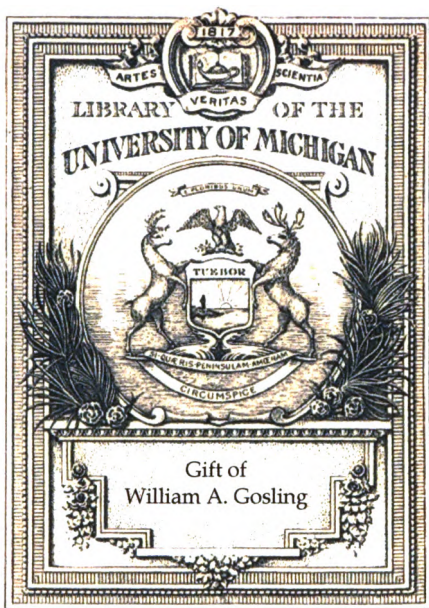




THE
PANSY
BOOKS

BY

"PANSY"



Gift of
William A. Gosling



MODERN PROPHETS

AND OTHER SKETCHES

BY
PANSY
AND
FAYE HUNTINGTON

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MODERN PROPHETS.

CHAPTER I.

THE PROPHETS AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

R. MASON CAMERON poised his solid silver teaspoon, with a thoughtful air, on the delicate edge of his elegant china coffee-cup, as he repeated his former statement: "It is an unfortunate piece of business, *most* unfortunate; what can have become of woman's ordinary good sense, I cannot imagine. The idea of pouring into the saloons, and hotels, and even drug stores, taking things by storm in this *insane* fashion!"

"Women are strange beings," Mrs. Judge

Cameron said, reflectively, as she gracefully broke an egg into her dainty egg-cup. Mrs Judge Cameron was Mason Cameron's mother.

"*Very* strange beings," she repeated, after a little pause. "Now you would suppose that they would naturally shrink from such publicity of movement,—parading the streets like an army, and invading all sorts of places; besides, they actually kneel down in the streets at mid-day and pray! What possible sense can there be in that? Can't they pray at home? 'Let your women be keepers at home,' St. Paul said; and I'm sure I have no inclination to disregard the Apostolic injunction,—besides, there is even our Saviour's command, 'When thou prayest enter into thy closet and shut thy door.' I wonder what can be plainer advice than that?"

Mr. Mason Cameron smiled. "Your logic would prove rather too much, mother," he said, quietly. "Our Saviour's command applied to men as well as to women, and you would hardly like to do away with all praying except in the

closet. Still, as you say, the religious element is the most unfortunate part of this performance. I don't object to women praying, and of course it is proper at certain times and places for them to pray before others; but there should be propriety in all things, and it is a manifest impropriety to invade a man's premises, and pray at him, against his will. Such a proceeding is calculated to bring religion into disrepute."

"Of course it is. Mrs. St. James was sneering yesterday about 'the religionists,' as she called them. She asked Fanny if she belonged to the 'new lights,' and if she expected to borrow *your* wardrobe, when she went to make a raid on *her* husband's premises."

"Fanny! I hope she didn't imagine that Fanny belonged to that class of people!"

"Oh, of *course* — that is one of the pleasant features of the Crusade,—the entire Church is compromised. I have no doubt we shall all be looked upon as a set of insane fanatics from this

time forth. I am perfectly amazed. I *did* suppose that this place, represented as it is, by some of the oldest families in the State, and largely composed of people of culture and position,— would be the very last to yield to the infatuation of the times. What do you suppose is the matter with all the people, Mason? ”

“ Weariness,” the said Mason responded in an oracular tone, as he passed his cup for coffee. “ A desire for something new under the sun; and because certain *would-be* reformers have started a wild scheme, under the guise of religion, it is taken up by a class of people with more energy than brains, and pushed through under the name of a religious movement. I am disappointed in this place, myself,— that is, I *shall* be, if the matter develops into anything but talk. I still hope that it will prove a decided failure. If I had been Dr. Crosswell, I wouldn’t have given out any notice of that kind. I prophesy that the whole matter will work great mischief in the Church; and as for doing any

good to the cause of temperance, that is nonsense. None but the lower classes will have anything to do with the movement anyway."

Miss Fanny Cameron had, during this last sentence, settled herself and her white tucked skirt and her cashmere wrapper, into the seat at her brother's right, and was ready to join in the conversation.

"It would be well to make that remark to Eva before many days," she said, a touch of sarcasm in her voice, "because she happens to be one of the prominent movers in this affair."

"Eva!"—It would be impossible to give you a clear idea of the unbounded astonishment concentrated in Mr. Cameron's voice. "Who has been telling you such nonsense?"

"Miss Eva Lawrence was my informant. Will you give her the credit of being cognizant of her own movements?"

"Hardly—if her heart has led her judgment such a strange road as this. Did she tell you she meant to accompany the *women* on their uninvited mission?"

“Well, not in so many words; but several ladies called and discussed the question while I was with her yesterday, and she seemed entirely in sympathy with them, and discussed plans very freely,—and I think she means to accompany the crusaders.”

“I do not.” Mr. Cameron’s tone was an emphatic one. His sister laughed.

“I wouldn’t presume too much on my authority, if I were you, Mason. Eva is not used to being controlled, and is not given to changing her plans to suit anybody’s notions.”

“What an alarming creature you would represent her to be!” Mason said lightly. “I am the last person to desire a blind changing of one’s plans; but if Eva has been enticed into this thing, it is from a misunderstanding of its bearings. I have no anxiety about her.”

“I wouldn’t have—she is entirely capable of taking care of herself, and might do worse things, in my opinion, than to join the woman crusade.”

Mrs. Cameron here took up the conversation.

“One might almost imagine that you intended to join their ranks yourself, Fanny, you are so earnest in their defense.”

“That’s exactly what I *would* do, if I were eligible to office. Isn’t that the word, Mason? It is a praying crusade, you know, mother, and as I don’t pray for myself, I am not supposed to be able to do so for rum sellers. I might help swell the ranks, and I would do it, if I were not afraid it would be sailing under false colors.”

Mrs. Cameron smiled with a superior air, and spoke composedly.

“How fortunate it is that you seldom mean more than two-thirds of what you say, Fanny. You might frighten one who did not know you very well.”

“But I mean more than nine-tenths of this, mother. I half wish I knew how to pray myself. If I did, I should certainly exercise my privilege on this occasion. If there is any-

thing on earth that needs praying at, it is rum-selling. If I pretended to do any work of that sort I should consider this a legitimate opportunity."

"Pray *at* rum sellers as much as you choose, Fanny, but I am glad that there is no probability of your doing it in the streets, to be seen of men." This from Mason, in haughty tones.

"As far as that is concerned, I think I would rather be seen of men while engaged in praying, than in many of the other occupations in which ladies indulge. And I feel constrained to repeat my caution concerning Eva; for these are arguments which will have little weight with her."

"I will take care of Eva," Mr. Cameron said, in annoyed tone of voice, and immediately left the table.

The St. James household were also at breakfast,—the household consisted of Mr. and Mrs. St. James; the appointments of the table were

elegant in the extreme, and coffee and toast were faultless. Yet there was an ominous frown covering the gentleman's face, and he rattled his teaspoon fiercely, as if it were an enemy. His wife's first attempt at conversation was apparently unfortunate.

"Do you expect a call this afternoon from the ladies?" she asked, in her most placid tones, as she buttered a piece of toast.

"Confound the ladies!" her husband answered, in visible disgust. "They are always doing some miserable slippery thing. If it was a set of men coming to insult us, we could kick out the ringleaders and bolt the doors; but a lot of women, a fellow don't know what to do with. It's a mean dodge. I am amazed at Dr. Crosswell for countenancing such a thing; if he remembered on which side his bread was buttered he wouldn't do it. I pay the largest pew rent of any man in the church."

"Why, the poor man only gave out a notice

of a prayer-meeting,—he couldn't avoid doing as much as that, I suppose."

"He could avoid a good many things, if he chose. Great good their praying will do, anyway. They'll find that they can't pray *me* into doing what I don't choose to do."

"They will be sure to call on you among the first,—that is part of their policy, to go to the finest establishments in town. If I were you, I wouldn't go to the saloon this afternoon at all. Just give your instructions to the clerks, and they can manage this whole matter better than you can."

"I shan't leave the saloon this afternoon," the gentleman said, with marked energy. "I *won't sneak*, whatever else I do; I'm in the liquor business, and I'm not afraid to own it. The establishment is mine, by right of lease, and the laws of the State authorize my business; and if the women think they can pray and sing it out of my hands, they are mistaken in the person. I can stand that per-

formance as long as they can. I shall face the music; but for all that, I consider it contemptible impudence."

"I don't see why you care; so long as you know your business to be a proper one, and have your conscience clear in regard to it, you can afford to laugh at the fanaticism and —"

Her husband interrupted her.

"I don't pretend any such thing, and never *did*; it takes some of your church members to do that. I think it's a miserable business. If there were no drunkards the world would be better off. And if there were no liquor sold there would be no drunkards; every dunce knows that. All I claim is, that so long as rum is sold, all the world over, I have as good a right to sell it as any one, and a company of silly women are not going to frighten me out of it."

Mrs. St. James elevated her eyebrows considerably.

“I’m sure I didn’t think those were *your* sentiments,” she said coldly. “If you *have* so poor an opinion of your occupation, I should think you would change it.”

“*Should* you! Let me tell you that several other things would have to be changed in that case,—velvet cloaks, and silk dresses, and ‘real’ lace would be *scarcer* than they are now. The long and short of it is, that selling rum *pays*. Before I began to sell it I couldn’t support *myself*,—now I support an expensive family; and, as I said before, so long as rum *will* be sold, I may as well have my share of the profits, and I mean to, in spite of psalms and prayers; but I think so meanly of it, for all that, that if the creation would agree to drink no more liquor, I would agree to starve. Rum selling isn’t an agreeable business, and a man is an idiot or a hypocrite who says it is.”

Mrs. St. James laughed. “Upon my word,” she said, with a sarcastic curl to every syl-

lable, "I haven't heard such a tirade against intemperance in a long time. *I* think you ought to go to the prayer meeting this afternoon."

Mr. St. James sneered. "The *prayer* meeting! I have no fears from that source. Six men will come together, and each will make a prayer half an hour long, and the most of that will be about the missionaries in Bombay, —if they send missionaries there; I don't know whether they do or not, and don't care; but I know what that part of it will amount to. If they are in earnest, why didn't they vote the rum all out of existence years ago, instead of sneaking into a warm church and praying a few hours, while they send the women out in the snow and slush to cry over us miserable sinners? I've less patience with them than I have with the women."

There was a lull, during which Mr. St. James drank his coffee, and tried to grow

composed; his wife played with her toast, and presently asked another question.

“What do you imagine all this excitement will amount to?”

“Just that—an excitement. Some tears, and some hymns, and some crying prayers,—women always cry when they pray,—and some insults, probably—there are loafers in the liquor business if there are *anywhere*. And then the whole thing will slip into the background, and be forgotten, except by some fellow who is writing a book in twenty volumes, with which to bore the next generation. We’ll all figure in that without a doubt.”

“Well, Mr. St. James, what do *you* mean to do, if the ladies call on you this afternoon?”

“That question needs several answers. In the first place, they *won’t* call,—they know me too well; in the second place, they will not be *ladies* who go around town on such an entertainment, but some of the *would be* ladies, woman’s rights apostles, latter day re-

formers, and the like, who have been in search of a mission or a husband, ever since they wore long dresses. Finally, if they *do* come, I shall give them a cordial bow all around, and tell them to pray away and have as good a time as they can. The sidewalk is free to all. Only I'll add that I hope they won't expect me to pay the doctors' bills, nor furnish the whiskey for sore throats, and lungs, and the like." And having swallowed his third cup of coffee, Mr. St. James hurried away to his saloon.

Generally there was a very cheery group gathered around Deacon Slocome's table, but on this particular morning the family were quiet and grave. The deacon himself looked unusually sober, even sad, and occasionally he shook his head, with a heavy sigh. Mrs. Slocome broke the silence at last. "Are you going to the meeting this morning, deacon?"

"Me! Oh, yes, I'll go to the meeting. It is always right to pray; at least, it is right

to pray in the church. Yes, I'm going. Joseph, you will go too, won't you? And Thomas?"

"Yes, sir," both the grave-faced, old-looking young men said. "They meant to go in a little while. Oh, yes, the prayer meeting was right, of course." There was a brisk-looking, earnest-faced young lady sitting opposite the deacon. She spoke to him now, and her voice sounded like a breeze from the ocean, breaking in on a dull day. "Father, *I* can't see anything wrong about the other part of it."

Deacon Slocome shook his head. "I hope there isn't, child—I hope there isn't. If my heart is in anything, it is in the cause of temperance. I long and pray for its welfare. But this movement looks like a wild thing to me. Your mother never heard of such goings on in her young days, nor your grandmother. And they were brought up to be temperance women."

“But, father, they never heard of a sewing machine either. Grandma thinks to this day that it is a wicked invention. But I should dreadfully hate to poke all day over a seam that I could do in fifteen minutes on my machine.”

Deacon Slocome looked graver. “That is an invention of man’s, Sarah, there is no comparison between it and the present temperance movement.”

Pert Miss Sarah shook her head. “Now, father, I can’t follow your logic. You think this temperance movement is an invention of man’s too, don’t you, and must therefore come to naught? Why may it not be good for something as well as the sewing machine? I don’t believe, *myself*, that man has either of them entirely in his hands. I think God furnished the brains for getting up the machines and the temperance crusade.”

A more puzzled face than Deacon Slocome’s

it would have been hard to find. Mrs. Slocome came to the rescue. "Your father means that there is no connection between sewing-machines and women going out to pray on the street corners. What are you driving at, child?"

"Logic, my dear mother. I'm bewildered with my own ideas."

"I don't wonder," Mrs. Slocome said, good humoredly. "I'm sure they bewilder me."

"Well now, father, suppose we leave sewing-machines out of the question, if they don't belong; you say mother never saw such doings. I know things that she *did* see, and do. Mother, when your pastor came to call, didn't grandpa bring out the glasses and the whiskey and sugar, and make a refreshing drink for him?"

"Always," said Mrs. Slocome, promptly.

"Well, father, you see that was the 'goings on' then. Would you advocate our following their example?"

“God forbid,” Deacon Slocome said, reverently.

“Things *do* move, you see, father; and how do we know but that this is a step in the right direction? I wish I were one of them.”


