

"O Lord, come by Thy might and Thy power, cast down this great mountain—Intemperance."

"Come by famine, or by pestilence. Make it naught before Thy might; Thou alone hast the power." Thus prayed Uncle John Bretman.

"Not by might, or by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts," was whispered in the immortal ears of the dying saint, and he exclaimed, "The Lord be praised, for the Day Star from on high has visited my soul. Farewell earth, welcome heaven." And thus rejoicing he passed away. He died the death of the righteous.

How I enjoyed that drive with Fred by my side on that beautiful moon-lit eve. And I who had known so much of sorrow, wondered if souls in bliss could be happier. But alas! how soon was my cup of happiness dashed aside by the cup of—Hell; I can find no other word.

But why should I linger here? Why should I fear to tell the truth? Why did I not beg Fred to stay at home that night instead of going to the old Grey mansion, where a company of the wealthy and the beautiful had gathered.

Why did I go there that night to see him tempted beyond his strength,—to see him fall? And Blanche Challoner the first temptress!

Instinctively I saw the light of love in his eyes, and jealously I watched her power over him that evening.

How gladly proud was I to hear him politely but firmly refuse the proffered wine.

"Just one glass for my sake, Mr. Melbourn." It was a sweet voice that spoke those words, and they were only designed for Fred, but my jealous ears caught them, and my watchful eyes saw the glass raised to the lips of the beautiful girl. And as one but half awake, I saw him take the glass and drink.

The scene slowly faded from my view, and in its stead I saw my brother's deathly face as it looked that night so long ago. And afar off, as through an open door, I saw his murderer hanging.

And though I spoke no words, from my inmost soul I cried, "My son, behold what wine hath done;" and then all the scenes of my life arose before me, and Agnes Grey was not forgotten. I seemed to see her stand by the table, beautiful still, but a maniac, and with warning finger she pointed to the wine cup, and cried, "I never tasted wine, I never saw wine upon my father's table; but he is gone, and others tread these halls."