

him and wished him to come in. Mrs. Ray stepped to the door and called in her husband. He came with an unsteady step and a dreamy, vacant look that told of the excesses of the day.

"Father," said Emma, "come and sit down here by me; I wanted to talk a little with you before I go." He took the hand she held out to him; he saw the change, and the truth flashed upon his mind. His child was dying. It entered his soul like a sword. In a moment he was a sober man, and it seemed as if some fearful storm of agony overwhelmed him.

"Father," she said, "I always loved you, and I've tried to be a good girl, and mind you. Haven't I minded you father?"

"Yes, you have," he fairly sobbed.

"And when I haven't been a good girl. I'm sorry for it, and want you to forgive me. And now I'm going to be with the Saviour. I shall see Henry; he is there; and mother is coming before long; and little Willie, he will come too, some time; and, father, won't you come too? Won't you? I want you too father."

He laid his head on her pillow, and wept like a child.

"But you must leave off drinking, father, and swearing, or else you never can come; and you must be kind to mother, and go to meeting, and hear the gospel preached. Won't you father?—Won't you do all this, and get ready to come too? Say father; promise me;—I won't ask you anything else;—say quick."—Her strength failed.

"Yes, Emma; yes, I will promise you. If God will help me, I will try to come too."

"Thank you, thank God;" she answered. "Now let me kiss you father—and mother—and Willie;—there, good bye! Father will come, and we'll all be there," she faintly murmured, as she turned away her head, tired, exhausted, folded her hands upon her bosom, shut her eyes and went gently to sleep. It was some minutes before they would disturb her, but let her rest. Then the mother went softly to her and whispered, "Emma." She answered not, Emma was sleeping so sweetly

—Blessed sleep;

From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mr. Ray kept the promise he made to God and to his dying child. And should you stroll along the south-east declivity of the cemetery of P—, where the spring sunshine falls so pleasantly, and the early violet blooms so lovely, and mark a plain memorial inscribed:—"To Emma Ray,

aged 12 years. In Heaven."—believe that for once, at least, tombstones may tell the truth; for Emma Ray is in Heaven.

The Liquor Clock Analogue.

The system of making, selling, and consuming alcoholic liquor, may be aptly illustrated by a clock; for as there would be no motion in this instrument, were there no weights or springs attached, so the liquor system would be inactive, were it not for the depraved appetites of mankind; hence appetite is the weight to give motion. As the weights move the pendulum, so the appetites move the drinkers; hence drinkers are the pendulum. The pendulum gives motion to the hands, as the drinkers give motion to the sellers and makers; hence these are the hands, the minute hand being the former, and the hour hand the latter. But the hour hand is governed in its rate of motion, by the speed of the minute hand; so the maker regulates his movements by those of the vender, keeping the supply in accordance with the demand. The farmer, who furnishes the grain, the workmen in carrying the grain, and those performing the labor of distilling, together with those who countenance the business, make up the internal wheels. These, it is true, are less visible than the weights, pendulum, and hands, but still are as certainly there, and just as necessary to the completion and motion of the whole. If the smallest one even be wanting the whole machinery is still; no motion can be produced until the deficiency is supplied. Is not then one part as essential as another? shall we say that the pendulum, because its motion is more easily seen, is more important than the internal wheels? Certainly not. It is equally essential that each part be in its appropriate place and perform its own part in producing the motion. Consequently all are alike concerned in keeping good time. So in the liquor system. No one of those concerned in the business can fail in performing his appropriate part, without stopping the whole. Let farmers stop supplying the grain, or the distiller stop making, or the vender stop selling, or the drinker stop drinking, and the whole system would be at an end. Hence each is equally responsible for the results. But no clock is perfect without a regulator; this in the liquor system is *money*, which governs the whole business. May we not, then, having thus shown the analogy per-