Still Deacon Slocome shook his head. “It may be, it may be, child,” he said thoughtfully. “But I am very faithless,—it looks to me like a wild scheme gotten up altogether by men, and calculated to do great harm to the cause. I see nothing but failure and ridicule before us. Still, I would not have kept you out. I suppose you were not called on because I felt it my duty to speak my views, but that wasn’t right; every one must work by his own conscience, and not another man’s. I wouldn’t have kept you. But daughter, you can pray for it, in your closet; he heareth in secret, you know. We will all pray, and if it be that our judgment is wrong, and God honors this seemingly unwise move-

ment, why, no one will rejoice more than I, but I don't see it now."

"Father," said Sarah, with a tender reverence in her voice, "if all men were like you, the women would have no occasion to pray in other places than their closets."

CHAPTER II.

"WHO IS THIS THAT DARKENETH COUNSEL, BY WORDS WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE?"

T an earlier hour than strict etiquette would allow, Mr. Cameron rang at Senator Lawrence's brown stone mansion.

"Miss Eva," he said briefly, to the servant, and depositing his hat on the marble tabled rack, went forward with the informality of a privileged guest, and showed himself into the great elegant parlors. Even Mr. Mason Cameron, whose position was assured as a gentleman of wealth and culture, enjoyed the familiarity of his standing with Senator Lawrence's family. He sauntered towards one of the dainty tables and glanced at the inlaid card

receiver, while he waited, ran over the latest cards, smiling to himself, to notice that while there was one from nearly every gentleman in his set, his own name was not represented; it had been long since he had needed the formality of a calling card to admit him to that establishment. The door opened presently, and Miss Eva entered; a tall pale girl, with great earnest eyes, that did more than look at one, rather, they seemed to look quite through you. Mr. Cameron turned to greet her familiarly.

“I ought to apologize for my wrapper, perhaps,” she said, as he relinquished her hand, “but if gentlemen will call on me at such early hours, they must take the consequences.”

“It is certainly becoming,” he said, looking down admiringly on the soft blue folds. “I wouldn’t apologize if I were you. I see Sanderson’s card here. Is he honoring you with calls again?”

“He left his card yesterday.”

“And you didn’t see him?”

"No, indeed."

Mr. Cameron laughed. "What a positive little lady it is," he said carelessly. "Well, have you a day to give to me?"

"When?" with a bright, interested face.

"Now. There is no time like the present. The air is bracing this morning. I want you to ride. And I had thought that this afternoon would be as good an opportunity as any to fulfill that long promised engagement with Mr. and Mrs. Gardner."

Miss Lawrence's brow clouded. "You have chosen an unfortunate day in which to perform both of those delightful deeds," she said quickly. "I have engagements all day. Won't to-morrow do?"

"Unfortunately *I* have engagements to-morrow. I rarely have a day of absolute leisure you know; I had planned to spend this with you. Cannot your other engagements be waived?"

"They are of such a nature that postpone

ment is impossible. Mason, have you forgotten the prayer meeting this morning?"

"Almost I had," he said, smiling, "until it was recalled to mind by a ridiculous report to which I gave no credence. You do not propose to attend it?"

"I do, certainly. I supposed that all our people would do so; the request was made by our pastor."

"But our pastor is not the pope, my dear Eva, and we are not Roman Catholics. I heard this morning that you were concerned in this new departure. I suppose there is no truth in the rumor?"

"I am deeply concerned in it, Mason. I thought every Christian was; and I supposed you knew my heart was entirely in sympathy with the temperance cause."

"That, of course. I can sympathize with you there, but I consider the temperance cause, and woman's rights, very far removed. I thought you boasted that you had rights enough?"

A little spot of red glowed on Miss Lawrence's cheeks, and she spoke with increasing earnestness. "How little you know of us, and how wrongly you judge our motives, if you suppose that 'woman's rights,' so called, has anything to do with the step upon which we have decided."

Mr. Cameron moved restlessly in his chair, and at this point interrupted the eager speaker.

"Pardon the interruption, Eva, but let me beg of you not to say '*we*.' You certainly are not identified with this movement?"

"I *am*, Mason. I have entered into it with all my heart. I thought you knew I would."

"You misunderstand me, Eva. Of course your heart is in it, that is, you hope it may not do harm; so do we all, while we feel that we are hoping against hope. But I heard this morning that you were actually going to parade the streets with those ridiculous, or rather, insane women, and force insults upon yourself. I denied the report indignantly; it disgusted

me to hear your name mentioned in company with theirs."

"Do you know who compose the 'they' of whom you speak thus slightly?"

"Neither know nor care. It is enough for me that the position that they have chosen to force themselves into, proves conclusively that they and *you* can have nothing in common."

The crimson in Miss Lawrence's face spread and deepened, but she spoke quietly. "I am sorry you negatived that rumor, Mason, because it is entirely true. I am to accompany the ladies on their mission this afternoon."

"It cannot be possible!" Mr. Cameron said, with increasing excitement. "My dear Eva, what *can* have become of your usual discernment? Don't you see what folly it is? How can you thus compromise yourself? Don't you know that only the very commonest of coarse, and vulgar women, will consent to step out of their sphere in this manner?"

There was the slightest perceptible glance of

Miss Lawrence's eyes down the length of the parlors, furnished with the very refinement of elegance, which might have been to indicate that her surroundings were neither common nor vulgar; then she said, with a marked emphasis on the first word, "*I* am going with these women, Mason."

With a violent effort, Mr. Cameron quieted his excitement and spoke in his usual tone of voice. "I trust not, Eva, the thing has certainly been misrepresented to you. I hope to set it before you in its true light, as a most out of place and utterly unfortunate proceeding, calculated to do great injury."

"Why is it?" The words were quietly uttered, and the lady's earnest eyes were leveled full on her guest's face; there was something either in the question or the eyes, that embarrassed him.

"Why, because —" he said, and then stopped. "My dear Eva, did you ever hear of such a proceeding before?"

“ I do not know that I ever did, *just the same* proceeding. Does that make it utterly out of place and unfortunate ? ”

“ Well, of course not, *necessarily*, but,— Eva, do you *like* to force yourself into drinking saloons, low, vile places, where you never dreamed of being, and subject yourself to jeers and insults ? ”

“ No, I do not like it at all. Does that prove conclusively that it is a wrong thing to do ? ”

“ It is often a pretty safe guide ; then what hope have you, that it will do the least good ? Do you suppose the class of men who get their living by selling rum, are going to be influenced by the persuasions or prayers of a few women, to give it up ? ”

“ We do not know ; after we have earnestly tried, we shall be better able to answer that question.”

Her calmness seemed to irritate him. “ It is utter nonsense,” he said sharply. “ And I confess I am disappointed in you for not see-

ing it at once. You will not only do injury to the cause of temperance, but you will bring disgrace upon the Church."

"In what way?" Why is it that simple, straight-forward questions are sometimes so hard to answer? Mr. Cameron was confused. Miss Eva asked a few more questions. "Is it wrong for women to speak to rum sellers?"

"Of course not, at proper times and places, but it is manifestly out of place to invade their places of business, and force them to treat you with rudeness."

"You are taking for granted a thing that may not occur; we may be treated courteously by every one — if we are not, it will not be because by any discourtesy on our part, we give occasion for rudeness."

"Eva, it actually exasperates me so to hear you using that wretched 'we,' as if you were hopelessly mixed up in this thing, that I forget what I want to say to you."

"I am sorry, Mason, but, as I told you, I

am identified with it, and can hardly avoid saying 'we.' Let me give you my position in a few words, if I can. You will remember that *I* did not originate the plan of operation—"

"I should hope not," muttered Mr. Cameron.

"I certainly did not. It has been tried, as you know, in other places. At first I was startled—indeed, I was shocked. I thought it was unfortunate, ill-advised, injurious to the cause. I spoke slightly of it. I said, 'common sense might have shown the people that such a course would be injurious.' I waited and watched. And it presently appeared that God's idea of this matter was different from mine. Wherever the women went His blessing seemed to follow in a strange and signal manner. While outsiders were looking coldly on, saying, 'this thing will do harm,' the liquor saloons were being closed by the score. I was overwhelmed with astonishment. I said to myself, 'What if God has resolved to honor *any* earnest, hearty action. What if it is

simply inaction that has wearied Him. It seems so. Certainly He has blessed the simple means put forth in a most remarkable manner.' When, therefore, the ladies came to me asking my co-operation in a similar effort here—having watched the rise and development of the work in other places, having been convinced, as I was, that this thing is of God, how could I give other than hearty consent?"

Mr. Cameron watched and admired the beautiful girl while she was making this earnest appeal, and beginning to understand that her actions were based on principle, and not thoughtlessness, he tried another style of persuasion.

"Well, Eva, suppose I grant that you and I differ in our views of this subject, and differ in all sincerity. Is there not—I beg your pardon for reminding you of it—but have I not some little claim on your consideration? Ought not my views to have some *little* weight with you?"

“You know they have weight, Mason, and if I had for a moment imagined how you would feel on this subject, it would doubtless have made a difference in my decision. I thought, I *truly* thought, Mason, that you would be in sympathy with me.”

“Then since you admit this, will you not for *my* sake, give up this strange scheme? I assure you, Eva, it will work only evil: you *must* believe me. I am out in the world among men, I know more about them than you possibly can. I know the popular feeling in this village. I believe I am advising you as your father would if he were at home. You are my charge in his absence, you know. Will you yield to me?”

Mr. Cameron's tone was very gentle and winning, and he bent the full force of his pleading eyes on Miss Lawrence while he waited for her answer. It was very brief.

“Mason, I have given my promise to stand by this effort.”

Mr. Cameron sat back in his chair, with an impatient movement; he was a lawyer by profession, and not accustomed to failing in his pleas.

“Then give a counter promise to me,” he said, almost sharply. “I’m sure it is my right to demand it.”

“After all, Mason, what do you fear?” she said, trying to speak cheerfully. “If you *should* chance to be mistaken, if God should bless us in this place as He has in other places, great good would be done, and you and every friend of temperance would rejoice. If this thing is not of God it will come to naught. A few of us will discover that we were mistaken, and will cease our efforts in that direction, and everything will be as it was before.”

“Not by *any* means: it were false kindness to allow you to think so. You will have lost the respect of the people of position in this community. Your name will be bandied coarse

ly from vile mouths that have heretofore not dared to speak it, and it will take you years to regain the position which you will have lost."

Had Mr. Cameron been watching his listener's face while he made this speech, it is very probable that he would not have finished it.

Miss Lawrence rose from her seat as he ceased speaking, her face very pale, her voice calm and cold.

"Mr. Cameron, these are strange sentences. I have been listening attentively. As I shall lose the respect of people of position in this community, I shall, of course, lose yours; though you must allow me to remind you that my *father* is a person of *some* position, and I shall be certain not to lose *his*. As to my name being bandied by vile mouths, they cannot hurt *my name*, if I take care not to hurt it myself; and I shall make no attempt to regain *any* position. I am responsible to *God* — not man."

It was clear to Mr. Cameron's brain that the lady had a very good memory, and a clear, logical mind. He sprang up hastily, and spoke eagerly. She was very dear to him, and—she was Senator Lawrence's daughter.

“My dear Eva, I ask your pardon. You mistake some of my meaning. If you persist in this thing, as I believe you will *not*, I shall be bitterly disappointed, but I shall still believe that you acted from the highest motives. Now you will hear plain words from *me*, I am sure. Let me beg you, simply for my sake, to reconsider your promise. Tell the people that you have changed in your ideas of certain things. Ask them to excuse you. I beg this of you, Eva, as a favor.”

“Mr. Cameron, shall I tell the people that I am engaged to be married to you, and that you object to my taking any stand on this question?”

“Eva, my dear, you are surely jesting now. That would be a very strange and unneces-

sary proceeding. I do not assume any authority over you—I only petition. I cannot *endure* to have you with this company. But I plead with you. I do not for an instant attempt to command.”

He was surely a fine lawyer. To have commanded would have closed the debate at once. But to *plead* was assailing her at a tender point. She stood still, regarding him thoughtfully. Presently she spoke in a very gentle tone.

“Mason, I did not mean to hurt you so. I cannot understand your feeling; but I will do *this*—between now and the hour for joining the ladies this afternoon, I will make it a matter of earnest, heart-searching prayer. If I find one shadow of doubt lurking in my mind as to my duty in the thing, I will give you the benefit of it, and withdraw from my position. I will try to be very candid, very unprejudiced. I think I *can* be, because it was a heavy cross for me to decide to go,

and it is very hard for me to act in any way contrary to your wishes, so, even though I have promised, I can look carefully on the other side. But if after earnest searching, I am still convinced, *sure* that it is my duty to go forward, *surely* you would not have me do otherwise?"

"I suppose I must be content with that," he said, trying to speak lightly. "I had hoped for your promise. But I suppose I must be content. I *am* content. I feel sure your good sense will gain the ascendancy after careful reflection. Well, what a long conversation we have had. My dear Eva, you will surely ride with me this morning?"


Miss Lawrence's face was grave, and her tones very sad, as she said, "Mason, I don't understand you. How *can* I ride with you, and at the same time keep the promise that I have just made you? Besides, I have *promised* to be at the prayer meeting this morning."

Mr. Cameron thought it wise to laugh. "I

am constantly running against promises," he said lightly. "How unfortunate I am! I will depart at once, before I commit any more blunders, especially since you have your toilet to make. Or, are you going in your wrapper? It is exceedingly becoming. Don't imagine I have said anything unkind, dear Eva; it was far from my intention to do so, though in my anxiety I fear I seemed excited. Remember, I have full confidence in you. I *know* you will not disappoint me. Good morning."

CHAPTER III.

“LO! I AM WITH YOU!”

ROM all of the foregoing, you have doubtless discovered that the aristocratic town of Belleville, wherein resided Mr. Cameron, Senator Lawrence, and several other people, had determined on a crusade against liquor selling, similar in kind to that which has been carried out with so good effect in many places, during the last few months. In accordance with this intention, very earnest prayer meetings had been held during the previous two weeks, of which the unsympathetic portion of the community had taken little notice, until Dr. Crosswell had on the Sabbath, announced from the pulpit the intention of the

ladies to move in force, and had appointed a general prayer meeting at the church on the morning of Tuesday, the appointed day, while in the afternoon the gentlemen were to continue in prayer during the time that the ladies were out on their mission

Fifteen minutes after the morning prayer meeting had been opened, Miss Lawrence, her wrapper exchanged for a street suit of rich, heavy black, came into the church, and paused astonished over the rows and rows of well filled seats; this certainly looked as though very few of the Church members were taking rides this morning; perhaps Mr. Cameron was mistaken; possibly the Church was more in sympathy with this movement than he supposed. And yet, thought Miss Lawrence, with a sinking heart, "People who do not approve of the ladies' effort this afternoon, cannot surely disapprove of the prayer meeting." It did not occur to her troubled heart to wonder why Mr. Mason Cameron did not approve of the prayer meeting.

