

had prayed for strength against temptation and deliverance from sin were now blistered with cursing and blasphemies.

"O God," she cried in the bitterness of her anguish, "would he had died before he had left the house! Rather would I see him in his shroud than snared again in the toils of hell."

With a love and tenderness, that—like the Divine compassion of Him who came to save the lost—wearieth not forever, the heart-broken wife, unheeding the maundering and curses of the wretched man, endeavoured to soothe and calm his frenzied mind and get him to bed. One of the boys she sent for the minister, the unfailing source of sympathy and succour for the suffering and sorrowing in many a village community. When Lawrence arrived, he was shocked beyond measure to find his friend, over whose rescue he had rejoiced, lying on the floor, for he would not not go to bed, and calling for brandy, to satisfy the raging thirst that consumed him. He sent instantly for Dr. Norton, and as he knelt beside the unhappy man he registered a vow in heaven, God helping him, to fight against the accursed monster Drink while life should last.

The doctor soon arrived, and with a quiet firm authority, which even the half-crazed man felt, took charge of his patient. He treated him for acute mania, give him sedatives and soporifics, but could not ward off an attack of *delirium tremens* which soon supervened. It was dreadful to witness the sufferings of the wretched creature. The most frightful delusions haunted his mind. At times he would roar with terror as he fancied himself pursued by hideous mocking, mouthing, gibbering fiends. Then he implored the bystanders, oh, how eagerly! to save him from the horrid things, and cowering with horror he would cover his head with the bedclothes. Then starting up, he would stare with dilated eyes, as if frozen with fear, at vacancy, and make a sudden leap from the bed to escape the dreadful sight.

But worst of all was the blood-curdling, mocking laugh which rang through the room, when, like a raving maniac, the victim fancied for the time that he had eluded or overcome his ghostly foes. It was a scene which once witnessed, one would wish to never see again.

After a long illness, in which he was brought almost to death's door, he began slowly to recover. As he crept out into the sunlight, the very shadow of his former self, a nameless fear filled