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J. J. S.

A VISIT

TO

The Spring on the Hillside;

OR

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

BY R. T. K.

HALIFAX, N. S. :

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A Visit to the Spring on the Hillside;

OR,

The Temperance Question.

CHAPTER I.

THE WIFE'S APPEAL TO LEGISLATURE.

"Oh for a gleam of light
On the home—on the friendly hand,
That pours in kindness the burning draught
That maketh a desolate land."

I step from the back door alone, for I cannot explain to my sisters what prompts this visit to the spring on the hillside. I once looked as carelessly as they do now upon these scenes, but absence has endeared them to me, and their memory is almost sacred now. So I look longingly at the old evergreens, and wish their outstretched branches would hide me from enquiring eyes; and while I wish I have gained the hiding place, and have only to ascend the hill and stand beside the spring.

What wonder that my mind goes back to the days of my childhood, as I look upon these scenes. There stands the old tree where I have gathered nuts, and there is the old oak where I played years ago—not so many years ago either, for I am not old. This is my first visit home since marriage.

I love my husband. I wish he did not drink wine, and was a Christian like my father; but he is a good man, and I dare say he will not be a drunkard, if father does say he is on the road to it.

And now I stand where the water is falling off a jut of rock, and I stoop and kiss the clear water, though I am not the least thirsty.

A clear laugh rings out through the woods, and here comes my sisters, my brother, and my husband. "We watched you, we followed you," came in a breath. "And oh, we have such a plan; we are going around the road to have our fortunes told.

Old Mrs. Philips is the fortune-teller; you never heard of her! She was rich once, or her father was, and lived in the same town where you do; but he took to drink, spent his money, and at last sold rum to support his family."

"That is the way she came to marry Philips; you know girls generally marry on a par with their fathers and brothers." "That is the way you came to marry such a good noble fellow," chimed in my brother.

And then we all laughed and climbed the fence, and were soon in the presence of the fortune-teller.

My husband was introduced as a gentleman to whom my sister was engaged—while I was a friend—and she was to tell if the fates were for or against their marriage; and she made me interfere with my sister's engagement, and marry my husband, in a way that sent us home almost sure she was a witch.

The village where my father lives boasts of a restaurant, and we pass it on our way home. My husband invites us to call and take a glass of wine. My sister and myself refuse at once. My brother hesitates; my husband laughs at his "old-fashioned notions," as he calls them. "Why Ben," he says, "our family have always drank wine, and there is not a drunkard in it."

The dinner-hour passed pleasantly. My brother and my husband were all life and wit. I alone felt sad. Oh, why did the story of the fortune-teller fall so powerlessly upon the ears of those who needed the warning? Why did I receive that which might have saved others? "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

If pleading headache or heart-ache could have kept my husband from the party that night, I certainly should have excused myself; and happy as I may have appeared that evening, I would gladly have changed places with the poorest beggar in the street, if by so doing I might have found happiness.

We returned home next day, and everything went as usual. I could not see the danger and tried to think there was none. Never had an unkind word been spoken to me by my husband. Love had always ruled our home.

Invitations to Mrs. Morton's party; we must go of course, and thus it was settled. A friend called that afternoon, and my husband went out with him, saying he would come home in time to dress for Morton's, and we would go in the carriage. I had waited some time when my husband's sister, Bessie Melbourn, called, dressed for the ball, and persuaded me to walk with her, as my husband would certainly follow. I decided to do so.

I went to Mrs. Morton's that evening with a vague feeling of

unrest. But what was my surprise to find my husband there before me. When I entered the supper-room, there stood my husband, giving vent to a speech in which religion, politics and obscenity each had a place. Imagine my feelings when he turned and addressed me in a tone in which drollery, mimicry and foolishness were mixed. "See here, marm, Mrs. Morton 'ere says she think I'm rather gifted for a select circle like this—has given some very judicious hints, very delicate is madame, thinks maybe you'd like to go home," and here he drawled out his words in imitation of the coaxing voice of Mrs. Morton to perfection.

Think you I went home that night to sleep? Think you, as I listened to the heavy breathing of him who had promised to protect me from the storms of life, and thought of him as wrecked or stranded upon the shoals of intemperance—think you I could have prayed for the rulers of my country? Think you I would have changed places with you? Nay—for all the honors, the homage of this world, I would not occupy a place of such responsibility unless I could put down intemperance.

"Hath the sceptre departed from Israel? Hath the God of Jacob forgotten? Can nothing be done to save my husband, must he die for the sin of his parents—must he be the victim of his country's mistake?"

"What is thy beloved more than another? Who art thou that shouldst question thy rulers? Can I see my husband ruined? Can I see my children beggared? Nay, but who art thou, a drunkard's wife? And who made that husband a drunkard? His parents. And who upheld them?"

My country's rulers who cry peace! peace!

And wave a sword high in air;

Nay more,—suspend that sword

By a single hair!

CHAPTER II.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

It will be difficult for the reader to imagine that twenty years have passed by since the events narrated in the former chapter occurred; and that Bessie Melbourn there alluded to is now Mrs. Dunkin, and a widow.

That almost young man is her son. Of their circumstances we will judge by their conversation.

"Yes, my son, you will have to hire out, and I hope you will shun the drunkard's drink, my boy. I have a story to tell you before you go away from home." Will Dunkin looked up to listen. Knock, knock at the door. Will opened it, and in came a gust of wind that sent the ashes out over the hearth, and the smoke out into the room,—but for all that Mrs. Dunkin saw a fat, jocular-looking man, and said "walk in!"

The man came in, looked around, sat down, talked of the times, seemed interested in all she said, and at last said he wanted to hire her boy. A man told him he would hire, so he called.

"It don't make any odds whether I make the bargain with you or him, or both,—my old lady wouldn't care, not a bit," and then he had some fine girls too. "Maybe your boy would take a shine to one of them. Well I don't care if he is a good fellow." And so the bargain was made earnest, though tempered with fun.

"One of my men's coming this way the first of next week, and he'll call for you. Good bye."

"Well," said Will, "I don't think he's cross; he seems so pleasant."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dunkin, "he seems pleasant enough; I only hope he is a temperance man, but he don't look like it."

"Tell me that story now, mother, and if it is a good one I'll have it printed," said Will, with a laugh, for he had begun to think he was too large to be interested in any story his mother could tell.

"No, my son, it is my own story,—your grandfather's history."

"Whew! Robinson Crusoe! let us hear it then."

"Your grandfather was a doctor, and loved his profession, but he loved money better than anything else. So he opened a rum shop, and his brother,—my uncle,—who was a druggist, kept it. I called it a rum-shop, though it appeared like all those respectable houses where liquors are sold wholesale and retail.

