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A MAN TRAP,

AND

THE FATAL INHERITANCE.

TWO TEMPERANCE TALES.

BY

MRS. H. SKELTON.

INTRODUCTION BY

REV. A. SUTHERLAND.

TORONTO:

J. B. MAGURN, PUBLISHER,
36 King Street East.

SKelton, H

Entered according to the Act of Parliament of Canada, in
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J. B. MAGURN, in the office of the Minister of Agri-
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TORONTO :
WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN, PRINTERS,
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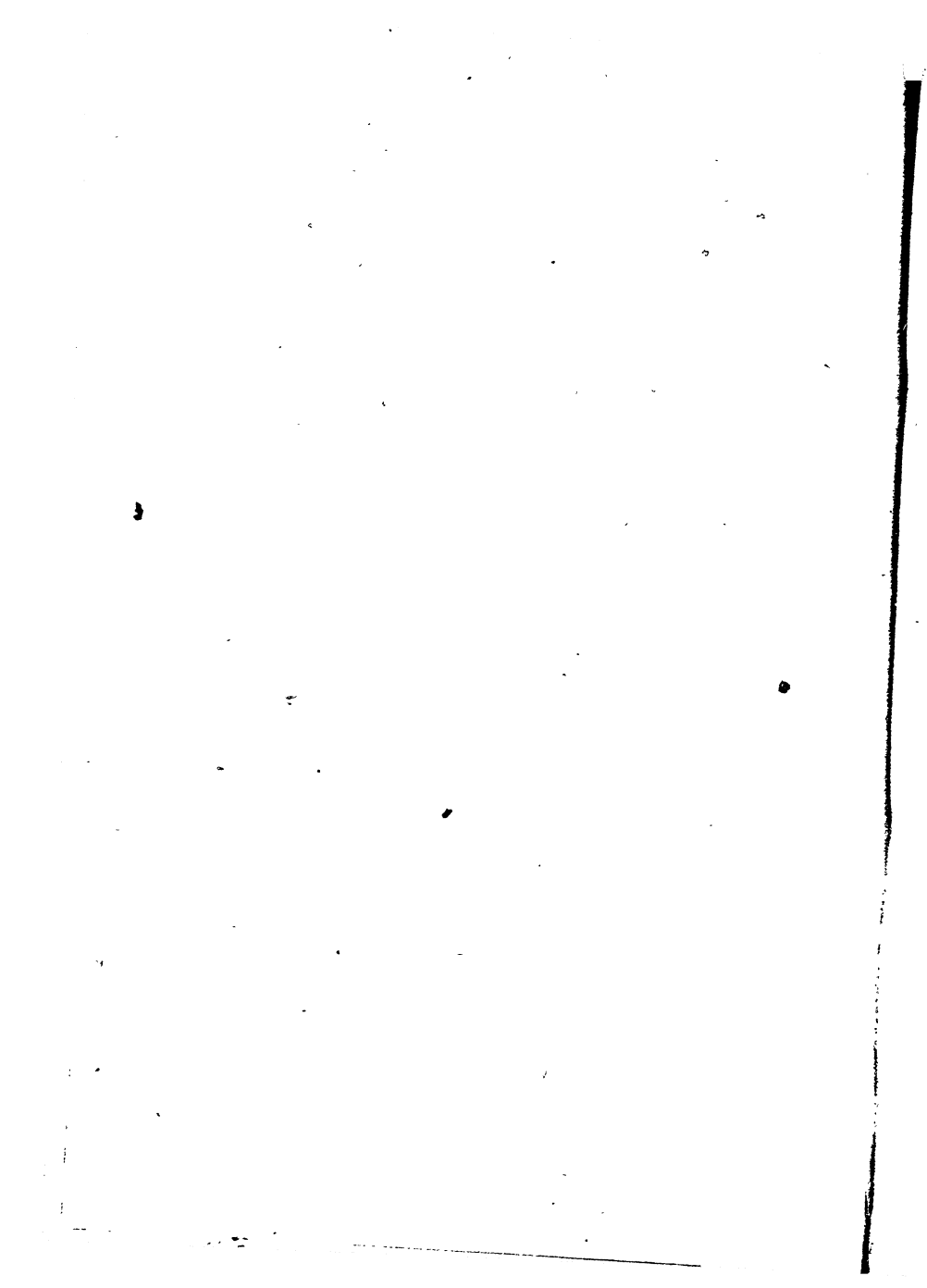
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BY

THEIR FRIEND AND FELLOW WORKER

THE AUTHORESS.



A MAN TRAP.

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THE FATAL INHERITANCE.

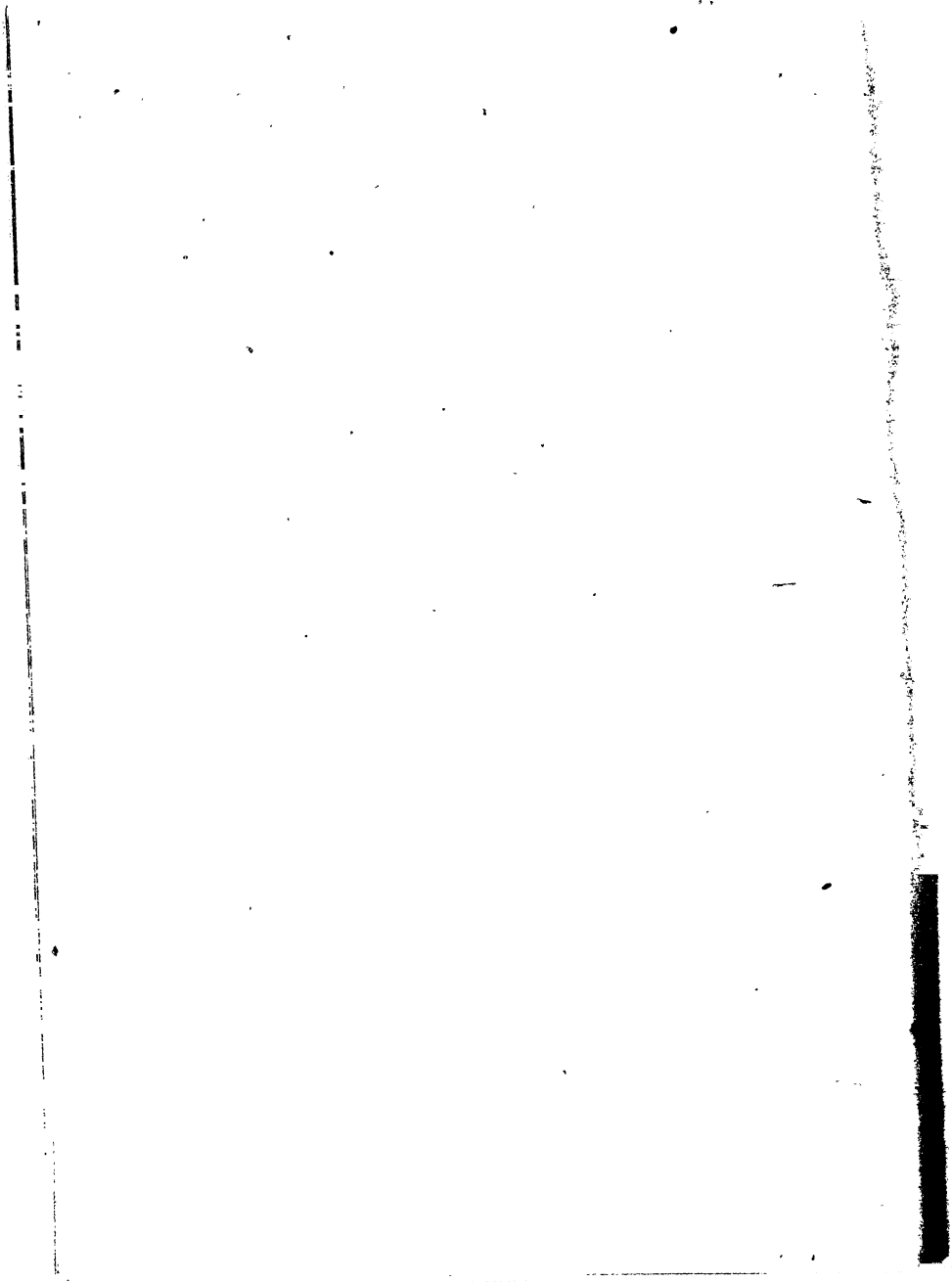
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PREFACE.

IN this little tale of intemperance we have at the end thrown out some suggestions. It is our humble opinion that such things as coffee houses should be established for the humbler classes. The few which now exist are only for a certain class, but had we only for every six taverns or saloons a coffee house such as they have in Germany, where the workingman can go at all hours of the day, many would sooner take a cup of coffee than a glass of something else. As we have in every large city many John Trescotts, we trust that by some change they will become tired of their calling; will turn their place into something similar to John Trescott's, and that some friend Berryman will lend a helping hand.

THE AUTHORESS.



INTRODUCTION.



AMONG the evils which threaten the future of this fair land, the Liquor Traffic holds a foremost place; and the problem of its removal has taxed some of the best intellects of the day.

It is manifest that an evil which has become entrenched behind the social customs, and interwoven with the commercial interests of the country, cannot be easily overturned. The public mind must be thoroughly informed, and public interest completely aroused, before the wished-for end can be gained.

Of late years the attention of workers in the Temperance Reform has been directed chiefly to two aspects of the question: 1. The work of reforming those who have become intemperate; and 2. The task of uprooting, by legislative enactment, the whole traffic in strong drink. There are other aspects of the question, however, which need to be taken into account, and in regard to two of these, the authoress has done good service in the following pages.

In the "MAN TRAP," light is thrown upon some of the seductive methods by which the liquor traffic ensnares its victims, and suggests a way by which one of

its strongholds may be successfully assailed ; while in "THE FATAL INHERITANCE," a much neglected physiological fact is discussed,—viz., the transmission of a growing appetite for strong drink from one generation to another.

It is but just to say that the following tales are not, strictly, works of fiction : they are records of facts that have come within the scope of the writer's observation, with just enough of fiction to link the leading incidents on a continuous narrative. Some of the actors are still living, and therefore names and places have been veiled.

The field for literary effort presented by the temperance movement is rich, and deserves better cultivation. It is hoped the venture of the gifted authoress of the following pages may prove a success.

A. SUTHERLAND.

TORONTO, *September, 1876.*

A MAN TRAP.

CHAPTER I.

A MAN TRAP.



RS. BERRYMAN was looking up and down James Street in Hâmilton, to see if she could perceive her husband returning home, for it was long past the time that he left off work.

“What could detain him !” she thought; she never remembered him being so late during the three years of their happy married life; for even if he had business out in the evening he never kept his wife waiting for him. As he had often said his home was such a cosy nest to come to, that he was always glad when the time came to return to it. It was already getting dark in the long summer evenings, and still he had not come.

No wonder that she became very anxious about him when she returned to her pleasant sitting-room where lay in a cradle her first-born, a noble-looking boy of two years of age, who was the very image of his father. William Berryman was a very handsome man, and a true type of a Canadian; he was tall with broad shoulders, high forehead, hazel eyes, and a wealth of

dark brown hair, and when Lucy Whitley married him, she was envied by all her sex, who wondered what he, such a noble-looking man could see in her baby face ; but he knew that he had gained a true, faithful help-mate, and loved her with all his heart.

There was no handsomer cottage in all the street than theirs ; it was a perfect little gem, for when William first furnished it, he chose everything good and in keeping with his means and station in life. He was a carpenter by trade and earned good wages all the time ; and every week when he brought home his earnings to his wife, they always laid a certain sum away which Mrs. Berryman carried to the Bank for a rainy day. They also gave their weekly offering to the church of which they were members, and from which Mr. Berryman never was missed in rain or shine. He was a good, God-fearing man who could spare every day a half hour to ask God's blessing for himself and his wife and little one. He never spent his evenings from home, and the money which some of his fellow-workmen spent in taverns, he spent to decorate his home, and to buy good books out of which he read to his wife while she sat sewing or knitting for him and their boy. So his not coming home this evening was so unusual that she became quite alarmed at last, and was just thinking of asking one of the neighbors to stay with her baby that she might go and look for him, when she heard his step. She ran to open the door for him, delighted to see him. He came in very joyously, kissing her, but as he did so, she noticed by his breath that he had been drinking, a thing he never had

done, and it went through her like a shot, as she said, "how late you are, I thought you were never coming, Willie."

"Well, you must excuse me, Lucy," he said, kissing her again, "for keeping you waiting so long, but a little before I left off work somebody came and asked for me. Who do you think it was?"

"I don't know," replied his wife, busying herself to make his tea.

"Why, the best friend I ever had in my life, John Trescott. We went to school together, learned our trade together with the same master, but John would not stick to it, and went ten years ago to California, where he has been ever since, making a great deal of money. He only returned yesterday, with his wife and daughter, a little girl of eight years of age, and he is going to settle in this city. Won't that be nice, dear?"

His wife said yes, but did not think it would be nice if this Mr. Trescott would keep Mr. Berryman from his home, or that her Willie through him should learn to drink.

"What is he going to do here? Live on his money, I suppose," she added.

"Oh dear, no! John is not the fellow, after having made his money with hard work, to spend it without replacing it. He will, if he can find a place to suit him, buy large premises and open a handsome saloon, something quite superior, he says, to what we have here, and I think he will do well if he carries it out as he intends to do."

"Another man-trap, in fact," said his wife, with

heightened color in her face, "for all those places are nothing else, and I am sure we have plenty in this city without a man coming all the way from California to increase the number; and by making it a little more attractive to entrap fathers and husbands in to it, who, perhaps, otherwise never would go there."

"Why, Lucy!" cried her husband, "what ails you? Is that the way you treat me because I happened to stay out one evening to see an old friend? I will thank you not to speak so to me again," he said, rising up with a flushed face, for he had drank more than enough to make him excited. Poor Lucy began to cry, which woke up the baby, and while she attended to him, her husband went to bed. When she shortly afterwards followed him, she felt that discord had crept into their little home, casting a gloom over her spirit which kept her awake half the night. When morning came she rose unrefreshed from her bed, to prepare breakfast, to which they sat down in silence. Willie having a violent headache, ate nothing, which made his wife very unhappy; he kissed her and baby as usual, as he went off to work, but did not say a word about the evening before. He was angry with himself for having drank too much; with his wife for having seen it, and as he went out he vowed to himself that this was the first time, and should be the last; even to please his friend he would not drink again, and he wondered what men could find in it to make them like liquor, when surely they must feel like he did this morning, more fit to go to bed than to work.

During the day his friend called in and asked him

to meet him at a certain place which was for sale, as he would like him to see it, and then to go with him to the hotel where they were stopping, for tea.

"No, John," replied Willie, "I cannot go to-night. I kept my wife waiting last night till nearly eleven, so I must go straight home; but if you will come and meet me here at six, and come and take tea with me, I will go with you afterwards to see the place."

"Oh, you are one of those henpecked husbands," replied his friend, with a sneer, which cut Willie to the heart, for no man likes to be called that.

"No, I am not!" replied Willie; "far from it, and when you see my wife, you will see how wrong you are to say such a thing. But then I have never left her since our marriage, for a whole evening until last night, when I gave it up to an old friendship, still I cannot repeat it to-night, even for you, old fellow. So I trust you will come, and if you will bring your wife and daughter, Lucy will heartily welcome you all."

"I will not bring my wife and daughter to-night," replied Mr. Trescott, "but she shall go and see your wife as soon as she is rested. But I tell you, Willie, that if I choose to stay out, my wife dare not say a word. I trained her so from the beginning; she has her child to keep her company, and does not want me."

"But don't you like the company of your daughter?" asked Willie, for his friend's answers were not pleasing to him, and he thought how much he must have changed to talk in that cool way.

●"Of course, I do, for I love Emma more than I

could ever love my wife ; but still that does not hinder me from going where I please, without thinking first, will they like it or not. 'Man should never give way to woman ;' for if he does, she will soon master him."

He came to meet Willie, and they went home together, where Willie was well repaid for his resolution by the bright smile of his wife, as she held up her face for a kiss, and by his boy saying so prettily, "dear papa, dear papa." Mr. Trescott could not help being pleased with his friend's wife, and his comfortable home, and enjoyed his tea very much, all was so neat and clean, and he did not wonder that Willie had become such a home-body. Still he must draw him out a little, for a man who wanted to get on in the world must mix with the world ; that was *his* maxim, and he determined to teach that to his friend as soon as an opportunity should present itself.

During the time they took their tea he told much of his life in California, so Mrs. Berryman learned without asking, that he had not always stuck to digging for gold.

"I soon found a much easier way to make money," he said. "I built a kind of store with a bar-room attached to it, where the fellows could come and sit, and take their glass and have a chat, and the fool's-pence, as my wife used to call them, came in faster than by digging the ground for that yellow metal called gold. I took in all kinds of gold-dust and nuggets, if they had no money, and when I sold out before I came home, I made a good round sum. I can tell you, my little Emma will be an heiress one of these days."

"Were they all single men who spent their money so foolishly?" asked Mrs. Berryman.

"Oh, dear no," replied Mr. Trescott; "there were some who had wives and children at home in the Old Country, and had come out there to make their fortune, but many never will be worth a dollar, for they spend it as fast as they make it, in drink."

"And you sold it to them," said Mrs. Berryman, not hiding the disgust she felt at his barefaced confession. "You got all the fool's-pence that should have gone to their wives and children in the old world, and you became rich by it."

Mr. Trescott was surprised. This was plain speaking, and from a woman whom he had put down as not having much spirit, but he answered quite pleasantly, "Well, if I had not sold them drink somebody else would have done so, so I do not see that I have done wrong. Have I, Willie?" he asked of his friend. Willie replied, "of course not. Lucy takes the wrong altogether; she is just like her sex, flying at conclusions at once."

Lucy looked at her husband and said nothing more, but her heart was very sad when she saw her husband arm-in-arm, going down the street with that man, whom she felt would bring much misery into the city, if he opened such a splendid place as he said he would. "I shall astonish the natives," he had said, "by fitting up my place. There shall be no lack of amusement, nor of surrounding beauty. I saw some splendid places in New York, fitted up like gardens, with trees planted in tubs, with glass roofs and spark-

ling fountains, and an orchestra, where a band played every evening, and I shall try to imitate it as much as I can, in order to make it attractive."

"In fact, make it a man-trap, where he is enticed to stay away from his family and spend his money," replied Mrs. Berryman, with a flushed face.

Her husband looked angrily at her, but she did not care, she would let that man know what she thought of his business.

He tried to laugh it off, saying that it was really a good name for a drinking-place, "but I never heard it before. Mrs. Berryman is one of the witty ones, I see."

"I shall not be long, Lucy," her husband said, when he went out with his friend; "but I must see that John is not taken in by his bargain. I know the city much better than he does."

"Taken in! That man!" she repeated. "But how many poor dupes will he take in, I wonder, before the year is out?"

She sat down to her sewing, but ere long her hand lay idle in her lap, for her thoughts followed her husband and his friend.

"May God, help him to keep from temptation," she whispered; "we have been so happy; he is such a good, kind husband, and never gave me an angry word; what would I do should he fall away, led on by that man?" Perhaps he was not so bad as she thought him after all; he seemed to love his little daughter, very much. She was glad he had asked her to come and see his wife, and she would go there to-

morrow. It would be better to become acquainted with her ; if she was a good woman, she ought to be able to influence her husband, and perhaps could persuade him to abandon the thought of opening a saloon. There were many other kinds of business he could enter into. She trusted he would yet change his mind about it, but, alas! her wish was in vain. It was nearly eleven o'clock when her husband returned, and as soon as he entered the door she saw that he had been drinking again. Not a word of reproach did she utter, but her sad face cut him to the heart, and he vowed that this should be the last time ; but promises are sometimes as brittle as glass, without the help of God to keep them.

CHAPTER II.

THE ELYSIUM.



R. TRESCOTT had purchased the place, and workmen were busy from morning till night in remodeling it. Groups of men collected daily in front of it to see the wonderful sight, and to tell each other how Mr. Trescott was going to have one room filled with trees and flowers and fountains, and that a band was to play there every night, and some foreign singers would be engaged to sing two or three times a week; that he had ordered some splendid furniture and rare paintings; in fact, everything beautiful to charm the eye.

"And the fools will pay for it all," said an old man who for many years had been addicted to drink, and well knew how many fool's-pence he had put into the publican's coffers. It will not matter how many tears wives and daughters shed, or how many children go supperless to bed, as long as this man and others of his stamp get their profit. He does not care for the broken hearts of mothers and daughters; he knows all this belongs to the rum-traffic.

When that poor, miserable, worse than widowed woman comes, begging him not to sell any more liquor to her husband, he will put her out, saying, "My business is to sell liquor, and if your husband is fool enough to buy it, it is his business, not mine."

On the great opening day of Mr. Trescott's saloon, he gave a free lunch to all, with as much to drink as they wished; and as there are everywhere men who are called sponging men, glad to go any place where they can have a free dinner and get drink at somebody else's expense, Mr. Trescott's place was thronged all day, and all vowed that there was not a better man in the city than John Trescott, who had such a fine place—"the finest in Canada," some said, who professed to know all about that sort of business.

