

Givenness lies alone with God, it is God only who can forgive such iniquity! Mary, Clara shall be my child if you will give her to me, and she shall be the object of my heart's best affections."

Mary turned her eyes upon him, in which the tears shone with a lustre that betokened death.

"The Lord reward you, Edward; take her and teach her always to love and forgive." Springing up, she clasped her husband's cold form to her bosom, and her mind appeared to wander for a moment. Then gently pushing back the dark hair from his cheek, she imprinted kiss after kiss upon it—and suddenly, as if recalled to her recollection, she gave a mournful wail and sunk upon his breast a corpse.

Let us draw a veil over the scene, and forever remember that many a drunkard has dated the commencement of his career to the "eleven o'clock free lunch."

J. K. G.

Philadelphia, March 5, 1853.

### Encouragement to Drunkards' Wives.

BY MRS. FRANCIS D. GAGE.

My neighbor, Mrs. Rice, has just been in with the big tears swimming in her eyes, to tell me her tale of joy and sorrow—may be I should say sorrow and joy; for the sorrow came first and lasted long, long years. Painful weary years, that made her pale face paler, and her furrowed cheek more wrinkled and old; and her eyes more dim every day. Cold, galling, pelted sorrow; heart-crushing, soul-depriving sorrow; sorrow and trouble in which there was no hope, no comfort, no uplifting of the spirit. She could not hold her hands and say "Father, thy will be done," for it was not the Father's will that she should be thus accursed. Her children, oh! how that stricken woman loved her children that were growing up around her in poverty and ignorance. There was a school hard by, a public school, but in winter they could not go, they had no shoes, no books. She could not earn them; for she was feeble, and five children, and a baby in her arms, left her little time to work for others, and when she gained time and strength and asked for work, found none, or little, in the little village. She could not do any sewing, she never learned to do it. She could wash, scrub, clean house and cook, but no one wanted a woman with a baby—besides, if she did get work, that great lazy drunken husband of hers would drink it all up, (so said the neighbors,) and there was no use in trying to help them; and being sensitive and timid, hid her grief and poverty away in the poor rickety cabin her protector had provided for her,—hid his faults too, and huddled her ragged children into the corners, and starved and suffered on in silence till starving and suffering became unendurable.

Last month this "lord of creation," this "head of the woman," this "man," who was the renter of a piece of land, and always worked enough to keep him in dram-honey, when she did not earn it for him, finding it hard work to evade the new law, managed somehow to get possession of a half barrel of the "precious critter," and while his wife was absent at a neighbor's, had it rolled in and deposited in the bed room. Day after day went by, and he kept himself essentially drunk. The flour was out, the meal and meat no where, the wood keeping them company, the children barefoot, the father abusive and the mother almost distracted. Patient, timid and gentle, this woman had ever been. But now she aroused—for what will not such bitter agony do—and while he sat one Sunday morning upon the side of the bed, within reach of his whisky barrel, with the drunkard's tears running down his cheeks, the drunkard's curse upon his tongue, and the drunkard's demoralizing madness in his heart, she walked up to the barrel, and took it in hand.

"What are you going to do?" he shouted.

"Empty out this liquor," was her calm reply.

"If you touch it, I'll knock you down."

"Just as you like, but the liquor has got to go."

And as she stooped to draw the plug, he seized her by the shoulder. But a week's spree had left him rather powerless, so she dropped her bucket and dragged him into the next room and seated him in a chair, all amazement, no doubt, that his hitherto quiet Nelly had dared to act so queer. But Nelly was as good as her word, and pailfull after pailfull of the delicious beverage—bountifully protected by the "Constitution," as some of our Ohio lawyers affirm—made liquid manure for the lettuce bed. Poor Rice sat stock still till the whole was done, and the filthy old barrel tumbled out of doors. Then he crept back to bed, and laid without eating or drinking till the next day, when he arose pretty well sobered, and went up to his wife, pale and trembling, and begged her to forgive him. She agreed to do so on one condition—"that he would promise to drink no more, and join the Sons of Temperance as soon as they would receive him," to all of which he acceded, adding, "Nelly, I did not think there was so much spunk in you; why didn't you do it long ago? I believe you could manage the devil if he was drunk."

One month has passed, and Rice still vows he will be a sober man. The Sons of Temperance have accepted him, and his wife's heart is bounding with joy and gladness to which it has for years been a stranger. "Ah!" said she to me this morning, "I thought when I did that job, that it would be my death; but then I thought we couldn't live so. If he did kill me the public would take care of him, and he would be shut up and live even in the penitentiary, a better and happier man than now; and our children would be better cared for by the cold world than they had ever been by him, or than they ever could be by me while I was so tried and tempted every day. But I conquered, thank God; and I do believe he will keep his word, for when we were first married he took a spree and I started to leave him; he promised me then if I'd stay, he would not drink a drop for two years, and he kept his word. But he never has promised me since till now. And between you and I—she lowered her voice to a whisper—I believe I could have conquered him long ago if I hadn't been afraid, and so might many a woman; for men who are weak enough to drink are most always cowards, and might be saved from many a week of drunken revel, if their wives would only pour out the whisky. Some of them might get killed, but what if they did? Every good cause needs martyrs, and that of Temperance is worth a mighty sacrifice. Intemperance has its thousands of victims. Temperance can bear, if need be, here and there one. It was a strange act for me, but I have taken more comfort in the last four weeks than I have for the last four years; only when he was down with his broken leg, then he could not get it, and we were quite comfortable. But now we are so happy; and he takes the baby on his knee, and sings to him and talks to him, and the rest of us, and every day he renews his pledge, and wishes I had been resolute sooner, and poured out his whisky many a long year ago, and so do I, now."

And with a more cheerful face than I had seen her wear ever before, she bade me good morning.

So much for woman's resolution.

### Progress of Iniquity.

The following nervous article is taken from a Pittsburg paper. It is one of a series contributed over the signature of "Ion."—Read it for its stern facts and impregnable arguments against the liquor traffic, and for its graphic and powerful style. Read it and be convinced that no greater curse than that of intemperance can afflict and degrade our country:—