She went forward to her accustomed seat and bowed her head, and those who noticed her at all, noticed that the few times that her head was raised, during that solemn meeting, her cheeks were wet, and her eyes were heavy with tears.

Notwithstanding his courteous good morning, Mr. Cameron left the lady of his choice in no very amiable mood; he was surprised and disappointed at the result of his call; Miss Eva had shown a tendency to have a mind of her own, that was new and bewildering to him. Mr. Cameron had held very few conversations on this new phase of the temperance question. As is natural with men of his stamp, he inclined to the belief that his own strong views on the subject were the same as those adopted by sensible people generally, and the few with whom he had conversed happening to be of like opinion, strengthened his belief in himself. He had made no inquiries as to what class of people were interested in the temperance movement,

but putting his ideas and those of a few others together, had jumped at conclusions.

Following his ordinary custom, he straightway set to work to argue things right between Miss Lawrence and himself. It was very natural, he said, that she should have mistaken views, her father was absent from home, and she had no one to consult with,—he had done wrong in not having had this plain talk with her before she committed herself—it would have been pleasanter to have declined, than to have withdrawn, after a promise had been given. However, it was not too late—she would think this thing all over quietly, as she had promised him, and he was not in the least afraid of her going contrary to his expressed wishes—she had admitted that his claim to consideration ought not to be overlooked. He had no fears for her. By dinner time he had convinced himself so entirely, that he was once more quite at his ease.

“Where is Fanny?” he asked, suddenly arousing to the fact that she was not in her accustomed seat at the table.

Mrs. Cameron smiled. "Fanny has gone to the prayer meeting. She said she wanted to see how people prayed when they were really in earnest, and had something to pray about. There is no accounting for *her* movements."

Mr. Cameron returned his mother's smile. On the whole, he was very glad that Fanny was at prayer meeting, for he had no desire to be questioned as to the nature of his interview with Miss Lawrence.

On his way down town, he passed Mr. St. James' elegant saloon—that is hardly proper, either. Mr. St. James was a gentleman of comparative leisure; he had married into one of the first families; he ranked among those who belonged to the best society; the gold-lettered sign over the saloon doors, bore the quiet name "Seward Parlors," and Mr. Seward conducted and controlled the business inside, to a large extent. Mr. St. James rarely spent an hour a day in the establishment, and it had not suited his taste to blazon his own aristocratic name

on the sign, yet every one knew that Mr. St. James was sole owner and controller of "Seward Parlors,"—was, in fact, the proprietor of Mr. Seward himself. Contrary to people's expectation, on this particular afternoon, Mr. St. James stood in the door of the saloon.

"How are you?" he said to Mr. Cameron; he was even on familiar speaking terms with that gentleman. "What are you doing on the street? You ought to be at the church, praying for me."

"I am glad you feel the need of prayers," Mr. Cameron said, speaking lightly. "It is a very proper thing to feel, but, St. James, I hope you don't identify Packard Place Church with the woman's rights uprising, that I hear of?"

"I'm sure I did. Isn't that the church? The prayer meeting is there."

"Oh, of course no church can object to a prayer meeting; we have had many meetings there, to pray for the cause of temperance, too; I think it a more fitting place to hold such a

meeting, than your parlors are, for instance; and I assure you the people who are the standard supporters of Packard Place Church are decidedly of that opinion."

"I am really glad to hear that the people of our church have not turned idiots or lunatics; it certainly looked very much like that."

Mr. Cameron smiled. "I do not wonder that you thought so," he said, cordially. "Of course you know that I do not agree with *you* on the temperance question, but there is reason in all things, or *should* be. I am on my way to call on Mr. Goldwin. Will you go down?"

"I don't know," Mr. St. James said, hesitatingly. "I did say that I wouldn't leave my establishment this afternoon. I hate shirking. Mr. Seward is not responsible for these rooms, and I don't want to pretend that he is, so if the ladies call on me, I want to give them a personal reception."

Mr. Cameron smiled a superior smile. "They will hardly honor you, I fancy," he said, in a

tone of quiet assurance. "The fact is, the whole matter will be quietly dropped, I think. I have been studying the matter somewhat, and I feel quite certain that Dr. Crosswell announced the general prayer meeting for the purpose of suppressing improper demonstrations. If I had thought of that in time, I should have attended. I think you may safely leave your premises."

Very soon thereafter, the two sauntered up town, in the direction of Mr. Goldwin's hotel. About the same time, many wondering people heard the solemn toll of the Packard Place bell. Those who were sufficiently interested to be in the church, knew that it was the signal for the procession to move, which immediately it did, walking quietly down Chestnut Street, two by two.

"I'm going to count them," Mrs. St. James said to her friend, Mrs. Brewer, behind the latter's window blind. "Two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve,—I didn't think they would get

so many — fourteen, sixteen, eighteen, twenty,— did you ever hear the like! twenty-two, four, six, eight, thirty,— they are turning up Beekman Street — thirty-two, four, six, eight, forty,— for pity's sake, how *many* are there!" "I hope your husband is in his rooms, if they have any notion of going there." This Mrs. Brewer said as the counting went on. "I hope so too,—sixty, sixty-two, four, six, eight, seventy,— there's Mrs. Judge Wharton! *Did* you ever see anything like it! and Mrs. Senderling! Ninety-six, ninety-eight — Mrs. Brewer, there's a *hundred* of them! Well,—I never heard the like of that!"

"And such people!" chimed in Mrs. Brewer. "The very first in town. I am perfectly overwhelmed."

Sauntering leisurely up the street arm in arm came Mr. Cameron and Mr. St. James, returning from their call. Mr. Goldwin proved to be absent. "He was at the Packard Place prayer meeting," the waiter told them.

“Curiosity took him,” Mr. Cameron said. “That is one of the unfortunate elements of this movement—it is calculated to bring religion into disrepute.”

If Mr. Cameron had made notes of his various remarks on this movement, and read them over at his leisure, I hope he would have been able to see how logically they all agreed.

Turning the corner of Beekman street they came to a dead halt. They were directly opposite the “Seward Parlors,” and the said parlors were literally thronged with ladies—ladies with heads reverently bowed. Some one was evidently praying.

“There they are, as sure as I’m a sinner,” exclaimed Mr. St. James, excitedly. “Cameron, come across, and see the fun.”

An overwhelming desire to see who those ladies were, impelled Mr. Cameron to follow his friend’s headlong dash across the street, into the saloon. On the doorstep he paused,

riveted to the spot: there was a clear round voice offering prayer. And that voice was the sweetest one to him that this world possessed. Miss Eva Lawrence, daughter of Senator Roscoe Lawrence, grand-daughter of old General Warren Lawrence, whose name was honored by a nation,—actually kneeling on the marble floor of a liquor saloon, and praying! But what a simple, earnest, *tender* prayer it was! low-voiced, with a pleading note in the earnest words, with such a sense about it of the shutting out of mortal sights and sounds, and of holding real living, intimate communion with Christ Himself, that none who listened could doubt His very presence in their midst. Instinctively Mr. St. James lifted his hat, and inclined his head. He was a respecter of the religion of Jesus Christ; and he felt that this was a vital exhibition of it. As for Mr. Cameron's feelings, who shall define them? At the very threshold of Miss Lawrence's low-breathed "Amen," Mrs. Judge Wharton took

up the petition. How strange was the scene, how utterly solemn! the clerks stood around with entirely grave faces. Bland, smooth-spoken Mr. Seward retired into the doorway of the inner parlor, and shaded his face with his hand. And still Mr. Cameron stood riveted to the spot. He felt as if he would have given thousands to have been away, and yet as if thousands of dollars would not have been an inducement to him to move. Mr. St. James had elbowed his way into the room, and stood courteously awaiting the end; as Mrs. Wharton closed her brief, earnest prayer, that voice of marvelous sweetness began to sing a tender, pleading hymn, not addressed to Mr. St. James, nor to any *man*,—a simple, solemn prayer to God for His presence and His blessing. The strain was taken up by at least fifty voices, and it was as if another prayer had been offered by fifty voices at once, in unity of spirit, not only, but of words. Then the voice of prayer was heard again.

At its close, Miss Lawrence came forward with quiet grace and held out her hand to the owner of the parlors. "Mr. St. James, you were not in when we made our request to Mr. Seward. We thank you for giving us a patient hearing. May I further ask you to give us your name to this paper?"

Mr. St. James reached out his hand mechanically. "What is the paper?"

"It is a pledge against the selling or being responsible for the sale of intoxicating liquor in any form. We presented it to Mr. Seward, but he told us the proprietor was absent."

The faces of the clerks were wreathed in smiles, Mr. Seward came out from his retirement to enjoy the proceeding; the idea of presenting Mr. St. James with a total abstinence pledge, hoping to secure his signature, seemed too good a joke to be true. Mr. Cameron meanwhile was out of his sphere; he was neither a clerk nor a proprietor nor a lady. Still, he lingered; to leave Miss Lawrence there, among those clerks

and those women, was utterly intolerable to him; he felt almost equally exasperated with her and with St. James; yet he felt if the latter should address a sentence to her that had the semblance of ridicule about it, he would unhesitatingly knock him down. And Mr. St. James stood studying that paper, while the profoundest silence reigned in the room. Just in what spirit he would present his refusal, it was impossible to determine; for while he was generally very courteous to the ladies, he was also a very passionate man, and there was certainly no smile on his face. Presently he turned, and without speaking a word went to his desk at the end of the room, where were writing materials scattered profusely, and those nearest him saw him take his heavy gold pen and write with firm, dashing hand, on the line designated for the signer's name,—“Henry V. St. James.” Then immediately handing the paper to Miss Lawrence, he said quietly,—

“There is my signature, I think that was

what you wanted. Now, in what other way can I best serve you."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," Miss Lawrence said, with radiant face, while Mr. Seward, looking utterly puzzled, pressed his way to Mr. St. James' side.

"Are you sure you know what you are about?" he asked, with the familiarity of one accustomed to being consulted.

His answer was prompt and decisive. "Very sure. I am not given to acting in the dark. I have just signed a pledge, never to sell another drop of intoxicating liquor, and I mean to keep it. Mr. Seward, I have thought of a way in which we can further serve this cause. Miss Lawrence, would you and your party enjoy seeing my liquor casks emptied into the gutter?"

"Would they not!" there were many, and eager answers.

"Then I can gratify you very promptly. John — Charles — Alfred, you may set to work,

and roll them out; the ladies will gladly make room for the evil spirit to pass out. Mr. Seward, you and I will lend a helping hand, if you please."

Very promptly the astonished young men took hold of the work; they were accustomed to obeying orders. In less than twenty minutes from the time that the order was given, Mr. St. James announced, triumphantly, that the last drop of rum that should ever go out of that store while he owned it, was about to be consigned to the gutter.

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Dr. Wheeler, with trembling lips. Dr. Wheeler rarely drank brandy, but when he did, he bought it at the Seward Parlors.

That was a triumphal procession that marched away from those Parlors. What a document to carry with them to the smaller, less pretentious "Arbor Saloon," around the corner — that beautiful paper, with its very fine handwriting, "Henry V. St. James!"

After all was over, Mr. Seward was dignified.

"I am sure, Mr. St. James," he said, with injured face, "I am sure I know no reason why I should not have been told of your plans; in declining to sign their pledge, I acted on my instructions in good faith. I supposed they were genuine. I am sure it is nothing to me, my business is simply to obey your orders, and I cannot see any reason why I should not have been informed as to what was to be done."

"There was only one reason," Mr. St. James answered, with grave face, "which was that when I talked with you two hours ago, I no more intended to do this thing than I intended to fly. I should have thought flying much more probable than what I have done. I had my plan of operation all ready, exactly as I gave it to you. I meant to do just exactly what I said."

Mr. Seward looked very much mystified. "Then how in the name of common sense

came you to do something so totally different? Or is there something behind the scenes that I do not see?"

"Now you have asked me a question that is very difficult to answer. There is something behind the scenes that *I* do not see. I know no more how I came to do what I did, than *you* do: except this—a power got possession of me that I never acknowledged before. I tell you, Seward, God himself is in the thing. I felt, and *feel*, as though nothing under heaven would ever tempt me to sell another drop of rum. I'm glad I'm free. And I believe it is the Lord and nobody else who has freed me. There will be more of it done in this town before night. You will see; there will be no resisting it. I have always believed in a God, who had power to do whatever He would. And even an idiot knows that He must be on the side of temperance. When you come right squarely down to it, who would want to own a God that wasn't?"

My conclusion is, that wherever He finds people in right thorough earnest, so much in earnest that they are willing to do disagreeable and unpopular things,—*unpopular* things are harder to do than even to give money—but when people get screwed up to those two points, willing to work on the unpopular side, and to *give money*, as much of it as is needed, then the Lord just takes men like me, and twists 'em round like whip lashes. Have the parlors put in perfect order, Mr. Seward. To-morrow we will make out a list of new articles and advertise them; our establishment is to be *first class* hereafter as heretofore. I'm going home now to make my peace with my wife.”

“What will *she* say to this afternoon's work?” Mr. Seward asked significantly.

Mr. St. James took out his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his face. “The fact is,” he said, “she wasn't *here* this afternoon, and she won't be able to understand it,

if she *had* been I think she would. Do *you* wonder at it, Seward? Could you have done any different in my place?"

"I don't know," Mr. Seward said, doubtfully.

But *I* know; he both *could* and *would*. The Lord had not chosen to come so close to him as he had to Mr. St. James.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PROPHETS AT THE SUPPER TABLE.

MR. CAMERON was turning the corner of Chestnut street on his way home to supper. At the foot of Chestnut street was the Spring street depot. The five o'clock express was puffing and snorting. It had just arrived. It brought with it an important personage. Mr. Cameron came face to face with Senator Lawrence. A powerfully-built, massive-looking man was Senator Lawrence—massive in frame and in brain, his iron gray hair was brushed back from a full, wide forehead, and his deep set, keen gray eyes seemed to pierce through to the center of things, without waste of time.

“Ah, ha!” he said, giving Mason’s hand a hearty grasp. “You are the very person;

turn around and walk home with me, can't you? I want further information. We have fallen upon strange times, I hear."

"Very strange," Mr. Cameron said with energy. "I wish you had arrived earlier, sir."

"I wish I *had*, most heartily. I got away as soon as possible after receiving Eva's letter, but it seems I am behind time. I felt that she needed my presence. Well, tell me all about it; it must have been an overwhelming sight. I hear that my daughter led the procession — that is something to be proud of. I am glad *you* were here to counsel with and sustain her."