He had several large, handsomely furnished rooms on the first floor, leading from one into another, the last one being fitted up as a kind of summer garden, where free concerts were given two or three times a week. A broad, handsome staircase led to half-a-dozen private rooms, where neat little tables and velvet couches invited those who chose to play. The walls were decorated with racy paintings, and statues were everywhere to be seen. Large gilt-framed mirrors, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, were in every room, where the swell could admire his handsome self. There was a grand piano in the largest room, while in another was a harp and guitar, where every evening some poor souls played away, the music helping to drown the pricking of conscience that some father or son might have, who had not yet drank quite away that article; and through all the rooms moved the host, faultlessly dressed, with beaming face, thinking what a capital investment he had made. His friend Willie came very often, but as yet not every night, for he loved

his wife and child dearly, and would not leave them as often as his friend would have wished.

Lucy had gone to see Mrs. Trescott, but by the first look was convinced that no help could be expected from her, for having alluded to the fact that her husband intended opening a saloon, Mrs. Trescott said, "Yes, it is the easiest way of making money any where. I am glad he will have a grand saloon, something like they have in New York, and which will draw the young men."

"Yes, a man-trap," replied Mrs. Berryman, "for they are nothing else, enticing them to leave their homes and spend their money, and often drink themselves to death in it."

Mrs. Trescott laughed at what she called a good title, "for the name you give them does suit so well," she said; "but you know, Mrs. Berryman, men must have their glass and a place to drink it in, and it is much better to have plenty of respectable places like ours will be, than some of those low ones, where they sell nothing but bad whiskey."

Emma Trescott was delighted with little Henry, and asked leave of Mrs. Berryman to go and see him often, to play with him; which she readily granted, for she liked little girls; and Emma Trescott was such a sweet child, looking much older than she really was, and her little boy seemed so fond of her that first day. So Emma came nearly every day, until her father, to make a fashionable young lady of her, sent her to a boarding school at Toronto; still every time she came home her first visit was always to Mrs.

Berryman's, for she began to love sweet Mrs. Berryman even more than her own mother.

When Mrs. Trescott told her husband of Mrs. Berryman's visit, she added, "I don't think you will grow fat, John, from your friend, for she is just the one who will keep him tied to her apron strings, I can see that. What do you think she calls our saloon? A 'Man trap,' I never heard the like of it, but still I must say that name suits very well, for sometimes the poor dupes get awfully trapped. We shall never be friends, she is too pious for me, but Emma has taken quite a fancy to her and her boy, so I suppose you have no objection to her going to play with the child sometimes?"

"None whatever," replied Mr. Trescott, "it will do the child no harm, and next year I will send her to a boarding school, for our child must be well educated to take her place as one of the first ladies in the city. Although we will not be recognized in what they call good society, I am bound Emma shall, for by the time she is grown up I hope to have made enough money to retire from business altogether. I think the place will be one of the best stands in the city, and I shall spare no expense to make it attractive for gentlemen. I want you to dress well, so that the world may see we have money, and I know this will bring us some friends, who, perhaps, otherwise would not look at us, for money rules everywhere. Although I was born of humble parents, I am bound Emma shall be a lady, and marry in one of the first families here."

So Emma paid the daily visits until she went to

Toronto, and her father coined money rapidly, taken out of the pockets of those fools who visited his place. His friend did not come often during the first few years, but when he came, John Trescott was glad to see he could take his glass as well as the best of them, nor did he now refuse a game of cards, as he had done at first. He was now in business for himself, and often told his wife when he went out in the evening that he had to meet some one about work, when he in fact went straight to the "Elysium," as Mr. Trescott's place was called, although another name would have suited it better, for it was soon the resort of those who cared neither for God nor man. Passers by in the evening stopped to listen to the drunken revelry going on within, and wondered that the law of the land would permit such nightly scenes as were enacted there; but John Trescott's coffers became daily fuller, his own complexion more florid, and his body more portly. Did he not feast day after day on the best? having nothing to do but to exercise a general supervision over his business and count his money every night, for he kept a staff of assistants to do his work. He made it a point to provide the best brands of liquors for his daily increasing guests, find some new amusement to attract the young men, and was to appearance always the kind, jovial, smiling host to all who came.

His wife called sometimes on Mrs. Berryman, but Mrs. Berryman never set her foot in the place which bore the name of "Elysium." She lived under the same roof where liquor was sold, and that was enough for her; besides, her cares for her family had increased,

for there was a little daughter now beside her boy, and she could not afford to keep a servant. She felt that her husband was not doing as well as when he had worked for a master; she knew that he spent more on himself now, so she saved in every way she could, and made her work always an excuse for not visiting.

"I wish you would go out more," said her husband one day, when she was looking very pale, after a night when he had come home very late, so that she got no sleep all night. "You poke too much at home, that makes you look so pale."

"Who will take care of the children then, if I go out?" she asked with trembling voice.

"Can you not take them with you as other women do? I am sure Mrs. Trescott would be delighted to have you come to tea with her and bring the children. Why don't you be a little more friendly with her?" said her husband.

"Take my children to that place which they call 'Elysium?' No, never, Willie, I have already suffered enough from it without taking my poor innocent darlings there, they have taken you from us, but my children they shall never welcome under their roof. You go there now almost every night, although you tell me you must meet some one for work. I wish you never had seen that man whom you call your friend, for it is he who led you on to begin for yourself, and he will lead you on to ruin, I am sure of it, unless you cease at once going there."

"Who told you I go there every night?" he asked.

"Mrs. Trescott herself," replied Lucy, "she seems

to glory in telling me to wound my feelings. Every time she comes here rustling in her silks, with her gold watch and chain, which the fool's-pence help to buy for her, yours amongst the rest. Oh, Willie! Willie! Why did that man ever come here? we were so happy—and now when our expenses are increasing we go backwards, and that house is the cause of it, for you go there to spend what would make us comfortable at home. I know it well, although you do not tell me so. That man never rested until you went into business for yourself, instead of working for a good master as you had done, and no risk and losses as you have now. Besides, you always go out now every evening looking for work, formerly your work was found for you, and if you go on so, we shall soon come to beggary.”

“Yes! you would have me be a slave under a master all my life,” cried Mr. Berryman, “instead of being a master myself. You have no ambition for your husband as other wives have, if you had, we would be a great deal better off.”

Poor Mrs. Berryman! Had it come to that. Was all her slaving, all her work counted as naught?

“Oh, Willie, Willie,” she said, “how your words stab me. I who love you so, who would lay down my life for you, could I but bring back the time when we were so happy, ere that man crossed our path. Turn, I implore you; turn ere it is too late, my dear husband.” Tears ran down her cheeks, but they did not affect him now as they had once done; they only made him curse and swear, saying that as he could not find comfort at home, he must seek it elsewhere,

and left the house. He did not return till a late hour, coming home reeling, in company with a man whom a few years ago he would not have recognized in the street, but now he was his best friend, for they got drunk together very regularly.

Family prayer had long ceased, except when Mrs. Berryman took her two children in a corner and wept and prayed that God would bring back her husband ere he should be lost forever.

Henry, her boy, was her great comforter,—a child advanced far beyond his years. He felt very much troubled when his father went out late at night. Young as he was, he knew where he went to, and once he spoke to Emma Trescott about it, saying, "I wish your father would not have such a place as a saloon; it is a horrible business, and my father is not kind now as he used to be before you came here."

Emma looked at the boy, whom she loved so dearly and who seemed so much in earnest, and said, "Who told you so, Henry? You were not old enough to know yourself; you were only a baby when we came here. Who told you it was a horrible business?"


"Never mind who told me. I know it is, for it entices men to come and spend their money. If I had not loved you so much, Emma, I would say that I wish your place might be burned one of these days, but as you live there I do not wish it," cried the boy.

Emma looked, and really felt troubled. She had learned much good from Mrs. Berryman, and also while at school. She had returned to her home a finish-

ed, fashionable young lady, but felt herself quite out of place in that home, where there was plenty of everything that a worldly heart could wish for. But, alas! Satan sat daily at the board, for not only her father but her mother were often the worse for drink, and the promise her father once made to give up the business after she left school, was totally forgotten by him.

CHAPTER III.

GOING DOWN IN THE WORLD.

NLY a few years have passed since the events recorded in our last chapter, but what a difference in the persons whom we here represent. Look at yonder half-starved, suffering wretch, who once bore the name of a good man and was once a respectable citizen, a kind and loving husband and father. And now what is he? A wreck of a human being, whose Maker sent him forth in His own image, gave him more than his share of intellect, with which, if he had used it rightly, he could have achieved great and noble things. But, no, he gave himself up to Satan, and had to pay the penalty for it.

It was long since William Berryman had had regular employment. Now and then he did a little work for some one who could not wait for a sober man. The few dollars thus made he spent in drink, till he often had not a cent to satisfy that appetite, and then had to resort to the meanest things. He even stole the money that his poor wife had scraped together to pay her way, toiling hard by day and night working for a tailor. Their comfortable home had long been gone, their pretty things had been sold long ago. They lived now in one of the poorest streets in the city, having only the most necessary things in the way of

furniture. Henry was a good boy, and earned three dollars a week to help his darling mother and the sister who was always sick, and most of the time had to keep her bed; for one night when she was hardly two years old she fell from her chair, while her mother was attending to her drunken husband. The child had broken her hip, and Mrs. Berryman not having the time nor the means to give her the care she required, she never could walk aright again; but was a poor, patient sufferer, who, as she said, could do nothing but pray for her father, mother and Henry. And pray she did, poor child, and after she told her mother that she had heard the angel whisper to her, "do not despair, all will be well some day with us."

"Yes, darling, if not in this world, it will be in the next. All will be well in the end," replied her mother. "There all tears will be dried or wiped away from our eyes."

"I want it to be well with us here, mother, ere we leave this world. I want father to become good again, as you say he was before I was born, for I want to see what kind of man a father can be who does not drink. Oh, I want so many things, mother; but I am almost afraid God will not grant them all to me, for I have so much to ask him day by day," said Lily.

"You may ask Him all you wish, my child, and if He thinks it is for our good, He will grant your prayer in His own good time and way; but I am afraid your father will never be better, for have I not asked the same day by day for years past, but it seems all in

vain now," replied Mrs. Berryman in a hopeless voice."

"Don't, mother, this is not right; this is not the faith you taught me. You know that with Him nothing is impossible: So He can bring father back again and make him kind to us. Oh! I do feel so sorry that I am not strong like Henry to help you. I do wish it was summer again, for I think Father must feel dreadfully cold at times, his clothes are so thin, and his boots all torn at the sides, it makes me shiver to see him go out."

Yes; it made his poor wife shiver too. But what could she do? She had enough to do to give him food; she could not buy clothes for him too. She patched and mended his clothes the best way she could, but the way he tumbled about, often reeling on the sidewalk, was not likely to improve the threadbare coat. He had lost his overcoat one night in one of his drinking bouts, so now he had only what he wore on his back; no wonder that he buttoned his coat up to the chin to keep out the piercing cold. How his family lived was nothing to him. He had lost all feeling, or rather drank it away, as is always the case with those who give themselves up to that vice. If he had any sober hours, they were so few, that his only thought was how to get drunk again. His friend's place he did not visit now, for having had no money for a long time, he drank on credit, till at last that friend who had helped to entice him, had refused to give him more until he paid what he owed.

"The fact is, Will," said Mr. Trescott, "I would much rather you would not come here any more.

Your wife blames me for it, and has set Emma up so, that I have no peace in the house."

And is it you who tells me that?" cried Mr. Berryman. "You, who made me drink the first glass! You, to whom I have given hundreds of dollars of hard-earned money! And now when you have stripped me of everything, you want to turn me out! Curse you, John!"

"Bah! Bah! You are a fool, William," said Mr. Trescott. "Did I want you, or teach you, to make a beast of yourself, day by day idling about instead of going to work, and taking more than is good for a man."

"You are right there," cried the poor wretch. "I have been a fool and paid many fool's-pence to you, but as sure as I stand here you will get your reward, John!" He turned away and never returned to the Elysium, but went here and there to the lowest shops. It was all the same to him, if he could get his dram.

Emma Trescott did not now visit Mrs. Berryman. She could not bear to hear her talk, how her father was the cause of all their misery, although she knew that it was only too true. Kind as her father was he would not allow her to speak of it. She lived an easy life and as time went on she thought Mr. Berryman was to blame, not her father, for drinking so much. He had no business to do it.

So it is always. Those who seek excuses, will soon find them. And hundreds of women, now-a-days, who by a kind act, or a little self-denial, could help a poor

sinking wretch, find excuses, so that the fault lies at somebody else's door rather than their own.

Mrs. Trescott became very much addicted to drinking, and Emma would have gone off had she known where to go. The high-born suitor had not yet arrived, nor had she that *entré* to society which he had hoped for and expected, by making a lady of her. But society did not care for the daughter of a man who had nothing to recommend him but his money, which of late years had not accumulated as fast as when he first began.

Did not many a poor wife curse the place where her husband carried all his earnings, leaving her and her little ones in want? No blessing could rest on this ill-gotten gain, and, sooner or later, they will lose all again that they have taken out of the pockets of these poor deluded men, who seemed to belong, body and soul, to the rum-seller. What Shakspeare says is only too true: "Oh! that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains." How many bright minds are lost through this, that otherwise would be a blessing to the world. But by giving themselves up to drink they become a pest and a curse to the whole community in which they live.

One day Emma met Mrs. Berryman, and her woe-begone aspect touched her to the heart. Had it come to this with them that she had not sufficient clothing in this cold weather?

The thin threadbare shawl and rusty black dress told their own tale; had not the large bundle which she carried shown in what occupation she was engaged.

She stopped to speak to Emma, who gave a hurried glance around to see that none of her acquaintance were in sight, to see her talking to such a shabby-looking woman, the same, although poorly clad, in whose society she once felt so happy.

Poor Emma, you are by far the poorest, notwithstanding your rich attire; for the tears of Mrs. Berryman and others helped to purchase that for you. Had you never returned to that atmosphere after you left school, they might have made a true woman of you; but to come to such an ungenial home, where nothing was heard or seen but that which must poison the mind of the young, if God does not help the person to steer through the burning fire which surrounds them, was to run a great risk.

How many are there of Emma Trescott's stamp, who, should their friend go down in the world, would know them no longer. A shabby dress, a threadbare coat, are sure signals that they should not meet you; they will cross the street quickly no matter about dust or dirt so as not to see you; or, should this be impossible, they cast up their eyes towards heaven, whom they in their very act so offend, by being ungrateful.

When she came home, she told her father that she had met Mrs. Berryman, and how poorly she was dressed. "I am sure they must be in want. Mr. Berryman is your friend, can you not assist his family a little?"

"*Was* my friend, not *is*, Emma, you should say; you don't suppose I call a drunken loafer my friend, do you? As to giving his wife help, she would not like

it in the first place, and then I would not give her a red cent. She cursed me one day, more than two years ago, and said it was all my fault, her husband becoming a drunkard, ever since that time all has gone wrong with us, what with your mother having forever the brandy bottle to her lips, and neglecting everything in the house, and the bar-tender running off with that pile of money. That woman told me that not a cent of that money should come to you, for it was the price of many a broken heart of wives and children."

Emma shuddered when she heard that Mrs. Berryman had cursed her father, for she was one of those who believe that curses follow people. She had often before urged her father to give up his business, but in vain; the promise he once made seemed all forgotten now; she pleaded again with him to give it up.

"Oh! father, do give up that hateful business!" she cried, "Mr. Berryman is only one out of the many, who, through our house, have become drunkards, and no blessing can rest upon the money you make thus. It is nothing but a 'man-trap,' as Mrs. Berryman calls it. See the many young men who are here nightly, never thinking of their mothers and sisters who watch for their return. I shudder to think how many men have found an early grave by drinking here. It is an unlawful business, father!"

"Not lawful," cried Mr. Trescott, "I would like to know what the law has to do with my business? Don't I pay taxes for everything I sell? Who dare say I break the law, even suppose I do let in a few of my best customers on Sundays? Don't I tell them to

make sure that no body sees them come in, nor do I allow them to make a noise. So I would like to see who dare tell me such a thing! What is more lawful than to profit by people's amusements, and sell them something to make them merry? So do not talk so foolishly, Emma; besides, I am not so rich as to give up business just yet."

"Why not enter another business, then, father? You are a carpenter by trade; why not work at that?"

"Take a plane in my hand, and stand at a bench, me? I think you must be mad to suppose such a thing, when I have lived so long an easy life. No, thank you, I found out early in life how to make money without much work, so it is not likely I will begin now. Fools may work for me, I get the best part of their earnings now; besides, you would look nice to be called a common-carpenter's daughter?"

"I would much rather be called that, than that the curse of many poor souls should follow me all my life. Oh, Father! Father! I will work for you; I will give up everything, if you will only leave this business. Look at my mother! it makes my heart bleed to think what her end will be, for she is never sober now. Were she away from this house we might save her, but as long as the drink is within her reach, she will go on and nothing will stop her. Words are in vain now, she will not listen to me."

"Nor I either," said her father, and he turned away and went out of the room.

CHAPTER IV.

A BOLD STROKE.



PRING had come and work was plentiful, still Mr. Berryman did but little. One of his former workmen was now a master himself, employing numbers of men to work for him, he being one of those industrious, sober men who are sure to get on in Canada. He felt sorry that his former master should have so fallen away, and now he went to him again asking him to work for him, stating that he could give him work all summer.

“Not if I know it,” replied Berryman. “I would rather starve than work for a man who once worked for me; you shall not crow this way over me, I tell you,” he added; for he was not quite sober. He thought he was an abused man to be almost in rags, while Robert Walls was a prosperous man.

He often told his companions after seeing Robert, “That young man once worked for me at a dollar a day, and now look at him and look at me; he has had all the luck and I have had none. I started just like him, but everything he touches becomes gold, he is so prosperous, while everything I touch becomes dust and ashes.” But he did not tell how he first began by taking a little spirits the first thing in the morning, then perhaps at eleven o’clock, and by-and-by

he took a glass at four o'clock, and so he went on till he took some every hour in the day. He neglected his business, and his men did as they pleased. Loss after loss followed, till he had no work, and still he went on, till his shoes went down at the heels, his hat looked rather the worse for wear, and he looked altogether a poor, miserable man. And yet when a chance was offered him to turn over a new leaf, he rejected the friendly offer because the man once had been a workman for him.

Walls had promised Mrs. Berryman to try his best to induce her husband to give up drinking and come and work for him, so, although he received this ungracious reply, he did not give up his desire to try and restore his former master to respectability.

"Now, see here, Mr. Berryman," he said, "you really don't mean what you say. I know you would like your wife to look once more the happy woman she looked when I first saw her, and have a nice home like the little cottage in James street, where you first took me, a green country lad, by the hand. I can never forget your kindness to me, so don't reject my offer. I have a job out in Dundas, in one of the factories, that I know you understand better than myself, so if you will come out with me, you and I will do it by ourselves. My wife's brother can look after the men here in the city. Do come, for your family's sake, I ask it. Make a firm resolution, and you will surely conquer this great enemy, which is eating away your life, and will at last destroy you."

"It is too late for me to go back," cried Will Berry-

man; "too late for everything. That man Trescott has been my ruin, curse him!"

"Hush, Mr. Berryman, it is wrong to curse any one. He is not alone to blame that you have fallen away, and I trust now that you will turn back at once. Do it, Mr. Berryman. Ask God to help you, and let me also help you, and all will be well in the end with both you and your family. Will you go with me to-morrow to Dundas, and look at the work?"

"How can I?" cried Mr. Berryman, partly sobered by the other's pleading voice. "Look at these clothes; they are my best. Why, the people would laugh at you, bringing the like of me near a place to work."

"I asked you to let me help you. Will you let me do so in my own way, and take it as if a son was offering it to you?" said Robert Walls, laying his hand on the other's arm. "So here, take this money as an advance of payment; get yourself a suit of clothes, and what else you want; give the rest to your wife, and then come to my place in the evening and we will arrange all about going in the morning." So saying, he handed him a roll of bills, which the other eagerly clutched, for the sight of so much money was a novelty to him, and through his mind no doubt the thought passed, how much drink it would buy for him. But God, who works in a wondrous way, had chosen Robert Walls as a guardian angel, and it was he who watched his movements after they parted from each other.

Robert Walls knew what a terrible temptation he had put in the man's hand, yet he knew also that by

showing him that he had still some trust in him, that this would sooner help him than anything else, so he followed him at a little distance unseen, and was very glad to observe him pass by the first tavern, and then another, and at last enter a clothes store. He was not there long, and returned with a bundle under his arm. He then went into a shoe store, and having bought those much-needed articles, he turned toward his home. Robert Walls watched him till he saw him enter his own door. "Thank God! he may yet be saved," he said, as he turned away.

Mrs. Berryman was out carrying home her work, and his daughter was asleep, so Mr. Berryman went and cast off his old clothes, which scarcely hung together. Then, as he felt once more the comfort of having a decent suit of clothes on his back, and a good pair of boots on his feet, he thought what a fool he had been all these years, and vowed he would turn over a new leaf, as Robert had begged him to do.

"Lucy will not know me," he said to himself. "Poor woman, I will see if I cannot make her happy again." She was still absent and he sat down to wait for her, but he felt hungry. He had still fifteen dollars left. Yes, he would go and buy something nice for tea, and surprise his wife. So saying, he left the house, taking the whole amount with him. He went into a store where they sold everything, even whiskey. Here he met a pal of his taking a glass over the counter.

"Oh, Berryman, you have been in luck," cried the man, "why you look quite the gentleman, I declare.

How did that happen, have you fallen heir to a fortune, or what?"

"No, I have turned over a new leaf. I got work, so had to get clothes first, of course," replied he.

