

has he forgotten his promises so soon? inquired the doctor in an indignant tone—'it is too bad.'

'Oh, doctor, be merciful; it is all my fault,' murmured the poor woman between her sobs. My friend looked astonished. 'Your fault, Mrs. Lucas; how so? I should have pointed to you as a model wife; surely weakness, and your love, makes you accuse yourself unjustly.'

'No, sir; no, I wish it were so. I should not then have this heavy weight on my heart, but it is too true. When we were married,' she continued, 'my husband had been an abstainer for two years. I never thought about the subject till I knew him, and then I gave it up to please him, for I had good health, and drank so little habitually, that it was no sacrifice; but after I was married, sometimes I felt languid and weary, and then I would have my old remedy, a glass of ale. But I was not satisfied with this; I wanted him to try it, for he was not very strong, and used all my power to get him to take a little. Oh, if I had but known how it would end! I never succeeded till we came to Leeds; but when we came to see about our house, we stayed all night at the "Anchor," and I persuaded him to drink some ale.'

At once, the scene beneath the old oak, three years before, flashed back on my remembrance, and I asked if she was the woman, and that the time.....

'Yes, sir; my poor husband would not say "No" any longer, and afterwards he could not say "No" when fellow-workmen pressed him to take a glass. Oh, doctor, you know how comfortable we were when my boy was born, we wanted nothing; now but for the charity of our neighbours, we should starve.'

I tried to soothe her, and lead the poor creature's thoughts to Him who heals the broken heart, but her tears only flowed fresh.

'Yes, sir; I know it will soon be over with me, and I trust in Jesus' plying mercy; but, oh, my child, my child, who will teach him to pray when I am gone; who will warn him against that which has ruined his father, and laid his mother in the grave! We were at a loss for comfort; the case seemed hopeless. At length she checked her tears, and said, 'Doctor, my husband will listen to you; will you talk to him once more?'

My friend promised to do so; and, as she said her husband stayed at home on Sunday evenings, he agreed to call, as if by accident, on the following Sabbath....

At the time appointed, I again accompanied my friend. The intervening days had been close, and I was startled at the change in the invalid. She was lying on a rude couch formed of old chairs; and

seated on a stool near the widow, was the slouching figure of a man. He started on our entrance, and would have left the room, but my friend stopped him. 'Don't run away, Mr. Lucas, I want to know how the little boy is. Oh! I see you are all right, my little man; how are you, Mrs. Lucas?'

'I shall soon be well, sir; my time is drawing to a close very fast,' replied the woman, fixing her large imploring eyes on the doctor's face.

'Doctor,' interrupted the man, almost fiercely, 'I wish you would cure Jane of talking such nonsense. She has a bad cough, and this close weather makes her weak, so she keeps talking of dying; she will be well enough when the weather gets clearer—wont she?'

'No, Mr. Lucas, she will never get well; a few days, perhaps a few hours, and your child will only have you to depend on; I have told you so before.' 'Doctor, you must save her; I mean to reform, and I can't live without her,' hoarsely murmured the man. 'Tell me, you will save her, and I will never touch drink again; I won't indeed. I know, I have promised before, but I'm in earnest now.'

'No skill in the world can save your wife, my poor friend; but for the sake of your boy, let me implore you to touch it no more. I do not say it is the sole cause of her illness, but it has greatly hastened her death.'

'Oh! Charles, my dear husband,' whispered the woman, 'I persuaded you to drink; I did you a great wrong; I am going fast; iniquity listen to my dying prayer; give up the drink altogether, never taste it again, and then we may soon meet again; but, oh! my husband, no drunkard can enter Heaven, and I cannot, oh! I cannot say good-bye for ever.' Heavy tears rolled down her sunken cheeks as she continued—'Forgive me, dearest; I have caused all our misery—you would have kept the pledge but for me. Oh! let me hear you say you will give it up. I cannot die without the hope of seeing you again. You will give it up for the sake of our boy. Say that you will; and when I am gone, go back to Leeds; the kind doctor will help you.'

The man had sunk into a seat near his wife, and was gobbling like a child. Taking her thin hand in both his own, 'Forgive you,' he said, 'I have nothing to forgive. You have been a good wife to me; you did not know what a weak wretch I was; but, God, helping me, I will never taste drink again. Oh! Jane, my wife, my dear wife, must we part so soon!'

With a few words of pity and encouragement, my friend rose to depart, promising to call again in a few days. We went

but the door was fastened and the curtain drawn before the window; and a neighbour informed us Mrs. Lucas died in her husband's arms the day before.

On returning to my own home, I requested to be told if the man kept his resolution, and, about twelve months after, my friend wrote that the man, Lucas, was just gone with his child, back to his native place to die. A weak constitution had been impaired by drinking, and grief for his wife did the rest. He sunk rapidly, but kept his promise; and the clergyman who had often visited him, spoke hopefully of his prospects beyond the grave.

I never forgot that dying bed, and never drank afterwards; but at all times and seasons in my pulpit ministrations, at the tables of the affluent, and in my cottage visitations, I have urged on all, especially women, the necessity and duty of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate—and my efforts and prayers have been blessed.

On women especially, I say, have I urged this duty; for no influence is so potent as theirs, and none have a more tender and vital interest in the matter. None is woman's distinctive sphere—the arena of her duties, the chosen scene and element of her earthly bliss. Drink is the deadliest of all desolators of home, proving the bane of its happiness, the blight of its affections, the drain of its resource, the deceiver of its virtues, the arch-spoiler and poisoner of all its interests. Whoever would be an enemy of home, and of all that is tenderly, affectionately, and confidingly domestic, let him frequent the public-house, and drink himself drunken. Whoever is a friend of home, and of all that is homely, let him totally, heartily, and persistently abstain from all that intoxicates; for the cup of the drunkard is a 'cup of devils,' in which is 'the poison of asps,' the 'bitterness of death.'

BOXALL & BROTHER

Wishes the public to know that their

NORTHERN LIGHT

AND

Morning Glory

ARE THE BEST HALL AND PARLOR STOVES IN CANADA. They require lighting only once in the winter; they will burn less fuel than any stove in the market.

In COOKING STOVES our stock is among the best, and cannot be beat in this market for Quality or Price.

Our stock is one of the best assorted in U.S.A.

Call and see for yourselves at

50

QUEEN STREET WEST,
TORONTO.