

(Continued from First page.)

Christ's sake.  
 "Four o'clock I cooked a savoury meal—the dishes he liked best,—an' made some strong coffee, then I went up for him. I had no fear as I drew the bolt; my boy couldn't hurt me! He sat on the stairs, an' his awful haggard look nigh broke my heart.

"I just broke down, an' putting his head on my shoulder, he give way to bursting sobs. 'Forgive me Aunt Hitty, O God bless you, God bless me—be merciful to me a sinner.' An' I said, 'Amen,' an' led him down stairs.

"He had little strength, an' was as limp as any rag, but I coaxed him to make a comfortable meal, an' by the time the rest came in he began to appear something like his old self. He stayed all night, and the next mornin' he told me he had a job on a big house Slocum was to build over to Doone, for a famous eye-doctor from New York. 'An' I'm goin' over there this afternoon,' says he, 'an' I can't come to you again, Aunt Hitty, but I'll try to overcome— with Christ's help!' I could scarcely speak. 'Hold fast to that which is good, Lonny,' says I. 'Hold fast to that which is good.' Then I choked, I couldn't say another word.

"Three weeks went by, an' no news from Lonny, when the third Saturday I seen him come walkin' up the road. He came in the gate, an' puttin' his satchel down, sot down just as when he was a boy, on the step at my feet.

"It was the cool of the day an' pleasant on the porch, an' we staid there talkin'. Queer, isn't it, child, that sometimes when our heart is full of a thing it don't always come easy to our lips?—so Lonny an' me talked about the crops an' farm matters, an' that big house he was workin' on, an' the poor man who fell off a scaffold an' broke his arm an' was laid up, havin' a wife an' five children dependin' on his earnin's, an' I considered what I could best do to help 'em, an' then Lonny says,—

"'I'd better be goin'; I want to give mother a s'prise.'

"'Wait Lonny,' says I. 'O my boy, I've borne you on my heart these three weeks. Have you conquered, dear?'

"He grew white, and the tears just fell over his cheeks. 'Aunt Hitty,' says he, 'it's an easy thing to fall into a pit—but O my God—it's hard, it's hard to climb out! I can't tell you how I've fought self, men, and devils these three weeks! I remember reading when I was a boy about some holy men alone in wilderness cells bein' tempted of the evil one, and they drove him away with holy words and signs. But what was such a temptation? What could they know of the devil's wiles?'

"Think of me these three weeks, Aunt Hitty, with my accursed cravin' for rum, my diseased, misused body on fire for the stuff, taverns and saloons yawnin' on every hand, an' those for my company who've turned their backs on right livin'! You a pure, untried woman sheltered here, can't know it, but I tell you, it was the very power of the Pit!

"I couldn't stroll down the street without temptations clamorin' mightily on every hand. Little things you might not see, but real to me. Touch, taste,

sight, smell, the glasses in the window invitin' me, the very doors beckonin', a thousand temptations reachin' out to grasp me where a clear-minded man who'd never bin holden by the cords of his sins wouldn't hev known one.

"'But I held out, held out, feeble enough—but just holdin'—till last night going down street with Jim Brown and a couple of others we halted before Morrell's. That's one of their swell saloons. Plate glass, nice furnishin's chandeliers, billiards, everything to draw one! I saw fellows in there I knew, and Jim Neil was telling one of his stories, and there was plenty of fun inside.

"'Come on in,' says Jim. 'You've bin trying the good dodge lately, but it's no use your trying. Come along!'

"'Only a step, but for me a step to perdition, and I knowing it; yet my good resolution melting away like rime on a frosty morning after the sun comes out!

"'Lord God help me for Christ's sake!' I said it in my heart, while my feet tottered on the threshold.

"'Then all of a sudden them words you spoke when I left you, come just like a voice to my soul, 'Hold fast that which is good!'

"'Just like a drowning man seeing in a minute's space all his sins a-staring him in the face, so I saw home, good name, friends, honor, everything that makes life worth having, drifting away from me beyond call, an' me given over to the power of the devil. Lost in this world. Lost forever in the world to come!

"'He's afraid, boys,' says Jim, sneerin'!

"'Then I made a mighty effort, and I says, 'That's it, Jim. It's God's truth. I am afraid. Afraid of losing all that is best in this world, an' my hopes for the next. I've bin a slave, but God helping me, I'll be a free man. I'll never go in one of these places with you again!'

"'Then I left them, looking after me dazed like, an' went back to my lodgings. I was weak enough from the struggle. I could only cling to the Rock—Christ Jesus—but just clinging gave me strength. Aunt Hitty, the prodigal has come back from the husks, in rags, in feebleness, but the Father has received him.'

"'Oh, my gladness of heart, then, dear child; the songs I sang in the night for the wanderer restored, the lost found. Look at the picture again, child. It is the face of one who has conquered. Lonny stood firm ever after, and he has prospered. He is a master-builder in California now, and you'll find there among the rest the pictures of his wife and four little boys. Aint they a beautiful family?'

"'O dear child, time an' again I've thanked the Lord, who can make the humblest of us His ministers, that He put into my mouth those words spoken to my boy in his peril, 'Hold fast to that which is good!'

**JOHN W. WALLACE,**  
**BARRISTER-AT-LAW,**  
 NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC  
 Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.  
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 Wolfville, May 30, 1884 tf.

**W. & A. Railway**  
**Time Table**

1884—Summer Arrangement—1884.

Commencing Monday, 2nd June.

GOING EAST.	Accm. Daily.	Accm. T.F.S.	Exp. Daily.
Annapolis Le've		A. M. 5 30	P. M. 1 45
14 Bridgetown "		6 25	2 23
28 Middleton "		7 25	2 57
42 Aylesford "		8 32	3 30
47 Berwick "		8 55	3 43
50 Waterville "		9 10	3 50
59 Kentville d'pt	5 40	10 40	4 20
64 Port Williams "	6 00	11 00	4 33
66 Wolfville "	6 10	11 10	4 38
69 Grand Pre "	6 25	11 22	4 46
72 Avonport "	6 37	11 35	4 54
77 Hantsport "	6 55	11 55	5 08
84 Windsor "	7 45	12 45	5 30
116 Windsor Jun "	10 00	3 10	6 50
130 Annapolis arrive	10 45	3 55	7 25

GOING WEST.	Exp. Daily.	Accm. M.W.F. daily.	Accm. daily.
Halifax—leave	7 20		2 30
14 Windsor Jun—	8 00	8 30	3 30
46 Windsor "	9 15	11 00	5 35
53 Hantsport "	9 35	11 30	6 03
58 Avonport "	9 48	11 50	6 20
61 Grand Pre "	9 56	12 06	6 33
64 Wolfville "	10 05	12 24	6 46
66 Port Williams "	10 10	12 36	6 55
71 Kentville "	10 40	1 25	7 10
80 Waterville "	10 58	2 02	
83 Berwick "	11 05	2 17	
88 Aylesford "	11 18	2 40	
102 Middleton "	11 48	3 47	
116 Bridgetown "	12 23	4 52	
130 Annapolis Ar've	1 00	5 50	

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time, One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis for St. John every Tues Thurs and Sat. p. m.  
 Steamer New Brunswick leaves Annapolis for Boston every Sat. p. m.  
 Steamer Cleopatra leaves Yarmouth for Boston every Wed. p. m.  
 Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. INDES,  
 General Manager.  
 Wolfville, 30th May 1884

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