

the person who wished to engage his services, and it is on this occasion we first introduce him to our readers.

The distance to the town where he was to go was nine miles. A horse had been borrowed from an obliging neighbour to make the journey more expeditiously.

"You will not be very late, dear Hugh," said his wife, as she handed him the various things he required; "I shall be anxious to know whether you succeed."

"No fear but I shall, darling. Mr Roworth's recommendation is valuable. And now, dearest Miriam, good-bye. Mother will be in, won't she?—you'll not be dull."

"Oh no,—and—Hugh, dear—" she hesitated.

"Well, love—what is it?"

"You will not forget, will you, dear husband?" She drew nearer and whispered in his ear—

"You have not been used to it long, you might forget; but be strong, won't you, dear Hugh?"

Her earnest eyes looked beseechingly up to him, her hand was laid upon his arm. Fondly he kissed her, blessed her and his little son; then sprang into the saddle and was soon briskly on his way.

Miriam looked after him till he was out of sight; then seated herself to work, laughing and singing to her boy in the fulness of her heart.

Then her mother came in, and what delight for those who had sympathised in trouble, to share in joy. How many little plans had the daughter and wife for the happiness of them all; she dilated upon being able to make her kind parent some return for all she had done. They would all live together now, if mother pleased; for they must move to be near where Hugh was to be.

"And what a mercy, dear mother, that he has become so steady, isn't it? Oh! my heart feels quite light, I am so thankful!" said the gentle wife, as she rose to set the table for tea.

"Well now, that is all settled Mr Woodhouse; you will take a glass of something, whatever you please." So spoke the agent by whom Hugh was engaged at a salary considerably above that which he had before received. At their interview the young man had evidently given satisfaction; he was to enter on his duties in a week from that time. It was true his duties would be somewhat heavy, but he never shrank from work. The prospect was indeed a joyous one, contrasted with the misery of the past twelvemonth. He longed to communicate his success to Miriam, and had already risen to quite the room.

"Thank you, sir, all the same," he replied. "I do not wish to take anything."

"Nonsense! Why, what would our bargain be without a glass to honour the occasion? Besides the night is coming on damp, and chilly; you've a long ride before you. Sit down—sit down!"

Still Woodhouse declined, firmly and respectfully.

"I tell you the truth, now," said the other, "I shall feel affronted if you refuse; you'll make me believe you've been bitten by that cursed foolish tetotal mania that so many go mad on just now. We're to be friends, I hope; and I never could make a friend of any of those I'm sure. So, sit down and help yourself."

As he spoke, he placed a stand, with different sorts of spirits, upon the table.

Hugh would fain have held to his refusal; it had been upon his lips to acknowledge the cause of his declining, but the speech of the other prevented him. A dread of giving offence where he had every desire to please, and the hatred of ridicule, which was a part of his nature, combined to induce compliance.

"One glass cannot hurt me," he thought, "and I will take no more."

He seized himself, and even then the warning voice of his wife sounded in his ear—

"Be strong, dear husband."

His compunctions between the first glass and the second were considerably lessened; and when he at last mounted to return home, though not what most persons would term intoxicated, he was decidedly *not* sober. His new friend, as he bade him good night, pronounced him "a jolly fellow."

"Hugh is very late indeed," said Miriam, as after her mother had left, she stood at the cottage door, looking out upon the dark, silent road, listening to catch the first token of his approach.

The old lady would gladly have stayed to hear what success her son-in-law had found, but it was late, and she had some distance to go.

"He said he would not stay, and he never does if he can help it," thought the anxious wife—"surely nothing can have happened."

Hour after hour passed wearily away; the second of a new day tolled forth from the church clock; the poor wife shed tears of anxious terror over her sleeping babe.

It was only in the grey dawn of morning, that a messenger, whom some one more thoughtful than the rest had sent, brought her the sad news which accounted for Hugh's prolonged absence.

In returning home, Hugh had fallen in with one who had been a companion in more prosperous days, and as it happened, was a rejected candidate for the situation which Woodhouse had obtained.

They fell into conversation. On Hugh's part the tone was slightly boastful, thanks to the liquor he had imbibed, which was beginning to take effect upon his brain.

His acquaintance was certainly not in a very amicable mood, and the high tone of the successful rival did not tend to improve it. He saw Hugh had been drinking, and, as he had heard of his signing the pledge, began to taunt him with it.

At another time, young Woodhouse would have known how to answer such insults, but the fiery spirit in his brain urged passionate replies. High words followed; and at last, as with a scornful laugh the tormentor turned to leave him, Hugh struck him furiously on the head with the loaded end of his riding whip.

The unfortunate man dropped with one sharp cry of agony. The horse, terrified, sprang forward, and ere his rider could rein him in, his hoofs dashed violently upon the head of the prostrate victim.

The shock sobered the sinful man in a moment. He sprang to the ground; he knelt by the side of the body, to all appearance lifeless, and bewailed loudly his own brutal fury.

"I have killed him! I have murdered him!" he repeated again and again; nor did he cease the self-accusation, or attempt to escape, on the hasty approach of some men who, from a little distance, had beheld the scene.

"It's like enough you have," said one of them "A downright blow wi' such a thing as that ere would kill anybody, I take it. Bear a hand here, Tom."—to his companion. "Aye, poor fellow, it's all up wi' him, I believe. You'll ha' to answer to this master; and it ain't no use a making off neither; the patrol's just a coming."

Speechless with horror, insensible to his own danger, Hugh Woodhouse made no attempt to escape, nor offered any resistance while they carried him like a felon through the silent town to the lone, dark goal. He only groaned as he muttered

"The drink! the accursed drink!"

He did not die. "Thank God," said they "Hugh Woodhouse is not a murderer." Yet it is little less fearful to slay a man's mind than his body.

A hopeless, moping, moody idiot inhabits a cell in the asylum of H—, the victim to the drunken fury of Hugh Woodhouse.

One sacrifice to that friendly glass.

To be transported beyond the seas for the term of his natural life.

So ran the sentence of that hapless man. Guilty, or not guilty? they asked; and, in a voice hollow and broken, he answered "Guilty!" For he never sought to extenuate or justify his crime. "I knew my weakness, I knew where alone lay my strength, I cast it from me. I yielded to temptation, Guilty."

God be the judge whether the one guilty of the temptation shall not one day answer that appeal.

Fourteen years have passed since that terrible night. The consistent and unexceptionable conduct of the convict have procured a commutation of his punishment. He is now returning home.

But no gentle wife will greet him, no cheerful smile nor kindly warning voice awaits him here.

That sentence bore one of death to her. Ere another summer came Miriam had done with this world; gone, may we hope, to one where we shall no more meet sorrow, trial, and temptation.

Readers ere we offer or accept "just one glass" "for luck," "for friendship," or under any other pretence, let us remember to what that one glass has too often led.—*Weekly Journal*

HOW DRINK MAKES A MAN WORK

BY A FARMER

At a temperance meeting held a few months ago, in the Athenæum, Queen-street, Wolverhampton, a speaker gave the following:—I was riding from Sheffield to Wolverhampton; in the same carriage were seated three middle-aged men, an old man about 70 years of age, and a woman with an infant child in her arms. After we had proceeded a short distance along the line, the little child began to cry, whereupon the woman immediately put her hand into a little basket, and brought out a bottle of gin and water, which she gave the child to drink. I started from my seat, and asked the woman if she knew what she was giving the child. She replied in the affirmative; upon which I told her she was giving it poison. The woman replied, "Why sir, I am now taking this child to a physician at Wolverhampton, and if I did not give it a drop of something to cheer it up, I believe it