

stranger busied himself in rubbing and applying restoratives to the apparently lifeless object before him, presently he opened his eyes and fixed his gaze upon the stranger. The hand of the drunkard was dropped, he reached the light and held it over his face to obtain a closer view. He brushed the dripping hair from his forehead when his features were fully revealed. He staggered to a seat. My God! is it possible, burst from him. Landlord who is this man? His name is Joe Denham, one of the greatest loafers I ever knew. He has not been around more than a month; he lays around begging liquor, or singing songs for those who are willing to give him a few coppers; you no doubt have seen him around the streets. No. It is a long time since I saw that face before; but Oh how changed from what it was.—That man, sir, is my brother-in-law, one whom we have mourned as dead; it is liquor, accursed liquor that has made a total wreck of that once noble form, and can you who are so familiar with such sights, still continue the miserable traffic of that which ruins both soul and body; methinks the reckoning of such men will be fearful in the extreme. The innkeeper stood abashed. Will you have him placed in bed? Yes, see that he is comfortably cared for; here is more money and I will see him early in the morning. Keep your money, I have enough to satisfy me; he shall want for nothing, I pledge you my word. I hope, sir, it will be many a day before you see such a sight in my house again. Thank God for that speech, I trust it may. The word of God tells us emphatically, "cursed is he that putteth the cup to his neighbour's lips;" and who would wish to lie down at night and feel the anathema of the Almighty resting upon him. He bade the landlord good night, and said as he shook him warmly by the hand, may that be a lesson from which you will derive lasting benefit.

Ashton had finally discovered him; accident, for the first time, led him to that part of the city where he had providentially found him. On arriving at home he made no mention of the evening's occurrence; and as he watched by the bed-side of her whose sands were evidently running low, he would not disturb her with mention of Joseph's name until he was satisfied of his willingness to appear before his parent. On the following morning Ashton hastened to see him. The landlord was watching by him, and informed him that he had the early part of the night remained stupid, when he awoke and called for liquor, which call he repeated several times during the night; I refused him, he raved like a mad man, when my wife proposed giving him some of these drops which seemed to quiet him as he sank into a quiet sleep. You have behaved like a Christian. Me a Christian, no sir, I have done that which renders me unworthy the name. As I sat by him and heard his incoherent ravings, I paused to think how I had obtained my living; it was by making such wretches as that. Yes, I have taken the poor man's pence when I actually knew his family was suffering for bread. I heeded not the tears of the heart broken wife as she begged me in God's name to deny him the cup. I still gave it may God forgive me. Amen, responded Ashton. Come with me to the bar for a moment; they immediately entered, but what was his surprise to find the bottles of liquor removed, and in their place stood a row of bottles filled with pure spring water. There, Sir, is what I shall offer to the public. You may take my name as one who wishes to reform, and one who wishes to become a temperance man. Proud shall I be, Sir to propose you at the next meeting of our blessed order, and of which I am W. P. for initiation. Are you willing to come under our banner for protection? Most heartily, most cheerfully will I become a member. Their conversation was here disturbed by the hostess who in-

formed them the man was awake and raving. They repaired to his bed-side and found him in a fearful state of delirium. He gazed wildly around him and in a loud tone demanded something to drink, "I am dying with thirst, my throat is on fire, give me drink, brandy, give me brandy." He raised his head and swollen eyes towards Ashton. Who are you? Away with you. Are you one of those fiends that are pursuing me to drag me to hell? Ha, there they come, a whole army, to drive me to everlasting perdition. Save me, save me." Ashton gently laid him down. I will see that you are perfectly safe; lie down and remain quiet, no one shall harm you. "You, who are you? I am burning burning, give me something to drink." He remained delirious throughout that day, and for many subsequent days did he remain alarmingly ill, from the effects of that night and other previous exposures. He gradually regained his health and it was not until his recovery was complete that Ashton made himself known. "Do not tell me of my mother, I murdered her. Wretch that I am, my brutal conduct crushed every hope of her heart. Oh Henry could I but recall the few past years of my life, but I cannot. I am miserable, miserable beyond a possibility of hope. I do believe, Henry, could the thoughts and feelings of past years be laid bare before you, you would feel to pity as well as condemn. Never while memory lasts shall I forget the last night I spent in S— with Turner and Lawson, those men who were hurrying me to my doom. I spent the greater part of the night with them; they were drinking and gambling with some others that came in; but I could not. My mind was ill at ease; I had that which has robbed me of my peace during the long space of time. I had robbed my mother. I resolved to return her the money. I had reached the house; it was nearly day light; a well known voice saluted my ears, and since then, in the room of riot and dissipation, and mirth, that voice has sounded the loudest above them all; it was the voice of my mother in prayer for me. Had I then followed the impulse of my own heart, and entered, all would have been well. But I lingered, and as I lingered I felt my sleeve pulled; turning, I saw Turner who followed to tell me the boat was waiting for us. A pang shot through my heart as I turned from the home of my youth and those loved ones, with those who in a strange land deserted and left me, a stranger among strangers. My money was gone, I was too proud to return; I sought for employment but could not find any. The shops were all full, besides journeyman's wages were much lower than here. Mortified and disappointed I plunged into every whirl of dissipation to drown my thoughts. My employment has been sawing wood and doing dudgery about the taverns sufficient to keep me in liquor; thus have I become the abject wretch you found me. The tears coursed their way down the cheeks of Ashton at the recital of the tale of suffering, and he cordially invited him to become an inmate of his family, which invitation was thankfully received. The evening was fixed for his introduction to the family. Henry had acquainted him with his mother's illness, and both considered it necessary to prepare for the meeting. It was late when he came, and he appeared unusually excited. Joseph enquired the cause. Ashton grasped his hand. Ah I fear we have delayed this interview too long. I fear you will not see your mother alive; she is dying. Joseph screamed out, take me to her that I may ask her forgiveness, let us go without a moment's delay. The two men were soon on their way to the comfortable home of Ashton, and in another moment Joseph was locked in the warm embrace of his sister. Mother is waiting to speak to you, she is still alive. Together they entered the room of the dying woman; her eyes were closed to all earthly objects, while her voice retained its