Neither my father or his brother drank of the poisonous stuff, while they dealt out misery and death in a cold calculating way that I cannot excuse. They went from one step to another, until he became a thief. Not that he sold the rum or robbed his victims himself, but he shared in the profits, and thus brought a curse upon his children.

Could you have seen my brothers,—first one, and then another,—fall victims to the demon, Intemperance. Could you have seen them as they left this world, cursing not only their parents, but the God that made them,—tormented even in this

world by demons that had, as they declared, come to carry them to hell. Could you have seen my beautiful sister fall victim to the same monster—Intemperance.

Not that my father planned this. No, he would by tearing down others, build his name upon the ruins.

But the mark of Cain was upon him, and sometimes I think the curse of God must be upon his generations forever. But still, my son, I know you need not share in the curse; you need not be the rumseller or his drunken victim. I can only pray God to make you the means of wiping out the curse which the drunkard-maker leaves to future generations."

Will's mother ended her story thus abruptly; and they both sat in silence, each busy with their own thoughts.

She, since her husband's death, had struggled along in her poverty,—Will attending school most of the time; but now it was necessary that he should leave home and go to work for the next six months. After that he would attend school another term, where he hoped by hard study to acquire enough education to commence teaching school himself.

Both Will and his mother decided that work on a farm would be most beneficial, as it would give him plenty of open air exercise, be attended with little expense, and he would have a nice little sum of money coming in from his wages, with which they could get along nicely the next winter.

Mr. Wilder, for this proved to be the name of the farmer with whom Will Dunkin had hired, sent for him as he had promised.

Will not only found Mr. Wilder opposed to temperance, but also desirous of sharing in the profits to be derived from liquor selling.

He did not seem anxious to engage in the business without a partner, and finding Will possessed of what he termed "a business turn of mind," he soon unfolded his plans to him, which were as follows:—that Will should take possession of a house belonging to Mr. Wilder, and situated upon one of his farms, and open a grocery store, and sell rum over the counter. "Keeping a grocery is respectable, but it's the liquor that brings the cash," said Mr. Wilder, "you'll get rich, and then you'll be able to make your mother one of the greatest ladies in the land."

Mr. Wilder could not understand why Will's eyes flashed such an angry glance, or why his foot came down with a stamp, for the next moment he answered humbly, though earnestly, "I cannot, Mr. Wilder, I cannot be the rumseller or his drunken victim."

Soon after this Wilder brought home an Irish boy named Jim

Magee; that he received and accepted 'the offer which Will Dunkin refused, will be seen by the following conversation.

"I am very glad you don't drink," said Mr. Wilder, "I know I have offered you liquor a good many times, Jim; well, I like to have people know they are welcome, then they can do as they like. I believe it's better for you not to drink any kind of liquor, especially if you let me plan for you, I'll set you on your feet in no time."

A few days after Mr. Wilder left the depot with a barrel of flour and a cask of molasses, but came home minus flour, molasses, coat, hat or vest, having made a mistake and left them in a neighbor's door-yard.

"Arrah," said Jim, the next day, as he was bringing them home, "it's a pity the masther couldn't kape his own fate."

"I've been thinkin' about the offer yez made me," said Jim to Mr. Wilder that afternoon, "me boord for me worruk, and not a thing to be doin' but sit and sill rum." "Well," he continued, "what betther way could I be wantin' to support meself and me mother? Sure I've heard her say me father spint all his money for the spirit, and why shouldn't I be afther gitten it back the same. And I think yez and missus was right whin ye said Bill Dunkin and his mother desERVE to starve for not 'ceptin' yez kind offer."

"So you will take the house, will you?" asked Wilder.

"Thank ye and I will," answered Jim, promptly.

"The fellow that lived with me year before last built it, and he would have made his 'ned,' only his wife was so infernal extravagant that he had to give up." Mr. Wilder did not think proper to add that debt drove the poor fellow from the country, and left him in possession of a sung little building, which never cost him a cent.

* * * * *

Years have rolled by, and I have visited the old home many times. It is true I see changes there, but I shall ever look upon it as sacred to the memory of my childhood.

Ah! there are changes here too. There is a mound in the graveyard, and though it is at my husband's grave I go to mourn, I have not the sweet thought to solace me, that for him to die was gain.

Look where I will for comfort, think what I will, it is the drunkard's grave. I am so lonely to-night; I will go to brother Ben's office, and sit down and talk a while with him. Little do I dream of what this black night shall bring forth, and now after years have passed by, I can only tell it in this way:—

There they sat in the lawyer's office—the lawyer and the rumseller—for brother Ben was a lawyer then, and Ned Melbourn, my deceased husband's brother, was a rumseller. There was a bottle of wine and glasses on the table.

"Didn't that fellow lecture last night?" said Ned Melbourn.

"Yes, he came down rather hard on some in this town," answered brother Ben.

"Didn't he, though; it has been the custom of our house," continued Melbourn, "to take Bill Dimer to every temperance meeting in town, and then we would have a good time next night. You see Bill would deliver the lecture over better than new. We have had some of our best nights after one of Bill's lectures, but last night there was not anything we wanted to hear again."

"No, I should think not,—it was a string of curses upon the rumseller from beginning to end," said Ben.

Ned Melbourn drained his glass. "Why don't you drink? I brought a bottle of my best."

"I am not going to drink another drop of that stuff."

"Well I thought so too last night; thought I'd quit the business."

"You stop selling liquor! No, Satan won't let you. If your father had left you a good honest business you would have left it as I did mine, and I would have been a richer and a better man to-day if I had never left the old place."

"Yes, but do you know that fellow has an object over and above his business; he is heir to half my property,—that is, Bessie's son. You know father disinherited her when she married Dunkin. But when Dunkin died, father willed Bessie's son half the estate; so he has turned up now just twenty-one, do you see? And I want you to help me."

The half drunken man leaned over the table, and whispered, "if you'll help me put him out of the way I'll give you one thousand dollars. We've always been good friends; I've always helped you when you wanted money."

Had he been less under the influence of liquor, he would have seen enough in his companion's face to silence him. But he saw nothing, thought of nothing, but how to save his money.

"It's no more than the old man did. Didn't I see the glass after she had taken the last she ever drank,—Kate, I mean,—you remember she died suddenly. It was Bess who gave it; of course she didn't know it was poison. Father did it to save the family from disgrace. Now if you can get him here, help him, you know, be his lawyer; the fellow can be got rid of, and—"

But the shocked face of the lawyer became stern, and he said, "Stop! why have I let you go so far? Have you not beggared my sister? Have you not ruined her son? What a cursed business! How dare the son of a murderer claim my sister as his wife,—have we not suffered enough already? No! you would drag the whole family down with you; make a murderer of me! I tell you I will help that boy if it beggars me."

