

where he fell; he died, and was in the presence of God—how? Oh, there are things that have had whisky as there beginning and there end, that make me as mad as ever it made him! The man takes a drop; and forgets his starving family; the woman takes it, and forgets she is a mother and a wife. It's the curse of Ireland—a bitterer; blacker, deeper curse than ever was put on it by foreign power or hard-made laws!"

"God bless us!" was Larry's half-breathed ejaculation.

"I only repeat ould Stacy's words," said Ellen; "you see I never forget them. 'You might think,' she continued, that I had had warning enough to keep me from having anything to say to those who were too fond of drink; and I thought I had; but somehow Edward Lambert got round me with his sweet words and I was lone and unprotected. I know he had a little fondness for the drop; but in him, young, handsome, and gay-hearted, with bright eyes and sunny hair, it did not seem like the horrid thing which *had made me shed no tear over my father's grave*. Think of that, young girl: the drink doesn't make a man a beast at first, but it will do so before it's done with him—I had enough power and enough memory of the past, to make him over Edward, swear against it, except so much at such and such a time; and for a while he was very particular; but one used to entice him, and another used to entice him, and I am not going to say but I might have managed him differently; I might have got him off it—gently, maybe; but the pride got the better of me, and I thought of the line I came of, and how I had married him who wasn't my equal, and such nonsense, which always breeds disturbance betwixt married people; and I used to rave; when, maybe, it would have been wiser if I had reasoned. Anyway, things didn't go smooth—not that he neglected his employment: he was industrious, and sorry enough when the fault was done; still he would come home often the worse for drink—and now that he's dead and gone, and no finger is stretched to me but in scorn or hatred, I think maybe I might have done better; but, God defend me, the last was hard to bear." Oh, boys!" said Ellen, "if you had only heard her voice when she said that, and seen her face. Poor old Lady Stacy! no wonder she hated the drop; no wonder she dashed down the whiskey."

"You kept this mighty close, Ellen," said Mike; "I never heard it before."

"I did not like coming over it," she replied; "the last is hard to tell." The girl turned pale while she spoke, and Lawrence gave her a cup of water. "It must be told," she said; "the death of her father prove the effects of deliberate drunkenness. What I have to say, shows what may happen from being even once unable to think or act."

"I had one child," said Stacy; "one, a darlant, blue-eyed, laughing child. I never saw any so handsome, never knew any so good. She was almost three years ould, and he was fond of her—he said he was; but it's a queer fondness that destroys what it ought to save. It was the Pattern of Lady-day, and well I knew that Edward would not return as he went: he said he knew he would; he almost swore he would; but the promise of a man given to drink has no more strength in it than a rope of sand. I took sulky, and wouldn't go; if I had maybe it would not have ended so. The evening came on, and I thought my baby breathed hard in her cradle;

I took the candle and went over to look at her; her little face was red; and when I laid my cheek close to her lips so as not to touch them, but to feel her breath, it was hot—very hot; she tossed her arms, and they were dry and burning. The measles were about the country, and I was frightened for my child. It was only half a mile to the doctor's; I knew every foot of the road; and so, leaving the door on the latch, I resolved to tell him how my darlant was, and thought I should be back before my husband's return. Grass, you may be sure, didn't grow under my feet. I ran with all speed, and wasn't kept long, the doctor said—though it seemed long to me. The moon was down when I came home, though the night was fine. The cabin we lived in was in a hollow; but when I was on the hill, and looked down where I knew it stood a dark mass, I thought I saw a white fight fog coming out of it; I rubbed my eyes, and darted forward as a wild bird flies to its nest when it hears the scream of the hawk in the heavens. When I reached the door, I saw it was open; the fume cloud came out of it, sure enough, white and thick. Blind with that and terror together, I rushed to my child's cradle. I found the way to that, in spite of the burning and the smothering. But Ellen—Ellen Murphey, my child, the rosey child whose breath had been hot on my cheek only a little while before, she was nothing but a cinder. Mad as I felt, I saw how it was in a minute. The father had come home, as I expected; he had gone to the cradle to look at his child, and dropt the candle into the straw, and, unable to speak or stand, had fallen down and asleep on the floor not two yards from my child. Oh, how I flew to the doctor's with *what* had been my baby; I tore across the country like a banshee; I laid it in his arms: I told him if he did not put life in it, I'd destroy him in his house. He thought me mad; for there was no breath, either cold or hot, coming from its lips then. I couldn't kiss it in death; *there was nothing left of my child to kiss*—think of that! I snatched it from where the doctor had laid it; I cursed him, for he looked with disgust at my purty child. The whole night long I wandered in the wood of Newtownbarry with that burden at my heart."

"But her husband—her husband?" inquired Larry in accents of horror; "what became of him; did she leave him in the burning without calling him to himself?"

"No," answered Ellen; "I asked her, and she told me that her shrieks she supposed roused him from the suffocation in which he must but for them have perished. He staggered out of the place, and was found soon after by the neighbours, and lived long after, but only to be a poor heart-broken man; for she was mad for years through the country; and many a day after she told me that story, my heart trembled like a willow leaf. 'And now, Ellen Murphey,' she added, when the end was come, 'do ye wonder I threw from yer hand as poison the glass you offered me? And do you know why I have tould you what tares my heart to come over?—because I wish to save you, who showed me kindness, from what I have gone through. It's the only good I can do ye, and indeed it's long since I cared to do good. Never trust a drinking man; he has no guard on his words, and will say that of his nearest friend that would destroy him, soul and body. His breath is hot as the breath of the plague; his tongue is a foolish, as well as a fiery serpent. Ellen, let no drunkard become your