

"At eve, when gloom and sorrow reign  
 Within the drunkard's cot,—  
 Where mourns his wife, once bright with smiles,  
 Heart broken, and forgot,—  
 'Tis then she hears his bitter oaths,  
 On raging tempests borne,  
 In withering cadence seem to float  
 Around her faded form;  
     Her faded form,  
     Her faded, faded form."

Mrs. Holyday arose from her seat, and passed into the other room to conceal her fast falling tears from Parks and her husband. As she turned from the instrument, she saw John had covered his face with his hands, and was weeping bitterly from the effects of the music, which seemed to touch the only sensitive chord remaining in his bosom.

Parks, without uttering a word, took his hat, and went home with the settled determination never to take Mrs. Holyday's piano at any price.

Holyday remained at home for several days, and manifested a disposition to abandon his habits of dissipation, and make amends by providing for his family.

"My dear wife, how could you sing those verses yesterday in the presence of Mr. Parks?" asked Holyday, the next morning, when he was sober.

"I don't know; I am astonished at myself when think of it. But I felt very deeply injured in view of his treatment to the family, and I thought then of no better way to express my feelings than to sing that hymn. Did you think it out of place?"