

ended. There were four children still alive at the time of their mother's death, the younger two were offered a home with Mrs. Aylmer's parents on the condition that their father would never interfere with them till they were of age. He sulkily consented, because the trouble of them and the cost of their maintenance and education he knew not how to meet. The elder pair, John and Charles, were already elected free scholars at the Grammar School, through the pitying kindness of some of their friends, and they therefore took care of themselves out of school hours, and remained under the nominal protection of their father.

A rough, good-natured country girl did the work of the house, prepared the meals of the boys and herself in a very primitive fashion, and extended to them her hearty sympathy in their perplexities, and in their boyish fun.

Whatever load of trouble crushes childish hearts, there are times when youth and health conquer all surrounding difficulties; there were sunny memories in John Aylmer's mind of innocent frolics, exciting games, and playful tricks shared in by his brother and himself, sometimes in company with their school-fellows, at others with good-hearted Sue.

There were other memories, so dark, so sad, so enshrouded with gloom, that even to recall them, now that years had passed since his experience of them, was enough to chase the smile from the lips of John Aylmer.

The doctor's excesses brought on the particular form of madness to which drunkards are subject, 'delirium tremens.' His first attack came on soon after the death of his wife and his separation from his younger children. Remorse, grief, which he endeavored to drown in constant potations were the exciting causes, but neither John nor Charles, little lads of eleven and nine, nor their ignorant servant Sue, understood in the least how to deal with such a difficult case. Drunkenness in her master did not frighten Sue as it might have done a more refined and sensitive nature. She had had to manage people who were drunk many a time, she told the boys, and when Dr. Aylmer came into his house in a semi-helpless condition she coaxed him, or scolded him as she thought best, and generally managed to persuade him to lie on a sofa or go to bed, and sleep off the worst effects of his intoxication.

But when the brain of the doctor, instead of being narcotized, was abnormally excited, when he flung off restraint, when he talked wildly and madly and exhibited a degree of fury and strength that she had never seen equalled, Sue acknowledged that she didn't know what to do with him, and that John or Charles must immediately fetch a doctor.

John hurried to obey, and when he returned with the kindly medical man, who had a shrewd suspicion of what was the matter, it was to find the terrified Sue and the sobbing Charlie shut in the kitchen of the house, while Dr. Aylmer, brandishing a carving knife, appeared first at one window, then at another, threatening to kill both himself and everybody who insulted him.

For a long time after his recovery from this attack, Dr. Aylmer appeared to dread a recurrence of it: he was much more careful in his use of strong drink; some of his friends began to have a good hope of his reclamation; but as he never totally abstained, his dread faded into forgetfulness, and he dallied with his enemy.

Again and again there was imminent danger for his children and his servant, scenes were burnt into the brains of John and Charles Aylmer too terrible for human imaginings. The intellect of Dr. Aylmer grew

weak from these repeated attacks, and before his son came to Anyborough, he was the inmate of an asylum.

(To be continued.)

Mollie's Euchre Party.

(By Mrs. A. E. Maskell, in 'Ram's Horn'.)

It was Sunday afternoon, and a crowd of young people were going home from Sunday-school, when they met another crowd coming from another Sunday-school.

They paused to exchange civilities, then a bright-eyed, mirthful maiden, wanted to know how many were going to the euchre party the next evening.

'I don't know about these euchre parties,' said a young man, shaking his head. 'It seems strange if Christian people can't find amusement a little more respectable.'

'Respectable! respectable!' repeated several voices as loudly as they dared, considering it was Sunday.

'Well, if that isn't too much, when all the best society in the city play progressive euchre,' spoke up Mollie Huston, 'Why, to-morrow will be a very exclusive affair. No one is invited but the A No. Ones.'

'Everybody plays progressive euchre who is anybody at all,' spoke up Stella Shivers.

'We don't play for money,' said Carrie Lane.

'That may all be,' replied the young man, 'but I can't think anything very respectable that is so common as cards are in the lowest dens of the city.'

