

see my wife and children beyond the vale of tears."

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strong as that wrought by some wizard's breath, rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, and tears to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him, and as he hesitated a moment with the pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man's eye on the paper.

"Sign it, sign it, young man. Angels would sign it. I would write my name there ten thousand times in blood if it would bring back my love and lost ones."

My father wrote "MORTIMER HUDSON." The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flushed with a red and deathlike paleness.

"It is—no, it cannot be—yet how strange," muttered the old man. "Pardon me, sir, but that was the name of my brave boy."

My father trembled and held up the left arm from which the hand had been severed.

They looked for a moment in each other's eyes, both reeled and gasped—

"My own injured son."

"My father!"


They fell upon each other's necks and wept until it seemed that their souls would grow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that church and sad faces around me.

"Let me thank God for this great blessing which has gladdened my guilt burdened soul," exclaimed the old man, and kneeling down he poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard. The spell was then broken, and all eagerly signed the

pledge, slowly going to their homes as if loath to leave the spot.

The old man is dead, but the lesson he taught his grand child on the knee, as his evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His fanaticism has lost none of its fire in my manhood's heart.

DRAM SHOP SCENES.

 COLORS are often used emblematically—thus, black denotes grief and despair; green is said to signify forsaken, and I have noticed in many towns that the screens in the genteel tipping shops, miscalled coffee houses, are generally of a green color; that is as it ought to be for several reasons:

1st. It is applicable to those who superintend the establishment—they have forsaken all honest and honorable employment, and have taken up one which will cause all peace of conscience, all happiness of heart, all the noble feelings of manhood to forsake them; and they say virtually, by their employment, that they are willing to forsake the company of the honorable, sober part of the community, and associate with the tiplers and moderate drinkers. Happy will they be if they descend no lower.

For those who make these places a resort, the *green screen* is very emblematical. The young lad who steps over the threshold with a trembling heart is forsaking his home, the counsels of his kind parents, his bright prospects in future life, his health, and all that makes an earthly residence desirable. He who goes in, and seats himself, and calls for his favorite beverage, without any remorse, has already forsaken his business in a great measure, he has forsaken the comforts and happiness of his family, he has forsaken the house of God, his Bible, the Spirit of God,