* * * * *

In his native village, some miles away, on the evening in which the foregoing events transpired, Will Dunkin was delivering a lecture, part of which the reader shall have:—

"Edward, King of England, brought a poet to Scotland to celebrate his victory over that country. The result was, the Scots took the poet away from him, and made him sing the victory of Bannockburn. Now this in itself was a mighty victory, and is just what we want to do.

We want to make those who sing to the victory of rum, aye, and dance to the victory of it,—we want to make them sing to the victory of Temperance. But we cannot. Why? Because this King Alcohol, who has marched into our country, is not conquered yet; it is true he has received some wounds, but not deadly ones.

No crowned head has yet taken the field against him, though he is our country's mightiest foe. How is he to be conquered is a question so old, so long discussed, the foe so mighty, that some have given over in despair, because they cannot persuade men to be wise.

Again we are told, when we can arrest the lightning, still the thunder, turn back the sea, then we may hope to persuade men to touch not, taste not, handle not that which burns the brain, ruins the principles, unfits men for heaven, fits them for hell!

Then we must look to our Legislature. More than half the numbers which compose that body belong to the enemy.

What then are we to do? Was I in the presence of my sovereign,—was that ruler the mightiest monarch earth ever knew, I should not fear to throw myself at his feet, and plead my country's cause.

I would plead the groans of fathers, the tears of mothers, the cries of the widow and the fatherless, and the martyrs who are daily offered upon the shrine of the Demon Alcohol."

* * * * *

While you are yet speaking another martyr is added to the list of thousands. And there in the gray dawn of morning they found me,—palsied in brain and heart, with scarcely more of

life than he whose head I had held the long night. This was too much. My over-tasked strength gave way. Months passed ere reason returned. What wonder! Only a few weeks had passed since I had watched over the death-bed of my husband. Alone I had watched him die the most horrible of drunkard's deaths. And the fear that my son was treading the path that leads to the same end, was enough to set a stronger brain on fire.

But of all who listened that night, no happier heart was there than that of humble Bessie Dunkin's. "A wise son is the joy of his mother."

We have seen her son push his way through poverty and temptation, until he had taken his stand, and is pleading his country's cause. And thus her prayer is answered, for she feels that from her name and generation the curse of Intemperance is forever washed away.

CHAPTER III.

THE GROANS OF FATHERS.

That a crime has been committed the reader doubtless is aware. But a knowledge of the misery with which that event fills hitherto happy hearts, can only be obtained by a visit to an old mansion some hundreds of miles from the scene of the crime.

In this abode of wealth and happiness the reader will meet old Mr. Grey and his daughter Agnes, the betrothed bride of Ned Melbourn; also Rev. Thaddeus Grey, who preaches in another town, but is now visiting his father and sister. He has thrown off the clergyman entirely, and become a boy at home again, as he says. What with boating, fishing, driving, and a little harmless flirting, he is as much a man of the world as it is possible for a clergyman to become. Just now he has thrown himself down in the cool shade of the syringia bushes, where he would have lain in quiet enjoyment of his cigar, but for the fact that old black Jake had got down on his knees just over the fence, the other side of the bushes, and was pouring forth his grievances into the ears of our common Father, thus:—

"Lawd, we's got de greatest trouble down heah on dis buful earf you has made. We spected de millenium right off when 'Merican slavery were done gone 'way. But how could de Lawd Jesus reign on dis earf when 'twas cursed wid rum. O bressed Lawd, I was 'joiced when me and de little ones all got free and

togeder agin. But now, O bressed Lawd, dem boys gits drunk, and dey is ten times wus 'an if de 'Mericans had um all agin, just on 'count of dis cursed rum. O Lawd, if ye wants to specilly bress dis earf, do send de Spirit and tell temperance folks what to do. Amen. O Lawd, prease do help us 'bout de rum, cos dem as wants to help don' know nuffin what to do."

As the poor old negro ended his prayer, the Rev. Thaddeus Grey, who had been a listener, communed thus with himself:—"Well, it's passing strange; all nations, kindred and tongues are praying for the same thing. I don't know what I am to do; I cannot preach without my wine,—that is certainly true. I have tried to abstain, God knows."

Yes, God alone knows, for you take care nobody shall profit by the lesson you have learned. Take care, brother; old Mr. Marven blames you for his son's downfall, and you told him you did not order him to take laudanum, you only advised him to take a little wine just as St. Paul did on one occasion. Oh shame, brother! If that honored saint had given advice followed by such results, he would have gone on his knees before the churches, and the story of his repentance and humiliation would have been left upon record.

You advised a little wine,—he drank a little in your study, went into the pulpit, preached the sermon. He told you he was too tired to preach. Tired! he wanted rest, not wine. He took wine again, then brandy. When he fell, you said, "Poor fellow, I feared he was not the right stamp. I feared he had not the firm principles necessary for so great a work. I hope it will be for the glory of Christ's kingdom." Then cast him off. You never gave him your hand; you never said, "Overcome, brother, we will overcome together." Time passed. He became a sot; as much higher than the common drunkard as he had been before, so much lower he became. At last when rum was refused, he took the laudanum you did not order. Death followed.

But on this bright morning, the veil which hides the future has not been lifted. There is nothing to tell the father of that which is so swiftly and surely coming upon his children. Both to be consigned to the maniac's cell. The son never quiet except when with pencil or chalk he is scribbling upon the floor of his cell the doom of the drunkard. The daughter, gazing upon an imaginary wine-cup, and protesting, "I never tasted wine." So old Mr. Grey, dreaming of the happiness and safety of those two children so dear to him, praised God for deliverance from evil.

"What reason I have to bless God. He has preserved my

family from the curse of Intemperance, while I see so much of the evil effects of this vice around me."

"What shall I render Thee, O God, for all Thy mercies?" So mused old Mr. Grey, little dreaming of the habit which was fast gaining the mastery over his loved son, which was so soon to ruin his bright prospects. At first only whispers came, too soon followed by himself, for he could not bear the disgrace, so he came to hide in the old home which he had left so happily,—bringing despair with him, for he had thrown off the hope of reforming. Every door of usefulness he looked upon as closed to him.

Friends who would have sympathized with him he treated with coldness. Thus, shut up alone with himself, reason forsook her throne, and he became a maniac.

Friends mourned with the aged parent, and the beautiful Agnes Grey feels sorry that she must leave home so soon. She will coax her dear father to go with her when she is married. She knows Mr. Melbourn will be glad to have him in their home.

