

seled as to what could be done for him. Finally, one of them said to him, "Why don't you send your daughter away to a certain distinguished school?" which he named.

"Oh, I cannot," said he; "it is out of the question. I am not able to bear the expense.—Poor girl! I wish I could."

"Well," said his friend, "if you will sign the temperance pledge, I will be at all the expense of her attending school for one year."

"What does this mean?" said he. "Do you think me in danger of becoming a drunkard?"

"No matter," said his friend, "about that now; but I will do as I said."

"And I," said another, "will pay the rent of your farm a year, if you will sign the pledge."

"Well," these offers are certainly liberal—but what do they mean? Do you think me in danger of becoming a drunkard? What can it mean? But, gentlemen, in view of your liberality, I will make an offer. I will sign if you will."

This was a proposition they had not considered, and were not very well prepared to meet; but for his sake they would and did sign, and he with them.

And now for the first time the truth poured into his mind, and he saw his condition, and sat down bathed in tears.

"Now," said he, "gentlemen, you must go and communicate these facts to my wife—poor woman! I know she will be glad to hear it, but I cannot tell her."

Two of them started for that purpose.—The lady met them at the door, pale and trembling with emotion.

"What," she enquired, "is the matter?—What has happened to my husband?"

They bid her dismiss her fears,

assuring her they had come to bring her tidings of her husband—but good tidings, such as she would be glad to hear.

"Your husband has signed the temperance pledge—yea, signed it in good faith."

The joyous news nearly overcame her—she trembled with excitement—wept freely, and clasping her hands devotionally, she looked up unto heaven, and thanked God for the happy change.

"Now," said she, "I have a husband as he once was, in the days of our early love."

"But this was not what moved me," said the gentleman. "There was in the same vicinity another gentleman—a generous noble soul—married young—married well—into a charming family, and the flower of it. His wine-drinking habits had aroused the fears of his friends; and one day, when several of them were together, one said to another, 'Let us sign the pledge.' 'I will if you will,' said one to another, till all had agreed to it and the thing was done.

This gentleman thought it rather a small business and felt a little sensitive about revealing to his wife what he had done. But, on returning home, he said to her:

"Mary, my dear, I have done what I fear will displease you."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, I have signed the temperance pledge."

"Have you?"

"Yes, I have, certainly."

Watching his manner as he replied, and reading in it sincerity, she entwined her arms round his neck, laid her head upon his bosom, and burst into tears. Her husband was affected deeply by this conduct of his wife, and said:

"Mary, don't weep; I did not know it would afflict you so, or I would not have done it—I will go