

were invitingly arranged, and sparkling wines in crystal goblets glittered in the bright light of the costly chandeliers. Filling two glasses she handed one to her guest, with a bewitching smile, as she raised the other to her lips. He hesitated, then politely declined the wine; at the same time taking a glass of water, he raised it to his lips wishing her a "Happy New Year." "Oh!" said Mabel, "I forgot that you were a teetotaler; but come, you must pledge me in this glass of wine. Surely you are not so ungallant as to refuse?" "Miss B.," said he, "I cannot," then added, half playfully "wine is a mocker," "look not upon the wine when it is red." "But surely," said Mabel, growing more earnest, "you do not fear 'the adder's sting' in this harmless glass of wine!" holding it up at the same time between his eyes and the lamp light, and looking earnestly in his face. Still he hesitated, when she laid one jewelled hand upon his, and raising the other to her lips, she exclaimed, somewhat haughtily, "Here's to your courage, Mr. Grant." The fair temptress stood directly before him, looking directly into his very soul. One moment he struggled with the temptation, then seizing the glass, and returning her gaze, he said, "*Miss B., I cannot resist you. Here's to your health!*" And maddened to desperation he drank the fatal pledge.

"Bravo!" said Mabel, let me help you to something else." He needed now no further urging. The fumes of the wine had excited his brain. The lights seemed to dance about; the room reeled around; the demon was roused within. "One glass more, peerless Mabel," said he, seizing the decanter: but she had hastily left the room to summon his friend. Grant emptied

another glass, then rushed from the house, and succeeded in reaching his mother's dwelling in a state bordering on frenzy.

His mother had anxiously waited his coming, and her quick ear heard the sound of footsteps. Hastily rising, she went to the door and opened it. And what were that mother's feelings on beholding her son in such a situation! None but a *mother* can tell. Her son, her only child, once reclaimed, now wild with intoxication!

She stood almost paralyzed with horror. He rushed past her to his room, and then that mother's grief burst forth. "My God," she exclaimed, falling upon her knees, "have mercy upon us, upon my child!" Long she wept and prayed. Regaining somewhat her composure, she stole into the room to the bedside of her son. There he lay as he had thrown himself upon the bed, in the deep sleep of the drunkard.

Morning dawned and still he slept, and still she watched. The mid-day sun gleamed in upon the watchful mother and her unconscious son. The shades of evening approached and darkened that cottage ere he awoke to consciousness. Seeing the pale face of his devoted mother bending over him, and her eyes swollen with tears, he uttered a groan, "Oh!" said he, "I have been pursued by a demon in the form of an angel." His mother strove to quiet him, and he again sank into a deep slumber, from which he awoke with a burning fever, accompanied with delirium. And oh, how he suffered with agony of mind! He would describe Mable B., as transcendently beautiful, would ask her to sing and pray for him, then beseechingly implore her not to tempt him with wine; then clutching for a glass with a demoniac laugh, mockingly drink