him wildly in her arms, beseeching him to speak once more.

He opened his eyes, gazing through the mellow, dim light of the moon's soft rays, as she again peeped from a dark and lowering cloud, at his mother's agonized countenance, essayed to speak, but his voice was almost inaudible. She listened with a throbbing heart to catch the sound—his lips move:

"Mother, I'm dying, and going away from you to live in heaven, with the angels! Good-bye, dear mother. God will take care—of you. I am going now, mother—good-bye!"

And, with a sigh, and slight quivering of his emaciated form, the soul took its flight from its earthly tenement. The mother's bosom was torn and crushed by this spectacle, and when convinced that the last spark of life had fled, she uttered a convulsive groan of anguish, and expired.

Reader are you trifling with the poisonous beverage, and spending your time, your talents, your money, in an insatuated adoration at the shrines of Bacchus! Pause, I entreat you, ere the destroyer enchains you to a servitude that will result in your total destruction.

The companions of the inebriate husband and parent assisted him home at a late hour of the night on which the foregoing scene transpired, but he was not sensible of his calamity until the following morning, when he had recovered from his drunken stupefaction. The fearful lesson was lost on the deluded man, the power of the monster was secure, and a few months of continual drunkenness followed the loss of his wife and child, when he was laid, literally by his murderers, the very persons who had led him on in his ill-fated career, in a drunkard's grave.

But what of the vender of the cause of these sad results of this murderous traffic, which I have here imperfectly related. Secure in his fiendish vocation, he laughs at the desolation he is scattering through our land; and glides through life in the enjoyment of ease and luxury, unless, perchance, as is frequently the case, he falls in the pit at last, he has spent a life in assiduously preparing for others, a fate which, horrible as it is to contemplate, is a world too good for him. But, his heart