"Oh, well! I hope you will stand a treat then, I have stood many a time for you, and one good turn deserves another, so stump up old fellow, and then you may turn two leaves if you like," said the man, winking at the grocer behind the counter.

"I came here to buy some groceries not to drink, I have had nothing since morning," said Berryman. "I wish you would not ask me. How is a man to reform if at every place a trap is laid for him. Now, I did not think you sold whiskey at all, Mr. Smith."

"I sell all kinds of the best and purest that can be had," replied Mr. Smith, "many of my customers never enter a tavern the whole year. It is not nice to see a respectable man or woman enter those places, no matter how high they may stand, so they come here, drink what they want or carry it home, and no one is the wiser for it. Just taste this and tell me if you ever drank better whiskey in your life." So saying he handed Berryman a glassful and also one to his friend. After the first glass he had no need to ask him again to stand treat, for he paid for all who came in for the next hour, and when he left the store seven dollars had gone into Smith's pocket, and his wife and children were totally forgotten. Several of his companions followed him, for had he not money? and they knew that as long as he had a cent he would drink. They went to a tavern close

by to sup, Berryman paying for all. The man who kept the tavern had only a few days before refused him drink, but was now very gracious to him, for had he not good clothes on, and could pull out a five dollar bill. It did not matter to him where Berryman got it from, he might have stolen it for all he cared; so long as he paid for all he ordered, it was all right.

It was late when they left the pot-house. Berryman was so far gone that he had to be led by two others, often he stumbled, and once he measured his length on the sidewalk. His new clothes were greatly damaged by the fall, besides striking his forehead against some hard substance that made it bleed. As they were near his house they met a man who relieved them of going further with him, saying he was Mr. Berryman's friend and would see him home. They were glad, for they were hardly able themselves to stand, so they left him to the man who was no other than Robert Walls, who for hours had watched for his return home.

Mr. Walls had trusted too much to human nature, and to a man who for years had spent every cent of money almost as soon as he got it, it was not safe to entrust such a sum as he had given Berryman. He blamed himself greatly for it. When evening came and Berryman should have come, he told his wife to prepare a nice supper and make a strong cup of coffee and he would go out and meet him. They were a newly married couple—very happy they were, although Mrs. Walls remembered one dark spot in her life, that was when her father was suddenly taken

from them, by having drank to excess for sometime. Now she was "mad" on the subject of temperance she said, and the Good Templars had not a more zealous worker in their ranks than Mrs. Walls. Having become the wife of a strictly temperate man, she worked against the curse of intemperance with all her might and means. She knew all about the Berrymans from her husband, and had often visited Mrs. Berryman, and carried many a delicacy to little suffering Lily. And as she knew what Mrs. Berryman suffered through her husband, she had often urged Mr. Walls to try and bring Berryman once to their home, so that she could herself speak to him. But not until that day had her husband been able to induce him to come and work for him; and now that he hoped to bring him to their home she was very glad, and prepared a nice supper for her expected guest. Hour after hour passed and neither her husband nor Berryman came. When it was quite late, she heard the heavy step of two men coming towards the house, and opening the door she saw her husband with Berryman on his arm, dead drunk.

"Why, Robert!" was all she said, for her husband laid his finger on his lip as a sign to say no more. She understood him at once, and held out her hand to the drunken man to bid him welcome.

"He would bring me here," Berryman said, "I don't know why," he added, with a vacant stare, as he sank down in the chair offered him by the good Samaritan, who although she felt all the loathing at

the breath of the man, yet she thought this may, perhaps, be the turning point of his life.

"Mr. Berryman is going to stay with us to-night, Lizzie, so we will have some supper and then go to bed," Mr. Walls said.

His wife brought in the supper, but Berryman ate nothing, he was too far gone for that, he could not eat anything, but drank a cup of coffee, and then Mr. Walls led him to a clean, tidy room, and helped him to bed, where the poor wretch sank into a deep, drunken sleep.

When Mr. Walls joined his wife, he told her that the reason he brought him home was that he would not let him out of his sight for some days, to see if he could not save him. "And you, my dear, must help me, with it. I did wrong to-day by giving him money without seeing how he expended it. Now we must try the last chance with him. We must save him now, or he will be lost forever."

"Well, Robert, I am glad you did bring him home; does his wife know where he is?"

"No, but I will go and tell her. No doubt he will sleep till late to-morrow; you must keep him quiet after I go out, and on Monday, I will take him with me to Dundas, to let him help me with that job of work. It will take us a week to do it, and if he keeps sober during that time, I think he will be saved at last." He then went to tell Mrs. Berryman where her husband was.

Left to herself, Mrs. Walls put her woman's wits to work to try and find a way to save that poor fallen

man up stairs. "I don't believe it is such an easy thing to save him as Robert thinks, but for the sake of his wife and that poor Lily, I will try my best." She seemed all at once to have found a way to do it, for she clapped her hands, saying, "Yes! I'll do it!—I'll do it! I won't tell Robert a word about it—he need never know it—it can't be wrong. I want to save him, but supposing something should happen to him, he might get so frightened. Ah, no! he is a *man*, and fright will not kill him: it might a *woman*, but not a *man*. I will do it as soon as I get Robert to bed, for Berryman might wake up; if not, I will close the blinds and keep the room quite dark. Yes! I will leave a cup of coffee beside him with some sleeping draught in it, for sleep is the best thing for him. I want him to be perfectly sober ere he sees it. I hope he will sleep all day to-morrow, and then I can do it to-morrow night nicely. On Sunday I will see if he will not come to Church in the morning, and in the afternoon he may perhaps go with us to hear that great Temperance lecturer. God helping me, I may save him yet."

Mr. Walls soon returned, saying, how glad Mrs. Berryman was to know that her husband was under their roof. "Now, Lizzie, we must try if we cannot save that man. The sight of his family is enough to make a stone weep. Let us ask God to direct us how it may best be done."

"Well, Robert, we must hope for the best. Now will you carry this cup of coffee in to him, and place it on a chair,—he will be thirsty before morning, I am

thinking." So saying, she handed him a large cup of coffee, in which she had put a sleeping draught.

Towards morning, Berryman woke up, and seeing the cup, seized it eagerly, and drank it to the last dregs, then sank down again to sleep. In the morning he was fast asleep when Mr. Walls left, for which he was very glad. "This will be the best medicine for him," he said, "I hope he will sleep all day."

"No; I hope he will wake up by dinner time," said his wife, "and have something to eat, and then go to sleep again. I shall have some nice coffee made for him by the time you come home," and so she had, with more sleeping draught in it. He ate something, drank two cups of coffee, and seemed quite conscious into whose hands he had fallen. All he said was "Thank you, Robert; does my wife know I am here?"

"Yes, Mr. Berryman, and is very glad. Now, you must promise me not to get up to-day. To-morrow will be Sunday, and if you rest well, you will be all right in the morning."

"Well, somehow I do feel so sleepy, so I will stay in bed as you ask me to do, but it does seem to me a shameful thing being here."

Mrs. Walls looked in and urged him not to mind it, "sleep is the best thing for you, and you know you will turn over a new leaf, Mr. Berryman, so you will stay in bed till morning to please me, won't you?"

He was soon fast asleep again, and slept on till supper time, when he took a cup of strong tea, never dreaming it would set him off again to sleep for the most of the night.

As soon as Mr. Walls had gone to bed, Mrs. Walls prepared her cure which she hoped would save the poor man. It might be dangerous, but she hoped for the best results from it. She had prepared all beforehand, by having a long piece of board, blackened, and a stick of phosphorus. She fastened the board to the wall just opposite the bed where Mr. Berryman lay fast asleep, and then she took the piece of phosphorus and wrote with trembling hand, these words which should save a fallen creature,—“Prepare yourself, for this night your soul shall be required of you.”

There it stood. As she shaded the lamp she saw the effect of the large, fiery letters.

“God grant me my wish to frighten him, but not to injure him,” she whispered, as she left the room to go to bed. She slept but little that night, for it was an experiment which really might prove fatal. What would her husband say if he found it out? .

The night wore on, and towards morning she fell asleep, nor did she wake up till it was long past the time for her to be up. She dressed herself quickly, and as she passed the door of the room where Mr. Berryman slept, she peeped in. All was quiet,—she thought he was still asleep. Had he never woke up? Never seen it? She was almost glad it should be so. She entered on tiptoe to remove the board, and as she did so, she saw he was gone. Hastily hiding the board in a closet with the letters still looking like fire, she went down stairs expecting to find him below, but the front door was open, and he was gone.

She became so frightened at what she had done,

that she called her husband, telling him all, and beseeching him to go and look for the poor man, and see if he had gone to his own home. Her husband chided her for her experiment, telling her that she might have driven him to some rash act, instead of doing him any good. He was not at his house, nor could Mr. Walls find a trace of him anywhere, and he turned his steps at last homewards, where his wife was waiting for him in great suspense.

“Did you tell Mrs. Berryman what I had done?” she asked of him.

“No; what good would it do to frighten her. She don't think so much about it as we do, and as to making away with himself, ‘he is too great a coward to do that,’ his wife had said,” which comforted Mrs. Walls.

And where was he, then? He had just entered a church, the doors of which had been left open from early service. He had wandered about till he had come to this door, and almost unconscious that it was a church, he had entered, sank into a seat, and was soon fast asleep, the sleeping draught having not quite done its work; besides the fright he had had, made him quite weak. Towards morning he had wakened up with a start, as if some one had called him, and on opening his eyes he saw, to his horror, the fiery letters, with those ominous words. For a few moments his eyes were fixed on them, as he uttered a half-loud cry, fully believing that some higher power was at work to warn him of his last hour, “Oh, my God! save me. Jesus of Nazareth have mercy on my soul. Save me!

Oh, save me !” he cried, trembling in every limb, for he could not lie still. The daylight was just breaking through the closed shutters, and the letters flickered and disappeared for a moment, then shone forth again anew.

“Only one more day is given me to repent !” he murmured, as he dressed himself. “I must go out ; I cannot stay here.” So saying he unlocked the door, and went out into the cool, morning air, walking on straight, never stopping, till he had walked miles. Then he turned back towards the town, for he would go home to die, and as he passed the open church door he entered, for his strength was spent, and with a sigh of relief he went into the first seat and was soon fast asleep. The worshippers who came later did not disturb him, for they knew him as having been once, one of the most zealous members of that very church where his footsteps had been directed to-day. He awoke at last and heard a voice, which at first sounded to him like a voice from Heaven, and he wondered was he already dead, and had his sins been all forgiven that he should have found a place in the Paradise of God. He listened now and looked around for a moment, but soon all was forgotten ; for the words which fell on his ear, seemed as though they were meant for him.

“Is there any poor sinner here to-day who is borne down by grief ?” said the minister ; “or on account of his past life, who thinks that his sins are so numerous that they cannot be forgiven, let him come to Jesus, repenting of his past life and strive to do better

in the future, and if he does that, his sins, whatever they may be, will be all forgiven."

Mr. Berryman groaned, all these words seemed expressly addressed to him. He saw what he was now,—were only a few hours granted to him? How could he prepare himself in so short a time? When the congregation left, he remained behind and went straight to the vestry, to speak to the minister, and tell him all, and ask him if it was possible that he could seek grace in so short a time.

"Why, Berryman, is that you, at last come back again?" said the Rev. Mr. F., holding out his hand to the poor, penitent sinner.

"It is. How I came here I can hardly tell, but God's finger must have pointed the way for me to come once more in the church to hear your voice ere I die,—for I must die to-night!"

"Die to-night! What do you mean?" asked the minister in surprise, thinking the man had really taken some kind of poison, for he looked very ill, from fright.

He told the minister how God himself had written it in fiery letters, "Just to recall me from my sinful past life. I am thankful for these few hours even, but, Oh! could I but be spared a few years longer to atone for all, and work once more for my poor family. But it cannot be."

The minister soothed his grief as much as he could, knelt down and prayed with him, and then went part of the way with him to his home, telling him he would come there in the afternoon. He knew there was

some mystery connected with what Berryman had seen, and thought he must ask the Walls about it, so he went there before going to his own home.

After greeting them, he said, "I have just left Berryman, perfectly sober, and I trust a repentant sinner, at his own door. He tells me he slept here last night, and declares he saw a vision in the shape of fiery letters, telling him that he must die this night, and nothing I could say could convince him that he must have been dreaming. Can you tell me anything about it?"

"It is quite true," replied Mr. Walls. "What he saw was no dream, but reality; only my wife did it to save him,—although it might have had a bad effect on him, poor fellow. I am glad he has turned up, for we have been in a great state about him since we missed him this morning." And then Mrs. Walls related to the minister the whole of it.

"Well, so far it has worked well. I think he will be saved now, but how in the world did you ever think of such a thing? I never heard the like of it before," said the minister with a smile on his face.

"I really cannot tell how it came into my mind, but if it should bring a good result, I am thankful I thought of it and did it."

"You will have to keep it a secret between you, for it will not do to let him ever know it. It is better to let him think God sent him that warning; so tell it to his wife, and let her be the best judge whether it is wise to tell him or not," he said, as he left.

"Well, give me a woman with brains, and she will

think of things and do them, which a man, no matter how clever he may be, would not even dream of," said the Rev. Mr. F. to himself. "Fiery letters, a good subject for a drunkard. That Mrs. Walls is a well read woman, I'll be bound, or how could she know that one can write with a stick of phosphorus?"

Later in the day he went to Berryman's house, to witness the reunion of the poor family. Mrs. Berryman sat beside her husband, who lay on a bed, looking really so ill that the minister became alarmed, lest something might really happen to the poor man. He cheered him as well as he could, and when he left he beckoned Mrs. Berryman to follow him, and then he told her about what her husband insisted would come true.

"Had you not better tell him?" he said.

"No! I think he should never know," she replied. "And, Oh, if it will save him, how I shall bless Mrs. Walls all my life for doing it. God will protect him that nothing but good will come of it. He led his steps to church to hear you once more, sir. Why, he has not been there for years. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw him come home, he looked so different, and I trust now all danger is passed, and that all will be well with us, as my Lily has often said it would be at last."


She never left him, for his terror as the night came on was something terrible, and at last, exhausted, he sank into a deep sleep from which he did not wake till the warm spring sun shone through the window, and he found that he was still alive.

“Yes! God has spared me. He has heard my humble prayer and that of my angel Lily, to begin a new life once more, and I will, God helping me, try all I can to make my home again what it was. And by telling others of my folly, induce them to shun those places which daily entice men from their homes, by making all kinds of attractions for the poor fools, so that at last their homes become hateful to them.”

When they sat down that morning to breakfast, Lily was up, and sat beside her father for the first time since she had been a baby. And as she folded her hands, and gave thanks for the great mercies which God had bestowed upon them, by giving them back their father, Mr. Berryman sobbed like a child, to think he had such a good child, and he had not known it. And his whole heart was lifted up to God to ask for strength to help him in the future.

CHAPTER V.

A SAD END.

 R. TRESCOTT was ill in bed, and his business was left to his bar-tender and waiters, and he charged them, in the presence of his daughter, to have everything nice and right for to-morrow, and see that the side door leading into the lane was left open. It was on a Sunday he gave this order. For the first time in his life he really felt too ill to rise, and was only afraid he might lose a dollar if his men did not do the thing right. Emma stood by his bedside and heard all.

“Oh! father, father, can you not for once keep the Sabbath day as it ought to be kept, instead of, not only breaking human law, but God’s law, by enticing these poor young men in here when they ought to be at church?”

“Will you hold your tongue, girl. I dare you to cant to me?”

“I will not be silent any longer, father. You are heaping curse after curse on this house, and, sooner or later, the Lord of the Sabbath will send mildew on you and all belonging to you. There is that young man, Mr. Dexter, the only son of a widow. He comes here every Sunday evening, when no doubt, his mother thinks he is at church, with others, who have

loved ones at home. Have you a right to open your doors to them on the sly, as you do? You dare not do it openly in the face of the world. No! You had a door built on purpose, and you sit there on Sunday evenings beside that reflecting glass, and watch just like a hawk watching for his prey. I have seen it often, and if you were not my father, I would long ago have told of it, so that the law of the land should have punished you."

"What? Is it you who dare to tell me that? You, as a child to a father who has loved you so much, you disobedient girl. Get out of my sight, or I will make you go, you ungrateful hussy!" he cried, quite furious.

"I never disobey you, unless you want me to break the Lord's commandment. Thanks to Mrs. Berryman, I have come to see my great failing, of sitting by and never telling you how wrong you are in leading such a lawless life. And unless you tell Tom to keep the side door locked to-day, I shall go down and tell every one of the men who come here, that unless they leave at once, I will call the police," so saying she left the room.

"Tom, Tom," shouted Mr. Trescott, after trying in vain to get up himself, but he had the gout, and had also a bad cold, so he had to lie still till that worthy, who was no better than his master, came in. "Where is that girl of mine?" he asked. "Where is she, I say? Bring her in here that I may wring her neck."

"Who? Miss Emma? she is just gone down stairs. I hear her talking to that milksóp who is not

worth his salt, as I often told you. But yet you will keep him on."

"Go and hear what she is saying. I could kill myself for lying here to-day, when that girl is all at once turning rebellious. When could she have been to that wretch of a woman? I thought they had all gone to the dogs long ago."

"Who? The Berryman's? Bless you he has reformed, did you not hear of it? He has taken that pretty cottage in James street again, and looks quite respectable, I can tell you. I met him yesterday and lifted my hat to him, but he hardly looked at me, the ungrateful wretch. But you told me to go and look after Miss Emma."

"No, I did not, I told you to go and hear what she is saying to William. She will not let the side door be opened to-day, she says she will call in the police, if any one comes, and she will do it, if we do not get her out of the way."

"I'll manage it if you leave it to me," said Tom, with a grin, in anticipation of the lie he would tell her, to get her out of the house, "her mother will not want her, will she?"

"I think not, let her have another bottle before evening and I bet you she will not want her," said John Trescott. "Young Dexter is going to bring a pale lad with him, and has engaged the blue room; so close the shutters early and let down the blinds before you light the gas, and have the buffet well stocked, for they always drink like fish. But I cannot see how we will get rid of that girl of mine. They

must not sing mind you, nor talk too loud; once they are safely up stairs Emma will not see them."

"Don't trouble yourself, I'll manage all," said Tom. "Of course, they must keep still, for is it not the Lord's Day?" said Tom, laughing, looking like a fiend in human shape, "as to Miss Emma, I'll just send her a note, this afternoon, from her friend Cora, asking her for tea and to go to church with her; so the coast will be clear, I bet you."

"But the girl will tell her that she did not ask her to come, and if so all will be ruined, for she will come home at once if she finds it out."

"I'll just tell Miss Cora's brother to ask her and he will see it all carried out, for he wants to come too, he told me so yesterday, and then I shall offer the key of the side door to Miss Emma, to throw her off her guard, for we have six keys to the same door. You called me a fool when I said you should have six keys made, now see who is the fool," he said.

"Tom you are a treasure, I don't know what I should do without you. Take good care of all while I am ill and I'll reward you, here is a little present for you now," said Trescott handing him a ten dollar bill which he had taken the night before for a one. He often did so if his customers could not see the number very clearly, it was all the same to him.

"Thank you, master," said Tom, "now you just lie still to-day, I will do as well as if you were about. You must take care of yourself, for men at your time of life often drop off very suddenly, with no more the matter with them than ails you to-day." With this bit

of advice he left to put all in order for his plan. He met Miss Trescott coming up stairs, she disliked the man for she mistrusted him, but for once he totally blinded her.

"Thanks be to God, Miss Emma, that we can keep the Sabbath Day for once in this house," he said, lifting up his large eyes to the ceiling of the large hall, "I do believe it is the Lord's doing to lay master up. I do not wish him ill, but yet it is such a joy for me to think that this house will be closed till the law allows it to be opened again."

"Oh, Tom!" cried Emma, "do you really mean what you say? You would not deceive me, would you?"

"Deceive you! you surely don't think that of me, do you, Miss Emma? Says I to myself this morning, when I heard master was too ill to get up, says I, now, Glory be to God, Miss Emma shall have the key of the side door and maybe she will lose it, and when master gets up, make him brick it up. For it's a sin and a shame to let young gentlemen come here on the Lord's day, and go home drunk, when they should have been kneeling down to pray."

"Oh, Tom! how happy you make me, to think you are of the same mind as I am. I know William thinks it wrong and I trust father will be brought round too, ere long."

"Now, Miss Emma, let me give you the key," said Tom, "and then may be as I am not wanted I'll just go to church."

"I thought you never went," said Emma.

"Did you? Well you see you did not know half the good that was in me, for of course I must do master's bidding when he is about, but now we have the field all to ourselves, as the saying is."

Tom left to go to church and when he returned he brought Emma an invitation from her friend Cora, an estimable young lady who had been at the same school with her, and who really loved Emma. It was the only place Emma visited, and she was always glad to spend a few hours in that unpretending home. Cora's parents were very humble people who had made a great sacrifice in sending their daughter to Toronto to school, and now Cora repaid it in some measure, for she had some pupils to whom she taught all the English branches and music.

"Here is a note for you, Miss Emma," said Tom. "I met Master Stewart coming from church and he gave me this for you. It is from his sister," said the great hypocrite, for he had never been to church, but had been prowling about Mr. Stewart's all the morning to get a sight of Herbert Stewart. He waited till Herbert had brought him the note, after his sister had returned from church.

"Oh, I cannot go to-day," said Emma, after reading it, "I am sorry to disappoint Cora, but I cannot leave the house with father in bed, and mother looking so wild that she quite frightens me. You did not give her anything to drink, did you, Tom? for Jane says she did not."

