

soul. Charles Wilson had won her heart, and she desired no other. Her's was a priceless treasure.

George Grant was the only child of his widowed mother. Left in poor circumstances she had to exert herself to rear and educate this, her only child. She spared no pains with his moral culture, which gave early promise of future reward. Infirm in health, she looked forward with bright anticipations to this son to be her comfort and support thro' life's weary pilgrimage, and to his strong arm to sustain her declining footsteps in her pathway to the tomb. But clouds of darkness began to gather around her. Her son, when absent from her, contracted a taste for strong drink, and for a time he seemed rapidly going to destruction.

Through the influence of kind friends, and his mother's tearful persuasion, he joined the Sons of Temperance, and a few years of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate, restored him to his own self-respect and the confidence of his fond mother and friends. Such he might have continued, but for the pernicious and criminal custom of furnishing wine on festive occasions. Possibly some forebodings of evil, dark and ominous, flitted across his mind, as the temptation had assailed him several times that day.

Very different were the thoughts of these young men as they approached the mansion of Judge B. It was brilliantly illuminated. The bright light gleamed forth through the half-closed blinds upon the cold scene without, with inviting influence, and the full rich tones of music, accompanied by Mabel's powerful voice, broke upon the ear, some time before they reached the house.

Pausing on the marble steps,

George caught the distant view of his mother's neat cottage, almost hidden by the tall leafless elms, which seemed to stand as giant sentinels to guard that quiet abode. One solitary light gleamed steadily from a window, like a bright star to the tempest tossed mariner, and with a feeling of disquietude he fancied that mother awaiting his return and longed to be with her.

Charles Wilson waited not for ceremony. With the familiarity of one who knew he was ever welcome, he at once entered, and both for a moment stood unobserved in the luxurious apartment, spell bound by its magic influence.

Mable, richly attired, was seated at the piano. Mary sat upon a low ottoman, half reclining upon the sofa, lost in her own deep thoughts. This evening she was to name the day when Charles might name her as his bride, and her heart swelled with undefinable emotion at the nearness of the time she had decided upon. One moment, and he was by her side.

George Grant stood gazing at the magnificent being before him, until, pausing to turn over a leaf in her music, she observed him. Her color heightened, as she rose to welcome him; then at his earnest solicitation she resumed her music, as he seated himself by her side. Mable had looked upon young Grant as a desirable conquest. She was well versed in female blandishments, and a skillful performer on the piano. After a time the song ceased, and lively conversation followed, when she led the way to the supper room, leaving the two lovers to their own heart communings, framing bright plans for the coming future.

The table was elegantly furnished with all that wealth and taste could devise to render it attractive and irresistible. Tempting viands