Poor Mr. Cameron! the world was surely growing daft, as the Scotchmen say. "The fact is," he began, coughing, and clearing his throat, "the truth is, I — I was a little doubtful as to the result of the movement."

"Were you? You needn't have been; when the Lord supplies the requisite amount of courage and self-abnegation, in women of my

daughter Eva's stamp, to undertake such a work as this, it is pretty clear what He means to do with it. Still, I don't wonder you were anxious. I was myself. I spent half the night on my knees. I thought of you and Eva, and wondered if you were praying together over this very thing."

"Business called me out of town yesterday," returned Mr. Cameron. "I hadn't an idea until this morning, that Eva was engaged in this matter, and I—I discouraged her from accompanying the ladies."

"Did you, indeed! On what grounds?"

"Well, on several grounds. In the first place, it wasn't particularly pleasant to think of her visiting saloons and groceries and rum-holes generally. How could I tell what sort of reception might be given them?"

"He shall give his angels charge over them," quoted Senator Lawrence. "Still, I don't deny that I should have been five minutes ahead of the procession at every stopping place."

“Then there was another point to be considered ; it seemed to me that the cause of religion might be injured unintentionally ; made a subject of ridicule, you know.”

The keen, gray eyes shot a lightning glance at Mr. Cameron ; then the Senator said, in his dryest tones, “ I met a German free-thinker — an infidel, and a Mormonite rum seller, on the cars to-day, and they every one expressed that same idea. Well, I’m doubly sorry that I wasn’t at home, if such was your state of mind, but Eva did well without either of us, it seems. You are not going up to the house, I conclude? Good evening, then.”

Mr. Cameron turned and retraced his steps. That was certainly a very cool way of dismissing him! How had Senator Lawrence discovered that he was not going up to the house?

Mrs. St. James was already seated at the supper table when her husband entered. “How late you are!” she said, eagerly. “Did they come near you, Henry? I was in Mrs. Brewer’s,

and I saw them go by, a hundred strong. I counted them — and Eva Lawrence at their head. I wonder what Mason Cameron thinks of that?”

“He thinks he is a ninny, I hope. I think so, anyway,” Mr. St. James said, seating himself and taking strong draughts at his cup of tea.

“Did you see anything of them, Henry? they turned down Beekman Street. I came directly home, I was afraid to go anywhere for fear I should meet them; I was afraid there might be a riot, or something. Where did they go, and what has been done? I haven’t heard a word; there hasn’t been a soul in, and I have felt as if I should fly away.”

“They came to our place the very first,” her husband said speaking rapidly, “and as a result, every drop of liquor we had was poured into the gutter in less than half an hour after their arrival.”

“Mr. St. James!”

“Fact, Cornelia — put there by my express

orders. And I signed a pledge never to sell another drop of rum, and I mean to stick to it through thick and thin."

Evidently Mr. St. James expected some of the thick of it at once. He had on a very composed, very determined face. His wife set down her cup, and looked full into his steady brown eyes, and this was what she said: "Henry, I'm *glad* of it. I *am* — as sure as the world. I would rather not have so much money, and be more respectable; liquor selling isn't respectable business. I've been thinking so a good while, but it made me provoked to hear any one else say so, because you were engaged in it, and I thought you would never give it up. How in the world came you to do it? And there's our little Harry. I never meant he should step his foot inside of that saloon if I could help it, and I didn't see how to help it either; and now I needn't bother about that any more."

If Mr. St. James had been a Christian man,

be would have said, "Thank God for this surprise." As it was, he whistled. But in his heart he said, "Just as surely as there is a God, and I always *knew* there was, more fool *I* for acting as if there *wasn't* — He is at the bottom of this whole matter, and he manages it up here at home as well as down in the saloon."

"There's been a large business done in the temperance line this afternoon," he said aloud. "Arbor Saloon is closed, and Smith's drug store is to sell no more liquor except for medicine, and Thompson's establishment is considering the matter. It's going to sweep through the whole town, *I* believe. *I* prophecy there won't be a rum hole left by next week this time."

"Henry, how do they accomplish it? Don't you know you prophesied this morning that they wouldn't pray you out of the business, and it would do them no good to try?"

"I was a false prophet, you see," he said,

laughing. Then speaking gravely, "I don't know, Cornelia. I don't pretend to understand it. There is a power greater than any that you and I know anything about, and it's my opinion that it has been at work in this town."

"Will you have some of the beans, father?" Mrs. Slocome said to the deacon, as the family surrounded their supper table.

"I'll have some of *everything*," spoke up the deacon, loudly. "If I had a fatted calf I'd kill it; for if we ever wanted to eat, drink, and be merry, it is to-night. What hath God wrought?"

"*Now*, father," said Miss Sarah, "what do you think of sewing machines, and new things generally? Seems to me your ideas have undergone a revolution."

Dear old Deacon Slocome shook from head to foot with laughter. "They have so," he said heartily. "I'm ready to take back every

thing I said: it's clear to me that I ain't a prophet. I'll not try it any more, unless I prophesy the millennium. I don't know but that's coming. We've got a piece of it anyhow. Four liquor places stopped, and more to be stopped I believe in my heart — there, I'm prophesying again! Well, well, the Lord reigns. Nobody could have looked on and not believed it."

"I wish I had been in it," the daughter said, energetically. "I feel like a shirk. I might have gone and offered myself to join them. I guess they would have been very willing to have had my company. The truth is, father, I had such confidence in your ability as a prophet, that I sort of shrank from being on the disgraced side. It's good enough for me. If I had had moral courage enough to endure failure, I should have been among them."

"If you had had faith enough to *expect* success, I guess you mean," her brother Joseph

said. "I think our mistake lay in supposing that God wouldn't take notice of anything that didn't meet with *our* approval."

"'Them that honor me I will honor,'" quoted Deacon Slocome reverently. "That is it, children,—that is the secret, I verily believe: they trusted him, and he honored their trust."

Miss Fanny Cameron had finished her supper, and sat back in her chair, playing with her napkin ring, while she expressed her views of the afternoon's work.

"It was a splendid thing; it gives one faith in people, to see that they are willing to work for an end, as well as to talk about it, and sigh over it. You gentlemen have sighed over the evils of intemperance so many years, that if sighing would have done it, the world would have been reformed. I'm glad some people have sprung up who are willing to *do*, as well as to wish. Mason, what do you think of Eva Lawrence, *now*?"

“You put a very strong emphasis on the ‘*now*.’ I know no reason why I should have very materially changed my opinion of her, recently.” This, Mr. Cameron said, with what composure he could assume for the occasion.

“Don’t you? You expressed so much dismay over the ridiculous report that I circulated this morning, about her joining the procession, that I thought your spirits must have undergone a change of some sort.”

“People have a right to change their minds. Have they not, Fanny? I did not know so much about this matter in the morning, as I do now.”

Miss Fanny laughed. “I don’t doubt that in the least,” she said. “I’m inclined to think that nobody else did. I know several people besides yourself, who have been astonished.”

“I didn’t express astonishment, Fanny.”

“Your face did, this afternoon, when you stood at the door of the Seward Parlors. I was next door, standing on the steps, and it

was as good as a tableau. *I* was disappointed too,—happily so. I just expected Eva Lawrence would desert them at the eleventh hour. I knew she was a grand good girl, but I didn't think she was equal to braving *your* opposition as well as other peoples's."

"My dear sister, you take a very great deal for granted. What do you mean by *opposition*?"

"Oh, I don't mean you told her she *shouldn't* go, or did any other discourteous thing. I know you are a gentleman, Mason; but you could hardly have gone directly from the prophetic conversation at the breakfast table, and given her a 'God speed' on her errand."

"Things certainly took a strange turn," Mrs. Cameron said. "Nobody could be expected to be prepared for such results as we have had this afternoon, and I'm sure it becomes every one of us to be humble and grateful."

Miss Fanny had the last word. "Especially, mother, since Eva Lawrence and Mrs. Judge Wharton led the procession."

Mr. Cameron was a gentleman, every inch of him; it was not more than seven o'clock when he rang sharply at Senator Lawrence's door, and on being admitted to the back parlor, where sat Senator Lawrence with his wife and daughter, he went straight over to Eva and held out his hand, and his voice was earnest and manly. "Forgive me, Eva; you were right, and I was wrong. The Lord was in the thing, and I knew it not."

But truth compels *me* to add, that there was another phase of the matter that he had not known, which was that *Senator Roscoe Lawrence was in this thing.*

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

HOW *not* to do it," is often a quicker method of arriving at the truth, than to discuss a question affirmatively.

This seems to be the case in the following question — viz., "How can woman's influence be rendered powerful, as it should be, against intemperance and kindred evils?"

The question takes for granted the fact that woman's influence is not powerful in these directions at the present day. Over this thought I halted in some dismay. Is it possible that *woman*, the greatest sufferer from intemperance, the victim of the cigar-smoking, tobacco-

spitting multitude who throng the earth, does not use all the influence which she can bring to bear against these questions? I thought of the matter for days, I watched the women of my acquaintance—the women with whom I came in contact. I went back over my past; I asked questions concerning the past of my friends; I listened and read, and wrote about it; I came slowly and mournfully to the conclusion that woman, in the abstract, uses her powerful influence—not *for*—but against temperance: not directly and squarely, but in that more subtle, more unnoticed, oftentimes, more dangerous way. How? Why, during the holidays not long passed, there has been a great army of mince pies eaten: eaten by the fathers and husbands, sons and brothers of our land; manufactured by the wives and mothers and sisters. Now I shudder to think of the brandy that these husbands and fathers have been consuming, fed by the hands of women!

"*I consider that making much ado about nothing,*" Mrs. John Smith says to me when I expostulate with her on the subject. "Now *I am a temperance woman as much as anybody is. I don't drink liquor. I never have it in my house, except for medicine and such things. But mince pies are not fit to eat without brandy in them.*"

"But, Mrs. Smith," I say in kindness and earnestness, "even if that is your solemn conclusion, *are mince pies among the necessaries of life, especially if they cultivate a dangerous appetite?*"

But Mrs. John Smith has our favorite national, and in a sense unanswerable argument, viz., "Fiddlesticks."

Is it "fiddlesticks," dear American women? Is there such a thing as a trifle in connection with this awful giant stalking through our country? Can we talk and pray entire abstinence, "avoiding," "turning from," "passing by," "looking not upon," and yet pour

our complacent spoonfuls into the mince meat? Will the husband, struggling to break away from the fiend who has his chains about him, be helped by getting a whiff of his fiery breath, even in the delightful piece of pie on his plate? Will the father, who is meeting temptation on every side, bar-rooms, restaurants, groceries, and many unfortunate dangerous friends, who has as yet struggled bravely against the tide, be helped in the battle by the subtle taste of what is by nature delicious to him, coming to meet him in the neat and innocent-looking dishes prepared at home? Will the manly little son, who watches his mother's movements with about the same faith that he would accord to an angel, be able to understand your teaching about "touching not, tasting not, handling not," when he watches you seasoning the pie and flavoring the sauce with that which people should not touch? Isn't he sharp enough even now to be puzzled over the difference between theory and

practice? There is a great company of dishes that may be classed in the same rank with brandy mince pies. One who has never penetrated into the mysteries of the culinary department, would be astonished at their number. Wine sauces for every imaginable kind of pudding, wine custards, brandied peaches, brandied fruit cake, wine jellies, to say nothing of that long list of more outspoken mischiefs under the general name of "home-made wines." The more I think of this subject, the more sure I am that one emphatic answer to the important question asked at the commencement of this paper, should be, "Let them frown upon the wily serpent's entrance into their kitchen or pantry, in every or any of the witching, enticing forms which he knows so well how to assume." This, in the face of the fact which I frankly admit, that wine sauces, and wine jellies, and wine custards are absolutely delightful. What of that? In the name of common humanity, let

us take this thought into consideration. *Are* stomachs to be considered first, and souls next? For that class of people who are so ignorant or so indifferent as to insist that the use of liquor in cookery does not foster appetites already awakened, nor educate appetites not yet roused, it does not seem to me that argument is worth while.

There is a temperance meeting held weekly in a town I know of; and that meeting, it is *not* the fashion to attend; there are those who call themselves temperance people who are never seen among the few who are struggling against the many. The reasons given are most extraordinary. "There is nothing new to be said about temperance," "the speakers are not interesting," "many of them are uneducated men," "some of them actually use bad grammar." It is women who make these excuses, women who have husbands and sons. Young women, who have brothers and lovers. Of course the sons and brothers and lovers do

not attend the meetings, and never will, so long as the ladies do their crocheting and canvas work at home, and laugh good-naturedly over "those stupid meetings." When our women, who are so-called temperance women, awaken to sufficient interest to put their shoulders to the dragging wheels of any and every temperance movement, interesting or dull, so long as it is not absolutely *wrong*, then will woman's influence have taken a great bound in the right direction.

For the sake of the cause, I wish that it might become fashionable to sign the total abstinence pledge. I went among a company of ladies one evening at a temperance meeting, to solicit their names for the pledge. I secured two names and eleven refusals. The reasons for the latter were astounding. A *mother* of three sons "always used brandy for peaches, and always *should*." *Her sons* would not sign our pledge. A young lady "did not like to have her name in such conspicuous

places." Another "did not believe in making such solemn promises." So at least she said, but that could not have been the reason, for she was married two weeks afterwards, and her promises on that occasion were very solemn. Another "thought it was *silly* to be signing pledges." She had a brother who did not think it was silly to lie in the gutter of an evening. After that evening's experience, and, indeed, many similar experiences, I want to answer the query as regards "Woman's influence" in this matter, with "More earnestness—such an earnestness as shall lead them to be 'instant in season and out of season,' as shall make them willing to be conspicuous, or self-denying, or *silly*—*anything*, so that they may 'by *all means* save some.'"

New Year's day for 1874 will have passed before this paper meets the eye of any reader. I would it were not so. I would I might be able to lift up my voice before that time warningly, beseechingly. Surely in *this*, all

womankind can see how their influence can be "rendered powerful." Dear young ladies of America, make it impossible for any young gentleman who comes to wish you "Happy New Year" to receive a sting from your hand in the shape of a wine glass. At the last it "stingeth like an adder." Do not cover its fangs with velvet and hide them with sparkling eyes, and more sparkling speech. Rise up in your strength, young ladies of our free country, and break the chain of fashion that has held you in bondage to this cruel custom. God only knows the evils that have been wrought by it. God only knows how many drunkards' graves have been filled by those who began their career on New Year's day.

Woman's influence! I wonder if there is another thing on earth in which Satan has succeeded in so bewildering the brains of woman and turning her influence into a wrong channel?

I've been shopping during the last few weeks, — Christmas hunting — dodging into stores and

shops and warehouses. I have met nearly everybody, intent on similar errands. Among others, our young ladies, fair, beautiful, cultured girls, professors of religion. In one store was my friend Mary, selecting a cigar-case, for her brother Fred.