"Me give her anything!" cried he, in an injured tone, "did she say I gave her anything?"

"No, she did not ; and yet she had nothing in her room early this morning, for I looked ; but she has certainly been drinking, wherever she got it from, and she has not left her room to my knowledge."

"Perhaps she had hidden some in her room, but now she will most likely go to sleep, and I will sit with master after tea. So I do not see why you should not go to see your friend, I'll take care that Mrs. Trescott gets no more, so you just go, Miss Emma."

"Oh ! if something should happen, I would never forgive myself for it," she said, "but I should like to see Cora, and also go to church, so I'll see if mother is asleep. I'll go, if you promise me to take care of all in my absence."

"I promise you that, and I'll talk to master, never fear. I'll show him the sinfulness of his ways, in enticing young men here, it will be such a good opportunity when you are out," said the hypocrite, with such a long face, that Emma quite believed him.

He had mixed a large bowl with several kinds of brandy, with plenty of sugar and hot water, and had brought it to Mrs. Trescott early in the morning, telling her to drink it quick, and not let Miss Emma know of it. No wonder she looked wild ! but he did not stop there. While Emma was dressing, he brought her a bottle of the best they had in the house, which she hid in her bed, so when the time came for Emma to leave, Mrs. Trescott was far gone, and, as Emma thought, fast asleep.

"You won't mind my going out, father," she said, looking into his room for a moment, where Tom sat

looking so good, that she really thought that his speaking to her father would do more good than she could herself.

"No, I would much rather that you did go to-night, Tom and I are going to have a long talk," replied her father, "so go and enjoy yourself—good-bye."

"Oh, I shall look in when I come home, I won't be late," said Emma, never dreaming what this night would bring forth.

She and Cora were very happy; she telling Cora what a good man Tom was, and that she had only found it out that day. How she hoped that he would influence her father to give up the practice of letting young men in on Sundays, and that she trusted so much to Tom's help in the matter. At that time several young men, Cora's brother among the rest, were let in by Tom, who had his seat that evening by the reflecting glass. He led them to the room upstairs, the windows of which looked into the lane.

"I thought you promised Miss Emma not to open that door to-day," said William. "How can you be such a deceitful fellow, letting her go out in that belief? You ought to be ashamed of yourself for doing so."

"You shut up, will you! and if you know when your bread is well buttered, you had better not say a word, or you will find yourself out of a place to-morrow," cried Tom, opening the door again to a party of young men, who, through this hell, were fast going to destruction. Mrs. Trescott drank freely of the strong drink, and was, long ere Emma's return, mad with it.

The servant who generally attended her was out. She got up, for she thought her bed was full of rats and snakes, and the room seemed fast filling with vermin in every shape, mocking her and beckoning her to come. At last she opened the door and rushed out into the long passage which led to the stairs. Emma had just returned, and had taken off her things, and was just going to her mother's room, when she caught a glimpse of the white night-dress at the further end of the hall, rushing down the stairs. For a moment she could not think what it was; but going quickly to her mother's room, she saw by the great disorder that it must have been her mother, when the loud slamming of the private door startled the whole house.

Several of the young men, with Tom at their head, came out to see what it was, thinking no doubt the police had come. They saw Emma, pale as death, leaning for a moment against the banister for support.

"What is it?" cried young Dexter, the most sober of the party.

"What has happened, Miss Trescott?"

"My mother!" was all she could say, pointing to the door, for which she now rushed herself, followed by young Dexter and another. When she got out, she saw, afar off like a spectre, the white garment of her mother, who was making for the bay which was not far distant.

Quick as the young men were, they could not come up with Emma, who flew along as if she had wings. The night was very dark, only here and there glittered a star, which looked down on the wretched woman

who felt that all the demons of hell were pursuing her. She had now reached the bank. Emma was only a few steps behind, when she saw her mother throw up her arms in the air, and then with one piercing cry she plunged into the water.

Emma just came up, but alas! too late. Her cries rent the air. She would no doubt have rushed in to try to save her mother, had not young Dexter laid his hand on her to hold her back. Other help came up now; several men had seen the apparition, and had followed it. After the first fright was over, one man jumped into the water and swam towards a speck which shewed itself on the surface of the water, but ere he could reach it, Mrs. Trescott had sank not to rise again. They searched for more than an hour before they found the body, but at last they got it, and brought it where poor Emma was kneeling, looking with straining eyes into the darkness. Young Dexter with many others stayed beside her. Lanterns were flashing here and there, when they laid all that remained of Mrs. Trescott on the bank. A stretcher was brought to convey the poor woman to her home, where Satan had lured her on, till at last he had received her.

Ere the mournful procession started, Emma rose, and, with tearful eyes, pointing to the dead body of her mother, said, "This is what drink has done. Oh! all of you who stand here to-night, take heed lest the demon should also lay his chains about some of you. Take warning, I beg of you, young gentlemen, ere it is too late for you to retreat. Many of you have this day broken the Sabbath by reckless debauchery,

instead of hallowing it. You who have mothers and sisters, go home and tell them of this sad scene, and ask God to help you to turn at once back to the path of soberness and virtue."

Her earnest appeal was not without its good effect, for many of those who heard her, never broke the Lord's day again, nor did they spend their evenings in taverns or saloons. They found their homes more congenial than before, for the dead woman's face, dripping hair, and the pale, stern face of the young girl pointing to that dead body, was a sight never to be forgotten.

Mr. Trescott had heard the rumpus in the house, but could not stand on his feet to see what it all meant. He screamed himself hoarse, but no one came, and at last all was still again, till the front door opened, and a muffled sound reached his ear. "Where shall we carry the body?" asked one of the men of Emma, who pointed to a door. She was in the back-ground, leaning on young Dexter's arm. The men, mistaking the door, opened that of her father's room, and ere she could prevent it, he had seen what they carried between them.

The fright nearly killed him, and poor Emma for some time thought that the Lord had twice visited their house in His wrath. It was a long time before her father could even bear any allusion to the mournful event.

"It is God's anger towards me. Yes, I see it now; the curse has found me at last. Emma, my child," he

whispered, "had I listened to you, this would not have happened."

"Let us try to do all we can to atone for this great sin, father. God will help us, if we but ask Him to direct us to do right. This is indeed a sad end of poor mother."

The father could not be brought to look again on his dead wife, no matter what Emma said.

"No! it would kill me outright. I shall see her wherever I go, as it is; but I cannot look at her again, Emma. Poor woman, I might have made a better husband, if this cursed business had not got hold of me."

They buried her in the cemetery. At the last day, "when the grave shall give up its dead," where will Mrs. Trèscott be, and those who are serving this hard taskmaster?

The place was shut up from that Sunday evening, never more to be opened to the public for the purpose of enticing men to leave their own homes.

Tom, when he looked at the dead body of his mistress, and at Emma, who sternly pointing towards it, said, "you will get your reward for this night's work," became so frightened, that it did not let him rest in the house. Ere morning came, he had packed up and gone, no one knew whither. Let us hope that he went to lead a better life for the future, and that his savings did not go to open one of those Man Traps of which the world, everywhere, is so full.

One morning, two weeks after Mrs. Trèscott's death, the early passer by might have seen a young girl and

a man emptying casks and bottles into the gutter, and from the smell it was evident that it was wine and spirits. Yes! it was Emma and William who thus disposed of the stock from Mr. Trescott's saloon. "No other person shall drink it, if I can help," Emma had said to her father, who willingly gave his consent.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEW TEMPERANCE HALL.



M. R. TRESCOTT was sitting up for the first time, and had a visitor. His friend, Will Berryman, was with him, in earnest discussion about the future of Mr. Trescott and his daughter. He had humbly begged forgiveness of Berryman for the wrong he had done him, and also of Mrs. Berryman, which was readily granted. And now he was consulting with his old friend what he had better do.

“Emma says for me to give up the house to the Temperance Society, to have it turned into a Temperance Hall, but it is almost too large for such a purpose, is it not?” he asked of his friend.

“I do not think so, if you carry it out as Miss Trescott proposes. She thinks the upper part might be turned into a cheap coffee house; and I think it might be done. The place is well furnished, and I will tell you what I would do. I would stock it with everything necessary for six months, if it cost me a thousand dollars, so that the working man can have his cup of coffee for a penny and bring his wife in the evening sometimes to sit in pleasant rooms. William shall be the manager of it as Miss Trescott proposes. He is the very man, having seen the curse alcohol

brought on many under this roof. And you will be able in your old age to look on those who formerly visited here, coming to drink their cup of coffee and bless the hour when this house was turned from a drinking hell into a safe harbor for those who pay it a visit, which, I trust, will be a countless number." And so it was arranged. Mr. Trescott gave the house and all belonging to it, as a free gift to the Temperance Society.

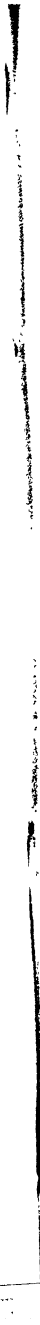
Partitions were taken down and the ground floor was soon turned into a splendid hall, where meetings were held. The upper rooms were turned into a coffee house, where good coffee at a penny a cup could be had at all hours of the day. The rooms were all well and tastefully furnished, with little tables here and there, while on a large table in each room all the newspapers of the day were to be found, and many good weeklies. Soon the place became celebrated, not only for its good coffee and excellent host, but also for the many innocent enjoyments which were provided during the long winter evenings.

No stranger visited Hamilton who did not hear of this new coffee house, and when he turned his steps towards the place, but would be impressed with the capital idea of having such a place over a Temperance Hall.

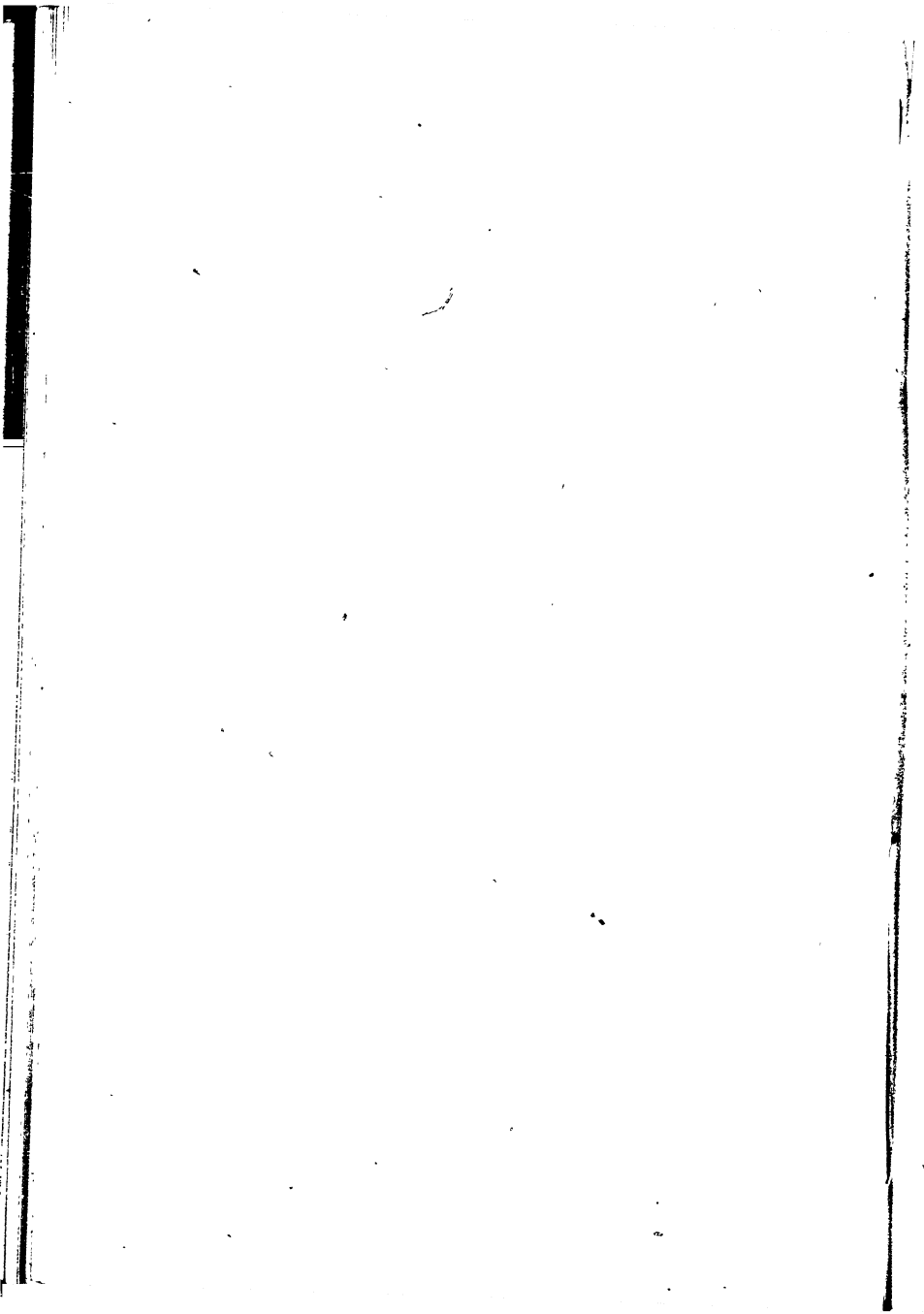
"This place looks as if it had a history," said one gentleman to the host of the hotel where he was stopping.

"A history! I should think so," replied the man, and he related the sad history of Mrs. Trescott,

“ You see that old gentleman passing here every day, leaning on the arm of a young lady. Well, he is no other than John Trescott, who has given to the city a greater benefit than any other man, by establishing a cheap coffee house, where the working man can come at all hours of the day, to drink his cup of coffee or cocoa, which costs him much less than beer would do; and, I trust, ere long, many will follow Mr. Trescott's example.”




THE FATAL INHERITANCE.



THE FATAL INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER I.

“ Labor is of wealth the parent,
Harbinger of peace of mind ;
Happiness entwines around it,
Peace, without it, none can find.”

T the close of a bright May day, a heavily laden schooner, with three men on board, entered one of the smallest but most beautiful bays on the St. Lawrence ; formed, by two points jutting out from the crescent-shaped shore, which, sweeping round in graceful curves, half-enclosed the haven in their sheltering arms.

One of these points was long, low and narrow, and at its termination bore a singular resemblance to the barbed head of an arrow. Its fellow was high, partially wooded, with jagged rocks protruding here and there, and surmounted by a precipitous cliff, on whose brow stood a group of giant oaks, that for centuries had bade defiance to the fierce hurricanes, that in spring and autumn poured their fury over them.

A narrow beach of shining sand and stones, margined the central shore of the bay, which then rose into round, swelling knolls, interspersed with hollows,

thickly covered with timber of the most magnificent growth. A little farther on was to be seen the wild, unbroken forest, which showed signs of donning its summer garb, rising in beautiful green against the blue horizon.

Two of the men bore the stamp of gentlemen, by their dress and bearing; the other was a sailor, who well understood the management of the boat, as he had to do it all himself, while the two men sat carelessly puffing their Havanas, with now and then interchanging a remark about the scenery around them.

They were both what might be called handsome men, yet their beauty was very different. Otway Gregory, the owner of the boat, was about thirty years of age, jet black hair and whiskers, and dark piercing eyes, very striking, but of that class which can exist without any of the higher attainments of the mind.

The other gentleman was tall and strongly made; his forehead was finely formed, and shaded by careless locks of chesnut hair. His eyebrows were straight and somewhat heavy, and his profuse dark lashes gave a rich shade to his clear grey eyes. There was a frank and determined expression in his face, mingled with great sweetness. To a keen observer, its calm, steady, unswerving aspect would have conveyed an impression of latent power, difficult to describe. Such was Dr. Merton. He was about the same age as his friend Otway. They had been at college together in Toronto, had passed two years in an English University, and had settled in life at the same time, the one

as a most clever architect, the other as a successful physician, in the city of Montreal. Both were married. While Mr. Gregory's union was blessed with three children, Dr. Merton's was childless. The Doctor had taken a holiday that May day, to see his friend's wife and children. The youngest, the heir of the house of Gregory, was his godson.

Mr. Gregory had lived in Montreal since his marriage until a few weeks before this time, when by the death of an uncle, the only relative Mrs. Gregory had, she had fallen heir to a pretty country cottage, with six acres of land attached. Therefore, they had left the city, and were living on their little farm, as Mr. Gregory called it. It was only three miles from the city, where Mr. Gregory went every morning, either in his boat, or in a vehicle of his own, returning at night to his pretty home and his dear ones.

His friend, the Doctor, had not seen this home before, so when they landed at the little wharf, Dr. Merton could not help congratulating his friend on being the owner of such a charming place, as it now presented itself to their view.

The house, of red brick, stood on a little elevation fronting the river, surrounded by well kept grounds and a cultivated garden. The verandah on one side of the house during the summer months was covered with climbing roses of various kinds. Mrs. Gregory and the children were on the verandah. As soon as the boat touched the wharf, there was a joyful shout from the three children, two girls and one boy, and they started to meet him, shouting as they ran,—

"Father is coming home! Father is coming home!" Mrs. Gregory followed the children quickly, for of all her husband's friends Dr. Merton stood the highest in her estimation. He had attended her in all her illnesses, and when her boy was born, whose life had nearly cost her own, she knew, had it not been for his assiduous attention she could never have struggled through. Then he was her boy's godfather. Edwin was the pride of both father and mother, nevertheless Eva and Lydia had all the love and care that loving parents can give to their children, still that little boy seemed to have such a hold on their affections. They often reproached themselves for making such an idol of him; but they both had too much good sense, to spoil him; on that account, they were very strict with him, and did not show in any way that they loved him more than his sisters.

"This is kind of you, Doctor," said Mrs. Gregory, extending both hands, "to come and pay us a visit. I have been scolding Otway every day for the last month for not bringing you. Why did you not bring Mrs. Merton with you?"

"Oh, she has some finery to get ready for to-morrow, for the great christening party of Mrs. Harcourt's first-born. If you will allow me, I will bring her next week, that is if my patients will behave themselves for a day. I congratulate you, Mrs. Gregory, on your charming home, and the roses which you and your little ones have already gathered since you came here. Why, Edwin has grown two inches taller since I saw him last."

"I am a man," cried Edwin, "and just as good and brave as papa is."

"I trust you will be a better man than me," replied Mr. Gregory. "You had better imitate your godfather. He is far better and braver than your papa."

"I don't think any one is better than my own papa and mama," said Edwin. "I know my godpapa is brave too, but I want my own dear papa to be the best."

"That is right," said the Doctor, "never let any one stand above your parents, my boy, no matter who it is. I know you will be a credit to your father and to my name that I gave you, and I am proud to call you my godson."

"How is Mrs. Harcourt?" asked Mrs. Gregory. "It is a little daughter that she has?"

"Yes, a girl; but I cannot see why they need make such a fuss about a christening party. But these ladies will always do so with the first, and perhaps the second, but let them have a half-dozen, then they will think no more of having a party. In Mrs. Harcourt's case it is not right, for she is far from strong yet; but she and her husband over-ruled me, so I told them if it had any bad effect on her health, not to blame any one but themselves."

"Well, I trust all will pass off right," replied Mrs. Gregory. "No doubt she will leave town soon. I do not know her intimately, or I should ask her to come and stay a week. It would do her good."

"Yes, in more than one sense," replied the Doctor, as a shade of sadness passed over his honest face.

"You know Harcourt well, Gregory, don't you? You might ask him; I should like her to be under the sweet influence of your dear wife for a week or two; she might come out, if he consents, next week with my wife, if this christening party does not throw her back, of which I am very much afraid."

"I shall ask Mr. Harcourt on Monday," replied Mr. Gregory. "Now, Lydia, my dear, let us have dinner as soon as you can. I feel hungry, and I am sure the Doctor must feel the same, for I hurried him off as quickly as possible, for fear some sick one should claim him."

Mrs. Gregory went at once to see after the dinner. Although she had two servants, she was too good a housewife to trust entirely to them, when such a beloved guest was to be entertained as Dr. Merton. While she was assisting the servants with the dinner, she was reflecting on the Doctor's words with regard to Mrs. Harcourt. Why should her influence have any effect on Mrs. Harcourt, whom she remembered as a far superior woman to herself.

Mrs. Harcourt was the daughter of one of the most influential men in Montreal, and had been married to one of the richest men in the city, who, from all accounts, was one of the happiest of men. What influence could she exert over her? She must ask her husband, who knew more of the family than she did, but if she could be of any use to Mrs. Harcourt she would be most happy to be.

After dinner, at which the Doctor declared he had eaten enough for two, they went into the garden and

fields. The Doctor could not sufficiently express his admiration of the place, indeed, it was a home to be proud of. "I wish I had an uncle who could leave me such a property," he said to Mrs. Gregory.

"Yes, dear Uncle Ralph has been very good to us. It is left without any conditions, which are so often attached to such a gift. We could sell or give it away any time we liked."

"But it is absolutely left to you, is it not?" asked Dr. Merton of Mrs. Gregory.

"No, I would not let uncle make it so. My husband has as much right to it as I have," she answered. "Would you believe it, my husband did not even thank me for talking uncle over. Was that not ungrateful?" she added, laughing.

What was it that gave the Doctor's heart such a damp as he heard this news? It is said that evil tidings often cast their shadows before. Did he think a day would come when Mrs. Gregory would regret that she had not let her uncle make his will in a different way, so that no one could drive her from her home?

