

ing part in the church choir. His business was that of a book-keeper in an extensive dry goods establishment.

Tom had been in the liquor trade for many years, but from conscientious principles he abandoned it at a great sacrifice, and embarked in the hardware trade, at which he soon became very clever. He was about forty years of age, of a kind and generous disposition, free and open in his manners, and a useful, energetic man in all benevolent enterprises. Mrs. Turner was a comely plump little woman, about thirty-five years old, of fair complexion, and pleasing countenance, and mild, gentle temper, well acquainted with domestic economy, and gifted with a more than ordinary degree of general intelligence. I need hardly say that Tom loved her as dearly as husband could love the partner of his life and fortunes. As they had no children, they adopted Mrs. Turner's niece, a tall, graceful, pretty girl, fascinating and attractive. She was possessed of superior attainments and every acquirement to make her an excellent wife; her name was Sally Lamb,

"For Sally Lamb was tall and fair,
With dark blue eyes and chestnut hair."

On the stormy evening alluded to, she had completed her nineteenth year. She had many admirers, but Ned became the centre of her love and affection. As both belonged to the same choir, many an evening Ned accompanied her home after singing practice; the result of such singing and loving attentions was, that after a short smooth run of true love she became his excellent wife, and of course he became her loving husband. And now you have the whole group that sat in a semi-circle at the pleasant coalfire which burned in the grate in Tom Turner's cosy little dining room on the evening in question.

CRUELTY TO HORSES.

"What a stormy evening?" said Ned. "As I was passing Rennick's, the police were taking a cabman into custody for un-