

hair, to day—'twere better for you, the cypress shaded your grave—better far you were a corpse than to be the bride of a 'drunkard.' " Mary an ear shrunk from the sound of that word, and many a brow frowned on her, who applied it to their favourite—but she heeded them not. "Mary, hear me!—now is the time to pause—now and now only. Look at me! I was the wife of a "drunkard," I was once like you—I saw not in the fond young lover of my heart, the dark demon whose deeds were to scorch up every spring of life—who dragged me to the lowest depths of shame and misery—whose vices withered the young souls of my children, and stained their crimes like his own. When I saw him first, Morton Lindsay would not have been his equal. When I saw him last, Oh! God! 'twas on the scaffold—a murderer condemned for shedding the life-blood of his own son. Mary! Mary! will you yet hear me?" she said once more as she was drawn away. She gave a wild laugh as they rebuked her for her disturbance. Her words were all unheeded, as her usual ravings, for little was known of her life, which had been passed far from Glenallan, but as Mary left the kirk, she again heard her unusual laughter, and it sounded chillily to her heart.

'Twas a fair and happy spot, that lowly Manse of Glenallan, with its shadowing trees and clustering roses, where the lovely face of Mary beamed amid the flowers as she hung on the arm of Morton, listening to his converse, which to her, contained knowledge and wisdom, deeper than she thought belonged to earth. Some years passed away, and a girl of fairy loveliness stood by her side, and called her by the sweet name of mother. But a shadow hung on Mary's brow, and sorrow seemed to have faded the rose on her cheek. Morton was no longer her companion; the black spot had spread, and he was sinking fast beneath its baneful influence. Save the hurried sermon on the sabbath, no other duty of a pastor was performed—no death-bed heard his voice—no soul was e'er reclaimed by him, to whom God had granted such rare powers. No study elevated his mind, his love for Mary, all was forgotten in the strength of that accursed vice which had gained so rapidly upon him. His time was spent in some wild revel in the city, or at home in fits of moody madness and the deep sleep of inebriety. Poor Mary had done all that woman might do, to save his character and reclaim him from the snare, but what can stem the demon tide of the drunkard's career. On the wretch rushes in

the giddy whirl, reckless of the broken heart, the blighted hopes and hours of agonizing woe around him, 'till soul and body perish—but not alone, the innocent and the beautiful, whose fate is linked with theirs, are destroyed amid the crimes lurking in the malign spirit of drunkenness, and wide is the circle of its devastation. The forbearance with which Morton's conduct had been treated by his parishioners, had been too long, and yet all were reluctant to lose him. Mr. Lee, the late pastor of Glenallan, full of years and honour, lay on his death-bed, and with his dying lips warned him of his fate; but Morton's very nature was charged, and he heeded not. The last night of his life, the old man wished for his presence, the messenger enquired if he was at home, and the lie trembled on Mary's lip as she assured him he was abroad; he was lying stripped, and senseless from beastly intoxication. Mr. Lee died, and the sabbath was appointed for his burial. His bier was placed within the aisle immediately below the pulpit. Around it sat the fathers of the church, to shew respect to the remains of him whom living they had esteemed.

It was a bright, calm day, beautiful as the one of which it was the anniversary that Morton Lindsay had preached his first sermon. The beauty of the scene contrasted strangely with the agitated thoughts of Mary. Morton had been absent the whole of the previous day and night—morn had come—the hour of prayer arrived, but still he came not. Mechanically she had gone to the kirk and taken her usual place; some time elapsed when a step ascended the pulpit stairs—'twas heavy and unsteady. Mary raised her eyes, but the burning blush of shame seemed to scorch her very brain as she looked on the figure before her, 'twas Morton; but who could recognize him in the bruised and bloated face, the inflamed eyes, the trembling hand and distorted attitude of the wretch who stood in his place. Anger and contempt were marked on every brow—'spite of his clouded ideas, he seemed to feel his situation. Drawing a handkerchief from his bosom, he displaced by his hand a pack of stained and worn cards, which fell from their concealment; some lay on the bible before him, others fell upon the coffin, and some upon the clasped hands of his mother who in the pride of her heart had taken her seat beneath his very feet. The outraged decency of God's temple could be borne no longer; the congregation instantly arose, and writhing under the stern rebuke of the elder