"Well Dr.," said Mr. Gregory, "I did all I could to make the old gentleman stick to his first resolution, but my wife had more influence than I, and, therefore, my name comes first. I hope by labor to improve the place, and double its value in a year or two. Still, I told Lydia if we ever should lose it through any fault of mine, she must not reproach me for it."

"No fear of that," replied his wife, gayly, "I know you will do as you say, improve it year by year; and, perhaps, in time we may buy another place. Since

we have been here, you have worked very hard, early in the morning, and late in the evening, when you ought to have been taking rest."

Mr. Gregory said, "it is astonishing how different one feels to be able to say, 'This cottage and grounds are my own.'"

"You know Charles, I was always lazy in the morning, but now, I am up at day-break, I feel much better in consequence."

"I have often heard that remark before," said the Doctor. "That it is wonderful what a difference ownership of anything makes in a man, and he feels, no doubt, he would like to add to it; but this can only be done by labor, either with his hands or his brains, for 'Labor is of wealth the parent,' so I trust, with God's blessing, you may reap the reward of it."

They spent a most delightful time together. As the Dr. was then obliged to return, they all hoped he would soon come again.

He left in a boat, with Denis as an oarsman. Mr. Gregory had several small boats, besides the schooner which he only used now and then, to bring things necessary for the farm and house. The sailor who piloted the schooner, lived very near them, and was always glad to take his place in the boat, for there was nothing Martin Flint liked better, than being on the water. Denis always rowed the small boats, either for his master, or his mistress and children, so when the weather was fine they had a sail every day.

"You have a pretty place, out here, my man," said

the Dr., "you don't need me in my professional capacity very often."

"No, your honor, we don't need physic out here, it is the delight of my heart to see these pretty children getting rosier every day, and my mistress too, God bless her, for ever and ever," said Denis. To which the Dr. responded a fervent amen.

CHAPTER II.

“From the court to the cottage, convey me away,
 For I’m weary of grandeur, and what they call gay,
 Where pride, without measure,
 And pomp, without pleasure,
 Make life, in a circle of hurry, decay.

With a rural repast (a rich banquet for me)
 On a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree ;
 The river’s clear brink,
 Shall afford me a drink,
 And temperance, my friendly physician shall be.”



HE large christening party was over, and Mrs. Dr. Merton had returned to her happy home. She stood at the window, listening for the Doctor, who had not yet returned from his professional visits. Having lost Thursday, his patients demanded double attention the next day.

The clock struck twelve, still Mrs. Merton kept watch at the window, wondering why her husband was so late this night. He had often been away all night, and she had never minded it, but this night she could not go to bed, she must wait for him, no matter how long he would be. Her mind was very troubled. She must tell him all her fears before she could sleep. “No doubt, he will not believe it, nor would I, had I not seen it with my own eyes.”

“Good God! that one of my own sex should so

debase herself; and she so young, and a mother for the first time."

"I could see by the servant's glances," cried Mrs. Merton, in bitterness of soul, "that it was not the first time. I wonder if the other ladies noticed it as I did. What did she say about it? That 'the Doctor ordered her to take brandy daily, to strengthen her.' A glass of light wine would be better than that poison. The town will ring of it to-morrow. I was glad her mother was not well enough to be there. How the old lady would have felt to have seen her own daughter drink brandy like a man. Her husband is no better I fear, for he went with his friends into his den (as he called it) to have a smoke and drink. The two are generally found together!"

"Her father, the old sinner, God forgive me for using such language, when I told him to ask her to go to her own room, said, 'Oh, that's nothing, Frances has a taste for good things, don't be alarmed Mrs. Merton, she no doubt, has doubled the dose the Doctor prescribed for her daily, she will be all right in the morning.' What a sin! what a fatal inheritance she gives to her innocent child, for as the children of thieves are born thieves, so are the children of those who drink (especially the mother) born to become drunkards, if an Almighty power does not keep guard over them from their infancy. There he is at last," she said, as she heard the sound of carriage wheels; in a few moments more, the Doctor entered his door with his latch key, thinking all had gone to bed, and was not a little astonished to find his wife waiting for him. He

saw at a glance something was troubling her very much.

"Why, Gussie! what is the matter that you are not in bed? I could not come any sooner, I have had two bad cases in the hospital, I had to go there after I had gone my rounds. Tell me what is troubling you? Is it seeing the new baby? or, was the christening robe not the right length? or——"

"Oh! Edwin, don't," said Mrs. Merton, and she burst out weeping bitter tears, throwing herself into her husband's arms.

"Why, my dear wife, what is the matter with you? Come, Gussie, this is not like you, I always thought my wife to be above such weakness, tell me what it is?"

"I know it is weakness, dear Edwin, to feel like this, but Oh! I saw such a sight this night, that I never saw in my life before. One of my own sex, one, whom we both esteem most highly, is giving herself to drinking. I saw her drink brandy several times, and saw the effect of it. She disgraced herself before her nurse and servants, and it was with the greatest difficulty we could get her to bed. She acted like a mad woman."

"Do you speak of Mrs. Harcourt?" asked the Doctor, while a look of pain stole over his face.

"Yes, dear, I knew you would hardly believe, had I not seen it. It is too true, and what is more, it is not the first time."

"Just tell me how it all happened," said the Doctor, drawing his wife close to him.

"At the supper table, were all kinds of wine, rum

and brandy. When all the glasses were filled, to drink the health of Mrs. Harcourt and baby, I saw her pour out some brandy for herself, and mix it with water. It looked such a large dose, that I became hot all over. Several of the ladies noticed it too. She saw they did, and turning to me, said, it is by the doctor's orders that I take brandy, Mrs. Merton, or I would not touch it; he advised it months ago, and told me I must continue to take it twice a day, as long as I nursed baby."

"Oh! Edwin, why did you order that poison for her? Could you not find anything else to strengthen her? for I am sure as there is a God in Heaven, that Mrs. Harcourt will go down the road to destruction, and on you will rest the blame."

"Hush! Gussie! this is foolish as well as cruel, to talk that way; it is true I found it necessary to order some stimulant for her; two or three tablespoonfuls of brandy, with the white of egg, but since her confinement, we left off the eggs. The small quantity of brandy I told her to take would not hurt her. Am I to blame if she likes to take enough to debase herself? A nice thing to tell me it is my fault. If I prescribe a large bottle of medicine for a patient, a spoonful to be taken two or three times a day, if he should be fool enough to take all that is in the bottle at once, and it should kill him, am I to be blamed for that, tell me?"

"Oh! Edwin, my dear husband, don't talk so, I don't say it's all your fault, but still she has got the liking for it, by your ordering her to take it. When we arose from the table, to go into the drawing-

room, I saw her take another glass ; a short time after, she left the room, no doubt, to take some more, for when she came back, I saw the effect of it ; her flushed face, her wild glaring eyes, and her talk was perfectly foolish. I am sure every lady saw what I saw ; the town will ring of it to-morrow," cried Mrs. Merton.

"Where was her husband, and her father and mother?" said the Doctor, "did they not do anything to prevent such disgraceful conduct?"

"Her father was there, Mr. Harcourt took all the gentlemen, except her father, into his den, (as he called it) to have a smoke ; by the laughter and loud talking, I fear they drank a great deal. I asked Mrs. Harcourt to go to her room, she became almost insulting, telling me to mind my own business. Her father was talking about something to Mrs. Moore ; he turned suddenly round when he heard his daughter talking so loudly, to know the reason. I asked him to tell her to go to bed ; he said, ' don't distress yourself, Mrs. Merton, Frances has, no doubt, doubled the dose of your husband's prescription, she will be all right in the morning.' Just think of this from a father ; I could have slapped him in the face. At last I got her out of the room, the housemaid helped me to get her upstairs, but from her servant's whisperings, I could see it was not the first time. Think of that poor baby being nursed on brandy, what an inheritance if her life is spared. It is cruel to think of it. How will she take care of it? I wish she would not nurse it. God has not blessed me with such a sweet babe, and such a mother has one."

The Doctor rose up and paced up and down the room with rapid steps. He could not answer his wife; all she had said was too true. He was angry with himself and all the world beside, and yet he could not see that he was in the least to blame.

“Go to bed, Gussie, and to-morrow I shall see Mrs. Harcourt and have a talk with her, and also with him. She is not a strong woman, and needs something to keep her up. I shall see if she would take a nurse for the child, then she might get back her own strength. I hope that we shall then be able to dispense with the brandy and let her have pure port instead.”

“Why let her have anything, Edwin, except what a woman ought to have, tea, coffee, or cocoa? I think if you would not give your patients stimulants at all, they would get as strong, as by using artificial means.”

“I really don't know what you mean, Gussie, by artificial means. You talk as if no one should use these blessings, because some abuse them.” The Doctor's brow darkened, for he thought his wife was making an inroad on his profession.

“Now, Edwin, don't feel angry. Just answer one more question, then I shall go to bed and try to forget for a while the grief I feel to-night. Tell me truly and earnestly, do you believe that a person's life can be saved or prolonged by the use of wine or brandy?”

“I cannot talk any more to-night on the subject,” he replied. “Some other time we will talk it over. Go to bed; I will soon follow; I have some entries to make in my book first.”

He went to his study, and Mrs. Merten went to bed; but it was a long time ere the Doctor followed her. When he had finished making his entries he took a volume of De Faberizewins, the great German physician, and turned over the leaves; yes, there was a passage, "good pure brandy or wine." There was no doubt about it, but he looked in vain for the page where it said that a life might be saved or prolonged by these stimulants. He had heard the question discussed in the Medical Council, and old clever men had strongly advised it in many cases. But could life be saved through it? That was the problem that he should like to solve. "How can I," he said, in a troubled voice, "find it out?" He at last went to bed, but not to sleep. Every time his wife awoke from a fitful slumber, she found him tossing about. At daybreak a messenger came to call him up, for Mrs. Harcourt's baby was very ill.

When he arrived the child was in convulsions, brought on no doubt by the mother's drinking the night before. The poor little child smelled strongly of brandy, which it had nursed from its mother. She was only half conscious, and wholly unconcerned about her child.

"Where is Mr. Harcourt?" asked the doctor of one of the servants. "Is he still asleep? He ought to be called, for that child will die."

"I will call him, sir, but he was so drunk last night that John had to undress him and put him to bed, and when he is like that he does not sober off quick. I slept on the sofa here, for nurse would not stay

alone with mistress. I heard him talking till nearly morning."

"A nice state of things," said the Doctor to himself. "Here are a young couple, in the best society, only married one year, both getting drunk at the christening party of their firstborn. What can I do? I do not want Gussie here; it would haunt her all her life." He gave the child something, and then forced Mrs. Harcourt to swallow a dose to make her sleep, told the nurse he would be back in an hour; then he drove to Mrs. Harcourt's parents to arouse them.

"Tell Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster that Dr. Merton must see them at once," he said; as he addressed the wondering servant, who could not conceive why the Doctor called so early.

"What can he want?" Mr. Lancaster said in a grumbling tone. "Something about Frances, I suppose. Why, we married her to a rich man, what more does he expect us to do for her?"

"Let him come up. Frances or the baby must be ill," said Mrs. Lancaster.

"And no wonder if she is," grumbled the father. "Tell him to come up here. I am not going to get up for any one; and Mary, make me a strong cup of coffee, and bring it as soon as you can. Don't come again to disturb me to-day for any one. Well, what is it?" cried Mr. Lancaster, as soon as the Doctor entered. "What brought you at this hour?"

The Doctor told him his grandchild was very ill, and doubted if she would live through the day.

"If Mrs. Lancaster is better, she had better come, so that the child may not be left entirely to servants."

"Why, where is my daughter?" asked the mother, now fully roused.

"She is asleep at present, and I fear she will not be capable of doing anything to-day, or Mr. Harcourt either."

"Yes, drank too much last night both of them. I came home before it was all over. No doubt Harcourt enjoyed himself with his friends after I left."

"If you call it enjoying yourself by getting beastly drunk, then he indeed did it to perfection," said Dr. Merton.

"Pooh! Pooh!" cried Mr. Lancaster. "It will not harm him. A man does not have a christening party every day. He will soon be all right again."

"But what is the matter with Frances?" asked Mrs. Lancaster in an anxious tone.

Mr. Lancaster was a careless man, and old as he was, he had no thought beyond this world and its pleasures. What would have almost broken another father's heart, he only laughed at. But being a rich man, he was possessed of influence in society; as it is, alas! too true, that "money covers a multitude of sins" in the eyes of the world.

"Can you come, Mrs. Lancaster?" asked the Doctor, passing over all her enquiries. "If not, I must bring my wife, but it would be better if you could come."

"I shall get up at once," she said, "I shall not keep you long."

He went down stairs to wait for her, and in a very short time he handed Mrs. Lancaster into his carriage, and drove her to her daughter's home.

The Doctor said, "Mrs. Lancaster, now, I shall tell you all about it. I trust that you, as a mother, will exert all that influence over your daughter, which only a mother can. You are aware that Mrs. Harcourt has been very weak for some time. I found it necessary to order her three table spoonfuls of brandy daily, which would have helped her to gain strength. Instead of that, I find she has taken for some time large doses sufficient to make her drunk, as she was yesterday. I was not there, but my wife told me the state she was in, I saw several times a wildness in her eye, and a desire for foolish talking, which was not natural; but I could not charge her directly with it. You know how proud she is. As soon as she is herself, I will speak to her about it. The child has imbibed so much of the brandy from her milk, that it has brought on convulsions; should it recover, I shall advise a nurse for it. I trust you, madam, to do all in your power to show her on what a precipice she stands."

"I shall do all I can," her mother replied, "but I fear my influence will have little effect on her, she was always head-strong, and her father upheld her in it. He is to blame for her marriage with Harcourt, whom, I fear is fast becoming a confirmed drunkard. I said all I could, and did all I could, but she would not listen to me, she pleaded her father's words, that all young gentlemen were wild, so she would not give him up."

By this time, Mr. Harcourt had come down stairs, looking like men do after a night of excessive drinking, and the strong perfume of brandy from him, told the Doctor he had begun again."

"What is up?" he asked as he saw Mrs. Lancaster, "is Frances or the baby ill?"

"Your little daughter is, I fear, dangerously ill. Have you not seen your wife yet?" said the Doctor, in surprise.

"No, plenty of time, come and have some brandy, Doctor."

"No, thank you, I never take it, nor anything so strong, so early; but if you will allow me, I will ring for a cup of coffee for Mrs. Lancaster and myself," replied the Doctor.

"Have what you like, but is it not rather strange that you prescribe what you don't take yourself, Doctor Merton?"

"I am not ill," replied the Doctor, "I don't need medicine. I am afraid Mr. Harcourt, you will soon make yourself ill if you do not leave off taking brandy, or anything that will take away your senses as it did last night."

"Well! that is a good one," cried Mr. Harcourt, after a pause, staring the Doctor in the face. "Here is a man who has ordered brandy for my wife for months past, (and she can take it as strong as I can myself),—now he tells me to leave off. You Doctors are for the most part great humbugs. That is a fact. See here, I never listened to any man canting on temperance,

so don't begin with me." So saying, he turned his back on the Doctor.

They found the child better, but Mrs. Harcourt excited.

The Doctor told the nurse to take the brandy out of the room, and not to give Mrs. Harcourt any until his return.

"I knew what it would be," said the Doctor, addressing Mrs. Harcourt, "you over-exerted yourself yesterday, and now you are worse."

"It is not that," replied Mrs. Harcourt, "but nurse told me you had forbidden her to give me brandy, this morning, and I feel so sinking from weakness."

"Your child had convulsions this morning, I fear it has been brought on by your taking too much brandy; so to save the child's life, you must not take a drop more. You have been taking large doses, or this would not have happened. We must put a stop to it at once, or it will be too late," taking her hand in his, and looking down on her with such a determined expression, it quite frightened her, and she burst into tears.

He left her with her mother and went home.

"How is the child?" asked Mrs. Merton.

"Better; and Gussie, I told Mrs. Harcourt, to save the child's life, she must not taste another drop of brandy."

"Do you think she will follow your advice?" asked his wife.

"I trust so; I hope in a few days to put her under your wing, and send her out to the Gregory's for three weeks."

Before he left the house, Mrs. Merton ventured to ask another question.

"Do you think she can do without it, or did you order port instead?"

"I did not; I shall see in a day or two if she can get along without a stimulant at all, if so, Gussie, you have won a victory."

"Not me, but the medical profession," replied his wife.

The child did not get better; and now, that Mrs. Harcourt's mind was clear, she felt the pang of sorrow of a loving mother. That same night, as it lay in convulsions, she cried to the Doctor, "Save my child! I will do all you ask me, only save my child!"

"It's life is in the hand of God, Mrs. Harcourt, I will do all I can, don't grieve so; if He should in His infinite wisdom, find it better to take her now to Himself, it is for the best."

The Doctor was glad that she felt it so much, she had appeared so indifferent in the morning. But then her mind was confused, now it was clear, and shewed the mother's nature. Oh! how Satan's King, Alcohol, can change the loving father, or the tender mother, to a heartless wretch, who would take the last morsel of food, out of the child's mouth, to satisfy their own vicious appetite!

Mr. Harcourt was there, and when the Doctor left the room he followed him. He was perfectly sober now; and he felt he must apologise for his rudeness in the morning.

"I hope you will forgive me Doctor, I was not quite myself this morning."

"I trust you will always be yourself for the future," said the Doctor, "take warning ere it is too late."

"Do you think the child will get over this? poor Frances feels it dreadfully."

"No, Mr. Harcourt, the child will most likely be dead before morning; but should her death bring that about for which I pray, even the life of your first-born is not too great a sacrifice. I shall bring Mrs. Merton to be with your wife through the night, as her mother is gone home."

"I told her to go, Doctor, for I could not stand the way she talked to Frances. Bad as I am, I love her, and, if she had had in former years, more care bestowed on her by her parents, she would be able to reform me. Now that she is still weak, I cannot stand by and let her mother say all kinds of cutting things about her faults, for which her mother is more to blame than she."

When Mrs. Merton came, an hour later, with her husband, they found husband and wife sitting by the little crib, where lay the bond of their love. The little life was fast ebbing away; and ere the morning dawned, angels came to meet it.

Mrs. Merton shed bitter tears for the sorrowing young mother, whose reproaches of herself were pitiful to listen to. She endeavoured to soothe her by showing her where to look for comfort and strength for the future, and hoped, like her husband, they would lead a better life.


A week later, Mr. Gregory's schooner had two ladies and three gentlemen on board, besides Martin Flint. One of the ladies was dressed in deep mourning. Mrs. Harcourt had with pleasure accepted the invitation to visit Mrs. Gregory, with Mrs. Merton, and the Doctor and Mrs. Harcourt were to go as often as they could during their stay.

Mrs. Harcourt looked very subdued,—quite different from her former self. She had so far kept her promise not to taste brandy, but had several times taken port wine. She knew it was wrong, but felt weak, and must have something to keep her up. She had taken wine ever since she was a child,—even at the boarding school. Many of the girls did the same, from the doctor's orders, and it could not do her harm now. Oh! Mrs. Harcourt, take care what you do. How many girls will have the same excuse, who attended the same school, and perhaps there laid the foundation of their future ruin in life. Most surely on that school will rest the blame.

Mrs. Gregory welcomed her like a sister. Both Mrs. Harcourt and her husband felt that this was true life,—theirs was sham. Could she only have stayed longer, no doubt her reformation would have been completed. But she was called away suddenly by the death of her father, and if rumor were true, his death was caused by intemperance.

CHAPTER III.

" I am weary ! the world has no joy for me,
 No shrine for my heart's idolatry,
 I have toiled through the silent hour of night,
 (While others slept) by my lamp's dim light.
 I'm sick of the world, and it's cold deceit,
 I'm sick of the changing friends I meet.
 When I clasp a hand, it is clasped with fear,
 That the new-found friend is insincere,
 For Oh ! I have met since my earliest youth,
 Naught but treachery ; when I looked for truth."


 EARS have passed away, and in that time,
 great progress had been made in Canada.

Mr. Gregory had drawn the plans of many
 handsome buildings, both public and private ;
 he was a rising man, a lucky man the world said. He
 had all that could make life happy. So it seemed, but
 one day, a little speck showed itself. Should clouds
 darken the hitherto blue heaven ? Could no warning
 angel spread its wings to keep back the enemy which
 wanted to enter that peaceful home ? Was not the
 death of two of their friends an example, that by one
 fatal step, the best and most steady men may fall ?
 Once on the road to destruction, the drunkard's career
 is very short.

Mr. Gregory was never a strictly temperate man,
 still no one ever saw him drunk, not even his dear
 wife.

On his return one evening, he seemed excited with drink. She looked at him with such beseeching eyes, that he felt ashamed of himself, and begged her to forgive him. "I met two or three friends, and have taken rather too much, it shall not happen again, my dear."

"Oh! I trust it will not, Otway, I could bear anything but this, and since we had such a sad example in Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt, I would like to see in every place, the temperance banner raised. I asked you before, dear husband, to take the pledge, will you not do it now, so that you may keep back the tempter who goes about seeking victims. Will you do it for my sake, Otway?"

"No, Lydia, I told you so before when Merton took it, if a man cannot keep from drinking without the pledge, he never can keep from it. You need not fear that I will become a drunkard, the pledge I will not take."

