

drunkard. A more miserable family never dwelt in that town. Charity had often rendered its members material aid, and effort after effort had been made to reclaim the degraded parents, but in vain. And now intemperance had added another ruined household to its catalogue of crimes.

"I will take you over and bring you back," promised the caller. "The storm is severe, but my carriage will protect you."

Within ten minutes, the pastor was on his way to the funeral. He had never ridden in such a storm before. Sudden gusts of wind almost lifted the carriage from the earth. The fearfulness of the storm was exceeded only by the wretchedness of the scene in the house of death, where the woman had been suddenly called away after drinking to excess. On arriving at the house, the pastor found two women and three men neighbours, who had kindly left their homes to render assistance in that dreadful hour. The house stood on a hillside, and was destitute of every comfort. The fierce winds roared through the naked branches of the trees around it, and the dilapidated old dwelling trembled and creaked under their power.

As the pastor announced that he was ready for the service, one of the women led two little children into the room, a girl of five years, and a boy scarcely three; and seating them in front of the minister, remarked, "These are all the mourners."

No words were necessary to deepen the impression produced by those two emaciated, sickly-looking