Dream on, fair girl, a serpent is in thy path,—you too must fall victim. Nay, father, place not thy affections on things of earth. Ask not, why hast thou done this? You have prayed for the cause of Temperance, the cause must have its martyrs. "What is thy beloved more than another?" Did not the righteousness of the Redeemer prompt his enemies to put him to death?

Yet by so doing they carried out the plan of redemption, and helped to clothe the world with that very righteousness they so hated,—the righteousness of Christ. So must Intemperance have its victims, its thousands of martyrs, and through their blood must temperance wade to victory. May such thoughts as these comfort thee, poor father!

One morning as old Mr. Grey read the morning paper, an announcement met his eye which made him drop the paper and groan. The next moment, thankfulness filled his heart. "She is saved; O Father, I thank thee, but how shall I tell her?" Aye, tell her, old man, but know that henceforth a maniac's cell shall be her home. Again he read:—

"HORRIBLE MURDER AND SUICIDE.

Yesterday morning it was discovered that Lawyer Blakeny was murdered in his office on No. —, — St. Detectives were on the alert for the murderer, but no clue was discovered until to-day, when Mr. Edward Melbourn was discovered hanged in

his own house. In his pocket was found a written confession of the murder of Blakeny. In his confession he coolly states his reason for the act, and says he first got angry with him because he (Blakeny) would not drink, and then he would not promise to help him murder his nephew, who, it seems, is heir to half the property which was in his possession.

The murder was first discovered by the widow of a brother of the murderer, and a sister of the murdered man. She has been in a state of delirium ever since. It is thought when she recovers she will be able to throw more light on the facts already stated. As she left home early in the evening, and as her bonnet and shawl were found in a closet opening from the office, it is supposed she stepped into the closet when Melbourn came in, as she had reasons for not wishing to meet him.

Later, we learn the nephew is no other than Mr. Will Dunkin, the famous temperance lecturer. We have it from good authority that Melbourn has been in a state of partial drunkenness for a week, and no doubt remains that he was under the influence of strong drink when he committed the murder. The death of Melbourn will put our lecturer in possession of a vast amount of what he calls the 'Demon Alcohol.'

* * * * *

"Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
What will he do with his rum?"

"Vell, now, I'll tell you vot he'll do; he'll go up on der ruf. of der house und call town vire from hefen like as vat dem worses in de Biple dells 'bout Paul."

"Pshaw! now Dan you'd better talk 'bout what you knows, 'twas Moses."

"Yes, so 'twas,—Moses and 'Lias."

"Well, I reckon if you fellers means Dunkin and Melbourn, the heirs to that hotel there, if Dunkin calls down fire 'twill burn Fred up, for he'll be too drunk to come out, ha! ha!"

While this talk was going on, Dunkin and Melbourn were planning what to do with the liquor. "Come," said Will, "you had better help me, Fred; be a man, don't care who sees you; it will give you strength; we will turn it into the river."

CHAPTER IV.

THE TEARS OF MOTHERS.

And now, reader, let us go back to Jim Magee, the Irish boy. It is Saturday night, and he is, with Mr. Wilder's help, carrying in his first cask of rum. Mr. Wilder is under the influence of something he has obtained at the numerous places he has taken Jim, to show him what to do when he sets up for himself, the following week. "Now Jim, that rum will bear watering; you had better draw some off in jugs and bottles, and water it 'discrately,' as the Paddy said." Jim opened his eyes wide, and said, "why, shure, does the rumseller chate them as dales with him that way? I was brought up honest, shure." "Ha! ha! you'll get over that. I'll look in again after tea," said Wilder.

After Mr. Wilder had gone, Jim began to look around for something to kindle a fire with, for the autumn nights were cold. Until now he had not realized his position. To pay for his board or cook for himself. But then he would not be alone; customers would be calling, and then it would be so grand to have a place of his own, so Mr. Wilder had said. "So faith, I'll cook me own and ate loike a gintleman; I'll be indipindint, I will."

Alas, for poor Jim's independence! He soon found he had nothing to cook, but a barrel of rum, and no excuse for cooking that, for Mr. Wilder had already told him it was too strong; and if it was necessary to boil it down he had neither pot nor kettle.

"What, not opened yet! You are a smart fellow. Here I've brought Sam and Ike, and four or five others are coming." It was Mr. Wilder's voice, that roused Jim from an unpleasant reverie into which he had fallen.

"Shure, faith, and I didn't expect anybody to-night to buy rum,—not before Monday."

"Well, we'll open it," and Mr. Wilder caught the axe that Jim had been splitting sticks with for his fire, and without further notice, broke in the head of the cask, exclaiming, "here, boys, help yourselves!"

While the boys are helping themselves to the liquor, we will visit the homes of some of them. We will first go to the home of Isaac Randal, or Ike, as he is called by his set.

What! the wheel is not going to-night. I wonder what may be the matter with Mrs. Randal? She may not be sick,—she may be patching Ike's clothes. Oh no! he does not wear patched clothes. We will go in at the back door, she will excuse us; it

is no use to knock, she will not hear us, for she is lying insensible upon the lounge in the hall.

We will go back a few years. Lettie Burns had been well brought up, married early in life, made a good match,—for Elick Randal was the son of wealthy parents, and he also inherited a fortune from his grandfather. What better prospects could any one wish! But alas! that which ruins like a blight swept over them. Business was neglected; money squandered; the gaming table had its share, but rum carried him to that table. He was ruined, soul and body. Death called for him, and some said it was a pity he did not die before.

And so it was, if all the misery caused by strong drink had died with him,—but that could not be. He had drank himself to death, but he had left those behind to suffer. That carpet taken up and sold tells a tale of want and suffering. That boy, almost man, idle while his poor mother spins. How she would hide the truth of their poverty; and he the proud son of proud parents, now gone with the last quarter to purchase something for supper, or rather dinner, for he went out early this morning; and she has not seen him since.

She was sick from over-anxiety about him before he went out, now she lays in that death-like sleep, to be awakened by his drunken song, when he comes home from Jim Magee's, or rather Wilder's rumshop.

Such is the story of many a wife and mother, who, but for strong drink, might be happy.

"I am glad you have come in out of the rain," said Mrs. Wilder, one Sunday. "Where have you been, you ain't wet either?"

"I, by golly, I've been to prayer meeting; I was just praying when that first clap of thunder came; maybe I was wicked. I was just thanking God for all the good things he has given me, and most of all for brandy."

"Why, Mr. Wilder, you ain't been over to Jim's shop spending Sunday among a set of rowdies! Now I must say if you've got a failing it's that you ain't particular in the company you keep, and if this should get out it would be a disgrace, I say."