"Oh! Otway, you do not know what a comfort it would be to me if you would. I know some would break it. I believe only those who seek strength from a higher power to help them can keep it. You know God hath said, 'Call on me in time of need, and I will deliver you.' You can do nothing without His help, if you would take the pledge, and ask His help, He would give you strength against all temptations. So my dear, for Edwin's sake, who is now grown to manhood, and will take his father's life for his model, his father should not do anything that would make

his son ashamed. Let us ask God's help to-night,
He will direct you."

Mrs. Gregory sent up a supplication to the Throne of Grace for her husband, and lay down beside him, trusting, with a loving woman's trust, that God would help him to-morrow to buckle on the armour.

Before Mr. Gregory left for town the next day, his wife asked him again "would he take the pledge, I will go with you and take it also, then we will banish every drop of spirits and wine from our home, which has been my desire ever since Mr. Harcourt's death."

"It is no use to say anything more on the subject, Lydia, I will not do it. Merton tried his best when he joined the temperance cause; I told him what I told you, don't worry me again. Why, one would really think that I was already a confirmed drunkard to hear you talk. I am sure I gave you no cause, only taking a glass too much last evening."

"Therefore, let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall," said Mrs. Gregory, placing her hands on her husband's shoulder, "these are the Lord's words, not mine, Otway. How many fall, year after year, who are just as strong as you think yourself this day? Oh! my dear husband, let us guard against the tempter. Why will you refuse my request, which would give peace to my mind?"

"You are perfectly absurd this morning, Lydia; I hope you will think better of me, by the time I come home." So saying, he kissed her and the children, and left as quickly as he could.

It was in vain that Mrs. Gregory busied herself with

her household duties ; her thoughts were all morning with her husband. Should she go to town in the afternoon ? Edwin might drive her in, but this would make her husband angry. No ; she must commit him to God. What would she not give if only Dr. Merton, her husband's best friend, were here. But the Doctor had given up practice two years before, and had gone with his wife and adopted son to Europe, and it was not known when they would return to Canada.

A year after the event recorded in the last chapter, Mrs. Harcourt gave birth to a son. But long before this child was born, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt became more and more addicted to drink. The mother did not do it openly, nor did she take brandy as formerly, but she had the best porter. During the time she nursed the child, she often took so much that she was quite unconscious. She kept it from Dr. Merton as well as she could, so that he only became aware of it when it was too late. Mr. Harcourt was seldom sober after the birth of his son, and before the child was a year old, he died of delirium tremens, leaving his little one a small portion of this world's goods, but a fatal inheritance.

Mrs. Merton took the child home with her the day the father died, when Mrs. Harcourt's condition became apparent to all. She made no resistance when the child was taken from her, for a mother's love had made room for the greatest enemy that ever came into the world.

So long as she could find money to satisfy her vicious appetite, what did it matter to her what became of

her child. It was therefore a relief when Mrs. Merton offered to take the poor baby home with her.

The Doctor was almost heartbroken. He had always held the old established theory to be true, that in certain cases wine or spirits were the best remedies. And he told himself over and over again, that he was not to blame. But the death-bed scene of Mr. Harcourt stood ever before him. All he could do, it was impossible to reform Mrs. Harcourt. She laughed at him, saying, he ordered it for her "and now you want me to leave it off, when it is the only thing that gives me peace or makes me sleep at night. If I do not sleep, I have all the torments of hell about me."

"But think of hereafter, Mrs. Harcourt. I beseech of you to spend the rest of your life in repentance. You are so young, you will shorten your days. We will do all we can for you; but you must come to Jesus, throw yourself on His mercy, and He will pardon all your sins. Will you promise me to leave off drinking?" he pleaded. "Come to our home, where your child is. My wife will love you like a sister. We will pray for you and help you to keep your vow, if you will only take it. I have banished from my home every drop of drink, and I am going to take the pledge, will you join me?"

"Not to-day, Doctor. I will promise not to drink again to-day. If you come to-morrow, I may perhaps take the pledge."

He left, but oh, how heavy was his heart, as he passed a corner to see a man staggering along, who, only a year before had been a respectable man, but

had learned to love drink by having it ordered after a severe illness. He was now a complete sot, spending every cent which should have gone to support his wife and children. On seeing the Doctor he stopped and spoke to him.

The Doctor said, "I am sorry Brown, to see you in such a condition."

"You can blame Dr. Fisher for it. It was he who made me what I am," cried the man with a loud laugh.

The Doctor shuddered at the words. He had heard it before, but to hear it from those wretched lips was almost too much for him. He must find rest for his troubled conscience somewhere. Yes, he would go and see Dr. Callaway, of Quebec, a man who stood the highest in the medical profession. He must hear his advice on the subject, to set his mind at rest. He would go in a few days, if all went well with Mrs. Harcourt. What a new life had sprung up in his home since his wife had brought home the little baby. How she pressed him to her heart, asking God not to visit the sins of the parent on his innocent head.

"Edwin, my dear husband, if this little lamb should inherit that vice!"

"We must be more on our guard than ever. Even should his mother give up drink, as she promised, her health is entirely broken up. She cannot live long. I have heard that there is very little left of the two fortunes they had between them,—all is gone to King Alcohol. Do you think you could prevail on Mrs.

Harcourt to come here? Under your care she may keep her promise, Gussie; then you can lead her to Jesus. It is there where the greatest fault in persons becoming intemperate lies. They forget their Saviour, and Satan takes hold of them. If she only could be brought to be really sorry and repent of her sins, I should have hope of her. As yet she is ever reproaching me. Oh, Gussie, had I only followed your advice, and not ordered her wine instead of brandy. This will trouble me all my life."

"I don't think her recent fall need be laid to you, Edwin. She would have taken wine if you had not ordered it. She took it on the sly when she paid that visit to the Gregorys; she took the wine with her from town, for Mrs. Gregory never offered her a glass after she was told of her failing. It is not your fault this time."

"If I only could think so, my dear; but what right had I to tempt the woman again, when I knew how weak she was, and after you asked me not to do so?" he said, in a tone of deep sadness. "To satisfy myself on this point, I intend to go to Quebec next week to see Dr. Callaway; he is the oldest man in the profession. I cannot feel satisfied unless Mrs. Harcourt comes here to live. She cannot be left to live only with servants. I think if she sees her boy every day, it will make her reflect on what she has lost. Ask her as I did, to take the pledge with me to-morrow; not another day shall pass without doing it."

"Oh, Edwin, how happy you make me," cried his wife. "You will be able to bring back many of your

patients from the crooked path of sin, which you never could do, were you not to totally abstain yourself. You should use your influence with every mother to banish drink from her table, for it is there much of the evil lies. I do not think it is right to give wine, or beer, to children at dinner, because they are not strong or growing too fast. I am sure good wholesome food, plenty of exercise in the open-air, and keep them as children, by sending them early to bed, would be far better than giving them a taste for that poison which, in after life, may prove their destruction. Mrs. Harcourt told me she had taken wine for dinner every day since she was four years old. Even at boarding-school, the medical man had ordered port wine for her and many others. Is it any wonder that she should get to like it so much? Had God blessed me with children, a glass of wine should never have touched their lips, even if you had told me it might save their lives. And should this poor child be spared and left to my care, never ask me, Edwin, to give him a drop of that poison."

"I promise you that my dear. The poor boy, should his life be spared, will have a hard struggle to fight against that, which I know he has inherited from his parents."

Mrs. Merton went to Mrs. Harcourt, and with the love of a mother she led her to look at her past life in its true light. She felt down with her, and for the first time in her life Mrs. Harcourt felt what prayer was. She was shivering and white as death.

"Trust in the Lord, and He will pardon you

Though your sins be scarlet, they shall be washed white as snow." She heard all this; her brain seemed to have lost power.

"Oh, my God help me! Jesus save me!" was all she could say; but even these few words were swiftly carried by angels to Heaven, where there was great rejoicing, for a poor lost sinner was saved. And then, in one great rush of inner vision, she sinks down on her knees; mercy is whispered, she sees herself the erring sinful woman that she is; then, as the blackness reveals itself, she sees the leprosy of self that covers the whole soul; she crouches down on the ground and hides herself from the light. Words long forgotten, holy words that she had read, and heard read, strike on her heart as if they would cleave a passage through her brain, that has long ceased to think of anything except how to satisfy that appetite and practice deceit, so as to hide it from the world.

Terror and loathing are too strong for tears, she crouches down lower and lower, she longs to hide herself away. It is not only her husband and child she has sinned against. The dread question which strikes on her heart and is searching for the deep root of her sin, asks her as she lies cowering and trembling: What she has been living for? She knows what it is, though she cannot speak it: she has neither lived for God nor any fellow-being, only for self.

Oh! how hideous, how deformed she sees herself. If such a revelation were lasting, human nature could not endure existence. When God's mercy has been granted, it is one of the truest helps to amendment.

“Oh God have mercy!” she murmured. “Grant me only a few years to repent. Let me not be cast away in utter darkness.” Tears came at last, bitter contrite tears, such as she had not shed at the death of her parents or her husband, and for the first time in her life Mrs. Harcourt poured out heartfelt thanks and praise to the Lord for having spared her until her soul should be transformed.

When she rose from her knees, she threw herself in Mrs. Merton’s arms, and whispered, I am saved at last.

Mrs. Merton replied, “and in Heaven is great rejoicing over one sinner that repenteth.”

Mrs. Merton took her home, and Oh! how she kissed her child for the first time in real love, and prayed that God might not visit the sins of his parents on him.

The child shrank from his mother; she had never cared for his wants, but had left him entirely to servants; he reached out his little arms to Mrs. Merton.

“Take him,” said Mrs. Harcourt, “he loves you more than me, which is not to be wondered at. Take him, and be a mother to him; and, when he is old enough to understand, tell him the sad history of his parents, it may be a safe-guard against that evil which I fear he has inherited. Could I but recall my past life, or be spared a few years longer; but it cannot be, I shall soon pass away, and poor Henry will be left to you. Will you, who love him so dearly, take that trust upon you from his poor sinful repentant mother?”

“Don’t distress yourself, Mrs. Harcourt, I trust you

will be spared to see him grow up to be a man, and a good one. I will help you to bring him up. Yes, I love him, I could not love him more were he, indeed, my own son."

Dr. Merton went to Quebec to see Dr. Callaway. His mind was so harrassed about Mrs. Harcourt, that he must see what the Doctor said on that point. He was so far relieved to think that, at last, Mrs. Harcourt would be steadfast ; being under the influence of his wife, he hoped for the best result. Before he left he called on the Rev. Mr. P., one of the most zealous servants of Christ, and asked him to visit Mrs. Harcourt. Under this good man's teachings, her reformation was completed.

She felt that she would not live long in this world, all her pride was gone, she was now a meek, humble woman, kneeling at the feet of her Saviour.

One day she said to Dr. P., "Could I warn all my sex who indulge in taking wine, or giving it to their children ! Believe me, the evil is greater in private circles than is known to the world. Look at the parties that are given where wine is handed round to gentlemen and ladies who take of it freely. It was this that ruined me. I do not blame my parents entirely, but it was in my own father's house the seed was first sown ; it matured into growth in the school they sent me to, and became ripe when I had a home of my own and could do as I liked. I could point out to you, to-day, many ladies who never think of going to bed without taking a glass of hot punch, which is often prepared by the young daughter, who sips two

or three spoonfuls, and in time learns to take a glass herself. I know, in my mad moments, I blamed Dr. Merton for ordering me first brandy and then wine, but I always had a liking for it, and he is not to blame. Do you think God will forgive me, whom I have so grievously offended?"

"Rest yourself on His mercies, dear Madam," replied the minister, "He will pardon all your sins. If you are spared, use your influence by telling others of your fall, it may bring some back to the way of truth. I trust the little army of temperance men and women may swell and grow, not only in this our beloved Canada, but also in all nations, till the demon who destroys thousands may be crushed. If every minister of God would feel it his duty to take the temperance banner in his hand, seek the haunts of these depraved beings, and with love and tenderness, show them where to look for help, the curse which darkens so many homes might be lifted forever from our land."

* * * * *

Drs. Merton and Callaway were sitting together in the study of the latter, who had told his assistant not to disturb him unless there was really urgent need.

Dr. Callaway was a tall handsome old gentleman, over whose head the snow of seventy-five winters had fallen, bleaching it almost as white as snow itself. For fifty years he had lived and practised in Quebec. He was often called upon by medical men from different parts of the Province for advice, which he gladly gave to all.

They were deep in the discussion on this point:—
Could life be saved or prolonged by giving stimulants?

“I don't believe it,” said Dr. Callaway, “about forty-five years ago I thought like you, that in certain cases, convalescence could be hastened by it, and gave it in all cases after a serious illness. A sad history in my life changed the whole course of my treatment; since that time I have never given either wine or spirits to any of my patients. I will relate to you the circumstance: About the time of which I speak Dr. Grey and myself were the only two medical men in the city. In the fall of that year typhoid fever was very prevalent; we had our hands full, for there was hardly a house free from it. I was engaged to be married, but could not find time for that important step, therefore, I told my dear Emma we would have to wait. I did not take off my clothes for weeks, and it was only a few minutes at a time that I could see my dear one. One day on my return I found a note from her mother telling me to call at once, she feared Emma had the fever. I had not seen her for some days, so I knew I had not carried the disease to her. I hastened to her home and found her mother's fears confirmed. Emma had the symptoms of the worst kind. I had just been to see a young married man who was one of the worst of my patients, I found Emma's just the same. I did all I could for my promised wife—the treatment of the young man and her were the same, and the progress the same. After delirium was passed, I ordered, as I always had done, brandy. I got it myself to have it pure, took the bottle

with me, when I went to see the young man, whose name was Sanford. I said to him, 'I have brought you some brandy, you must take a table spoonful three or four times a day.' 'What! brandy?' cried the man, 'no, doctor, if you cannot give me anything else I'll die sooner than take a drop.' 'Well, if you would rather have good old rye, you may take that instead, but it is not as good as brandy for you.' 'No,' said he, 'it is all the same, rye, brandy, or wine, I shall take neither. Don't speak of it again to me, doctor,' 'But you cannot recover unless you take some stimulant, to strengthen you, my man, you do not need any other medicine except that now.' 'Do you call that poison medicine?' cried the poor fellow, becoming so excited that it quite frightened me. 'No, doctor, if you cannot find anything better I will not take it if I die. I would approach my Maker with an unclouded mind. I think, even my wife, would rather see me buried than that I should become a drunkard, like my father was. I promised my dying mother never to touch that poison; you must not wish me to break that promise.' Well, all I could say or do was of no avail. I gave the man up. My promised wife had the brandy given to her, as I ordered. A few days showed me she was sinking fast, while Sanford improved daily. These words, 'if I die, I want to approach my Maker with an unclouded mind,' haunted me that day when my Emma breathed her last, when I knew her mother shortly before gave her a large dose. It has haunted me ever since, and like you blamed yourself in the case of Mrs. Harcourt, so

have I done with that of my lost love. Sanford improved rapidly. The lesson I learned has never been forgotten. In one of my interviews with him, he asked me, if I ever asked God's blessing on every case I took in hand, and gave Him the glory of every recovery. 'If you do, you need no stimulants to help you.' These words sank deep in my heart. As soon as I could leave I went abroad for a year, my health had given way under the loss I had sustained. I wanted to consult Dr. Carpenter, the great Court Physician, who a few years ago published a prize essay, to which was attached the signatures of fifteen hundred medical and scientific men of England, certifying, that every description of intoxicating drink is poisonous to every thing that lives, animal or vegetable. All this Dr. Carpenter fully explained to me, saying that he would not say, but that for a time life might be prolonged, especially in the case of hemorrhage; but still, if I am compelled to give brandy, I give it in doses as I would poison, as a stimulant I never give it. After I returned home and resumed my practice, I came to the determination to take Sanford's advice, to ask God's blessing on all cases and never to order stimulants. On account of my asking God's blessing on my labors I became known by the name of 'the praying doctor.'"

Yes, it was quite true; he was known by that title more than any other. Dr. Merton knew that; and that it was said that many poor wretches were brought by him to Christ. Often he was called into the country, where at that time ministers were far apart; there-

fore, if he found a patient could not live long enough to send for, one, he knelt and prayed with him himself.

When Dr. Merton returned home, he was struck with the great change in Mrs. Harcourt. She smiled faintly, as she gave him her hand; her whole bearing expressed peace of mind. She felt, and the Doctor saw, that her days were numbered. Never very strong, strong drink had quite undermined her health. Before she was many weeks at Dr. Merton's she breathed her last, holding the hands of the kind friend, who had been like a mother to her, and who, from henceforth, was to be a mother to her boy.

Her two friends truly mourned for her. They would have liked if she could have lived a little longer, but God willed it otherwise, and they were thankful that she had lived long enough to repent.

When little Harry was five years old, Dr. Merton's health gave way. As he was rich enough to live without practice, he gave it up, and went with his wife and adopted son to Europe. He offered to take his godson for a few years, to finish his education, but Mr. Gregory would not hear of it. Mrs. Gregory would have made the sacrifice, but her husband said he could not be separated from his son for all the world.

Did he think then, a time would come when he would care nothing for that son, and even feel him a burthen, because what he cost him, would have found him more drink?

Dr. Merton urged him to join the temperance cause when he did, but he would not hear of it. He felt

himself so strong, therefore why should he take such a step?

After the first time that he had come home the worse for taking too much wine, and had promised that it should not happen again, he soon came home again in a far worse condition. So it went on from time to time, always promising it should never happen again, as he looked in the pale, tearful face of his wife. But a time came when he did not look at her, nor did he heed her tears or prayers, for it was seldom after the first year that he kept sober for two or three days at a time, and he often did not come home at night, and even days together.

His business, which formerly kept them in luxuries, did not give them enough to maintain themselves comfortably. He owed large sums in the city, of which his wife knew nothing. She had to live and manage with what came from the little farm. But this, even, was not to be long left to her. She and her two daughters did without servants, in order to save, and keep Edwin at college. The more they saved and deprived themselves, the more he spent, as he had added gambling to the other sin.

For the sake of peace, Mrs. Gregory was silent, — never a reproach passed her lips. He would come home staggering, using brutal words, finding fault that such and such things were not done better for him.

She could only retire to her closet, and there lift up her voice in supplication to Him who can change all hearts like the current of water. She cried, "Give me back my husband! Give my children back their father!"

who now looked for his coming with fear, for he never had a kind word for any one. One day after he went away, Denis, the man, who often, out of love for his mistress, did the work of a woman, came to tell her that his master had sold the horses, and that a man was coming for them that day.

"Sold the horses! how can you get in the hay and wheat without them?" said Mrs. Gregory, in terror; it was just harvest time.

"Oh, never mind that mistress, I'll carry it in on my back, but what is troubling me most is, that master wants to get rid of me altogether, and what is to become of you without a friend to speak to, I cannot tell. He told me he should not want me after this month, because I told him one day how wrong it was to go on as he does, spending his money with such a fellow as that man Simpson, who always comes home with him as far as the gate."

"Simpson!" repeated Mrs. Gregory, "I never heard the name before, who is he? I never saw him."

"He takes good care you don't. I heard master ask him to come in the other night, but he said he would rather not. To my thinking, he is nothing but a black leg, and the ruin of my master. It nearly breaks my heart to see him such a changed man."

Changed, yes, the loving husband, the doting father, who came home that night with a curse on his lips, that he had not got as much for the horses as he expected, and what he got was nearly all gone,—“It is that rascal's fault, he shall march when his month is up.”

“And who is to do the work?” asked his wife, “if you send Denis away, who has been such a comfort to me for the last two years?”

“Do you think I can keep that boy of yours here in idleness for ever? If he cannot work the place, it must be sold.”

“Do you mean Edwin?” asked Mrs. Gregory. He never before had spoken so cruelly of his children.

“Who else should I mean? I won't have idlers here any longer, nor spies on my actions, as that fellow Denis is, whom you send after me, I suppose; for I meet him every night coming home.”

“Oh, my husband, don't; the poor fellow is too faithful to be a spy,—he is only so sorry for you that you have fallen so.”

Her tears fell fast, as she thought of her brave boy, her only comfort, working the farm, instead of finishing his education as a doctor, which he had chosen as a profession.

He was now in Toronto, and would be home in a few days, what would he say to his father's proposal?

It had nearly broken the poor boy's heart, when he, for the first time, saw his father in this sad condition; but he was far worse now than he was the year before. “Oh! if I had let him go with Dr. Merton,” cried Mrs. Gregory, “he would have been spared all this.”

There was no kind greeting from the drunken father, when he arrived; only coarse language came out of his mouth, who formerly had borne the name of one of the most refined gentlemen of the day.

“Oh! my poor father, what a wreck you are!”

sighed the youth. "Is it possible you are the same man? Heaven help my poor mother. What she must have suffered this last year! I wonder where the money came from with which she supplied me? for father has given himself up to the demon entirely."

He went out to find Denis in the stable. "But where were the horses gone?" he asked, after greeting the faithful servant.

"Sold, my young master. The next thing will be the place; for your father told me he would not require me after this month."

"It cannot be, Denis," said Edwin, "you must stay with my mother. How in the world is she going to live, if the land is not tilled?"

"I would work for nothing, for there never was such an angel as my mistress, but master will not keep me. I offended him, one night, by going after him. He was not so far gone then, so I just told him what I thought of his conduct and ill treatment of my poor dear mistress. Why, a stone would weep to hear him curse and swear, when he is drunk; and she never says a word, but is just as kind as if he was as he used to be. Well it beats all my comprehension how drink changes a man."

