

The poor mother did call the father, but he was dumb to the call; and she approached his couch, and with an effort that seemed to deprive her of the little strength she still retained, raised him up and bade him walk lightly, for it was the last time he would gaze upon the features of his dear Susa alive! This seemed to arouse him somewhat, and nerve him to make the effort, and he blunderingly and heedlessly made his way to the bed-side of his daughter. She raised her eyes to his and said,

"Father, dear father, you won't drink any more after Susa dies, will you?"

It was too much for him; his heart melted! he burst into a flood of tears!

The hour of midnight had passed, and the wind still whistled through the cracks and crevices; the father and mother yet stood beside the couch of Susa, watching the still lingering smiles that anon flitted across her pale features. List! the wind seems to speak in hollow tones that this was the moment. Alas, the warning was too true! Susa was dead!

Need it be added that John Andrews remembered those last words of that only daughter, "Father, dear father, you won't drink any more after Susa dies, will you?" They were the first instruments of his reform. His little cottage home became the home of happiness and comfort. What words shall utter the joy of his kind and affectionate wife, whose many and frequent prayers to God in his behalf had been answered; but not without removing one most lovely and most cherished from their household.

Friend of the cause of Temperance! never despair; for there is a spot in the heart of every confirmed drunkard, that will often, by the application of "gentle words," be made to bloom with fertility, and be yet made an ornament to the cause, and a blessing to his family.—*Utica Teetotaler.*

### The Little Outcast.

"Mayn't I stay, Ma'am? I'll do any thing you give me,—cut wood, go after water, and do all your errands."

The troubled eyes of the speaker were filled with tears. It was a lad that stood at the outer door, pleading with a kindly-looking woman, who still seemed to doubt the reality of his good intention.

The cottage sat by itself on a bleak moor, or what in Scotland would have been called such. The time was near the latter end of November, and a fierce wind rattled the boughs of a few naked trees which stood near the house, and fled away with a shivering sound into the narrow door-way, as if seeking for warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snow-flake touched with its soft chill the cheek of the listener, or whitened the angry redness of the boy's denumbed hands.

The woman was evidently loth to grant the boy's request, and the peculiar look stamped upon its features would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But her woman's heart could not resist the sorrow in those large, by no means handsome gray eyes.

"Come in, at any rate, till the good man comes home;—there, sit down by

the fire; you look perished with cold."

And she drew a rude chair up to the warmest corner; suspiciously glancing at the child from the corners of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy shoes; the door swung open with a quick jerk, and the good man presented himself, weary with labor.

A look of intelligence passed between his wife and himself. He, too, scanned the boy's face with an expression not evincing satisfaction, but nevertheless made him come to the table, and then enjoyed the zest with which he despatched his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept "only till to-morrow;" so the good couple, after due consideration, concluded that as long as he was docile and worked so heartily, they would retain him.

One day in the middle of winter, a pedlar long accustomed to trade at the cottage made his appearance, and disposed of his goods readily, as he had been waited for.

"You have a boy out there splitting wood, I see," he said, pointing to the yard.

"Yes. Do you know him?"