

Magee; that he received and accepted 'the offer which Will Dunkin refused, will be seen by the following conversation.

"I am very glad you don't drink," said Mr. Wilder, "I know I have offered you liquor a good many times, Jim; well, I like to have people know they are welcome, then they can do as they like. I believe it's better for you not to drink any kind of liquor, especially if you let me plan for you, I'll set you on your feet in no time."

A few days after Mr. Wilder left the depot with a barrel of flour and a cask of molasses, but came home minus flour, molasses, coat, hat or vest, having made a mistake and left them in a neighbor's door-yard.

"Arrah," said Jim, the next day, as he was bringing them home, "it's a pity the masther couldn't kape his own fate."

"I've been thinkin' about the offer yez made me," said Jim to Mr. Wilder that afternoon, "me boord for me worruk, and not a thing to be doin' but sit and sill rum." "Well," he continued, "what betther way could I be wantin' to support mesilf and me mother? Sure I've heard her say me father spint all his money for the spirit, and why shouldn't I be afther gitten it back the same. And I think yez and missus was right whin ye said Bill Dunkin and his mother desarve to starve for not 'ceptin' yez kind offer."

"So you will take the house, will you?" asked Wilder.

"Thank ye and I will," answered Jim, promptly.

"The fellow that lived with me year before last built it, and he would have made his 'ned,' only his wife was so infernal extravagant that he had to give up." Mr. Wilder did not think proper to add that debt drove the poor fellow from the country, and left him in possession of a sung little building, which never cost him a cent.

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Years have rolled by, and I have visited the old home many times. It is true I see changes there, but I shall ever look upon it as sacred to the memory of my childhood.

Ah! there are changes here too. There is a mound in the graveyard, and though it is at my husband's grave I go to mourn, I have not the sweet thought to solace me, that for him to die was gain.

Look where I will for comfort, think what I will, it is the drunkard's grave. I am so lonely to-night; I will go to brother Ben's office, and sit down and talk a while with him. Little do I dream of what this black night shall bring forth, and now after years have passed by, I can only tell it in this way:—