“Do you like to have Fred smoke?” I ventured.

Mary laughed. “Why, I don’t know that I care particularly. Smoking is nicer than a good many things that he might do, and I must say I rather like the smell of a good cigar. Kate got him an elegant smoking-cap, and this is the only thing I can think of.”

Next door I met my particular friend Helen, looking at liquor-cases!

“Not for Arthur!” I said, in dismay.

“Why not?” she answered, deprecatingly. “One must get something, and it is so difficult to find presents for gentlemen.”

“But, Helen, you surely don’t want to encourage that habit in Arthur!”

“Oh, I don't encourage it, he knows just what I think of it. But so long as he drinks occasionally, he might as well have a case to keep his liquors in; he won't use them any more on that account; they are convenient, too, in time of sickness; and Arthur never drinks to excess, you know. I am not afraid of his becoming a drunkard.”

That is it after all. Perhaps if I needed to make a very brief answer to the question, “How can women's influence be rendered powerful in this matter?” I would say, “By cultivating the grace of *fear* in all women kind. If they were only so afraid of the awful curse,—so afraid that they would not run the possibility of a risk in bringing the danger into their homes in any form,—so afraid, that in their food, in their gifts, in their pleasures, they would shun all advances of the serpent, even as they would shun the plague. If they were so afraid that they would hail with thankfulness every movement towards the banishment of the evil, even

though that movement be not just exactly the one that they would have preferred, — so afraid that they would sign every pledge that is presented to them, even though it circulate their names from Maine to Oregon, — then, indeed, the influence that woman has, would be thrown in the right direction. It is this very sense of personal security that makes our so-called temperance women sit with meekly folded hands deploring in smooth and proper phrases, the evil in the abstract. Mrs. Browning has said, that we women cannot take in the idea of a starving multitude — that starvation, to call forth our sympathizing aid, must be embodied in the little red-headed girl who begs at our back door. I have thought that if we mothers saw in the blue-eyed, brown-headed darling, the central figure of our beautiful homes, a possible drunkard reeling through the streets, how earnestly would we rise up, and combat every inch of ground over which our darlings will have to tread, closing the doors of temptation on every side.

In the millennium, our young ladies will have learned to decline the attention of young gentlemen who poison their brains and pollute their breaths with liquor in any form. This is the doctrine I preach to Maria.

“Why!” she says, catching her breath, “what a ridiculous idea! How I would look saying to Harry, ‘unless you give up your glass of wine every day after dinner, I will have nothing to do with you!’”

Then I, — “My dear Maria, do you ever feel the necessity of saying to Harry, ‘unless you refrain from taking what does not belong to you, I will have nothing to do with you?’ Yet, if Henry were an acknowledged thief, do you believe you would count him among your familiar friends? I was speaking of educating public opinion up to the right point. Now, my Jenny will never believe it right to take for her friend a boy who *begins* to drink; it is the wretched little beginnings that you young ladies might control, if you only started right.”

“Intemperance and kindred evils,” the question reads, but the “kindred evils” seem to me so closely linked to the great central evil, that when our influence is what it should be in that direction, it will naturally be strong in all the other channels; there is much to be said on the tobacco question, — enough to fill one entire paper, but I am already transcending my limits, and I cannot look on the cigar smoking, tobacco chewing public, without feeling that they are nurturing the unnatural appetites that send them or their offspring reeling from bar-rooms. In this view of the case, nothing is said of that class of people who escape personal or family harm or disgrace, but who, by their example, lead more susceptible brains astray, and it seems to me that every influence that can be brought to bear on the liquor question, can come with equal earnestness against the national curse, — viz., tobacco.

There is one form in which the serpent appears to us that is so like an angel of light that

I long to put out some of its false shining. I mean the awful medicine-chest that finds its way into so many households. How amazed have I been, to see little boys in Christian families fed with half a spoonful of gin with hot water and sugar, for a real, or fancied stomach-ache, or a few drops of brandy on sugar to quiet a cough, or a little wine in the glass of milk to strengthen a weak stomach. Oh, mothers, mothers! surely this is a place where your influence will come with power; none like yours, while the sons are little boys at home. Don't be beguiled by any long exploded notions of the remedial qualities of alcohol, to feed your children on that which is so likely to prove their ruin. I believe that many and many a drunkard's grave is filled by those who nibbled their first taste of poison from a bit of sugar prepared by mothers' hands.

Passing over the long and honored list of names that might be produced to prove the folly of using liquor for medicine, in ninety-nine cases

out of a hundred, I cite but one, — Dr. Willard Parker. I once waited in the reception-room of Dr. Parker's office from nine o'clock A. M. until two o'clock P. M., waiting for my turn to consult the honored physician; and Dr. Parker has given his testimony with no uncertain voice, on the same subject.

Trifles are these points which I have cited, so at least we call them. What is a drop or two of brandy in an article of food? What is a sip of wine on New Year's day? Ah, don't you know it was the '*little foxes that spoiled the vines*'?

If the women of our country, the mothers and wives in their quiet homes, the young ladies in their outside friendship, would set firm and steady face against the kid-gloved fingers of the wily foe, the ungloved brazen hand stretched out from bar-rooms and saloons, to snatch after victims, would be shorn of half its strength.

"What *not* to say?" is the trying question, when one is limited as to space, there are so many, many thoughtlessnesses upon which one

wants to touch. I have a friend, a fair, pure girl, with sweet, bright face, a favorite among her acquaintances. She is not one of fortune's favorites, she has many duties and responsibilities; the family shopping to a great extent devolves upon her; there is a grocery just around the corner from her home; she can get tea there for half a cent a pound less than at the store farther down town; be the morning rainy, or snowy, or icy, or unspeakably warm, she walks with resolute feet past the first store away down to the fourth corner block. Why? Because in the back room of the first named building, they deal out poison by the glass. She has a friend, — a gentleman friend, who quietly exchanged the liberty of hotel life, for the restraints of a private boarding house. I asked him why? He admitted that Addie disliked the idea of his boarding at a place where they sold rum. She has a father who has filled his cider barrels with good honest potatoes, because "Adelaide was so down on cider, and she was such a good daughter they didn't like to

cross her in her notions." She has two little brothers who never buy those delicate emissaries of Satan, "candy cordials," because "Sister Addie thinks they are awful things." Does any one doubt where that young lady's influence is? Finally, there is not a day in the three hundred and sixty-five, that this friend of mine does not "enter into her closet and shut the door, and there plead with her Father who seeth in secret," that the awful curse may be lifted from the sons of men. Is not this the key note? "How shall woman's influence be rendered powerful against intemperance and kindred evils?"

Get the praying women of Christendom on their knees before God, to plead for rescue; not spasmodically, not once a year on fast day, but every day of every year. Does any one doubt on which side of this question God is to be found?

Dear wives and mothers and daughters and sisters, will you work *with* God?

BEFORE AND AFTER.

CHAPTER I.

“Sing unto the Lord, for He hath done excellent things.”

MOTHER, do you suppose father will forget my shoes to-day?”

“I don't know, Freddy, you will have to wait and see,” replied Mrs. Huntly, smiling to hide from her darling the terrible pain in her heart. How well she knew what the father's forgetfulness meant! How many things he seemed to have forgotten! *She* remembered a Sabbath, years ago, when with many others they had stood in the village church and avowed their faith in Christ. Later, in the presence of a few friends, they promised to be true to each other, and with

words of benediction the minister concluded the marriage ceremony. Then she had shaken off the ties that bound her to that old home, and followed her husband to this land of strangers. Patient and unwearying, she had borne many burdens, submitted to many hardships. If she sighed for the home of luxury she had left, he never heard it. If she was lonely and desolate, he never knew it. But those vows, both the covenant and the marriage, *he* seemed to have forgotten. The Bible, the family altar, the blessing at meal time, the church and the Sabbath were all forgotten! At least, so it appeared. What had come in to drive out the memory of these solemn and sacred scenes? What was dragging Chester Huntly down to the very depths of degradation? What shadow rested so heavily on that home — so dense and far-reaching that vain were the mother's attempts to lead the little feet in sunny paths? What demon was it that so far had gained an easy victory?

How little need to write the answer. And how one shrinks from the accursed word! What but *rum* would make a man forget everything sweet and precious and sacred?

This home of the Huntlys was five miles from Waring. There are thousands of just such homes in this land. A long, low, frame house, a rose bush under the parlor window, (the slip brought from the old home,) a syringa close by the door-step, a wild cherry tree in the yard, a neglected garden and tumble-down fences, an orchard, mossy and untrimmed, fields, wherein are half gathered crops of last year, a plow standing in the furrow, and in the yard huddled a group of lank and forlorn-looking cattle. Can you see the place? It may be your next neighbor's. It cannot be far off. You and I know it well — for a *drunkard's* home.

Indoors, the green wood in the cracked stove hisses and sizzles, smokes and sputters by turns. Freddy, grown restless and weary

of confinement, looks longingly out of the window. Strange how many things he could find to do out there, while there is not a single bit of pleasant occupation to be found in the house. Why, he could ride down hill upon his rude sled, build a snow-man, throw snow-balls at a mark, track out a map over in the meadow, or go to the neighbors to borrow a book or paper.

These are a few of the things that Freddy wanted to do, but could not, for the lack of shoes — the shoes which his father was always *forgetting*. Poor Freddy! His mother had earned the money to pay for them, by sewing for a neighbor, and one morning in early winter she said, —

“Chester, I would like to go to town with you to-day.”

“What do you want to go for?” was the ungracious response.

“Freddy needs a pair of shoes, and I

thought as you were going I had better take the opportunity to go and get them."

"Humph. I haven't any money to buy shoes with to-day, I can tell you. Taxes will have to be paid soon, and that will take all I can rake and scrape."

"But I have the money for the shoes," she replied, unwisely.

"Oh, you have! Well, you might as well let me have it. I can get shoes, I reckon."

Mrs. Huntly hesitated. Noticing it, her husband broke out fiercely, "Afraid to trust your husband, eh? Pity you hadn't thought of that ten years ago."

"No, Chester, I am not afraid to trust *my husband*, but I am afraid to trust that fiend which sometimes takes possession of him." Mrs. Huntly was a brave little woman, else she had never been able to go through with all that fell to her lot. She never contradicted or rebuked her husband when he was not perfectly sober, but when he was himself she

did not gloss over the fault, but let him understand perfectly how she hated the sin. At her plain intimation, he laughed awkwardly, and said,—

“Well, I promise you not to take a drop too much to-day. So let me have the money.”

“If you would only promise not to take a single drop.”

“Oh, that is asking too much, this cold day. Don't be too strict. Come, give me the money, I must be off.”

With many misgivings, Mrs. Huntly yielded the point, and handed out the treasure. All day six-year-old Freddy talked about his shoes, wondered if they would have silver tips, or if they would lace up snug to keep the snow out. Didn't mother suppose that the shoe dealer would throw in a box of blacking? If he *should* go to sleep before father came, would she put the shoes where he could see them when he woke up?

Poor Freddy! Mr. Huntly was *so forgetful*.

His conscience did reproach him somewhat as he witnessed Freddy's grief the next morning, for as usual when he went to town, he was late in returning, but weeks had gone by and still the shoes were not bought. He *always forgot*.

Mrs. Huntly knew very well that there was now no money to buy them with, but she could not summon courage to tell Freddy the truth. Indeed, she was always hoping that her husband would reform, and that there would be no need that he should ever know the whole story of these dark days. Though it had been long since she had been able to go to church; though no Christian minister had crossed their door-step these many years, she had kept near to Christ, leaning upon the promises, trusting, hoping, praying ever, teaching her boy lessons of faith, committing his future, which seemed almost hopeless, into the hands of a loving Saviour.

This afternoon she was busy upon a piece

of work, for which she was to receive the price of a pair of shoes, and she had resolved that this time Freddy should not be disappointed. She was happier than usual, thinking that he would not have to wait but a little while longer. Just before dark, Mr. Huntly returned. Having gone with a neighbor, he had no horse to put out, and came in directly, demanding supper.

“Why are those cows not shut up?” he said, angrily.

“Why, Chester, who would do it?” asked his wife.

“Who! That lazy boy that you are forever coddling. It is about time he began to earn his living. A pretty pair you are, sitting here over the stove all day doing nothing, letting the cows starve and freeze.”

“But, father,” said Freddy, “you know I haven’t any shoes, and mother hasn’t any either, only some old things that don’t keep out the snow a bit.”

“Shut up, you little impertinence. Here, put on my boots and do the chores.”

“Chester Huntly!” exclaimed his wife, “what can that child do out there among the cattle?”

“He or you will do what there is to be done. I am not going out again to-night,” said the half intoxicated man, stubbornly.

“Very well,” said Mrs. Huntly, calmly. “I will go,” and quickly drawing on the heavy boots and arraying herself in hood and shawl, she went through a blinding storm which had just set in, and performed the task which belonged to the strong man who had sworn to cherish and protect her.

For nearly an hour she breasted that fearful storm. The cows were stalled and fed, the horses and sheep attended to, the pigs and chickens remembered, the kindlings split, and the water brought; then the exhausted woman staggered in to find the head of the house indulging in a nap upon the floor, while Freddy

sat curled up in an old arm chair, sobbing as if his heart was broken.

“Father was so cross,” he said; then, with a great sob, “I don’t believe he will ever remember my shoes!”

Shivering, and with aching head and weary limbs, Mrs. Huntly crept away to bed, with her darling boy, after throwing some blankets over the sleeper before the fire.

With her child in her arms she prayed softly, but with earnest entreaty, for strength, for help, for deliverance from the curse that rested upon them, for *speedy deliverance*. “Come at once,” she ventured, “and break these bands and restore my husband to himself, to us, and to Thee.” Again and again the cry went up to God. Could he fail to hear? During the days that immediately followed it seemed to Mrs. Huntly, that God had indeed turned away from her prayer. Never had her life been so darkened, never her burden so heavy.

The next morning she was scarcely able to

leave her bed. Painfully she performed the necessary tasks, while her husband, having slept off his stupor, harnessed his horse and drove away in the direction of Waring. It was a stormy day, and as the hours wore away, Mrs. Huntly grew very anxious; the snow was fast falling in the roads; there was a long stretch where there were no houses in sight. Suppose her husband should be unable to get through. He was often unfit to take care of himself; sometimes a neighbor brought him home. For hours she watched and waited. The chores at the farm were all done, and yet he didn't come.

