

still Edward was absent. In short, days, and weeks, and months rolled by, and the only tidings that came was, that on the evening of the funeral, he had been seen to enter the SWAN, at a late hour, had sallied forth perfectly intoxicated, and had most likely fallen into the river! The river was dragged, but Edward's body was not found!

What days and nights of bitter anxiety and tears were now Ellen's portion: she never again raised her head in this world. Whither had Edward Lee fled? He was alive, but a vagabond and a fugitive upon the face of the earth! It appears that, for some time, he wandered in that disguise with which intemperance clothes its victims, obtaining precarious employment, and that of the meanest kind, the proceeds of which were invariably spent in liquor. In his sober moments (which were indeed "angel visits,") he thought seriously and yearningly of home, for he loved his family; but his sottish propensities kept him away. However, at length he *did* return. As the darkness of his woe increased, so would the vision of the home he had left brighten: his mind was too enfeebled to reason deeply on the change that his fall might have produced in that home! The nearer he approached, the greater was his desire to clasp his wife and little ones to his heart. Had Ellen's temper been acrimonious, he might, instead of turning his face homeward, have sought the river, vainly hoping to end his sorrows in its cold embrace; but she had ever spoken and acted forgiveness. "Where," thought he, when he saw his former residence deserted, "shall I find my family? They may be miles away! they may be in a workhouse, and I may be the cause of all their misery!" However, on inquiry, he found that they lived in an obscure part of the town. Thither he bent his steps. On approaching the indicated cottage, he saw, in the closed shutters, signs of mourning. Strange forebodings filled his mind. In answer to his trembling knock, the door was opened by a good-looking girl, decently, but poorly clad, who, upon seeing the strange-looking figure before her, started back in fear: to her surprise she heard the stranger utter her name, and the conviction flashed on her mind that he was her father. At this moment Edward saw several persons in the room dressed in funeral habiliments, and the sight revived melancholy recollections. "We have nothing to give away, good man," said one; "we must not now be disturbed—go away!" But this address was lost upon the supposed beggar, who much to the astonishment of all, made his way into the room, and then stood still, stupidly gazing on the scene. "Where is Ellen?" he asked, and a flash of crimson went and came in his cheek, and the sudden illumination of his eye was so unearthly, and the tones of his voice were so sepulchral, that it was concluded he was one attacked by fever. And so it was. The exciting scenes through which he had passed, the free potations in which he had evidently but lately indulged, and the awful apprehensions that had filled his mind, were too much for his weakened constitution. The stranger was, of course, soon known. "Tell her," he said, "that I am here—that I have come to ask her forgiveness, and to make her happy—where is she?" At this moment a noise was heard on the stairs. "She is coming!" said the delirious man, and he rose from the chair on which he had sank, as if to receive her. The door opened, and some men entered, bearing in the coffin which contained the lovely Ellen!—Even in his delirium the truth flashed upon Edward's mind, and, uttering a fearful cry, he fell back insensible. The mortal remains of Ellen Lee were committed to the tomb, "in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection;" for, in the valley of tears and death, the rod and staff of her SHEPHERD comforted her.

The unhappy Edward kept his bed, afflicted by delirium tremens. He often called for liquor, which, for some time, was as frequently administered by injudicious friends. His elder sister, from pure charity (for she was a member of a

Christian church, and she had long since ceased to regard her fallen brother with that respect which she once entertained for him,) resolved to visit him. His degradation, brought on, she said, by his own misconduct, was good reason for her feeling ashamed of him; but, although he deserved little pity, yet, since he was her own brother, there was no knowing what people would say if she did not visit him.—What to do about his poor children, she could not possibly tell—she had a little family of her own—should richer relatives take no notice of them they must go to the Union.—She would certainly read him a cutting lecture, and try to bring him to a sense of his miserable condition.

She went. As she entered his chamber, her brother fixed his languid eyes upon her without speaking. "Edward," said his sister, "do you not know me?"—"Know you? Oh, yes!" said he; "ah! ah! I think I have reason to know you, Anna! I am thirsty—I am thirsty; have you nothing to give me to drink? Ah! ah! I want something to cool my parched tongue, for I am tormented in this flame!"

"Edward," said his sister, solemnly, "do not talk thus!" "Why?" "It's not right—it's sinful." "Sinful! ah, my life has been a life of sin." "Then," said Anna, "it's high time you should repent." "Repent!" said the miserable man, "it's too late: I shall soon die—the sod will cover me, and,

"There's no repentance in the grave,  
Nor pardon offered to the dead."

"True," said Anna, who could not now restrain her tears; "but you know while there is life there is hope; an opportunity of securing pardon through the infinite merits of the Redeemer."

"Anna!" returned the dying man, "I tell you it's of no use; I've trampled too long on God's mercy; and have you not read, that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. Oh! Ellen, where thou art I shall never be!—Anna! HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR YOUR REMONSTRANCE, I had *not* been what you see me now, a miserable being, sinking into —" Here he became exhausted. Anna's sin was brought to her remembrance.

Edward Lee was visited by a worthy Friend, who was with him when he died, pouring into his ear the consolation of the gospel. This good man *hoped* that Edward died without mercy; "but," said he, "who can tell?"

#### EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS,

Delivered by Mr. James Laycock at a Temperance Festival held at Woodstock, on Wednesday the 22nd Sept., 1847.

In appearing before you, we trust, and feel assured, that we are no ranting enthusiasts, no raving fanatics, though our opponents make these charges against us, which we may probably notice by and by. No, we take our stand on the immutable principles of Science, which are as firm as the everlasting hills, and durable as the world itself. We know no higher, no safer ground, on which any cause can be founded; we repeat, alcohol is a poison, and as such, taken as a beverage, it is a dire foe to the performance of the healthy functions of those admirable organs which constitute the human system. I beg here to call your attention to a most lamentable error, into which men, from whom we would have hoped better things, have fallen, which is confounding stimulation with strength. That ignorant people should fall into this error is almost a consequence of their ignorance, but that men of science, and medical professors should have fallen into this general error and still retained in the 19th century, illustrates most strikingly the force of habit, and the inveterate nature of prejudice, and it has been left to Teetotalers, if not to discover, at least to disabuse the public mind of this most pernicious and destructive error. Disease, and excitement, in some cases give momentary