strength to be audible to those around. "Has Joseph come or was it only a dream." With a bound he was at her side kneeling. Mother, my mother forgive me, was all he could say. Thank God my prayer has been heard; I cannot see you, I am blind but I can hear your voice. Joseph, my son, how I have prayed for this interview, while God in his providence has spared me. In a little while I shall be away; I feel the death damps gathering around me, and I shall soon be with the loved ones who have gone before. Weep not, my children, though I leave you I leave for a brighter fairer realm. Come closer, even closer and tell me shall I meet my family undivided in the Kingdom of Heaven. Let me hear, Joseph, from those lips the words I have waited so anxiously to hear. Tell your dying parent will you seek the Lord Jesus Christ and give him your heart. Mother, I promise before God and you all, if my life is spared to become a better man. That is enough; kiss me my children; I die contented. Here is my Bible, Joseph, it is the last earthly gift of your mother; read it for my sake, it has been my counsellor and comforter, may it likewise be your conductor to the Kingdom of Heaven. Farewell, Jesus calls, I must go. Farewell. Lord into thy hands I commend my spirit. In another moment they stood in the chamber of the dead. Her spirit had fled to the God who gave it.

The reader may perhaps enquire, did Joseph fulfil the promise made his mother—the sequel will tell. He renounced drinking at once; he became a different man. With the aid of his brother-in-law he was soon established in business which he conducted in a most satisfactory manner. He became a true worshipper of God and a most useful member of society. He united heart and hand with the few energetic men who had then formed themselves into a brotherhood under the cognomen of Sons of Temperance.—Heaven bless the Sons. None entered into their spirit more warmly than Denham. He remembered the pit from which he had been rescued; he visited the haunts of sin, the sinks of iniquity, to drag from the depths of degradation the miserable inebriate. Many, through his influence, who were among the vilest of the vile, now stand proudly erect as men and citizens. No one would recognize in the fine commanding looking person who now stands forth and addresses the large assemblies, as a public lecturer; the poor miserable besotted drunkard that was dragged from the gutter. So much for the efficacy of prayer.

THE RELEASE OF KOSSUTH.

It will be observed, we are quite sure, with pleasure by all parties and classes of Englishmen, that Lord Palmerston has announced to the House of Commons the intention of the Turkish Porte to release Kossuth and the few remaining Hungarians from their confinement in Asia Minor. We have never doubted the sincerity of our Foreign Minister's frequent professions of concern for the harsh treatment of the refugees, any more than the disapproval he expressed, during the conflict, of the conduct of Austria in violating the Hungarian constitution. Indeed, the published correspondence of our diplomacy during the few months that followed the end of the war, is enough to prove that valid efforts were made by Lord Palmerston at Vienna, and by Sir C. Canning at Constantinople to protect the fugitives from being delivered up to the Czar and to Haynau: which must have been the case had not the Sultan of Turkey been backed in his refusal by the effectual support of Great Britain and secondly of France. Notwithstanding a menacing intimation, which is put forth in one of the Vienna journals, we do not apprehend that the peace of the continent will risk any fresh disturbance by the liberation of these objects of tyrannical suspicion.—The Austrian government, which, besides, is financially incapacitated from a warlike undertaking, would surely not venture, on grounds so trivial, to attempt to punish Turkey for an act done at the urgent request of this country. We should anticipate that Austria might seek to dictate some conditions, such as to pledge on the part of Kossuth to abstain from any future action in the affairs of Hungary: and so endeavor to find a pretext for a tardy and ungracious assent to his freedom.