At last, just as the darkness was shutting out everything beyond the bare little kitchen, she went to the window for a last look, and saw the horse plunging and plowing through the snow-drifts. Ten minutes later, her husband came towards the house from the barn. She could just see his swaying form; then a few yards from the door, he staggered and fell down. The

nearest neighbor was nearly half a mile off. He would perish before she could get help, and that delicate woman, with a strength that must have been given her for the occasion, dragged the heavy, helpless mass of humanity into the house, bathed the frosted hands and feet, and unable to lift him into bed, made a bed upon the floor, and succeeded in getting him on it, then she braved the storm once more to see that all was right at the barn.

This was only the beginning. For forty-eight hours she battled with snow and wind, with work out doors and in the house, and with the fierce disease that had seized upon her husband. At length the storm abated, and Mr. Gibson from the next farm broke through the drifts. Finding out the state of affairs, he returned home for his wife, and went for a physician. Mr. Huntly's attack, though severe, soon yielded to Dr. Morris' skill. Mending rapidly, at the end of three weeks he was out again. He made light of his illness, saying, "It was the cold, the fiercest storm I ever faced."

“But, Chester,” said his wife, “if you had not been overcome by something more than the storm, that could hardly have overpowered you.”

“Couldn’t, eh? Do you know anything about that storm?”

“I should think likely. I spent about two hours doing the chores, besides —” She stopped — the memory of that evening’s work was too painful. But he took up her unfinished sentence with a heartless laugh.

“Besides rolling me into the house. I wonder you didn’t leave me out there, since I am such a good for nothing scamp.”

“O Chester!”

“You say ‘O Chester!’ with a very pretty air, but with your next breath you’ll try to prove that I was *drunk!* So your prettiness is wasted.”

Mrs. Huntly looked straight at the man who just then seemed to her to have lost every trace of real true manhood, and said firmly, —

“Chester Huntly, you know you *were* drunk. There’s no use in denying it. If you were ashamed of it—if you would even own it, I should have some hope of you. I tell you now, that while I could give my life for you, I hate this sin of yours. I have kept it hidden from Freddy, and from the people at home. I have tried to hide it from the neighbors, but *you and I know it.*”

“Well, Lucia, have it so, if you will, but don’t be angry. It isn’t the worst thing in the world. I have plenty of good company in it. I met Joel Fairchild at Bently’s, and he invited me to a little supper there, with a lot of others, but I thought you’d be anxious if I stayed.”

“I suppose he wants your vote some time,” replied Mrs. Huntly, grown calmer.

“You are very suspicious,” said her husband. “I wish, Lucia, that you would take things that come without so much fuss. Maybe

I did take a glass too much, but I'll take care in future."

As yet no token of answered prayer! But Mrs. Huntly did not know *how* God was working!

CHAPTER II.

YOU did not come in to see me last night!" said Mrs. Joel Fairchild to her husband, as he leaned over her lovingly on Christmas morning.

"No, dear. It was quite late when I came in, and I did not like to disturb you," replied Mr. Joel Fairchild, smiling upon the beautiful woman in the invalid chair.

"But I was awake, and heard you come in," she said.

"Did you?" and a shade of annoyance crossed the gentleman's countenance. He knew that his step was not quite steady, that he stumbled, and he remembered that he had some difficulty in finding the door-knob, and his room was next to hers, too! Could she have detected all that?

“What kept you out so late?” she asked.

“Oh, you know it was Christmas Eve, and some of the boys got up a little supper. Of course I didn't care anything about it myself, but I find it expedient to mix with the people. All things to all men, you know,” he said, laughing.

“I don't know any such thing, Joel, not as you put it.”

“But if you are to be *Mrs. Senator Fairchild* some day, I must use the means to gain that end, and a great deal depends upon the very men I was with last night.”

“You know very well that I do not care in the least about being *Mrs. Senator Fairchild*—”

“You ought to be more ambitious, my dear,” interrupted her husband. “And let me assure you that event may not be very far off. So you must hurry and get well. These pales cheeks will hardly do for Washington. They say it takes a strong woman to go through a season at the capital.”

“Yes, and Joel, it takes a strong man to go through an election campaign. A great many fall before the tempter.”

“Oh, well, don’t worry, Helen. I may think better of it before the time comes to try my strength. There’ll be no chance yet awhile. We are only getting things in train for the right time.”

Mrs. Fairchild shook her head sadly. Presently she said, “I can tell you what I’d do if I were a man, and ambitious of political distinction. I would join the temperance party.”

Her husband laughed long and loud.

“Political distinction in the temperance party! Why, Helen, one might better join the woman’s rights party. There’d be a much better chance in their ranks. Your temperance party is a child’s play.”

“Indeed! Twenty-five or thirty years ago, you might have said the same thing of the anti-slavery party. But you will acknowledge that during the last fifteen years one could ask for

no higher honor than to be a leader in its ranks. Now the next great issue of our country may be the temperance cause, and those who are early identified with it may find themselves upon the top wave of political power."

Again Mr. Fairchild laughed. "I declare, Helen, I didn't know that you had so much of the scheming element in your character."

"O Joel, I wouldn't have you think that I would have any one enlist in such a cause from political motives. I said it was what I would do, but my whole heart and soul is already with the temperance cause, and if ever I regain my strength, I must do something to help it on. If the men will not, the women *must*."

"Whew!" ejaculated Mr. Fairchild. "How you frighten me! I hope you don't intend to go stalking about the country, telling horrible stories of the sufferings of drunkards' wives? You haven't much to complain of in that line, eh, Helen?"

"No, my dear," she answered, smiling, as she

toyed with the dark curls that brushed against her sleeve. "No, Joel, you are always kind and good, but I *am* very anxious, oftentimes. It is such a slippery, down-hill path, that you are treading. If you would only promise me never to touch another drop."

"Now, Helen, it is really perfect nonsense, this idea of a total abstinence pledge. I believe in the moderate use of the good things of this life."

"But there are plenty of good things that have not a curse bound up with them."

"You put it strong."

"I put it just as it is. But I was going to ask a favor of you."

"Well," and the gentleman waited, with a look, that said, "I don't mean to be caught by promising beforehand."

"You know John is coming to-day. Won't you banish the wines from the table while he is at home?"

"My dear wife! that is asking too much. You have not forgotten that Colonel Lansing

and Judge Stone are to dine with me to-morrow, and of course we must have liquors, and besides, do you expect to keep the boy from the sight of wine? He must take his chances. I trust that a Fairchild will not forget the honorable name he bears. I am not afraid for John. He must learn to take his wine moderately, of course. It is one of the accomplishments of the day. Don't be foolish now, dear. How do you like your books?"

"They are beautiful! thank you. As you go to breakfast, you will find I did not quite forget the day. But I did not expect anything but a new tonic or something of that sort," she said, laughing faintly.

"Didn't you!" responded her husband. "Well, see here, I am going to let you select a real Christmas gift, when you are able to go to the city. Those books may serve to while away some lonely hours." And as he arose to obey the breakfast bell, he laid a five hundred dollar bill in her lap.

Mr. Joel Fairchild was the rich man of Waring. I am not sure that he was not the rich man of the county. The only child of old John Fairchild, he had inherited his father's millions, and by fortunate investments he had added somewhat to these. He was shrewd in calculating, and ambitious, but genial and generous. Proud of his beautiful wife and his two children and very indulgent to them. Just now he was looking for high places in the political world, and his anxious wife trembled as she saw him dallying in the outer circles of the fearful whirlpool. He had never been a strict temperance man, and he found it easy to fall in with the practices of those whom he thought it expedient to conciliate by that course. Mrs. Fairchild knew what she dreaded. Years before she had fought a fearful battle for the soul and body of an only brother. The wrecked and ruined body was for many months her constant care, the salvation of the stained and marred soul her first concern.

The memory of those terrible days was softened by the hope that Christ received unto himself the repenting soul of the victim of intemperance. Ah, well she knew what a terrible thing it was to have the coils of the monster wound about the soul of a man — she knew that it needed superhuman strength to break away! And her husband and her son were in danger! She ought to be up and at work! How she mourned over her weakness. For a little time she forgot that it was God's will that she should be shut off from activity. Something must be done. These two must be saved! Waring at least must be saved! But she must wait a little, for physical strength and for direction. She lay back in her chair, the tears stayed as her faith and trust in God revived. Nurse brought her breakfast, then her daughter came to make her morning visit.

“Are you going out this morning?” asked Mrs. Fairchild.

“Yes, mamma, as soon as I get my basket filled. Oh, I must tell you, about half of the candies that papa sent up are brandy drops! I don't want to turn into a rum-seller to-night.”

“Certainly not!”

“Papa laughed at me, and said I was almost as much of a fanatic as you were. I don't like to ask him to take them back. What can I do?”

“Do! *Put them in the fire*, and get some money from my drawer to buy some real candies. Strange how the fiend lurks about in the most unsuspecting guises.”

There was to be a Christmas festival that evening, and Nelly Fairchild was to sell candies, her father furnishing the stock, and the avails to go to the fund. But she was a staunch little temperance woman, and had long ago voted out brandied confections. Lately her father always had his wine at dinner, but it was never touched by her

mother or herself. As a little child, John had sided with his mother and Nelly. He sang temperance songs, recited temperance poems, talked and practiced temperance. He had been away from home at school most of the time during the last two years. His mother feared that he had lost some of his early enthusiasm, and dreaded the influence of the father's after-dinner bottle.

Her next visitor was her physician, Dr. Emmons.

"Doctor," she said, "you must prescribe a new tonic. I cannot take the wine you ordered."

"Cannot! Why?" asked the astonished physician.

"Because I do not think it right," she replied.

"Nonsense! Excuse me, Mrs. Fairchild, but I do not quite understand you."

"I think I spoke plainly," she replied, smiling.

“You do not think it right to drink wine?”

“I do not.”

“As a beverage, perhaps not, but as a medicine, that is very different. I supposed that total abstinence people allowed *that*,” said the doctor.

“There may be cases in which it is absolutely necessary, but I hardly think mine one of them,” responded the invalid.

“I beg your pardon, Mrs. Fairchild, but allow me to remind you that you are under my care, professionally, and I may be supposed to be the best judge of what is necessary in the case,” said Dr. Emmons, somewhat haughtily.

“But you will yield to my wish in the matter, will you not? You may call it a prejudice, a whim, or whatever you like, but give me the best substitute, and let me try it for a few days. It will only be a question of time, and anxious as I am to get strong as soon as possible, I cannot take the wine.”

Dr. Emmons insisted, grew angry, apologized, argued, and finally yielded, and the wine was banished from the sick room.

“Thank you, doctor,” said the patient. “You will be surprised to see how fast I shall gain. I feel stronger already,—almost in trim for the fight.”

The doctor laughed pleasantly, though he did not at all understand her.

About the middle of the afternoon there was a change in the atmosphere of the house. The front door flew open, and a great breeze rushed in, a breath of it seemed to penetrate every corner of the dwelling. A breezy voice called out, “Merry Christmas;” a pair of boots with a great deal of snow on them flew up the marble stairs; overcoat, cap and tippet distributed themselves upon the floor, the stairs, the landing. The same breezy voice shouted, “Where’s *anybody?*” upon which Nelly appeared from mamma’s room, where she and mamma were holding council upon the subject of dress.

“Here’s *somebody*,” she answered, and was speedily half smothered in an enormous hug.

Then the boisterous fellow who owned the boots and voice rushed into mamma’s room, but grew a trifle more gentle at the sight of the pale face that lay back upon the cushions.

“Mamma!”

“John!”

That was all. Bye and bye they talked a little, then nurse brought mamma’s dinner, and John and Nelly joined papa at the table. Nelly came back alone.

“Papa kept John,” she explained, and Mrs. Fairchild looked troubled. Was it indeed true, that she could not trust the boy with his father? Resolutely she put aside the thought, saying to herself, “What I cannot help I must not worry about. I must do what I can, and leave the rest with God. He cannot fail me.”

Mr. Fairchild poured out his wine, passed a glass to his son, who shook his head, saying, —

“Thank you, father, but I do not care for

wine. I'll take an orange while you drink yours."

Mr. Fairchild laughed as he said, —

"Haven't you outgrown those childish notions yet? I hope you don't keep up that old habit of reciting temperance hymns. But really, John, I insist, you need not drink much, but you must learn how to manage your glass. I am to have two or three gentlemen to dinner to-morrow, and I don't want you to appear awkward or singular. It would not be quite the thing for a boy of sixteen to offer a rebuke to my guests by refusing the wine."

John's scruples were overcome at length, and his father had the satisfaction of finding him an apt pupil, and he further had the satisfaction the next evening, of calling a servant to help him carry his only son to his room in a state of intoxication.

How did it happen? Naturally enough. It grew out of the father's first lesson. The boy found the taste of the wine pleasant, and not

satisfied with the few sips he took while at the table with his father and his guests, returned to the dining-room for more, ventured upon a little brandy, sat down by the fire, and fell into a stupor.

Mrs. Fairchild heard the heavy tread on the stairs and along the hall, tracing it to her son's room, and insisted upon being told the truth, whereupon she fainted. When partially restored, Mr. Fairchild brought her a glass of wine. With a sudden energy, she seized it and hurled it into the grate, then looking full in the face of her husband, she exclaimed,—

“Joel Fairchild! my child shall be saved from a drunkard's fate. If I could keep *you* from it I would; but if you are stronger than I am, and will insist upon going down to the bottom, you shall go alone, you shall not have our boy.”

“Helen! Dear wife! don't reproach me, I cannot bear it.”

She had exhausted her strength for the time. When she spoke again, she said,—

“I did not mean to be harsh, but I cannot have my precious boy a drunkard.”

“But, my dear — ”

The nurse now interposed. “This will not do,” she said. “Wait until you are rested before you try to talk.”

“I’ll rest *now*, but bye and bye I’ll fight,” she whispered.

The next day was one of terrible suffering to John Fairchild. Headache, thirst, fever, shame and grief all united to make him the most wretched of mortals. Towards night, the family grew alarmed and sent for Dr. Emmons, who administered an opiate and prescribed perfect quiet, saying, that unless the boy’s excitement could be calmed, he feared serious consequences.

His mother sent loving messages, his father said cheerily, “never mind, John, you’ll be all right yet.”

Mr. Fairchild was somewhat mortified by the occurrence, but not seriously troubled. “It was nothing,” he said. “The boy will know



better next time. The experience won't hurt him, he needed it to teach him caution."

Do you think it strange that the father should be so insensible to the son's danger? Why, he didn't even see his own peril.

When John was able to go to his mother's room, the two had a long, sorrowful talk. Sorrowful at first, but glad afterwards.

"I thought I was safe, I never dreamed that I could be overcome," he said, "and I do not think I could have been in any other way. Father made it appear a duty towards him."