"No doubt of that," replied Edwin, "I trust God will give me strength to keep from it all my life; as yet, I know not even the taste of it."

"Well, I was fond of a glass once myself, I know I made a beast of myself once or twice, but master cured me, I have not tasted a drop for over a year."

"Don't take it again then, Denis, better join the

temperance cause at once, it will help you to keep from it always. Had my father done so years ago, when Dr. Merton asked him to take the pledge, he never would have fallen so low. It is only God who can bring him back now."

His mother kept her sufferings to herself as much as she could, but Edwin's blood often boiled, when he heard his father's language, one would have thought that he never was anything better than belonging to the lowest grade of society.

He treated Edwin just the same, for he did not like to look in his manly face. The girls kept out of his way, when he was home they went out of the room, and never entered it again while he was there. But Edwin would not leave his mother alone, his father knew it, and this made him angry; the lower he sank, the more he seemed to glory in what should have been his shame.

He told Edwin one day if he could not work the farm, it might go to hell and all belonging to it, and he would get rid of it.

"No, father, you will not sell it."

"And who is to hinder me, you miserable boy?" He raised his hand to give Edwin a blow; but Mrs. Gregory sprang between father and son, and received the blow in her face, which made the blood run from her nose, and nearly stunned her; he rushed out of the house like a mad man, and they saw him no more that night. Not far from them lived a family that once professed great friendship for Mrs. Gregory, but who had for a long time harboured her husband;

and helped him to spend his money. When Mrs. Gregory spoke to them about it—the wrong they did her and her children—they only laughed, and told her that her husband was no worse than other men.

Denis had to leave, and although Edwin tried to do his best it was little that he could accomplish. Want of everything showed itself soon. It was not only that his father did not bring home any money now, but he sold many things from the place; besides it was a wet season, half the crops rotted before Edwin could get them in. Some days a kind old man would lend him a horse, but he saw that they would have to give up the place, “not sell it, mother, but rent it, if we can; let us go into the city and I will try and find employment to help you. The girls might find a few pupils, so when you have an opportunity speak to father about it—I think it would be much better—if we were near him perhaps he would not stay out all night as he does now.”

“Oh, Edwin! my son, I have almost given up hoping he will be better,” she replied in a sad voice.

“You need not give it up, if you have not given up praying,” said Edwin, laying his hand kindly on his mother’s shoulders, “remember the woman in Scripture, who received what she asked for, because she would not give up asking.”

“Yes, I know, but when one keeps on praying, year after year, and no answer, one begins to get weary and lose faith,” she said.

“No, no, mother dear, don’t lose faith, though the

answer is long in coming, praying breath is never spent in vain, God will surely hear you at last."

One day, shortly after, Mr. Gregory brought home with him a man from town, who looked all over the place, but did not enter the house, and that night when the children had gone to bed he laid a paper on the table and dipping the pen in the ink asked his wife to sign her name where he pointed.

"What is it?" she asked. Although he was half sober, his wild, glaring eyes frightened her, "what is it that you wish me to sign?"

"You need not ask, do as I tell you, you don't understand it."

"I will try to, only explain it." She felt it was to sell her home. Oh, how Dr. Merton's words rushed into her mind—"Is it absolutely your property?"

"No, I will not explain. What right have you to ask? I will break every bone in your body if you do not sign it at once."

He had locked the door, but Edwin was outside and heard every word his father had said, and cried to his mother not to sign it; but she, poor woman, fearing the worst, wrote her name quickly, and thereby made herself and children homeless.

As soon as it was done he took the paper up, and opening the door rushed past Edwin into the night; they did not see him again for a week; then he came and told them he had taken a house in town, and they must leave the place to-morrow.

CHAPTER IV.

“What wakes me from my sleep, mother?
With music’s power,
Who can it be disturbs my rest
At this late hour?”

“No sound I hear, resign thee
To slumber mild,
No serenader comes to thee,
My poor sick child.

“Oh, ’tis no earthly music,
That lures my flight;
The angel voices call me,
Mother, I go—good night.”

—Uhland.



HEY were back in the city, but their hopes that the father and husband would be reformed were all in vain. As long as he had the money, from the sale of the farm he went on worse than before, not even giving Mrs. Gregory money to buy winter clothes for herself and children.

Edwin had found a place as assistant with Dr. Green, successor to Dr. Merton, and Lydia as daily governess. What they earned helped at home; but no matter how Mrs. Gregory pinched and saved there was often want, of which the world did not dream. She would not expose her husband to shame more

than she could help, she often made excuses for this or that which she hated to do ; but, she could not cry from the housetops, "My husband drinks, he spends his money in riotous living, and that is the reason I have to run in debt and that I cannot pay you as I promised you."

Oh, how many suffering women in Canada, this day, are like Mrs. Gregory, whom the world judges wrongfully, because they will not or can tell the true reason of their actions ; who try to make much out of little always hoping, always trusting, that a better day will soon come.

As the winter advanced, when here in Canada every one should have plenty of fuel, Mrs. Gregory to save wood and coal sat up with her daughter in a cold room, for she often did not know where to get money to buy even the necessaries of life. She tried all kinds of ways to earn a little money so that the burden should not fall so heavily on her children.

Edwin was not well, his tender heart was nearly broken at the sight of the misery at home. He felt ill, but he never stopped in-doors when duty called him out. He boarded with Mr. Green, so did not see his mother often. It was a very sickly winter. One day when he went to see his mother, she was horrified to see him look so ill, he had a short cough, and a flush in his cheek, which were too well known to his mother.

"Edwin, my dear son, what ails you?" taking his hot hands in hers. "What have you done to bring on such a cough?"

"Don't distress yourself, mother," replied Edwin, "it is really nothing, I am a little overworked that is all, I shall be better when spring comes, there will not be so much night work."

She did not know that he sat up many hours to study after his office work was done, often in a cold room, or she would have found the reason of his ill health; nor did he tell her that in order to perfect himself in his profession he had to do so, as he saw no chance of his returning to the University.

He asked after his father, as he always did. Not one of the children treated him with anything but the greatest respect although they received no kind word from him, it was either coarse language or foolish talk; still Mrs. Gregory had taught them never to forget that he was their father.

"Is father home?" asked Edwin, for he thought he heard some noise upstairs which only could come from him, as his mother and sister were with him.

"Yes, he came home this afternoon, he talked of going to Kingston for a contract. How can I let him go alone? he might never come again back."

"It would be well if he did not," said his sister.

Edwin laid his hand gently on his sister's arm, saying, "Hush, you don't know what you are saying."

"Well, one of these days he will be brought home dead," said she bitterly, "how can it be otherwise, the way he is going on; now he is worse than ever."

"Pray without ceasing," said her brother, "and God will answer us at last, and let this bitter trial pass from

us. I know and feel that we shall have a loving father once again, as we had before."

"I hope it will be soon, or mother will not live to see it," she replied, while her mother was out of the room looking after her husband, who now left the house with something hid under his arm. Of late, he had pilfered from the house all the plate, and Mrs. Gregory had been compelled to dispose of many things, so that the house was not luxuriously furnished. Still, she made it as cheerful as her means would allow. She had always something ready for him to eat, even if she should have to go without, which was often the case.

All her former friends were sunshine friends. When trouble came they knew her no longer. Her only true friends were far away, and of late she had not heard of them. They knew her trial, and many were the kind letters Dr. Merton sent to his friend, beseeching him to turn from his evil ways; but they were never answered, and often not even read by Mr. Gregory.

They could not come home, Dr. Merton wrote he was in ill-health, and must stay in Germany, at least till his adopted son's studies were finished, which would be in two years.

"Oh, Edwin! how I wish you were in Germany now, I have often wished it before; but if you could only be there now, you look so ill."

"I am not ill, mother; and as often as I wished to go abroad, I thank God, father kept me, when my god-father would have taken me. What would you have done in all this trouble with only the girls with you?"

But I do wish Dr. Merton was here, for if there is any man that could do father good, it is he,—but he may never come back.”

Yes, what could she have done without her son, poor woman, when her heart was breaking? She spent sleepless nights, either watching for her husband's return, or kept awake with his idiotic talk.

Still, she always felt a joy creep in with all her misery, to think that God had given her such a good loving son. He was far more loving than her daughters, who would have gone off, had it not been for the gentle influence of their brother, who always asked them to have patience, all would come right in the end.

When Mrs. Gregory knelt down that night, she prayed that the Lord might not send her a more bitter trial than she had yet known,—laying her darling son on a sick bed. Something was the matter with him. She must ask Dr. Green about it, and see what he thought; he must see he was ill, he has changed so in one week. She went to him the next day.

“Dr. Green,” she began, “what ails my son? did you see how ill he looked yesterday?”

“Yes, Mrs. Gregory, and I advised him to stay in doors, he has a cough I don't like. His father's drinking is killing him by inches, for he has the tender heart of a woman. He often meets him in the streets, his honor is touched, he cannot pass without speaking to him, and thus it is ever before him, and will not let him rest, even when I do not require his services. But, believe me, I will do all I can for him.”

So he did ; but a few days after, Edwin feeling really so ill, that he was compelled to keep his bed, his mother took him home.

Oh ! the sad time that had come for the poor mother, to see her darling boy fade away,—for it was rapid consumption, and ere many weeks should pass, he would be no more. Did this bring back the father ? No, for a few days when he first saw him, he felt a pang, and promised to do better, but it was only a promise, nothing more. He went on just the same as before, and could not be persuaded to go into his son's room, for he could not bear to look at him. In his inmost heart he loved him, as he loved his wife ; but, alas ! he loved King Alcohol better, and Satan had laid his claws so tightly upon him, that he could not resist his power.

“Oh ! Edwin, my son,” cried Mrs. Gregory, one day, “must I indeed part from you,—you, who were such a great comfort to me ? How shall I live without you, when you are gone ?”

“God will be your helper and comforter, mother, and the girls will never leave you, unless father should be reclaimed, which I hope he may be soon. Do you know mother, I have often thought since I have lain here, that my death may bring it about, though other means have failed. I have felt sometimes sorry that I have to leave you all, but still when I am in Heaven, I trust I may look down upon you, a happy family. Should my death bring this about, I shall gladly die. I believe this grief has brought on the disease.”

During this affliction, Mrs. Gregory was obliged to

sell many things to provide what was necessary for her son. His knowing this, made his trial still more bitter. Lydia gave all she earned, and yet they often had to make a meal on dry bread and weak tea, so that nourishing food could be provided for Edwin.

How Mr. Gregory lived during this sad time, was best known to himself. He never stinted himself. When he did draw a plan, for which he was well paid, not many dollars found their way to his home.

The last day of Edwin's life had come, he felt it, his mother saw it. She begged her husband not to go out,—“Edwin will not live through the day.”

“I have to go out,” he said, “I will soon be back.”

“Do go in and see him before you go,” she implored, “he has been asking for you all night. Oh, Otway! is it possible that you have lost all love for us!” He was sober—perfectly sober, if she only could keep him in! If he only would stay in the room with Edwin! She was sure, now was the time he might be saved. He trembled all over, for he had not yet had his morning dram.

He said, “I cannot go in now; I will be back soon.”

So saying, he left the house quickly, and the poor woman went into a corner, where she could weep bitter tears, and pray, as she had often done before—pray that God would change his heart, and bring him back from the path of sin.

Early that morning a letter came from Dr. and Mrs. Merton. They had heard of their misery and Edwin's illness, no doubt, through Dr. Green. This letter brought great comfort to Mrs. Gregory, not only for

their christian sympathy, but it contained a cheque for a hundred pounds, for the use of his beloved godson. Alas! it had come too late, he did not need earthly food any longer. But he was glad it had come, for it made his last hour easier than it would have been.

His eyes brightened as his mother read the letter to him. "Read that passage again, mother, I would like you to take it to your hearts," turning to his mother and sisters.

Mrs. Gregory read again, although her voice was almost choked by the fast falling tears.

"The clusters of hope may be seen by the eye of faith; your hand shall yet grasp the broken reed; your tearful eyes shall yet be dried; and from the arid mountain top, you shall return to the green pastures. He will yet break drink's hellish chain, and rise to the full stature of a man."

"Yes, mother, he will yet become a victor, I know and feel it. You will yet be a happy, united family."

"We cannot be happy without you, Edwin," said his sister.

"Yes you will, dear; for you will not mourn as those without hope. It is only a few short years our pilgrimage here on earth, and then we shall all meet again, before the throne of God, never to be separated."

The day wore on,—Mr. Gregory did not return as he promised. The Doctor came, but returned home and brought his wife to be with Mrs. Gregory during those sad hours. The Doctor searched for Mr. Gre-

gory, going to all the places where he was known to spend his money,—but no one had seen him.

“Good God,” said the Doctor, to himself, “is it possible that a man can sink so low, as to be so forgetful, to lose all love for his family, that he could not stay at home the last day of his son’s life! It is horrible to think of!

Edwin lay with his eyes half-closed, at the least movement opening them to see if his father had come.

The snow was falling in large flakes, and by night there was a regular storm. Mother and daughters listened to every step, thinking it was Mr. Gregory. Edwin’s last hour came, and he had not returned.

“Mother, mother dear, when father comes home tell him how sorry I was not to say my last good night to him. He may feel it; and tell him, when he looks on me in death, that my last wish—my last prayer on earth—was that he might reform, so that I may see him in Heaven, though I cannot see him before I go.”

“Oh! if I only knew where to find him, I would go and bring him home,” said his sister. “It is really dreadful for him not to be here, at such an hour. Come, Lydia, let us go and find him, if we can,” she said in a whisper.

They started out in the snow. They went into two places that they knew he frequented,—but he was not there. How they shrank from asking for him in those dens, where loud laughter and mocking words greeted their ears, when the inmates heard that Gregory’s girls were out looking for him.

Just as they turned homewards, they saw three or four men coming out of one of those gates of perdition, singing in drunken revelry,—and their father was one of them. He did not notice them, but went arm in arm with one of his companions, turning as if to go into another street. Lydia sprang forward, crying—

“Father, come home, Edwin is dying!”

Her pale, tearful face startled the whole group, while her father looked at her with a wild stare, but was too far gone to comprehend what she said. She took him by the arm, and she and her sister led him home through the snow. Thanks to his good wife, he had a home to go to, when a tavern-keeper would turn him out, to die in the cold, rather than shelter him.

He did not say a word on the way, but when they stood on the threshold of the door, he asked, “What did you say, Lydia, I don’t quite remember?”

“That Edwin, dear Edwin, is dying, father, and you never as much as looked in his room before you went out this morning,” she said, sobbing.

“Oh! never mind, girls, it is all right,” he muttered, standing against the wall.

They saw it was no use to bring him into Edwin’s room, for he was too drunk; so they led him to his own room, where he threw himself on his bed like a log, unconscious that the messenger of death had already entered, taking with him a youthful spirit.

When the sisters entered the room where their brother lay, all was over. Edwin, the good, affectionate son, the true and faithful brother, had gone home,

leaving his last good night to his sisters and father, with Dr. Green, who had closed his eyes.

Their poor heart-broken mother lay on a couch attended to by Mrs. Green, looking as if she would soon follow her boy. She roused herself in her love for the poor lost one, not forgetting, in her anguish, to say, "Cover him up warm." Oh! who can fathom a faithful wife's love? She never wavers, no matter how ill she is treated, she clings to him who once was all the world to her. So Mrs. Gregory turned a deaf ear to the advice of her friends to leave him; for she well knew if she did, he would go down, till at last the gates of hell would receive him.

Mr. Gregory slept on till next evening, it was already growing dark when he got up. He drank eagerly the cold tea which stood beside his bed. He felt something in his heart which had not been there for a long time, something like remorse. But his mind was so confused that he could not think what unusual thing he had done, or what had happened. He remembered where he had been; yes, he had raised two dollars, had gone to take a glass and then go home, but meeting Thornton, and one or two others, they had gone to dine together, and he had paid for all, and then—and then—he could not quite make out what brought him home. He felt very hungry, but there was not anything in the room. Why was the house so quiet? Where was his wife? Oh, he remembered, now, she would be in Edwin's room.

He felt in his pockets, "not a red cent," he muttered, "what a fool I am, I don't believe I spent

it all, they sold me again, I know." He opened the door and looked out, not a sound, a death-like stillness prevailed, it made him shiver all over from head to foot. He went at last to Edwin's room, it was nearly in darkness. On a little stand by the bed burned a wax taper, only lighted a few minutes before by Mrs. Green, who was still in the house with the poor mother. An unseen hand drew Mr. Gregory toward the bed, where lay his boy, his only son, his idol, whose loving heart had grieved so intensely for his erring father that his days were shortened. He pulled back the sheet from the cold, upturned face for one moment, and then, with a cry of despair, he threw himself beside his son, whose heart he had broken.

The cry brought his wife and daughters, with Mrs. Green, into the room. There they saw how he covered those cold lips with kisses, calling on his son to forgive him, to speak only once more to him. "Oh, Edwin! my son, would that your wretched father could die for you."

It was pitiful to look at him. His wife beckoned the others to leave the room, and then, with the beloved dead, she knelt down. Drawing her erring husband beside her, she told him of Edwin's last prayer, and implored Heaven's help for her husband, that at the eleventh hour he might be saved from eternal death.

"Oh, Lydia! my dear wife, can you, will you forgive me for what I have made you suffer?" the thick falling tears almost blinding him. "Is your love all

dead? That true, faithful love which I have trampled so ruthlessly under foot. Can you, will you turn to me in love? And here by the dear body of our darling, that noble-hearted son, I swear never to taste a drop of that poison again, which has nearly destroyed me. I will give my life for the future to the cause of Temperance. I will, if God spares me, travel from ocean to ocean, to tell men of my sins and folly; how I fattened the publican, and starved my own family. Will you forgive me, my dear wife?"

"Hush, Otway, hush!" cried Mrs. Gregory, with her hands around his neck, "I forgive you all, and if you will turn back to the path of truth and soberness, even the death of this beloved son will not be too great a sacrifice. He will look down with gladness from before the Father's throne; and there will be great joy among the angels over the one sinner who has repented."

In that chamber of death the father, the husband, knelt for a long time asking pardon for his past sins, and strength for the future to withstand the tempter, who goes about seeking whom he may devour. At last he rose from his knees and felt that he had conquered.

When the day came they laid Edwin in the grave. The few who followed him to his resting place were moved to tears, by the sight of the stricken father, and when he knelt down beside the fresh mould praying, they all felt that one more wretched sinner had been snatched, by God's grace, from the burning fire which

King Alcohol kindles for those who give themselves into his power.

The Rev. Mr. P., and Dr. Green led him home.

“Home once more it shall be, if God spares me.”

“Ask His help, Mr. Gregory,” replied the minister, “He will assist you, and by your own example you will bring others back from the path of destruction, by telling them what great things the Lord has done for you.”

Mrs. Gregory lay for some time, between life and death, but at last she rallied, to begin life anew; for Mr. Gregory was, indeed, born again. There was a sad void in the mother’s heart.

Yet the Healer was there, who had smitten her heart,

And taken her treasure away;

To allure to Heaven, He has placed it on high,


And the mourner will sweetly obey.

There had whispered a voice, ’twas the voice of her God.

I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod.

CHAPTER V.

“ Oh, Clara, if the love which first for thee
I fondly cherished, should again revive,
Enkindling in our hearts its purity—
And sparkling drink forgotten be,
Wilt thou unite our broken ties, and strive
To teach my soul, in love and faith to live.”

 HERE was a large party assembled at the home of Mr. Vernon, one of the leading men of Quebec, when a new-comer was announced, Mr. Harry Harcourt, a gentleman just returned from abroad, where he had been with his parents since he was a little boy, both of whom died in Germany, so report said. He was a barrister, and intended to settle in the city. Mother Gossip talked of him as being immensely wealthy and a handsome man. No wonder that his society was eagerly sought after, especially by fathers and mothers who had marriageable daughters.

Among the guests were Judge Armitage, his wife, and daughter, a sweet girl of eighteen, the only surviving child of a large family, and upon her was lavished all the love and care of her parents.

When Mrs. Vernon introduced Clara Armitage to Harry Harcourt he felt like a school boy, for never had he met in all his travels a woman who had such natural grace and loveliness as Clara.

When she looked up, and met his dark, handsome eyes, she blushed.

Her father, who was a great admirer of men that had travelled, was soon in a deep discussion with Mr. Harcourt, on the law of this and the old country.

After his parents' death, he had travelled all over Europe, and had made good use of his time in studying well every form of law and administration. In his glowing description of these, he found a willing listener in the old judge.

Clara sitting in another part of the room, listened eagerly to every word that fell from his lips, although, seeming to pay great attention to the conversation of two friends who were present.

Harry took her in to supper, during which he gave her ample proof of his brilliant conversational powers, by describing to her the difference between the social life of this and the old country.

When the wine was passed round, she saw him refuse it, even when the host urged him to take some, saying, "surely you are not a teetotaler, Mr. Harcourt?"

"No, not exactly, but I never drink wine, it does not agree with me," he added, with heightening color, turning to Clara, who held a glass of port wine from which she sipped.

"Have brandy then, said the host, or anything you wish. We have every variety in the house, only say what you will take."

"Nothing to-night, I thank you, I have a headache, therefore, will be better without anything but a cup of coffee."

Harry Harcourt, are you such a coward, that you dare not speak out, and say, "friends, you see before you, one to whom clings a most fatal inheritance. If you love me, if you wish me well, never let me see drink, never let me inhale its poisonous odor, lest the tempter throw his chains around me, and I should be lost like my father."