"Well, there wasn't any women there to tell it; that is, nobody but Joann Rollins and Abby Welch, faith! I believe they were there when I prayed, though."

"Well, I'm sorry; there is Abby, she lives at Squire Davidson's, and she'll tell them, Mr. Wilder, and they are such temperance folks too."

"No, she don't live there, she's going on the mountain looking for a place."

"Well, I am glad she don't live there; I hope it won't get out, that's all." And she took up the newspaper. "Well it beats all," she continued, "how those fellows get into the papers; he is going to lecture in the old meeting house next week, so this paper says. Old Mrs. Hall says he and Fred Melbourn turned all their rum into the river; she saw an account of it in some Temperance paper. She says, Melbourn's a son of the woman who found Blakney murdered. Don't you remember, she went crazy, or nearly so? This son of her's was a great drunkard. She's only got three children."

The girls went to their grandfather's when she got so poor. Old Mrs. Hall says it seems queer how all the property came back to her—or her children—it's all the same. She says it's, I don't know how much, but it's thousands of dollars, besides houses. Dunkin will stop at Davidson's. By the way, Mr. Wilder, did you ever settle that little difference that was between you?

"I think there was a dollar or two between us."

"Well, you had better pay it, if it is not outlawed; maybe he'll leave the account at Davidson's, and you know they are people of honor,—and Mark might leave Eliza. It would not do to lose such a match for a dollar or so. Mr. Wilder, I think you had better go to the lecture and invite Mr. Dunkin home with you; it will look well, as he used to live here when he was a boy."

"It's hard work for my old limbs, this pickin' up wood. Shure I thought to have Jim with me this winter, but he thinks he's doin' better work. Curse the man that led him into it, 'twill be the ruin of him, that's shure." And the face of the old woman took a hard expression upon it. On that face was imprinted a record of toil and suffering such as is known only to the wives and mothers of drunkards.

"Good mornin', Misses Magee."

"Good mornin', Misther Ragan,—did your boy hear from Jim?"

"Ay, more'an hear'n from 'im, he seen 'im."

"And what did he say of him?"

"He says he thinks, bein' as he's savin', and don't drink himself, he'd make a good thing of it if Wilder 'ud let him alone, but he spends most of his time in the shop, and gets drunk and wastes the rum, and folks say as how he's lookin' out for the profits."

"More's the pity it waren't all wasted;" and with these words the old woman picked up her arms full of wood and walked slowly homeward.

* * * * *

"Well, Tressie, you have come home."

"Yes; Reves did not make my boots, as he promised. Where is Sylvester?"

"He's at Magee's."

"Does he go there much, Bertha?"

"He is there most of the time."

"Oh, for shame! when he might give his money to you, Bertha; you could do so much for the family."

The two sisters were an exact contrast as they stood there. Tressie flushed and angry, at the conduct of her brother, while her older sister's pale, sad face told a silent story of its own.

"He was a good boy oncë, he would be again if it was not for rum."

"He might let rum alone then. I can't excuse him or I won't."

Bertha did not reply. She was the eldest of twelve children left motherless at an early age. She had taken charge of the whole family. Her father was a hard working man, and would fain have made his son the same; but Magee's or rather Wilder's rumshop had done its work.

"I think you had better try to do without the boots. I lack two dollars of enough to pay for a barrel of flour."

"Well, father, I can't go out to work any more if I can't get the boots, and Bertha needs my earnings."

"Come, Ves, bear a hand, I know you'll beat me, it's so long since I played a game of cards," said Mr. Wilder, and he laid down four dollars.

Sylvester Young gracefully covers the money. When the game was over, Mr. Wilder pocketed eight dollars, saying,

"Never mind, Ves, you'll beat me next time."

"Uncle John's coming next week," said Mr. Wilder one day to his wife. "I've got a letter from him. I suppose he'll call me Georgie, and give me no end of good advice, just as he used to do. Poor Uncle John."

Poor George Wilder, how unlike the good little boy, brought up by a Christian man, is the drunken George Wilder. But people said he did not drink to hurt him. It was true he got drunk sometimes; but then, it made him keen. He never lost money by it.

He was rich in this world's goods, and friends gathered around him. Stronger men who never got drunk, called him a little

fast. Weak men held him up to prove that a man might get drunk, and yet be respectable. Poor men like Mr. Young groaned over the wrecks his influence made; for to all appearances Sylvester Young might have been the stay of his father and sisters, but for Magee's rumshop. And this, Mr. Wilder well knew.

And now he wished Uncle John would do anything else but come to see him. But his shame and sorrow could not keep Mr. Bretman away any more than it could keep George Wilder from drinking when he could get liquor to drink. So he came.

He was a bright, smart, old man, and soon saw how matters stood. He did not worry George with remonstrance; advice he knew would be useless. If he could stop the sale of liquor there; if he could save that poor boy who sold it, his visit would do some good. But his heart ached for his nephew, and he exclaimed in anguish of spirit, "Why, oh Lord, why is he so fallen?" and he might have received for an answer, "What is thy beloved more than another? The earth is polluted by this curse." "Why should he escape while others fall?" So the old man nerved himself for his first visit to a rumshop.

Not that Uncle John feared to visit this den of Satan; but he felt a sort of loathing and dread. Not that he feared, for he was a bold fearless man, and when the voice of duty called he never faltered. He knew that the love of money had tempted the poor ignorant boy into the business, and the same passion kept him not above the love of drink, but from it. "He is too mean to drink," said Mr. Wilder. While he taught Jim that he was free hearted in giving him such a chance to make money.

So Jim admired drunkards, because they helped him. He did not want that old "temperance sneak" coming around the shop.

And now we will go back to the evening when Mr. Wilder rolled in the first cask of rum. Jim taught Wilder a lesson that evening that made him rather more cautious. So he had the pleasure of drawing the liquor and waiting upon his customers himself. But it was understood that Mr. Wilder kept the money, for of course it would not be safe with Jim. "Somebody might murthur him for it; shure he could trust his dearest friend," so said Jim. But there were those who said otherwise. And Jim himself had hinted something about settling; wanted to know how much money he had made.

So Mr. Wilder set his head to planning how he could get rid of Jim with the least trouble.

One morning he advised Jim to get a new suit. "You can get them at Hawkins's; he has clothes that will fit you. I'll pay for

them, so he can't cheat you; you can't trust the black-leg." So Jim said he'd get them, "if it was only to plase sich a noice jintleman as ye are."

Two or three months passed by and Hawkins began to wonder why Magee did not pay him for his clothes and boots. So one day when Mr. Wilder was in his store, he mentioned the debt, and asked why Jim did not pay him.

"Because he ain't got anything to pay; he owes me and I suppose I'll have to lose it."

