

J— knew well the power of appetite, and studied to spread her table with the most wholesome food, that the diseased stomach, and weak nerves of her intellectual husband might retain their strength and health, and in time remove him from the power of temptation. The energy of her love never failed, but followed him day and night and watched with a mother's care every return of temptation. Thus happy in his home, and blessed with an angel wife, the manhood of Charles rallied, and the nobler objects of life took possession of his soul. He was happy. But a single fear haunted the heart of J—: she knew that tobacco served to keep alive the slumbering appetite for strong drink and for months she thought of no device by which to persuade her husband to abandon its use. She had learned by reading the *Scalpel* that young men afflicted with that morbid appetite are continually strengthened in their love for it, and that it finally prostrates the organic powers so greatly as to become dangerous to the offspring of such a father. She had also learned that appetites are often inherited, and she doubted not that his own fearful hankering for liquor was a curse transmitted from his father; this suggested to the faithful wife that his tobacco might cause her the anguish of losing the child her new-found hope had assured her would gladden her young heart. The idea, suggested in a woman's artless manner alarmed her husband, and his tobacco disappeared from his person; his soul was shocked at the bear thought her child should be made the victim of its effects on him. The good wife in her anxiety had no thoughts of deception, but really supposed that her morbid feelings on her husband's

failing might be inherited, and sin be fastened on an innocent immortal that knew no danger, and existed only as a testimony of the unflinching love of woman.

Time passed on. The young wife's great trial was short but fearful in its intensity, and proved to our high-souled friend how much faith had been displayed in his salvation, and how deep was the love that had hazarded life for him. He prayed God with all the warmth of young love to save his bright and beautiful wife and child. His cup of bliss was full and now that he knew a deep and soul-felt pleasure, the pride and joy he felt in his noble-hearted and devoted wife, and blooming, healthy boy, told him how trivial and worthless were the sacrifices he had made in conquering his appetites and saving his manhood. Three years passed, and I did not visit the home of my friends; but when I returned I found them in their little shady paradise on the banks of the lovely lake, near the village of G—; two smiling boys had blessed the trusting wife, and confirmed the soul-felt gratitude of the man who was now the pride of the bar in his native place, and the light of the church whose doctrines he adorned by a life spent in dispensing mercies to the poor, and causing the heart that was sad to sing for joy.

She whose eye may see this sketch will pardon me for having told you the story, for until now I have faithfully kept her secret, and watched with emotions of indescribable joy the progress and success of her labors of love.

A true hearted woman always walks by faith and not by sight, no matter that the world forsakes the object of her affections, that he stumbles and falls, and repeats his error, or that adversity overwhelms him in his career she is always in