"I'll tell you, mamma," he said, towards the end of the interview, "suppose you write a pledge in your little Bible, and let me sign it, — on the fly leaf, you know. I think I should keep *that*."

Soon after John went back to school. For reasons which he did not divulge, Mr. Fairchild discontinued the use of wine at dinner, during the remainder of John's visit.

CHAPTER III.

IT was the old story, a drunken switch-tender, a collision, and death! Men and women in the midst of talk, merry or maybe earnest, with a half-read book or paper in hand, or with busy brains plotting and planning, suddenly brought face to face with the messenger, of whom we only know that he will come *sometime*. There was sorrow in many homes, but just now we have to do with but one of these. Joel Fairchild's beautiful house was a house of mourning.

Two days before, Nellie had turned back for another kiss, and said, "Now, old papa, take good care of mamma until I come back," and then sped away for a brief visit. *Now* she had come home, but so still and quiet, and the whole house was quiet. John came home again,

but the doors did not bang, and there was no merry song floating through the house.

The *accident* had occurred a few miles from Waring, and Nellie's parents reached their child in time to hear her cry, "Good bye, I am sorry to leave you, but I shall be so glad to get there. Tell John to stick to his pledge, and trust in Jesus Christ."

Among the friends that gathered about them in this time of sorrow, was Dr. Emmons. After the funeral was over, and they had laid the fair young creature away in Hill-Side Cemetery, he came frequently, sometimes sitting an hour with the lonely mother. He was an elderly man, and had long been the family physician and familiar friend. One day they were talking of Nellie as usual. The doctor happened to use the words "mysterious Providence." Mrs. Fairchild said quickly,—

"Doctor, what killed my child?"

"Why, Mrs. Fairchild, I think I have explained to you, that it was the broken rib—"

"No, I don't mean that. *I'll* tell *you* what killed our Nellie. It was *rum*! I am not sure that there was any mysterious Providence about it."

"My dear madam," began the doctor, considerably shocked.

"Yes, I know," she interrupted, "you think I am wicked, or reckless in my remarks. I believe in an over-ruling Providence as surely as you do. Oh, don't I! But I think people sometimes lay things to God, and fold their hands resignedly, when they had far better hunt up the real cause and try to mend it. Now this is just as I say,—*rum* did it."

"Why, yes, that is, indirectly. The fellow had been drinking, I suppose," said the doctor slowly.

"Yes, he had been drinking rum or whiskey, and he bought it at Alson's, and you and my husband voted for men who framed this miserable license law. You can't touch Alson, *he has a license*. There is nobody to

blame but poor Job Frink, who had not moral strength to resist temptation. To my mind, the cause of this dreadful calamity lies a good ways back of Job Frink. But all the wrath of a self-righteous people is directed towards that miserable man, and nobody thinks of going down to the bottom of things."

"But, my friend, if you go to the root of the matter, you must go below saloons and hotel-bars. You talk as if the license law was the starting-point. Why not stop the manufacture of liquor, or prohibit the raising of hops and the sale of corn for distilling?"

"Who would make whiskey if they couldn't sell it?" asked Mrs. Fairchild. "I tell you it is the saloons that do the mischief. They are open night and day, brilliant and inviting, a constant and powerful temptation. Just think of it: ten or twelve such places here in our little village. No wonder that mothers are afraid to trust their sons, or that wives from the country dread the 'going to the village.'

Dr. EMMONS, why don't the Christian men of this place do something?"

"What can they do? Will you suggest?" asked the doctor.

"Do! A number of things—shut up the places that are open without a license—restrict the others to the terms of the law—that would help a little; then petition the Legislature for immediate action, and besides, talk and preach and pray."

"I think you do that pretty well," said her husband, who had entered the room since the talk began. "Better leave that part to the ladies, eh, doctor?"

"The whole work seems to be left to them," responded Mrs. Fairchild. "It remains to be seen if they will take it up. You need not be surprised at a grand uprising some day. Then look out for thorough work."

"Yes, that's it," said her husband. "You women go to extremes."

"Haven't we suffered the extremes? Count

over the women in this village whose lives have been wrecked by intemperance, lonely, desolate women, whose days are crowded with bitter memories; others whose lives are made up of hard work, mixed with abuse. This place seems given over to whiskey—but *it will be redeemed.*”

The two gentlemen exchanged glances, and smiled at the confident tone and the kindling cheek with which the last words were uttered.

“I hope so, certainly,” said Mr. Fairchild. “There is a great deal of liquor drank here —altogether too much. B. do not believe in total abstinence, unless it be for those who have not manliness enough to keep within bounds. By the way, doctor, did you see the account of the women’s raid upon the saloons in some small town somewhere? I have forgotten just where. They fairly frightened the poor scamps into giving up the business, and signing the pledge into the bargain.”

“Yes, I saw it last night. A rather sin-

gular freak, I should say. I wonder what Bently would say at such a visit."

"I reckon he'd do some tall swearing," returned the host.

"It seems Dio Lewis was at the bottom of that movement," said the doctor. "I always knew him for an eccentric sort of a fellow."

"What is it? I haven't heard anything of it. Do tell me all about it. What is it, Joel?"

Mr. Fairchild laughed. "Perhaps I'd better not. You may seize upon the idea; and I shouldn't care to see you mixed up with such goings on."

"But tell me," insisted the lady. "Of course I can read for myself, but if you and the doctor are going to discuss the question, I should like to know what you are talking about."

"Well, I've told about all there is to tell. They had a temperance meeting, then a lot of women sallied out and pushed into the sa-

loons, and sang and prayed until the proprietors gave in."

"Ah! Bring me the paper when you come up to dinner."

"Better look out, Fairchild," laughed the doctor. "I see the leaven working. But I must be off. Good morning."

"I'll walk down with you," said Mr. Fairchild."

"Joel, please tell Johnson to bring the horse round at twelve. It is a nice day, I think I'll drive out."

"Yes, do," said Dr. Emmons, turning back. "It will do you good. You ought to drive out every day."

"That wife of yours is a thorough temperance woman," he said, as they walked down the street. "I wonder she don't convert you." I suppose Dr. Emmons called himself a temperance man, but *to him* temperance meant moderation. He never visited saloons. Oh, no; but when he dined with Joel Fair-

child, he never refused the glass of rare old wine which his host offered.

“Oh,” said his companion, “that isn’t so easily done. She is terribly in earnest though, always was, but since our Nelly’s death, her interest in the subject has become almost a mania, and all her indignation is directed towards the man who *sells*. For my part, I should work against the man who *drinks* to *excess*. If that miserable drunkard Frink had not killed himself, I should feel like calling curses down upon him. Poor little Nelly! She was too pure and lovely to stay here.” The man’s voice trembled, and tears filled his eyes, yet he went straight to Bently’s saloon, and called for his favorite champagne! Then he went on to the store.

“Where’s Huriburt?”

“I left him in bed,” replied the clerk addressed.

“Why, what’s the matter?”

“Nothing much, sir, only there was a little

gathering across the way last night, and Hurlburt came home a little worse for the entertainment. He will be around by noon."

"It won't do — won't do," said Mr. Fairchild, as he went on to his private office. "Why can't the fellow let the stuff alone? This thing occurs quite too often."

Consistent man, was Mr. Joel Fairchild. It was at a little supper which he gave his clerks, that young Hurlburt first tasted the "stuff."

Meanwhile Mrs. Fairchild's thoughts ran upon the singular method of working against intemperance which her husband had described. "I must find out all about that," she said to herself. "There's evidently more to it than Joel pretended. Strange how I am haunted with the idea that there is going to be *work* done here! Only to know where and how to begin, I'm ready."

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT can be the reason why *we* are always left out?" asked pretty Annie Sydney, turning away from the window, as if she would avoid the sight of the merry sleighing party.

"Because we are a *rum-seller's* daughters," replied her sister Grace, bitterly. "Don't you know that being a country *tavern-keeper's* daughters cuts us off from society as if we were drunkards ourselves? At least, from the only sort of society that we care for."

"It is unfortunate that we have tastes and ambitions above our station," laughed Annie.

"So it is," replied Grace. "Now hear that noise in the bar-room! Wouldn't it be fine to be entertaining Frank McAlister here in the parlor where the oaths and vulgarity of that

vile hole can be heard as plain as day! Imagine yourself singing with Lizzie Wheeler and her brother, to the accompaniment of clinking toddy-glasses! Lovely idea, isn't it?"

"I know it," said Annie, "and I hate this life we lead. One can't go to church, without being preached and prayed at, nor to a lecture without hearing some pointed allusion to this miserable business. I'm afraid to take up a newspaper; I'm sure to light upon something disagreeable."

"That reminds me, did you see the account of the doings in Fredonia,—the women going to the saloons and holding a prayer meeting?"

"Yes, I saw it; and I wish a whole army would come and hold a prayer meeting right on our steps," said Annie.

"So do I. I wouldn't care if they staid a week. I guess if father can stand old Joe Ridwell's vulgar songs, he could stand a few hymns."

"Oh, but they wouldn't want him to *stand it!*"

“ Well, I suppose not,” replied Grace, “ but I guess it would take more than a week of praying to make him give up his business. If I thought a week’s work would do it, I’d be inclined to try it myself.”

“ O Grace, don’t be irreverent.”

“ I’m not. I’d gladly turn into a devout nun, for the sake of getting out of this.”

The door flew open, as doors always do when there’s a boy at the other side, and Tom Sydney rushed in, almost breathless.

“ O girls, something *awful* has happened. The whole town will be in an uproar.”

“ What is it ? ”

“ Tell us quick ! ”

“ Old Billy Sloane fell into the river last night, and was drowned.”

“ Going from here ? ” gasped Grace.

“ Yes,” answered Tom, “ that’s just the worst of it. Father sold him the liquor that he got drunk on, and now everybody will be blaming father.”

“No, they won’t either. When Job Frink got drunk and neglected the switch, nobody blamed Alson, for selling him the whiskey. He had a license.”

“So has father,” said Tom, thoughtfully.

“Yes, he has! A license to do what?” asked Grace, with a bitter sneer. “Those stone tables that Moses and the people of his day believed in, forbade killing a man, and somewhere in the Bible it says, “Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink;” and ever so many more frightful things. The Bible don’t give license, conscience don’t give license, and if you could get at the best part of it, you would find that public opinion don’t give license. It is only the miserable law that says you may put the cup of death to your neighbor’s lips, and that you may take your neighbor’s money for leading him to destruction,— that you may go there yourself if you want to.”

“But if public opinion is strongly against it, I should think the law would be changed,” said Tom.

“ Oh, public opinion is muddled. The law requires that a certain number of voters shall sign your petition for a license to carry on this infernal business. Of course in a world made up of all sorts of people, plenty can be found ready to help on the arch-fiend’s work. Then the better part of the public shun the miserable victims of this arrangement, and mourn and sigh over the spread of intemperance, while they sit still and let it spread. I can tell them, the millennium won’t come that way.”

“ Grace, you are in a bitter mood to-day,” said Annie.

“ It is the same mood I’ve been in for months, only I never spoke out before. I don’t think I can stand it much longer. If father would listen to me, I’d have this establishment shut up; then we would work this neglected farm, be respectable, and have a peaceable conscience.”

“ Which do you care the most about,” asked Tom, laughing, “ respectability or a clean conscience ? ”

“You can’t have one without the other,” answered Grace, shortly.

“Well, seems to me you are kind of crusty, anyway. I can tell you something that will make you brighten up, I had almost forgotten it. Mate McAlister called to me, and told me to tell you girls to come over and take tea, and spend the evening.”

“Mate McAlister! Didn’t she go with the sleighing party?”

“It appears not.”

“That is queer. I wonder why?” It was Grace who wondered.

“I think I can guess,” said Annie.

“Well, what is it you guess?”

Tom had taken himself away after he had delivered his almost forgotten message, and the sisters were now alone.

“Well, you know she likes Charlie Hurlburt, and always goes with him, and I heard the other day that he was getting very unsteady,—drinking a great deal, and I know that Mate would

not go with anybody who was intemperate, if she knew it."

"I can't believe that Charlie Hurlburt drinks. Oh, dear! I say, Annie, some day I'll knock in the head of every whiskey barrel in the store-room. Shall we go?"

"Why, yes. Bessie can get supper,—everything is ready. I'll go and tell father."

Mr. Sydney's family consisted of himself and the three children whose acquaintance we have made, besides Bessie, a younger sister. He had kept a hotel for many years, and seemed perfectly satisfied with his business. Not so his daughters; *they* hated the liquor business. How they had come by this hatred they could hardly have told. It may be, as far as Grace was concerned, her admiration of Frank McAlister had something to do with it.

"I am so glad you came!" exclaimed their friend Mate, meeting them at the door. "I'm so restless and lonely to-day, I suspect that I wanted to go with the rest to ride," she said, laughing.

“Why didn’t you go, then?” asked Grace.

“Well, I’ll tell you one reason, (though there’s another.) You see they have gone out to Arnold’s to a supper, and they will be sure to have plenty of liquor. Frank told them when they were getting up the ride, that he would not go, unless they would agree to have only coffee and lemonade. They wouldn’t agree to that, so he did not join them, and of course I couldn’t either. Then Frank suggested that we have you over here, for a nice little sociable time.”

“So it was Frank, after all!” thought Grace, with a soft light in her eyes.”

Everything was delightful. Col. and Mrs. McAlister were cordial, the tea-table was faultless, the parlors bright and pleasant, Mate lovely and Frank fascinating.

Someway, in the course of the evening the temperance question came up. Mate said afterwards, “I entirely forgot that Mr. Sydney was their father,” and Frank said, “I did not

forget, but I knew that Grace's sympathies were with the cause."

I ought to have mentioned that these people lived at East Waring Street, a thickly settled street three miles east of the village of Waring.

"Have you heard," said Mate, "of the work the ladies have undertaken at Waring?"

"No. What is it?"

"They have held meetings and formed an organization to work in the temperance cause. They are going to try to suppress the sale of liquor in the village."

"That's splendid!" exclaimed Grace. "I'd like to be there."

"Would you really like to go over?" asked Frank. "There is to be a meeting in the church to-morrow afternoon. If you like, I will take you all over."

"Thank you!" replied Grace. "I should like it, wouldn't you, Annie?"

"Yes,— but — perhaps father wouldn't like to have us go."

“Maybe he wouldn’t. I think we had better ask him before we make an engagement.”

“Very well, I’ll call over in the morning and see.”

The next morning at breakfast, Mr. Sydney remarked in a troubled tone,—

“I’d like to know what the women are making out, over at the village. Did you hear anything about it over to the Colonel’s, last night.”

“Yes, sir,” replied Grace. “I believe they are holding meetings every day, and are going around among the saloons to try to have the proprietors give up.”

