

monotony of his existence with their society, or to afford him advice and assistance in his difficulties, the fatal whiskey bottle became his constant refuge from gloomy thoughts.

His wife, an amiable and devoted creature, well born, well educated, and deserving of a better lot, did all in her power to wean him from the growing vice. But, alas! the pleadings of an angel, in such circumstances, would have had little effect upon the mind of such a man. He loved her as well as he could love anything, and he fancied that he loved his children, while he was daily reducing them, by his vices, to beggary and ruin.

For a while he confined his excesses to his own fire-side, but this was only for as long a period as the sale of stock and land would supply him with the means of his criminal self-indulgence. After a time, all these resources failed, and all his lands had been converted into whiskey, save the one hundred acres upon which his house and barn stood, and the small clearing from which the family derived their scanty supply of wheat and potatoes. For the sake of peace, his wife gave up all her jewels and household plate, and the best of a once ample and handsome wardrobe, in the hope of hiding her sorrows from the world, and keeping him at home.

The pride which had made him so obnoxious to his humbler neighbors, yielded at length to the inordinate cravings for drink, and the man who had held himself so high above his honest and industrious fellow-settlers, could now unblushingly enter their doors to ask for a drop of whiskey.

The feeling of shame once subdued, there was no end to his audacious mendicacy. His whole time was spent in wandering about the country, calling upon every new settler in the hope of being asked to partake of the coveted poison. He had even been known to enter the windows of an absent emigrant's cabin, and remain drinking in the house while a drop of spirits could be found in the cupboard. When driven forth with contempt, by the angry owner of the dwelling, he wandered on to the distant town of P—, and remained for days drinking in some low tavern, while his wife and children were starving at home.

"He is the most breachy beast in the township," said the neighbor I before mentioned to me. "It would be a good thing for his wife and children if his worthless neck were broken in some of his drunken frolics."

Though this might be deemed a melancholy fact, it was not the less dreadful on that account. The husband of an affectionate wife, the father

of a lovely family, and his death to be a matter of rejoicing!—a blessing instead of an affliction,—an agony not to be thought upon without the deepest sorrow.

It was at this melancholy period of affliction and distress, that poor Mrs. — found a help in Jenny in the hour of need. The heart of the faithful creature bled for the misery which involved the innocent wife and children she dearly loved; their want and destitution called all the generous sympathies of her ardent nature into active operation, and they were indebted to her labour for every morsel of food which they consumed. For them she sowed, she planted, she reaped. Every block of wood which shed a cheering light and warmth around their desolate home, was cut from the forest by her own hands, and brought up a steep hill to the house upon her back. For them she coaxed the neighbors, with whom she was a general favorite, out of many a mess of eggs for their especial benefit; while her cheerful songs and hearty, hopeful disposition, dispelled much of the cramping despair which chilled the heart of the unhappy mother in her deserted home.

For several years did this great poor woman keep the wolf from the door of her beloved mistress, toiling for her with the strength and energy of a man; but when was man ever so devoted, so devoid of all selfishness, so attached as this uneducated Irishwoman? But a period was at length put to her unrequited services. In a fit of intoxication, her master beat her severely and turned her from his doors. She forgave this outrage for the sake of the helpless beings who depended upon her care. He repeated the injury, and the poor creature, almost heart-broken, returned to her former home.

Thinking in a few days that his spite would have subsided, Jenny made a third effort to enter his house in her usual capacity, but Mrs. — told her, with many tears, that her presence would only enrage her husband, who had threatened her with the most barbarous treatment if she allowed her to enter the house. Thus ended her five years service to this ungrateful master. This was all the thanks that she received for her unpaid labours of love. Oh! drink! drink!—how dost thou harden into stone the human heart!

I heard of Jenny's worth and kindness of heart, and sent for her to come to me. She instantly accepted the offer, and I found her a good and faithful servant.

The smiles and dimples of my loving, rosy, curly-headed Donald, a baby boy of fifteen months old, seemed to console Jenny for the separation from her darling Ellie, and the good