Hawkins did not believe a word of it. He would have his pay. "See if he wouldn't." So he quietly left the account with Squire Davidson. He did not say much. He guessed Davidson could see "which way the wind blew."

Mr. Wilder thought to quell Paddy's rage by a joke, but he was mistaken; Jim's wrongs were too great.

"And it's the dape sae ye manes whin ye says the big dhrink; faith and if ye'll be afther payin' me for the little dhrinks, I'll thank yees."

Wilder did not know what to do, he had made up his mind not to give up the money; so he did not do anything but take a long drive on the morning of the execution. Now it happened that Uncle John walked over to see Jim on the same morning.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. RANDAL BECOMES A WRITER.

"I've been over to Lettie's. I'll never own her for any relation of mine again," said Nellie Randal.

"Why, what's up now; you used to think Elick's wife just the thing. What is it, Nellie?"

"What's up! Why all her carpets are up; there's nothing in the house fit to look at."

"Well, she can put them down again."

"She's sold everything; she says she had to sell her carpet to pay for bread. She didn't want to tell me, but I made her; and she says Isaac must go to work."

"Isaac go to work!" exclaimed old Mrs. Randal; "and named for your father too! if Elick had lived he would have had an education, but now he'll have to delve, delve, delve. That's just the way she's planning; she ain't spun any for a month, she told me so the last time I was there. I expect she's planning to take his earnings."

"If I can only finish this story. Mr. Lisbon says there is good thought in it. What an effort it cost me to tell him, but his encouraging words fully repaid me."

Poor Lettie, she knew his heart was large enough to cherish a friendship for her husband; and to remember him when he was so fallen and degraded that all other friends shrank from him. So she felt that Mr. Lisbon was the friend she needed. When he called and kindly enquired about her boy, she frankly told him her fears concerning him.

That it was plainly her duty to send Isaac from home, was pointed out by this friend.

"You cannot keep him from bad company by your influence. I think you had better tell him he must leave home, and I'll just step in and make him an offer. On the farm he will do better; I'll encourage him," said Mr. Lisbon. "Don't fret; wife says you worry too much about him: come over when you get that story done, and we'll see what we can do with it."

Now Mr. Lisbon's brother was a publisher of a paper. So Lettie Burns' first story found its way into the world without much trouble.

"But how did she come to write? she'd better been crotcheting tidies or spinnin'," said old Mrs. Randal. "I've no faith in her; ten to one she'll turn out bad yet. Temptations is just what they was when St. Paul cautioned folks about widders."

We will let old Mrs. Randal enjoy her own opinion, while we go back to the time before Mr. Randal had fallen so low. For years he was neat in appearance, though a confirmed drunkard, and so reduced in circumstances that he could afford but one collar. Now as he could not appear on the street without one, his wife was called to do up a collar at very unreasonable hours, for he liked to appear well.

One morning he bustled into the kitchen with "Lettie, Mr. Wilder is going to N——— for a barrel of flour, and I am going with him, and I want this collar done up quick."

So Mrs. Randal washed and ironed the collar in a very few minutes,—but of course it did not look well. She was ashamed to offer it to her husband.

She walked to the window where he stood, and said, "Here, Elick, is your collar,—it don't look well; I wish you would get more collars, then I could make them look better." She hoped to pacify him by this apology, but oath after oath fell from his lips, and the collar, after flying two or three times over the floor, which did not improve its appearance, was buttoned on, and Randal and Wilder drove off.

When her husband had gone, Lettie went into the sitting-room, and threw herself upon the lounge, and buried her face in her hands.

Oh, why did she have so much trouble? Why so hard a fate? And the future, what clouds rested there?

When the flood of tears which followed this self-questioning had subsided, she raised her head, and the first thing she saw was a sheet of white paper on the centre table. It looked so calm and peaceful lying there that almost unconsciously she laid her hand upon the paper. As she sat there, carelessly passing her hand over the white paper, she could not tell how, but she received an impression that she should in the future become a writer. She never knew how, but she could joyfully and certainly say, "I shall yet be a writer!"

Then a dream came to her, a long forgotten dream that had once driven all care and anxiety from her mind. She saw again the wild muddy waters form into waves and roll to her feet.

Fear held her fast,—no, not fear, but hope, for beyond she saw a beautiful sea. Oh, how brightly the sun shone there, and, as she stretched forth her hands toward the beautiful place of rest, as she thought it, the scene changed, and she was at her old home,—not in the house, but in the green fields, with the blue sky over her head,—and there were hundreds of human beings looking toward her. Some had no coats, some had no shoes, some no hats.

It was a picture of the outcasts of the earth, and she was pouring water from a white pitcher into a cup which each one held in his hand. And she heard again that sweet encouraging voice, as it said, "Fear not, sister; you shall yet give bread to the nations." "Yes, I shall yet write, and men shall read," she said. But she could not then say, "I can write." But now the darkest day of her life had passed. She had found a "silver lining" to every cloud in her sky.

"Well, wife," said Mr. Wilder, one day, "what do you think Fraser told me old Davidson says about me, the mean old sneak? If he is going to take sides with every Irishman in the place, let him. I shan't have anything more to do with him. Fraser says he don't want Mark to come here."

"Well, I think you carried things too far with Jim Magee," said Mrs. Wilder, for she could not willingly give up her favorite scheme of a match for Eliza, and certainly she could not have chosen a better young man than Mark Davidson. But the chief end of Mrs. Wilder's hopes was equality with the

Davidsons. For her part, she could not see what better the Davidsons were than the Wilders, if they did belong to the church; and she certainly wished that Mark Davidson might be a drunkard if he was not going to marry Eliza.

Poor Mrs. Wilder, she could drink her glass of brandy; so could Eliza; so could John and the whole family, for that matter, down to little three-year-old Tom, could each drink a proportionate share. "It had certainly saved Tom's life," so said Mr. Wilder, "and they were a perfectly healthy family; all had good sense." And that went a long way in favor of brandy.

Mr. Wilder wished that Mark might be a drunkard, too; and wishing ended in plotting, as was usual with him.

Sylvester Young left Magee's that night with a sort of reckless remorse in his heart. Thoughts of his father and patient Bertha filled his heart with shame. He had lost his money, and there was no help for it. But he vowed to pay old Wilder, "if it wasn't till doomsday." If he formed any good resolves, he did not say so, and forgot them when John Downs called the next evening and told him that all the boys were going to "father's" to learn to play cards.

"Father's an old sailor, you know, and he says it is a shame for Wilder to cheat the boys out of their money, and he's going to teach us how to beat him."

But before Sylvester was skilled enough to win back his money, the shop was shut up and Jim Magee in jail.