No, he must needs make excuses, for society would scoff at him. He could not bear to be ridiculed, so he hides the history of his parents; it is so long ago, nobody remembers it now, least of all in Quebec. When he left that night, he had a warm invitation from Judge Armitage to dinner the next day, which he gladly accepted, for he had for the first time lost his heart.

He soon became a constant visitor at the house of Judge Armitage; and every time he saw Clara, he felt that for him, there would be no happiness unless he could win her. "I wish I could tell her the sad history of my parents," he said to himself one day after leaving the Judge's house. I cannot, perhaps she would never look at me again, for fear I should have inherited that vice. Oh! God knows what a life-long struggle it has been to me, to keep from it. So far I have conquered; shall it always be so? Yes! that sweet angel shall help me, if I win her. I'll tell her all after she is my wife.

He took an office—a rich young lawyer with so much experience was a great addition to the legal profession. He soon had as large a practice as some of the older ones, and it became necessary for him to take

a partner. Before the year was out, he was considered one of the most eminent lawyers of Quebec; and Judge Armitage looked with much pleasure on the growing attachment between the young lawyer and his daughter, which was now apparent to all.

When Harry Harcourt entered the study of Judge Armitage, to ask the hand of his daughter, the old gentleman told him he gave his blessing most willingly. "There is no one of whom I think so highly, so worthy of my child as yourself. I love you like a son, so does my wife, and we know you will make her happy, Harry."

"My whole life belongs to her, Mr. Armitage, since I saw her first. I felt I wanted the love of a true woman, such as Clara's is. ~~How I hungered for such love, and now that I have found it, and won her, and you give your blessing, I shall live for her happiness.~~"

"I know you will, for let me tell you something in secret, had you bestowed your love on any other woman, I believe it would have killed Clara. My wife told me some weeks ago, that Clara had lost her heart, and a girl like Clara loves but once in her life. She has never given us a troubled moment; she is all love and affection. May God's blessing rest on you both."

Harry Harcourt was happy in Clara's love. A new life seemed to open upon him. He had not loved before; but there were moments when he had just left her, that a cloud gathered on his brow, and he felt something like a reproach. He had not told her all about his parents, for it needed courage to do so. He

was afraid she might become mistrustful of him, and he could not bear that she should know what a life-long struggle he had to keep clear of the tempter. So far, she had often laughed at him for being so strict, not taking wine or brandy; yet she had not really urged him, but once she asked him if he belonged to the temperance society, and when he shook his head, she replied, "I am glad, for I think it all nonsense, this signing the pledge, it is only fools who drink more than is good for them, a glass of wine does not hurt anyone. I really think it would do you good, Harry, now that you work so hard; father tells me you have enough work for half-a-dozen men, and that you often sit up the greater part of the night."

"But it won't be long, darling," answered Harry, pressing her close to his heart, "only this month, and then you will be all mine, I shall have such a long holiday in our honeymoon, a little hard work will not hurt me now."

"I wish you would let me send you some old port which I have in my cellar," said the Judge, one day, "you look so pale, and a glass before you go to bed, would do you all the good in the world, Harry, my boy."

"Thank you all the same, I do not need it Judge," replied Harry, his face turning pale by the thought that his partner had brought into the office the day before some brandy. When the bottle was opened, the odor of it, had nearly broken Harry's resolution; but just in time he rushed out into the street, and did not return to the office again that day.

Once in Germany, it happened that the smell had set him drinking, and had it not been for his adopted father and mother, God knows what would have become of him, had they not told him the sad end of his father and early death of his mother, whose life was cut off by the use of this poison. He promised them he would never taste liquor again. He hoped that the kind old Judge would not send him wine, for he was afraid of himself, that some time he might fall, ere he could reach his goal—making Clara his wife. Why was he such a coward? Why did he not tell her all? Had he done so, and asked her to protect him, so that no one should tempt him, all would have been well; but, alas! he put it off until she was his wife. He told himself again and again, he could not think of causing a doubt in her love for him; for he knew that Clara loved him with her whole heart. He had to work very hard to be able to leave his business for six months, for they were going to Europe directly after their marriage. Judge Armitage and his wife were to accompany them. A few days before their marriage, when Harry called, looking quite ill, Clara said,—

“Harry, I shall send you a dozen of port to-morrow, and I insist on you taking three glasses a day,” she added, playfully, stroking his hair. She felt him tremble all over, but attributed it to anything but the right cause. He answered, “for God’s sake, Clara, don’t do it, I beg of you,” then seeing her surprised look, he added, “I would much rather not have you do so, my darling; three days more, and then I shall

put myself under your charge to do as you like with me, but no port, if you please, my pet."

When he left that night, Clara begged of him to go right to bed.

"I must sit up for an hour," he said, "after to-morrow, no more business for six months, just think of that, Clara."

"I'll send you the port; if you don't take something you will be ill."

He shook his head, as he waved his hand towards her, she could see in the moonlight how sad his face looked, but she did not think of it then; afterwards, she was haunted by his sad eyes wherever she went. True to her promise, she sent John, the footman, the first thing in the morning, with six bottles of port wine, which had lain for years in the Judge's cellar, of which a few glasses were enough to make the strongest man dead drunk.

When her father saw what she was doing, he approved of it, "he needs something, working like a horse. You must not let him keep up such crooked notions, not to drink wine at dinner. Clara, this is the only thing I find fault with him, but once your husband, my child, you can set that all right."

"Never fear, father, I will take him in hand," she replied gaily. She was so happy, so full of joy, she loved him so dearly.

Two days passed swiftly away. She had bidden Harry good bye, she would not see him to-morrow, not again till in church. He had so much to do, for

he had to leave everything in order for his partner to go on with.

When the bridal dress was brought home Clara was busy packing; but she left her work to try it on, to be sure that all was right. One of her bridesmaids was there helping her. When all was arranged she heard her father's step, who had come home much earlier, and was calling for his wife.

Clara, looking so radiant in her glorious beauty, went out to surprise him, but when she saw him she shrank back, for his face looked perfectly ashy.

"What nonsense," he said, pointing to her dress, "take that off, Clara."

She thought he had suddenly lost his reason, for he looked so wild, as he asked for her mother, who now came.

She stood speechless, as her father drew her mother into a room. Telling Clara again to take off that dress, he shut the door, but Clara went into the next room. She felt something had happened, and there she could hear every word that was said.

"Emily," began her father, "you must take Clara away at once, I will follow you in a day or two. There can be no marriage. That man is a drunkard."

"Are you mad," said his wife, "do you speak of Harry Harcourt?"

"Yes, of no other. What do you think? he was carried into his office not an hour ago dead drunk, I saw him myself. He had been drinking since the morning, and they tell me now (why not before) that his father and mother drank themselves to death.

We must get Clara away before the thing becomes known through the city. A steamer leaves to-night, get ready as soon as you can."

Clara stood before her father with outstretched arms. "Father, has he drank the wine that I sent him?"

"Yes, he drank some of that wine. I am sorry you sent it now; but still, it is better that it has happened now, than after your marriage. I saw two empty bottles, he and his partner must have drank it. One of the clerks told me some old woman fainted in the office early in the morning and he drew the cork of one bottle to give her a glass to revive her, then, I suppose, they began to drink, then they went out and I just passed as they carried him in. I went for a doctor and he told me that he was dead drunk. Tear that image from your heart, my child, he is unworthy of your love. I have been so deceived in that man," he muttered, as he went out to make arrangements for their sudden departure.

Clara was quite passive in their hands, she was like one bereft of reason; for no tears came to her relief. Before two hours she was led into a cabin, on the steamer "Windermere," and the next day, which should have been her wedding-day, she was far out on the sea, far from him whom she loved better than life.

Poor Harry! when he awoke the next day, all conscious of what he had done, he hastened to her home; he would tell her all before she would take the vow; but, the servant told him that Miss Clara, with her

mother, had gone the night before, and that the Judge would not see him.

He stood like one bewildered, not understanding the man's words; "Gone! gone where?" he asked.

"To Europe," answered the old man, looking with pity on the young man, whom he had learnt to love and regard as his own master, "yes, master Harry, she has gone, they took her off, poor dear, and you have lost her; her father goes by the next steamer."

Gone from him! He gave one groan, and then ran down the steps into the street; he went out of the city to the place, from where the "Windermere" had sailed a few hours before, and there he stood looking out into the sea where his love, his life, was sailing from him, and he had lost her forever.

"Oh, Clara! Clara! what have you done? Now I shall go down, down, fast. I have nothing to live for. You might have saved me from that sin,—from that Fatal Inheritance, which has clung to me all my life. You, my first, my only love, helped, although unconsciously, to bring that about which I have struggled against all my life."

He went into his office to arrange his affairs, and to write a full confession to Clara about his parents, and all concerning him. He sent the letter enclosed in one to the Judge, begging him to give it to Clara, for it contained what he should have told her before he sought her hand.

The Judge read the letter addressed to himself, but Clara's he put in his vest pocket.

"It can do no good," he said, "he no doubt makes

excuses for his fall ; but he shall never see her again if I can help it."

The Judge left by the next steamer. For a time Dame Gossip was fully employed inventing many tales to account for their sudden departure, but as is generally the case with this old lady, her reports were very wide of the truth.

Although, Harry Harcourt was seen almost daily drunk, society shut its eyes to his misconduct, and he could have married into any of the best families, had he been disposed ; but for him, poor fellow, there was only one woman, and she was lost to him, through his own weakness.

The Armitage's travelled two years, in vain to cheer their darling Clara, then returned to Canada. Clara had asked to be taken home, for, although her lost lover never was mentioned, she thought the more about him. She had one true friend, from whom she heard that he was now a confirmed drunkard. "He does not practice ; no one would employ him ; I am sorry for him ; I wish you were here. I have seen him pass your house two or three times a day, looking at the closed shutters of your room. Believe me, Clara, however bad that man is, he has something about him that we seldom find ; he will never forget you, and if there is a way to bring him back, it can only be done by you. You can save him Clara—nobody else can. Many noble men who have grown grey in the good cause of temperance have tried it in vain."

"Poor Harry, I shall never cease to love you, no matter what the world may say of me, never ! never !"

dashing away the tears as she looked at a small miniature of him which she had with her, on which she gazed for hours, when alone.

They had not been home long, when her father one day sent her to bring some papers that were in a vest. As she was turning over the papers, she saw a letter addressed to herself in Harry's well-remembered handwriting. Tremblingly, she broke the seal, and with tearful eyes read the full, sad history of his parents, and of the life-long struggle to keep clear of that Fatal Inheritance which they had bequeathed to him. "I cannot live without you, my beloved Clara," he wrote, "the whole world has no worth for me without you; but between us, has the curse, which my parents left, placed itself like a boundary. This cursed one can never again offer you his hand. I feel as if my brains were on fire; I am wild with the pain of remorse. Only a few days ago I held you in my arms, pressed you to my heart, and now—the ocean lies between us. I look, but see nothing but the heavens and waters, and the sails of ships. My solitude is dreadful, because it is forever; only with my death can my misfortune come to an end. The happy past is behind me, whatever may come, it is worthless to me. I have seen my sun descend, now my way will be downward, downward in the dark valley, where no flower blooms. I have nothing to expect but cold stones and perhaps a handful of sapless moss.

"Heaven's best gifts to man—hope and love—I must fling aside, and with many a sorrowful, lingering look, cast on my lost paradise, go on despairing, hopeless,

unloved by God or man, until the cold sod covers me. In my early youth, I had many happy dreams, many bright hopes; they all were to be realized in you, my beloved one. You may not think me worthy, even to breathe your name. Clara, you are lost to me. Yes, lost for ever."

As she did not return for a long time, her father went to see what kept her, and found her in agony too deep for utterance.

"Father, why did I not receive this before?" handing him the letter which none could read without feeling pity for the poor lost one, who was more sinned against than sinning.

"What good would it have done, Clara?" said her father, "I kept it from you on purpose."

"You had no right to keep it," she cried, "for had I only known all this, I would have found him before this, my poor, poor Harry."

"Don't, Clara," replied her father, "don't weep so, he is not worth a single tear; he has lost his practice, and run through that splendid fortune Dr. Merton left him."

"No matter, father, how bad he is, or how low he has sunk, I will save him if I can find him out. I care nothing for what the world may say, my place is by his side."

"And do you mean to say you will marry him, knowing what you do?"

"Yes, I will; first I shall strive to reform him, and then if he loves me, I shall marry him, so that I may always watch over him."

"And is this all the gratitude I get, for all I have done for you? If you dare speak to that man again, Clara," he cried, quite fiercely, "I'll cast you off forever."

"Very well, father," she replied, "I am sorry to disobey you for the first time in this, but I shall obey the dictates of my own heart, as I know my place is by his side, if I can only find him."

Nothing more was said about him. Her father, upon making enquiry, found he had left the city, and, he trusted in time, Clara would forget all about him. But he was mistaken, a magic power had brought him back again. Who can say, but God's finger pointed out the way to him, for he had not heard of their arrival, yet he haunted the neighborhood where the Judge lived.

As Clara was returning home one day from paying a visit a little out of town, she came upon him, sleeping the heavy slumber of the drunkard, under a tree in the glaring July sun. After the first shock, of seeing thus, for the first time, the man who was more than life to her, she knelt down and asked God to help her to save him from eternal death; then, taking her handkerchief, on which her name was embroidered in full, she placed it over his face, and then left him, trusting that God would help her.

This deed of hers acted like a charm to the poor fellow. When he awoke and found the handkerchief, he knew she had been there, and bitter, contrite tears came and blinded his eyes.

He went to a gentleman that night, who before

tried to reform him, and told him all, asking his help to obtain an interview with Clara, and to take him by the hand to lead a new life.

The kind Christian offered him his home, and went himself the next day for Clara. When he brought her in the room where Harry sat and placed her in his outstretched arms, his emotion was so great that he fainted.

They sat for hours together, speaking of the future, asking pardon from each other, for Clara felt she had a great share in his fall, and that he had quite as much to forgive as she had. They separated for a short time, while she went to acquaint her parents that she had found Harry, and would be his wife at once.


Her mother was rejoiced to hear it, but her father raved and stormed, and said she could never reform a drunkard, he was a beggar, and so on. But she was firm, and at last obtained permission to bring Harry to the house; and when he came asking forgiveness of both parents, they felt that with God's blessing, and Clara by his side, he would be for the future steadfast.

Their marriage a few days after, was a nine-days wonder; it was kept very quiet, many uncharitable remarks were made, but the two most interested in the act cared little for the world's opinion, they had each other, after going through the fiery furnace. They went to Montreal on their wedding trip, paid a visit to the graves of Harry's parents. Standing there, Harry Harcourt, with his wife's hand in his, vowed never to touch, taste or handle again any intoxicating drinks as long as he lived. He never broke that vow.

CHAPTER VI.

“Temperance is the truest praise,
And will yield both peace and wealth,
Safest road to length of days,
Happiness and cheerful health.”

—Goethe.

HEN Harry Harcourt first returned to Canada he made enquiries about Dr. Merton's old friend, Mr. Gregory. He was told he had removed to Upper Canada; that he had become one of the most able advocates of temperance, and was doing much good in showing others the way to be saved. After Harry had fallen in love he partly forgot the promise he had made to his dying adopted father, to find him out; and when he himself traveled the wrong road he kept out of the way of every one he thought would preach temperance to him; but after his marriage he told his wife all about them.

“Oh, let us find them,” said Clara, “they will be glad to see you, you will be able to tell Mr. Gregory how you were saved.”

On making enquiries they found he was out on a temperance lecturing tour, and would not be home for a week. They did not like to present themselves to Mrs. Gregory, at Beech-Grove, that was the name of their place, as the host at the hotel told them, they

had only moved there a few weeks before, "It was left to his wife by an uncle. Mr. Gregory sold and spent every cent of it; now, since he has reformed, he has paid all his debts, bought the place back again, and he spends large sums in the temperance cause."

So they went on their tour, thinking to pay them a visit on their return from Kingston, where they were going, for there was some property left to Harry, which he was going to turn into money, to give him a new start on his return to Quebec.

One night during their stay there was a temperance lecture announced. They went to hear the able speaker; the hall was full when they entered; an elderly gentleman was speaking of his own case, urging everyone to take the pledge. He said:—

"If there is anyone present who has never suffered in consequence of the use of intoxicating drinks, either in their own person or in some dear relative or friend, I will thank such a person to rise up. I suppose, my friends, if this question was put before the whole world now it would be impossible to find man, woman, or child, who could honestly and sincerely say that he or she had never suffered, directly or indirectly, from the use of liquors as a beverage. Those who suffer most are the most innocent portion of the community, wives, daughters and children. Now, if this evil only touched those engaged in it, I doubt, if I should have come here to induce a man to give it up by convincing him, he was injuring himself. But when a man partakes of that, he is either a father or a son; he has relatives, wife and children, looking to him for

example, and depending on him for support. He is thus doing not only an injury to them by his example, but is robbing them of comfort and causing them great suffering and sorrow. You, and many more will tell me you are a moderate drinker. You do not care if you drink a glass or two, you have no particular appetite for it. I beg to say to you, you are a stumbling block in the community in which you live; every man has influence, the higher he stands the more influence he has. You, a respectable gentleman, a member of a church, people look up to you for example, therefore, you are a stumbling block. Who are you, moderate drinker, who will never drink too much? What do you possess that is going to save you from becoming a drunkard? Do you say, sir, I have made up my mind never to indulge to an immoderate extent? I tell you, sir, I thought so once. I believed myself too good a man ever to become a drunkard, and it was only by a hair breadth that I was saved. No man, except a teetotaler, can say, 'I shall never die a drunkard.' The men who indulge in the use of intoxicating drinks are led into it entirely because they are a social class—men who like to come together to relate stories, to read the news—these are the men; good, liberal, generous fellows who stand a head higher than their neighbors in social qualities, and these are those who fall. Men will even bring up Providence; they say, if liquor was not a good thing it would not have been made. Now it happens God did not make alcohol. Go through nature, search the mineral, vegetable, and animal

kingdoms, and you will not find any alcohol—it does not exist in nature. God did not make it, but man, by making fruits into alcohol, on which in their pure state man might live a long time; but when wholesome fruits are made into alcohol their life-sustaining virtues are destroyed, and those who drink it shorten their lives, because by distillation or fermentation it becomes poison. Thus, yearly thousands of men and women are ruined, soul and body. I could give you many examples of it,—one I will tell you. I had a friend, a gentleman in every sense of the word, who held a high position in the city of Montreal, married into one of the first families, but his wife, who had been fed from her youth on wine, when she was married, by the doctor's orders took brandy, which she learnt to like so much she gave herself up to that vice. One child died, but she had another, a boy; but before his birth both father and mother had given themselves up to that demon, drink. The father found a drunkard's grave, the mother reformed, but the poison shortened her days, she died a repentant sinner. The boy was left to the doctor who had ordered the brandy to the mother as a medicine, but if he is alive, and is now a man, I know he will have to keep guard over himself, for I have no doubt, that he has inherited that which will be to him one of the most fatal heir-looms. If I knew where to find him, I would travel hundreds of miles to do so, for his father was a very dear friend of mine, and, although I knew of his fall and how he died, yet, I, myself became a drunkard, and for years served the

devil, and only the sacrifice of my only son brought me back. Now, my friends, in conclusion I beg of you all to help in abolishing this increasing evil, and if we succeed we will do away with the most of the crime and misery in our beloved Canada. Abolish it and this community will flourish and blossom as a rose. God grant it may be so."

During the last part of the lecture Harry had whispered to his wife, "This is Mr. Gregory, he speaks of my parents and I, let us go to the platform and tell who we are." So when Mr. Gregory spoke the last sentence they rose and went forward; all eyes of that large assembly were upon them. In front of the platform Harry stopped and spoke, "I know you are Mr. Gregory, I am Harry Harcourt, the son of your friend. I have, God knows, fought all my life against intemperance, and would no doubt have found a drunkard's grave had I not been saved by the hand of an angel, who is now my wife." When he said this and presented his wife to the many upturned faces, the effect was simultaneous, they all rose to their feet, while Mr. Gregory was overcome with emotion to find there the boy of whom he had been relating that night. The scene was very touching. Harry in a few words implored all to give up drink, and called to mothers to banish it from their homes. There were many who shed tears that night; and when the president rose to ask those who wished to come forward and sign the pledge, there was a larger number than at any time before.

* * * * *

It was a lovely day in June, when a large party left Montreal in a steamer, disembarking at the little wharf where once a schooner landed with two gentlemen and a sailor. Their destination was Beech-Grove, the handsome country residence of Mr. Gregory. He and his wife and daughters were standing on the beach to welcome their guests. An old acquaintance stands ready to give a hand as the steamer touches the wharf; he looks just the same, Denis the faithful servant of Mr. Gregory, under whose supervision the farm is managed. Instead of six acres there are twenty-five to be cultivated, Mr. Gregory having bought the land around his place. Large tables are placed under the beech trees, where the servants for some hours have been busy to have all ready. A large flag waves from the house and an arch built in front, beautifully decorated, bore the most beautiful motto, which we hope all will read and take to heart, "What will make Canada a happy country? Sobriety." Among the guests we see Judge Armitage and his wife, with their daughter and her beloved husband, the most eminent man in the legal profession. As they take their places at the large table, loaded with good things, they all look like one happy family. Now, as we take leave of them, our eye catches the motto, which is the heartfelt wish of the authoress, may become a household word throughout the homes of Canada—

What can make Canada a happy country? Sobriety.

FINIS.

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