

house, and the time was passed in melancholy and despondency. When she was dead, they opened her trunk and found a black brocaded silk dress and a few other worn articles of clothing, but no jewellery or money. The body was clothed for burial in this fitting vestment, and laid in a plain pine coffin, dark stained ; then it was drawn in a heavy wagon out to the grave plot, back two fields in the farm connected with the house. Heavens! How bare and brown that grave plot looked! There were no women among the mourners. A horribly strange company of men, inmates of the house, made up the irregular procession. One shuddered to look at them! Bloated, bleared, simple-minded and deformed! Most of them in such a condition on account of strong drink, withal a fit procession of mourners for one who had helped to bring them to such condition.

We looked along the row of lonely bare graves, some of them newly made in the red-brown sandy soil, some covered with the brown grass of a year ago. No stones marked who lay there, and few ever inquired who might be buried in this "potter's field." One thing we were sure of, many of them were the graves of drunkards. Where had the spirits departed to? Once they were bright boys and girls, whom some mother loved and fondled. They were, perchance, blithe young men and women. But drink caused them to be laid here. Drink! Drink! Drink!

How long, I ask, how long shall this work go on? How long shall we permit men to continue a traffic in the bodies and souls of men, that only prepare