The boys muttered curses over the fate of poor Jim. Sylvester Young vowed again and again that he would have revenge. "I might have bought Tress a pair of boots, or given the money to father or Bertha." But he never thought of that when he had money.

About this time Mr. Downs opened a shop for John. "He won't do anything at work; maybe his bent's for trade, and rum's a good thing to begin on. When I went to sea I drank buckets on't; never hurt me, but then I think we'd better teach John to be 'temprit.'"

"That's it, exactly. It's treadin' in his grandfather's footsteps; don't you know when you came a cortin' me you allays got plenty to drink. Not as father made a pint of sellin' it the year round; he used to talk of puttin' up a shop, and he'd made money faster if he'd a done it. He'd just git a punshion now and then and sell till it was gone," continued old Mrs. Downs, "but mother was opposed to it so, and fretted so much about it, he never built the shop and finally gave up sellin'."

There had been a time when Mrs. Downs clasped her first-born son to her bosom, while her heart blossomed thick with the plants of hope. Oh that she had raised her voice to Heaven, and cried with one of old, "Teach us what we shall do unto the child." And He who hears the raven's cry, would have heard and answered her humble prayer had it been faithfully raised to His throne.

But, alas! The world was uppermost; if thoughts of God and heaven ever forced themselves into her mind, they were treated as unwelcome guests, and driven hence without delay.

So the mother who had turned away from Christ and said in her heart, "I will not have him reign over me," must at last be led back by the fruits, a wicked and profligate son, and to the last day of her life she could not forget that she was reaping as she had sown.

One night two or three months after Abel Downs had opened a groggery for his son, Sylvester Young left home in a state of great excitement. He was angry at Tressie, mad enough to kill her; rum and disappointment had soured his temper, until nobody but Bertha would bear with him. But now she had gone to Aunt Kate's for a week of rest. Tressie would keep house and see to the children and bear with Sylvester for dear Bertha's sake if she would only rest.

But she little knew what it was to bear with her brother's careless way. "You make more trouble than all the children. Bertha may put up with it if she will, but I will not. And then you brought such a set of creatures here last night, drunken brutes; if they are the company you keep, you can keep them away from here. I'll tell father, when he comes home, you are disgracing the house."

Sylvester replied with angry words, blows and curses.

Just then his father came in, angry and indignant. He told Sylvester to go away and stay until he could behave better; calling him an idle vagabond at the same time.

So he went, swearing he would never come home again. Of course he went to Downs's; he would bid all his friends good-by before he went away.

Once in Downs's snug warm shop—for Mr. Downs took pride in making his premises comfortable—Sylvester Young forgot his rage and was soon in for a good time.

Twelve o'clock that night found him staggering towards home. Just as he was passing Mr. Wilder's, he remembered he was not to go home. He would go to that barn; he could make a bed in the hay and sleep.

Indeed it was very hard work; he could not walk straight to save his life; he did not know whose barn it was, but he managed to get in. He had slept soundly for two hours or more when he was awakened by something trampling over him. He sprang to his feet without knowing where he was. Two or three head of cattle rushed out of the barn. He had left the door open.

Upon looking around, he found he was in Mr. Wilder's barn. If he had been in any other barn he would have done just the same. It was not the spirit of revenge, but the spirit of mischief put into his head by the rum he had drank that night that prompted him to light that match and place it in the hay. He only waited till he was sure it would burn, and then, too frightened to look back, he sped along the road. He walked rapidly for some time, when a straw on his coat attracted his attention.

"There may be more. I wouldn't care to be caught with straws about me just now," he thought.

Taking off his coat, he found a good many straws,—quite a handful. What should he do with them? If he threw them down he might be traced by them. So he carried them along, carefully looking for a hiding-place for them. Just before him was a tree by the roadside, and he was sure he saw a man sitting on a rock under the tree, resting his head against the trunk. Ves never was a coward. He possessed all those qualities so prized and admired by highwaymen, and blacklegs in general.

So he cautiously crept within a few feet of the figure, and then he arose to his feet and quietly placed the straws in the pocket of the sleeping boy, saying to himself, "I'm glad I took this road."

CHAPTER VI.

AN APPEAL TO A HIGHER POWER.

A sense of gladness comes over us as we watch the sun kiss the gladsome playful waves good-night, and sink behind them, leaving them gloriously beautiful with the colors of the bow of promise.

A cloud overspreads the sky. We have had a beautiful dream; now comes the reality, the life not meted out by an all-wise and loving God.

Nay, he had placed the barriers of a praying father and

mother, with all their loving entreaties that he would shun the precipice,—the whirlpool of dissipation.

But man hath said in his heart, let us make unto ourselves gods, and then an idol of clay had taken the place of loving parents,—a demon had become king, excluding God from the heart of Mark Davidson.

Yes, the demon rum had gained the victory and implanted vice where the seeds of virtue had once been sown.

"He's over head and ears in love with Eliza. Get him here when Lieut. Brownly comes again, and let him hear about city airs and qualities' wine, and the ladies and gents he's been used to drink with. If we can only manage to get the first glass down him I'll risk him after that. Bye and bye Eliza will send him home not worth taking. It's the only way to take the airs out of 'um, wife," and Mr. Wilder laughed as if his hopes were already realized.

And now, reader, if you will accompany me over the bleak, cold, barren bed of rock where all the poetry and music of the waves as they roll upon the beach below, are hidden and drowned by the steep upright ledge of solid rock, which says more plainly than words, "Here let thy proud waves be stayed."

But why choose a path so drear? Not a single flower grows on these rocks. And then those tenements; can it be possible that human beings dwell there? Come in and see. Oh, horror! There lays Mark Davidson drunk. Yes, Wilder has done his work well. Eliza has sent him home not worth taking. But she too has fallen. And when without pity her father had turned her from home, what was she? an outcast. Though her heart may have been filled with good resolves there were none to help or pity.

Yes, Mrs. Wilder, you have at last gained an equality with the Davidson's—for that pale, half-starved looking woman is no other than Eliza Wilder. And we can plainly see that those fatherless children will soon be motherless, and Mark lays there drunk. He has often told Eliza it is she who made him what he is, and she knows it is true.

Of course Mrs. Wilder cares nothing about them, if they were married it would not be so bad; she thinks they might take one of the children. "But it would not do now, oh no!" So they will have to share the pauper's fate according to the disgraceful laws of the land.

If Uncle John Bretman had lived, in his unselfish heart no doubt Eliza's helpless children would have found a place.

He had seen Jim Magee carried to jail, and followed him.

