

by taking an occasional glass with his friends—more for sociability than for any love of the beverage. His wife often admonished him of the danger of tampering with the deadly vice of intemperance, but he only laughed at what he termed her idle fears. Well had it been for them both had the fears of his wife proved groundless ! It is needless for me to follow him in his downward path, till we find him reduced to the level of the common drunkard. Some three months previous to the time when our story opens his employers were forced to dismiss him, as they could no longer employ him with any degree of safety to their business. It was [fortunate for Mrs. Harland that the dwelling they occupied belonged to her in her own right—it had been given her by her father at the period of her marriage—so that notwithstanding the dissipated habits of the husband and father they still possessed a home, although many of the comforts of former days had disappeared before the blighting influence of the demon of intemperance. After being dismissed by his employers Mr. Harland seemed to lose all respect for himself, as well as for his wife and children, and, but for the unceasing toil of the patient mother, his children might have often asked for bread in vain.

So low had he now fallen that almost every evening found him in some low haunt of drunkenness and dissipation ; and often upon returning to his home he would assail his gentle wife with harsh and unfeeling language.