

Lucy's father was a builder and contractor; an honest and respectable man who had brought up his children with care, at least in so far as it affected this world. He had never imagined that a daughter of his would marry a working mason, so much beneath her in education and manners, and whose whole course of life was so different from what she had been accustomed to in her father's house. But Lucy was determined to follow her own will, and despite of all that her father and mother could say to her, she took John H. for her husband. Her parents then declared that they would have nothing more to do with her; adding, that she would repent, but too late, the fatal step she had taken.

Lucy did not think that these words would so soon prove to be true. A month had hardly passed since their marriage when John returned one night from his work quite drunk. Lucy had never at her father's seen any one in such a state. One may imagine how great was her disgust, and how deeply she was wounded. She told her husband, and she felt it too, that she could never be to him as before. But what good was that? John was angry, and became so rude and disagreeable towards her, that at length she found her position altogether insupportable. In this state of things John's home had no longer any attraction for him, he gave himself up still more to drink, so much so, that the home became for Lucy a place of continual misery and suffering. What aggravated her painful situation, was, that she had not a single friend, not a soul from whom she could expect a word of