

men at a public-house, that he had tried to get away but they thought that an insult, and he had stayed to join in the carouse, and that Allen was in his company. 'I fear,' said my sister, 'from what I heard, that he is in no condition to come home.' Oh! how those words struck to my heart and rendered sleep impossible; the long painful night passed at last, and when the day was far advanced anxiety had quite exhausted me, my husband came to my bedside. But oh, what a change had a few hours wrought, how pale, how ill he looked! The first effects of his intemperance had passed off, and he was now suffering the nausea and headache common to his fault. He excused himself for not coming home, by saying he could not get away early, and fearing to disturb me he had passed the night at Allen's. I said nothing, but my heart was very sad. At such a time I was more than ever susceptible of any neglect; and the anxiety of my mind that night, produced a slow fever that kept me for five weeks languishing on the bed of sickness. When at length I slowly recovered, it was to find a great alteration in my husband—he was absent and melancholy in his manner, and his mind seemed to be occupied with some care that he confided not to me. I felt this want of confidence more than I can express; I redoubled all my efforts to please; my child began to thrive, though it was very delicate, and I hoped to win my husband from his unkind reserve. At length I obtained an explanation of the matter that lay at my husband's heart. He came in one evening earlier than usual, and throwing himself into a chair, uttered a sigh so deep and full of anguish, that I ran to him, and, throwing off all reserve, entreated to know what troubled him. 'We are ruined, my poor Margaret, utterly ruined! and I am the cause.' Before I could recover breath to reply to this startling announcement, he proceeded in the calmness of desperation to tell me, that on the night when he was absent from home, while under the excitement of strong drink, Allen had got him to become security for a debt he then believed to be but trifling, but which he had since discovered was of considerable amount to persons in our circumstances, in short, more than we could pay without distressing ourselves to the utmost. 'But Allen is in business and can pay,' I replied. 'He absconded yesterday,' was my husband's answer. In a few days we heard that Allen had embarked at Liverpool for America, and, as all hope of him had passed from the minds of his creditors, they came upon my unfortunate husband for the amount. My brothers assisted us to the utmost of their power, but they had not much to spare, without injuring themselves, and all their efforts could not avert or remedy the evil. Our household furniture was sold to liquidate the debt, and our well kept savings added to the amount; my husband reserving only as much as would take him to London; for the story of his intemperate credulity having gone abroad, and tarnished the good name he had hitherto borne, induced him to resolve on quitting the town. I will not attempt to describe how bitterly this first sorrow tried me. All the sanguine hopes of my youth blighted, my happy home broken up, my husband a wanderer, my baby and myself interlopers on my brother's frugal means. I was new to sorrow, and all the consolations of my friends fell on dull ears, and an aching heart. In three weeks after my husband's departure, he wrote to tell me he had obtained work, and entreated me to come to London instantly. With all the elasticity of youth, my spirits revived at my husband's letter, and the wages he received in London seemed to me so superior and so ample, that I fancied our difficulties would soon cease, and though it was hard to begin again, still I believed we had both learned wisdom from experience. My child was four months' old when I set out, with many tears at parting from my relations, on my long journey.

"Travelling with an infant is a fatiguing thing, under the best circumstances, but then, when there were no facilities

of speedy communication, I cannot describe what I suffered with cold and fatigue on the outside of the lumbering coach, which, after two days and two nights' incessant toil, reached London. Yet my own sufferings, were as nothing compared to my anxieties for the poor little creature I carried. We bore up, however, pretty well, until we reached our destination—Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, where my husband, pale with anxiety, waited for us. Ah! you will not wonder when I tell you, that oppressed with mingled feelings of sickness, exhaustion, and joy at seeing him, I fell into his arms, unable to speak or move and more dead than alive."

(To be Continued.)

#### INTEMPERANCE AND HOME MISSIONS.

In the twenty-third annual report of the Glasgow City Mission, recently published, considerable prominence is given to a number of facts, showing how the drinking system opposes itself to the spread of christianity among the masses. The following cases are selected from the journals of the agents:—

'A woman, with whom I had a little conversation to-day, told me of the awful death of her brother, who died impenitent, and who had been in a state of intoxication shortly previous to his death, and a habitual drinker.'

'Visited an old woman apparently in the last stage of consumption. Her husband is a very bad man. He drinks all that he works for, and is breaking her heart. He not only drinks every farthing of his wages, but has emptied the house of furniture. He had that morning taken the covering that had protected her from the hard damp straw, and sold it for whisky.'

'Called to see a person taken suddenly ill, but found he had died. The circumstances of his case are striking. According to his wife's account, some friends had been visiting them, and they had been drinking pretty freely, and began to dance. While thus engaged he fell down, and was so long as he lived, quite insensible. The wife is a great drunkard also, but was making great promises of reformation.'

'One woman, a decidedly pious person, told me, with tears in her eyes, that she did not know what was to become of herself and family, as her husband was spending most of his earnings upon strong drink. Once he was a member of a church, and observed the worship of God in his family. Now all these things are neglected, and the family is fast sinking into misery. The poor afflicted woman requested me to pray for her.'

'In one of the houses visited to-day, found a woman who is severely tried. Her husband, she says, is an infidel, a drunkard, and addicted to other debasing vices. We sometimes, she says, dare not go out to the house of God, as he threatens to kill us. At other times, when I and my daughter have been out, he calls us by all the ill names in his power, and says, I'll make your Sabbath dear enough to you. This is the first time I have visited the family. She seems a well-doing woman; and, indeed, her house speaks much in her favor, for it is clean and neat. She said she had to go out and work for her daughter and herself. He often gave them nothing for weeks. During the time I spoke to her she wept bitterly, and I could not but feel what a trial this woman had to contend with, and how much she needs the consolations which true religion can afford. I came away deeply lamenting over the indescribable evils which drunkenness with its concomitant vices, has brought into our land.'

'The case of J. C. is one of peculiar hardship. He had saved money when in the army—had £200 in the bank when he married, fifteen years ago. After marriage he continued to work hard, and having a pension of 6s a-week, his income was amply sufficient to keep them, as they had