

his conscience, and spoke of his Saviour whom he had grieved. Then I spoke of his children, especially the lad who sat by him,—one of my juvenile band of teetotallers, aged 17,—and of the bad example he was setting the children. Young R—— looked up with eyes full of tears.

"He was sadly cut up by me being drunk last night, and talked so to me this morning."

"And yet you can make up your mind to go on drinking. O, R——, you may do him a lasting injury by your example now."

"Do, dear father, do, please—please do sign again," said the eldest daughter, aged 21 years, so earnestly.

I left, shaking hands with him, as usual.

"May I still come and see you sometimes? Shall I be welcome?"

He nearly cried.

At every house, R——'s fall was deplored as a calamity to our society. To cut a long story short: this morning, his wife came to me in great sorrow. I had not seen her last night. She cried and said, "He'll come back. He got drunk again last night, and now he's come to his-self again, and says, 'She spoke truth; I *cannot* be moderate.' And," she added, "G. H—— broke out last night, and lay in the gutter last night as you passed; and the boys hooted at him, and our Dick was *that* sorry for him he brought him to our house. And when my husband se'ed him, he was cut up terribly, for he said, 'She told me G. would be the next to go, and now she'll say that I 'ticed him.' And it so vexed him he took G. home his-self; and he was that hurt in his feelings, he went to the —— and drank, and came home tipsy." While she was telling me this, R——'s massive figure appeared at the front door, bringing me G. H——. G.'s face was bruised and clotted with blood. R—— looked haggard and ill. Neither of them attempted to speak. They turned their faces away. I took them by the hand and led them into the dining-room, and we had a most touching scene. G. H—— could not speak a word beyond "I broke because *he* had; I cared for nobody else when he was gone. I didn't care to stop in the society." He added, "I'd give £5 if I had'n't broke, for your sake," meaning me.

R——'s contrition and humility almost overcame me. He thought it so wonderful I should have gone after him yesterday. His self confidence had fled; his moderate-drinking theory had vanished, too. He said, "I can't drink moderately; it's no use; I got drunk again last night. 'Twill be the death of me, body and soul, and I can't stand that." So, after saying much that was most hearty in his sorrow as regarded hurting my feelings, he besought me to receive him again, adding, "We'll never touch a drop of drink again as long as we live."

I went to my room after they left, and,

after an outburst of tears, knelt down to pour out my heart to God. Thank God, teetotalism, Sunday services and the school-room meetings have *not* been in vain. The falls, the very breakings down of these fine honest men, God overrules for good. It has brought out so much hearty feeling towards me on all sides. Instead of injuring my society, it has been overruled even to strengthen these very men, and to shew them and the others that those who have been heavy drinkers cannot be moderate.—"*Haste to the Rescue*," by Mrs. Wightman.

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### The Man of Capital.

THERE is nothing more sad than to be carried like a vessel away from the straight course of principle—to be left a stranded, outcast thing on the sands of dishonor. There is nothing more pitiable than to behold a man bolstering himself up in a position he is not entitled to. "That is a man of capital," says the world, pointing to an unscrupulous and successful swindler. Capital! What is capital? Is it what a man *has*? Is it counted by pounds and pence, stocks and shares, by houses and lands? No! Capital is not what a man *has*, but what a man *is*. Character is capital; honor is capital. The world's wretched version sometimes is, "*the man makes his worth*"—makes it, they care not how—overriding others, cheating others, clever and successful roguery. But the old proverb of the good old times condemns the counterfeit, tosses the base coin aside, and proclaims "*worth makes the man*." Angels, as they look down at times on our streets, say, as they point to some one walking there, "That man is *ruined*!" Ruined! What has ruined him? Do they see him in tattered attire, with shabby dress, the ticket on his house, or the shutter on his place of business? Was he once a prosperous man—a credited millionaire? but the sand-built castles have become the sport of the tide, his wife and family beggared? No. He has all that:—town and country house, equipages standing at his door, lights of luxury gleaming from his window. Ruined! then how is this? *Ah! his character is gone*; his integrity is sold; he has bartered honor for a miserable mess of earthly pottage. He is put on the bankrupt list by all the truly great in the ranks of lofty being. God save us from ruin like this! Perish what may:—perish gold, silver, houses, lands; let the winds of misfortune dash our vessel on the sunken rock, but let *integrity* be like the valued keepsake the sailor boy lashed with the rope round his body, the only thing we care to save. Let me die; but let angels read, if friends cannot afford to erect the grave-stone: "Here lies an honest man!"—*McDuff's Sunsets on the Hebrew Mountains*.