There he had listened to the story of his wrongs. But the death-bed scene he had witnessed had made a greater impression upon his mind than any thing else. Even though it were the incoherent ravings of a poor daughter of Erin, he could not forget that prayer, "Curse them with a great and mighty famine such as never was before throughout the length and breadth of the land, cut off everything from which intoxicating drinks can be made. Starve them until they shall see the wickedness of perverting Thy bounty into that which takes the bread from the mouths of Thy children, and give it unto dogs until they shall see the iniquity of changing Thy good gifts into a curse."

"Curse them! curse them! Oh, Lord, starve them," had been the burden of her prayer; "they can stand it as well as I can." And as Mr. Bretman stood there for hours waiting for one bright moment when he might lead the poor weary soul home to the Saviour of sinners, he had formed this prayer. It had come like an echo of her prayers, and found a place in her heart, and Uncle John found himself many times repeating that prayer, and adding, "I can bear it as well as they can, and it is Thy way of putting an end to this abomination of desolation; not my will but Thine be done."

The poor woman had walked all those weary miles to see her boy, and found him in a jail. Not able to pay his debts, how could he help his mother? It was in vain for her to talk to Mr. Wilder. Her boy had got into jail; all he had got to do was to swear out; "you had better tell him so, marm"; its all the advice I have to give." And this, without a kind word, was all she received. Mrs. Wilder said, "she would not have the old woman about her house; they have had trouble enough with them already,—such a thankless race. After all she'd done for Jim Magee, she was not going to take the old woman's sauce."

So Jim's mother plodded her way back to her lonely dwelling, and one day Uncle John found her with naught to eat in the house, and a wild delirious fever had set in. She who had left her native land years ago to avoid starvation by famine, had at last starved to death in a land of plenty.

So they let Jim out of jail to attend his mother's funeral. After the burial Jim thought of Mr. Bretman. "I'll go straight to him, and he will tell me what to do. Shure if I've got a friend but me dead mother, it's him. I'll tell him it was me own fault me mother starved, and nobody else, shure. And if I'd only listened to her we might both be livin' in pace and plinty."

One can scarcely realize the sad lonely feelings which came

over the poor boy. The thought that he was the cause of his mother's death had humbled his proud heart, and sad, repentant feelings had taken the place of anger. So lonely and sad did he feel when bed and food were offered by a kind friend, he refused and very soon set out for Uncle John Bretman's.

He had got over eight of the weary miles that brought him nearer the only friend he could call his, when he sat down to rest. Sad memories chased each other through his mind until he fell asleep.

He was awakened by a hearty shake and a loud "Hallo! what the blazes brought you here?"

"I was coming from my mother's funeral, if ye please, sir," said Jim, in a sad tone.

"Coming from your mother's funeral; ah, Jim, you might as well own up to it. You've been up to Wilder's and burned his barn; the fire ain't out yet. He told us to search the fellow out. Ho! Gid, I've got him. I told ye when I saw them tracks which way he came." "You see," said the other man, when he came up where the first was holding Jim, "You see when you made that fire to run away by you forgot the same light might show somebody your tracks."

So Jim was tried, and found guilty, and the chief proof against him was, that his pockets were filled with hay when they found him on the same night the barn was burned. So poor Jim was sent to the place appointed for such, while the real culprit ran at large.

Mrs. Wilder wheeled the great cozy chair opposite the stove. In that comfortable room there were no traces of want. "Money answereth all things," has been truly said. But in that house there was no thought of the giver.

"I've got along first-rate; there's few men who began as I did that's made money as fast," said Mr. Wilder, and Mrs. Wilder said, "George is keen and smart, but I've helped him plan."

This morning Mr. Wilder is sick. He has been drinking very much of late, and now when he is helped to his chair, his eyes close, and he sinks helplessly into it; but soon he opens them again, and gazing wildly at the wall, he says, "I see horrid faces there, with eyes of fire and tongues of flame." Again he closes his eyes and groans, only to open them in terror. "They come! they come!" he shrieked, "fiery serpents coil around my chair. Why don't you drive them off? Help! help!" With bitter oaths and curses, such as I cannot, dare not repeat, he passed away. He died the drunkard's death.

"O Lord, come by Thy might and Thy power, cast down this great mountain—Intemperance."

"Come by famine, or by pestilence. Make it naught before Thy might; Thou alone hast the power." Thus prayed Uncle John Bretman.

"Not by might, or by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts," was whispered in the immortal ears of the dying saint, and he exclaimed, "The Lord be praised, for the Day Star from on high has visited my soul. Farewell earth, welcome heaven." And thus rejoicing he passed away. He died the death of the righteous.

How I enjoyed that drive with Fred by my side on that beautiful moon-lit eve. And I who had known so much of sorrow, wondered if souls in bliss could be happier. But alas! how soon was my cup of happiness dashed aside by the cup of—Hell; I can find no other word.

But why should I linger here? Why should I fear to tell the truth? Why did I not beg Fred to stay at home that night instead of going to the old Grey mansion, where a company of the wealthy and the beautiful had gathered.

Why did I go there that night to see him tempted beyond his strength,—to see him fall? And Blanche Challoner the first temptress!

Instinctively I saw the light of love in his eyes, and jealously I watched her power over him that evening.

How gladly proud was I to hear him politely but firmly refuse the proffered wine.

"Just one glass for my sake, Mr. Melbourn." It was a sweet voice that spoke those words, and they were only designed for Fred, but my jealous ears caught them, and my watchful eyes saw the glass raised to the lips of the beautiful girl. And as one but half awake, I saw him take the glass and drink.

The scene slowly faded from my view, and in its stead I saw my brother's deathly face as it looked that night so long ago. And afar off, as through an open door, I saw his murderer hanging.

And though I spoke no words, from my inmost soul I cried, "My son, behold what wine hath done;" and then all the scenes of my life arose before me, and Agnes Grey was not forgotten. I seemed to see her stand by the table, beautiful still, but a maniac, and with warning finger she pointed to the wine cup, and cried, "I never tasted wine, I never saw wine upon my father's table; but he is gone, and others tread these halls."

And then I seemed to see her brother, as he traced upon the floor of his cell those awful words, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven," and then he died.

I saw her gray-haired father bowed with grief and heard him say, "Oh God, Thy will be done."

And again I cried, "Son, behold the victims! behold the martyrs!" But no one heard my voice.

And now what more can I write? To trace his future course would be to tell an old story. Shall I again appeal to my country's rulers?

No, I will address a higher power. I will ask my Father in Heaven to take His throne in the hearts of my countrymen, to reign in their hearts, to speak to their hearts by the power of His "still small voice," until with one voice they shall cry, "Lord, what wilt thou have us to do?"

Oh hasten the day when through them thou wilt free our land from the curse of Intemperance.

