

hilarity and pleasure all his firmness gave way ; his delicate young wife was forgotten, and she awakened all to soon to the knowledge that her husband's love for liquor was greater than his love for her. The dear, sweet girl and her pretty infant had lived with us nearly a year, when, one cold drizzly night like this, Arthur came home. He had grown so reckless of late, that we were not surprised when he came reeling into our presence. He began by demanding a small amount of money which Grace had been husbanding with care. She made no reply to any of his angry threats, nor did she give him the money. Dead to all sense of manhood he rose to strike her. Her infant was sleeping on her breast. She leaped to flee from him, but before we could save her, he struck her. She fell heavily, the sleeping babe was thrown against the iron fender. It uttered one feeble cry, and closed its eyes for ever.

The mother rose, and with a desperate effort snatches her dead child from my arms, pressed it to her breast, and rocked it to and fro. My mother and I spent that terrible night with a dead infant, a frenzied mother, and a father lost in hopeless despair. Was my brother a murderer? His own tender infant had fallen dead at his feet. The act must pass without a name, for in our woe we had none to give it.

He sat there through the weary hours of the night, a haggard, desperate fear settling upon him. He dare not approach his wife ; the sight of him increased her frenzy, and she prayed that she might never see his face again.

Misery had made my mother strong and she could help me, calm, cool, and deliberate action was necessary now.

Arthur must leave us before morning.

No one had known of his coming. The child's sudden death must be in some way accounted for, in what way I knew not. My mother whispered God would help us.

Arthur slunk away in his guilt and misery. He took no leave of us, but silently crept out in the darkness. There was darkness on every side, it was bearing down upon him with the weight of avenging fury. I watched him, bowed and desolate, stealing away from us, away from all that was dear to him, from all that had loved him, and could not, even now, cast him off. I lingered until the last sound of his foot-steps died away. I knew then as I know now, that we should never see him again. The rain fell upon him as he passed out, it fell upon me as I stood there, and I thought it was falling far away where I had seen a lonely grave.

I washed our martyred babe and dressed it for the burial. There was a mark upon its little neck that the solemn wrappings of the grave must cover. It might be bared before the judgement seat to plead for an erring father. My mother died soon after of a broken heart. She never recovered from the shock of that terrible night. The curse that settled upon her poor, misguided son made him none the less her child ; and she would try, with all the tenderness of her wounded spirit, to think of him as he was ; innocent, true, and noble, when first he left her. When we learned that he had died on foreign shores, and was buried on a lonely island, she thanked God that he was no longer a homeless wanderer. My sister Grace is with me still, loving and cherishing my young children, leading them and me to a better life by the chastened beauty of her own christian character.

C. W.