

feeling in poverty through the world. I could have begged with him, begged for him, worked my fingers to the bone, and at the last, if it had been the will of Heaven, have sat a mourning widow on his grave—ay, to the end of my own days—rather than have seen him as I did last night; not so crushed in body as in mind; unable to speak three plain words, or call me by my own name, while every drunkard in the parish shouted at his disgrace. Ooh, Michael dear, your poor sister's heart is broken intirely! I took too much pride out of him! I thought at the fair of Birr how grand he looked, taking the shine out of every one; and he so sober, his eyes as pure as crystal, his head strong, and his hand ready to save others from the usage which every palpeen in the place was able to give him last night—and all through "the drop!"

Poor Ellen felt her lover's degradation more than he felt it himself; though he *did* feel it when he saw that, however others might think of it who were as bad or worse than he, Ellen's pale cheek and wasted form proved how much she suffered. It was nearly three weeks before Lawrence was able to resume his employment, and during that time Ellen never reproached him—never said a word that could give him pain—but when he was quite recovered, and again spoke of their marriage, she at first turned away to weep bitterly, and then firmly told him "that her mind was fixed; she never would marry him until he took 'an obligation' on himself 'at the priest's knee' never to touch spirits of any kind from that day to the day of his death." There might have been a struggle in Larry's mind as which he would give up, Ellen or the whiskey. Ellen however, triumphed; he practiced total abstinence for three months. When, from faith in his oath, she married him, experience had convinced him that his tower of strength was *total abstinence*, his guardian angel his firm yet gentle wife. He never tasted whiskey from that time, and Ellen has the proud satisfaction of knowing she had saved him from destruction. I wish all Irish maidens would follow Ellen's example. Women could do a great deal to prove that "*the least taste in life*" is a large taste too much—that "*ONLY A DROP*" is a temptation fatal if unresisted.

Since the foregoing story was written, a great change has taken place in Ireland, and, by the blessing of God, in England and in Scotland also: there are many thousands at this moment who instead of striving to content themselves with "only a drop"—an experiment that failed in nine cases out of ten—never taste or touch the liquid poison. What has been the consequence? Their comforts have been augmented fourfold; they are bringing up their families respectably, giving them better clothes, better food, and better education, than their means could have permitted them to do, had they spent what they once did upon strong drinks. Many, many are the blessings they hourly enjoy, arising out of the monies of which drinking-houses are deprived. There heads are cool, while their hands are strengthened by industry sevenfold productive—industry born of temperance societies who have not laid by a little at least against "a rainy day." Proud and happy men are they who once a week visit THE SAVINGS' BANK, that tower of the working-man's strength. Proudly yet humbly do they pass by the "gin-palaces," whose glaring lights and broad windows shine in the bitter mockery upon the rags, the violence, the evil-speaking, the debilitated form and

emaciated countenances of those who are there ruining bodies and periling souls by the most debasing and least defensible of all bad habits. Of such unhappy fellow-creatures the upholders of temperance may well say, though with an unblameable and truly Christian feeling, God be thanked that we are not as other men are."

But the hero of total abstinence will not be satisfied with this; he will be content with his own prosperity; he will not say, "Stand back, I am holier than thou"—not he. He will call to mind when he too was one of the "unclean;" he will prove his gratitude for the saving knowledge he has acquired by endeavouring to impart it to others; and he will do this gently and without self-exaltation. He will be ready at all times and in all places to give a reason unto all men, to shew why he is more comfortable than his neighbours; and why; despite the "hardness of the times," he is able to multiply his "little" by the self-restraint that renders it "much." I look upon the temperance movement as one of the greatest glories of the age we live in. It was preached unto the poor by a few good men, and the poor adopted it; its influence spread upwards, and the rich have since followed the example of the humblest class.

But while I rejoice at the spread of temperance in England, and hope it may be as widely extended in Scotland, I find it difficult to write dispassionately of the *self-denial* practiced by the peasantry of my own dear country, giving up what might be termed, and with perfect truth, their only luxury—relinquishing what, according to one of their popular songs, was

"Sister and brother,
And father and Mother;
My Sunday coat, I have no other"—

discarding a habit, the growth of centuries, suddenly, and yet faithfully—is enough to warm even a stranger's heart towards the country, despite all that is said against it. The fact, that they made a resolution to which they have adhered, and give a pledge which they have kept faithfully for above six years, will surely be accepted as sufficient proof that the Irish may be trusted fully in even higher matters—they are capable of any effort for the social elevation of their country—and that the poverty and misery which have been for a series of years proverbial, cannot be much longer their burthen and reproach.

A. M. H.

THE WHITEDOVE OF THE MENOMINEES.

Mark Walker built his shanty in a pine shrub close by the Menominee River, within a few miles of its junction with Green Bay, and began his hunting and trapping in the fall of 18—. The Menominees and Winnebagoes had not yet ceded the eastern part of Wisconsin to the whites. Agents of the United States government had been tampering with the inferior chiefs, it is true and the terms of a treaty had been clandestinely proposed and accepted by them, which had created great agitation amongst the Indians, and had rendered the whites and the traitors at this time very obnoxious to these untutored sons of nature. Mark Walker for one, however, was nothing of a politician; he had no desire