'You cannot attach a lack of respectability to a mere bit of pasteboard,' spoke up Nettie Rives. 'Might as well say nobody ought to eat bread and butter because it is eaten in the lowest dens of the city.'

'That is no comparison at all,' spoke up the young man. 'Bread and butter is a necessity, and has never made a man sin, while cards are the devil's own tools.'

'Come on and don't listen,' spoke up the prettiest girl of the number. 'You will come, won't you, Fred Ives?' coaxingly to another young man who was listening intently to everything that was said.

'I am undecided,' came the reply. 'I promised my mother on her dying bed that I would never play cards.'

'Ah! but she didn't mean progressive euchre.'

'I don't know. I think she didn't want me to touch them, for who knows, if I should become very fond of playing euchre, I might want to go right on and play for money.'

'I wouldn't give much for anybody so weak minded as that,' said Mollie.

'What is no temptation to one, might be to another,' spoke up the first young man. 'If we are going to pray for God to keep us out of temptation, we have no business running right into it. Many a person has fallen when he thought he was securely standing. We are all professing Christians, and are told to come out from the world and be not partakers of sin.'

'Let us go on,' said Mollie, a little angrily. 'You can't talk sense into some people.'

'Some people are a hundred years behind the times, and will always stay there,' called back Nettie Rives.

'That's an excuse used by everybody worsted in an argument,' spoke up Ella Ashton. 'I, for one, believe that Charlie Barton is right, and am going to no more card parties.'

Ella now became the target for the most scathing remarks, but was so firm in her convictions as to not make her appearance the next evening. The undecided young man was there, however.

'I thought you weren't coming,' said Mollie, gaily.

'I thought if it wouldn't hurt the rest of

you, it wouldn't hurt me,' laughed the young man.

The evening was pronounced a great success, even if Charlie Barton and Ella Ashton were not among the number, and euchre parties became such a rage that there was one somewhere every week; and no one seemed so much interested in the game as Fred Ives, who wasn't certain that it was just right.

In fact, Fred became so much interested in cards that he wanted to play them all his spare time, and began to wonder just how they played a game for money. Surely it would not be wrong to just watch a game if he took no part himself.

He soon found the places, and there was a certain fascination in witnessing games that increased so much, that almost before he knew it, he was actually engaged himself, and for money.

When he went home that first night he took ten dollars that he had won. He went again, and won, and, again, then made up his mind that he was made for that kind of life, so he smoked more cigars, drank more wine, and spent more time at the gambling table.

It soon began to be whispered around that something was the matter with Fred Ives. He didn't go to prayer-meetings any more, or Sunday-school, and was very seldom seen in the house of God at any time.

One night, a year or two later, a report spread like wild-fire through the streets: Fred Ives had shot himself, and was dying. His former companions listened to the report with blanched faces—they were just in the midst of a game of euchre.

Then word came that the dying man wanted to see them all. They swept the cards aside, and putting on their wraps, sallied forth into the street, without one speaking a word to the other all the way.

They found Fred propped up in bed with pillows.

'I—I want to tell you,' he gasped, 'It was progressive euchre brought me—where I am. But for that seemingly innocent game, I should never have touched a card.'

'I won money, and I wanted more and more, and fool that I was, I thought I'd win every time; but to-night, when I lost all, and a hundred dollars of my employer's money also, I concluded I could not face the shame and disgrace, and so—so excited, I scarcely realized what I did, I shot myself. The doctor says I may live until morning. I want to warn you before it is too late, lest some one else may be tempted and fall as I have. That's all. You may go,' and the young people fled out of the house one by one, and back into the room where the cards lay on the table.

With a shudder Mollie gathered them up and threw them into the stove, and then a young man said: 'Let us pray we may never touch such vile things again.'

Inebriety Among American Women.

If the drink traffic is not restrained in this country we predict an increase of inebriety among American women. Already the business of distributing 'bottled beer for families' is on the rapid increase, and stronger drinks may soon be included. Canteens for soldiers, saloons for citizens, liquor carts for women.—American Paper.

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