“Humph! I am half a mind to go over to-day and see what’s going on.”

“Frank and Mate are going, and they invited us to go with them, but we thought perhaps you would not like it. We would like to go if you are willing.”

“I wish you would. I want to know.

Maybe you can find out if they are coming here. I want to be ready."

"What would you do to get ready?" asked Annie, alarmed.

"Oh, nothing, only get my courage screwed up," replied Mr. Sydney. And then, a few minutes later, he continued, "I wouldn't allow you to go, if I were not so anxious to hear what's going on, from somebody that has been there. I don't like to have you get mixed up with those McAlisters."

"Why, father? What's the matter with the McAlisters?"

"Oh, they are well enough in their way, which isn't my way. I let them alone, and they ought to let me alone."

"I didn't know," said Grace, her cheeks flushing, "that they had troubled you in any way. What have they done?"

"Nothing directly—the temperance folks never do. They work against us underhanded, circulating their pledges among our

customers, and that sort of thing. And, Grace, I can tell you one thing, Col. McAlister will never permit his son to marry into a tavern-keeper's family."

Grace laughed, though she could have cried easier, as she said, "Your warning is unnecessary. I fully understand our position in society."

"But, father," put in Tom, while he flooded his cakes with syrup, "couldn't you give up *tavern-keeping* for the sake of having Frank McAlister for a son-in-law?"

"Altogether too uncertain a prospect," replied Mr. Sydney, good-humoredly, rising from the table, and going into the bar-room to wait on a customer.

Neither Grace nor Annie had yet learned to call God their Father,—they had not learned the sweet lesson of trust in the dear Saviour. They had no stronghold to flee to in times of trouble. The nearest church was at Waring, three miles away. There was a mission

service at East Waring Street every Sabbath. They sometimes attended the preaching service. The Sabbath-school interfered with dinner, and Mr. Sydney would not have a change. But Bessie went regularly, and she had learned to pray.

When, an hour after, she found Grace crying, she said, "Grace, if you feel so bad about father and the liquor, why don't you ask Jesus to make him stop. *He* can do it."

"What do you know about it?" asked Grace, almost sharply.

"I know that Jesus promised," said the child, "and I know too, that I have prayed about a good many things lately, and he has made them different."

"Well," replied Grace, softly, "I am glad there is one in the house who can pray. I wish I could. I'd pray this curse away in a hurry."

"O Grace! I don't believe that God hurries about things."

"Well," said Mr. Sydney, taking his seat at the table the next morning, without so much as a thought of God, the Giver, "what kind of a time did you have?"

"Pretty good," replied Annie, seeing that Grace did not speak.

"What are they doing over there, anyway?"

"Praying."

"That's good business for them that have nothing better to do. Come," he exclaimed, "can't you tell us something about it?"

"Father," said Grace, "it can't be *told*. I just wish you'd been there. I never heard anything like it."

"S'pose not, you never heard much praying."

"Nor did much either, eh, Grace?" said Tom.

"Not so much as I mean to do," replied Grace quietly, and her father *whistled*.

"Well?" he said.

"Old Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Joel Fairchild

seemed to be the leaders, but the church was full of ladies, and a great many took part, talking and praying. They are very resolute, and have pledged themselves never to give up while there is a drop of liquor sold in Waring."

As Grace and her sister proceeded to give some particulars concerning the meeting, telling who spoke, and what they said, Mr. Sydney grew excited, and finally began,—

"Curse—"

"Father," said Grace, quickly, "you remember you wanted us to go, and you wanted to hear. If you are going to be angry, I shan't tell any more."

"I'd better have kept you at home," he growled.

"Bessie," said Grace, when the two were alone, "I'm going to begin to pray about father. I don't suppose I have any right to pray, but don't it say somewhere in the Bible, 'Whosoever'?"

“Yes,” returned Bessie, “there are a great many ‘whosoever.’ But I think I know the one you mean. It is ‘whosoever *will*, let him come.’ I’m glad you’re going to do it; you can’t think how nice it is to know that there’s somebody that can help, and that he *will*.”

They were only *two*—but was there now any need of the “army” for which Grace had wished two days before?

CHAPTER V.

LET us go back a few days, and take up our story at Waring. It was the women's prayer-meeting — nothing special about it apparently, just the weekly meeting. For years these few had met regularly, with no other visible result than the strengthening of their own souls for the battle of daily life.

For a long time the church at Waring had languished, only at rare intervals one came from the world to join God's people, and the hearts of his children were either cold or faint. There was no lack of worldly prosperity. The church building corresponded with the modest pretensions of the place. A few wealthy members kept the financial matters all straight. The pastor never complained of a

want of promptness in the payment of his salary. Picnics, festivals, Christmas trees and sociables were properly managed. Nothing was lacking but spiritual life—or perhaps I ought to say spiritual *activity*.

A few faithful women met week after week to pray, and pledged themselves to pray in their closets for the out-pouring of God's Spirit. During the week of prayer these had been moved to greater earnestness, and had pledged themselves anew to an united effort. A few more had joined them, and weeks had gone by, their own souls growing stronger, their faith clearer, their hearts warming with Christ's love, while the burden of souls rested heavily upon them.

It was a gray-haired woman who led the meeting. Her voice was choked with feeling as she began.

“Dear sisters, I want to propose a special subject for our prayers and consideration. It is the temperance cause. We have all read

of the work that has been done in two or three places by the women. Shall we not try to do something for Waring? At least shall we not ask the Lord what is his will in the matter? May it not be that he calls upon us to go forth armed with prayer and engage in the war against grog-shops? It seems as though a great wave of temperance revival was about to sweep over the land, and though it comes too late to save my dear ones, I thank God that others may be rescued." She spoke with difficulty, and all present were deeply affected, for her story was well known. Three sons had died a drunkard's death, and a grandchild, crippled by its father's hand, was now her care. She continued, "Shall we take it up this evening and ask 'What wilt thou have us to do?'"

The lady who responded was a young woman, with a fair, fresh face, upon which there was not a line of care, and no token of sorrow, yet it was an earnest face, though you could read in it no deep experience. She said,—

“Having pledged ourselves to plead with God for the conversion of souls, ought we to turn aside for anything? My heart is with the temperance cause, but if we can gain the ear of our heavenly Father, and prevail upon him to visit us in mercy, turning the hearts of sinners to himself, will not the temperance cause gain more in that way, than if we turn away from our main object to pray for that especially?”

One or two others seemed to take a similar view of the matter, and one said, “It seems like enlisting in a hopeless cause. What can a few women do? I know the prayer of faith is a power, and we can pray, but after all, must not the *real work* be left to the men?”

“Dear Sister Dayton! how many years has it been left to them? and what have they done to turn back the fearful tide of intemperance? Has it not swept on and on until destruction threatens?” The speaker was Mrs. Fairchild, who had gained a good degree of physical strength. She continued, “Wives have pleaded

with their husbands, mothers with their sons, sisters with their brothers, entreating them to stay their downward course, and save their own souls. Have their pleadings availed? Indifference, and too often abuse, has been the only response. We have petitioned those in authority, only to be refused; sometimes courteously, sometimes with insult; we have urged in private, and some of us in public, the importance of electing temperance men to office. We have done what we could to urge men to duty, and we have waited, until we can wait no longer. Let us take up the work in God's name, and never give up until this town of Waring is redeemed!"

Sitting beside Mrs. Fairchild, was a woman whose face was a sad history. It was Mrs. Bird, a young widow. Five years ago, there had been a brilliant wedding, a grand establishment in the neighboring city, a few months of happiness, then clouds, growing darker and denser until, as the years went by, there was no sunlight in

the heavens for the young wife. Her husband was a drunkard, and died the miserable death of a drunkard. After enduring all the horrors of a life bound up with one to whom a moral and mental death had already come, until the physical frame alike yielded to the destroyer, she came back to Waring.

Some one said, "How *could* you live?"

"Because I could not die," she returned. "Many times I prayed for death, not realizing what I asked. Now I think that God had other plans for me, that there is *something* which I have yet to do before he lets me rest."

I wonder if sitting in that little, quiet, and deeply solemn prayer meeting, she felt that the 'something' had come to her! It was she who said,—

"Perhaps the thought is new to some of us. Suppose we do not discuss it further at present, but spend an hour in prayer for direction. I think there is not one here who would not be willing to follow the lead of

the Spirit, though it might take us into the very thickest of the battle. Let us seek it."

And now soft and tender pleadings rose to the throne. It was a prayer not only of petition, but of complete consecration to whatever work should be laid at their feet. In behalf of her sisters she pledged that in oneness of heart and mind they would labor as directed, pleading for hearts from which self should be excluded, for a readiness to put away cherished schemes and to work according to God's plan.

There was no further discussion. It was emphatically a *prayer* meeting. At its close the leader said, simply, "We will all carry this matter away with us, we will take it to our closets, seeking earnestly for light. We will do nothing rashly, but go forward as the way seems clear. We will come together to-morrow afternoon, at least, so many of us as shall be led hither."

And so the weekly meeting grew to be a daily meeting, growing in numbers and interest. The

men — the *temperance* men, began to wonder at the earnestness of the women, the whiskey dealers began to dread what might be coming, and the whiskey drinkers began to take in the fact that possibly their supplies might be cut off. As is well known, there were plenty to oppose; some with ridicule, some with earnest expostulation; some questioned the legal rights of the proposed measures, some the moral right, some thought it highly improper, and others feared an injury to the cause. A few noble Christian men approved and rejoiced, ranging themselves with money and influence upon the side of these brave workers.

The father-in-law of Mrs. Bird (with whom she lived, taking a daughter's place in the house), bowed down with sorrow and shame at the fate of his only son, exclaimed, "God bless the noble women! God bless them! And see here, Marion, you will need money; just hand me my spectacles, and bring writing materials. I'll fill out a check now. Don't give in without making thorough work."

Meeting Mr. Joel Fairchild, Dr. Einmons said,—

“I told you so that morning. You would have done well to have taken your wife to Florida last fall, as I recommended. I was in earnest about it, for I had no idea that she would step out of doors this winter if she staid here, but she has gained wonderfully. I wonder if she saw this thing coming.”

“I’m sure I don’t know,” returned Mr. Fairchild, “and I don’t know whether to laugh, or to frown upon this silly piece of business. If it were not for my political prospects, I would just as soon see the fun go on. It won’t affect *my* bill of fare. I get my wines directly from the importers. I only patronize the saloons now and then by way of policy, but if this thing goes on, it will ruin our party, and I don’t know but it will ruin the country. The thing is spreading like wild-fire, and it must affect trade.”

“Yes, very seriously, and cut off a great source of revenue. I think these ladies hardly consider the consequences. They don’t look

below the surface. They see that a great deal of sorrow is brought about by means of liquor, and straightway jump at the conclusion that it is an unmitigated evil, and must be done away with entirely. Instead of correcting the abuses, they would forbid the use even moderately. But it is really astonishing how the insane excitement spreads. Why, it is not more than a month or so since the very first starting, and now it has swept over a great territory. However, I presume that like other excitements, it will run its course and die out."

"Yes, I suppose so," returned Mr. Fairchild, a little doubtfully. He knew how terribly in earnest they were. He knew that his wife had strong hopes of bringing about a great and permanent reform, and as he had said, he feared the result as regarded his political prospects. He was vexed with his wife that she would consent to ruin his plans, for what he considered a bit of fanaticism. He had tried expostulation without effect.

“But, Helen, if this thing goes on it will ruin the country.”

“Which thing?”

“Why, this women’s movement, or crusade or whatever you call it,” replied Mr. Fairchild.

“Oh!” said his wife, “I didn’t know but you were coming around to my views. I think that the liquor traffic is what is going to ruin the country. I don’t see how success in our efforts can bring such a disaster.”

“To be sure, Waring is a small place, but it helps to swell the aggregate—”

“Yes, thank God!” interrupting.

“And if the thing spreads as it has so far it will soon sweep the state, if not the nation—”

“Thank God again,” said Mrs. Fairchild.

Her husband looked vexed. It seemed as though he should never be able to say what he started out with. He continued, “Helen, there is just this about it. The liquor trade is a much more extensive business than you have any idea of.”

Mrs. Fairchild smiled as she remarked, "I believe I have mastered the statistics for this state."

The gentleman proceeded without noticing the interruption. "If the traffic is suddenly cut off there must be great financial distress, and perhaps utter ruin."

"Very well—better that than a ruin which is hopeless."

"But, my dear, this movement is meeting with strong opposition, and just so sure as it reaches the large cities there will be riots, and very likely bloodshed."

"That is not a new thought to me, Joel."

"And yet you would have it go on!"

"I would have it go on."

"Why, Helen. I thought that you were a Christian woman. I cannot understand how you can think it right to be one of the instigators of a movement that may result in bloodshed."

"See here, Joel: was the anti-slavery cause a good cause?"

“Why, yes,” hesitatingly, “I suppose so. My father was one of the leaders.”

“And did it meet with no opposition? Were there no martyrs? Did no one predict the ruin of the whole nation?”

“But, my dear wife, the cases are not at all parallel.”

“Perhaps not. *That* was slavery, mental and moral as well as physical, so is *this*. That degraded its victims, so does this. But the unhappy slave might hope for rest beyond this life, while the drunkard has no such prospect. You can judge for yourself which is the worst.”

“Well, I wouldn’t care so much, if you women would only leave it to us.”

“And you would go on putting the wine glass to the lips of our young men. Look at young Hurlburt. How he was urged into taking the first glass—do you remember? And where is he now?”

At other times Mrs. Fairchild pleaded most

tenderly and earnestly with her husband, seeking to gain his co-operation. One morning, about two weeks after the daily prayer-meetings had commenced, and before any outside work had been done, she said,—

“Joel, I cannot tell you how I long for your sympathy and your help in this work. I am going to start out this morning with the pledge. Let me have your name to head it, will you?”

When I tell you that Mrs. Fairchild did not make that request upon the impulse of the moment, but that she had prefaced it with many prayers, it will not appear so strange that he should have answered very quietly,—

“Yes, I will head it. Let me take it.” When he handed it back, she glanced at the plainly written name; then her eye met his as she said, simply,—

“Thank you, Joel,” and immediately went on her mission.

“Well,” he said to himself, “I have sent

one woman on her way rejoicing. I wonder how my dinner will relish."

I do not propose to write out the story of the work which was in this way begun in Waring. An abler pen than mine has already made it a part of history, and everybody knows of the glorious triumph of those who fought with spiritual weapons against a foe that had hitherto seemed invincible.

CHAPTER VI.

HR. HUNTLY grew impatient of confinement, and as soon as he was able to get out, he declared his intention of driving over to Waring.

“But, Chester,” expostulated his wife, “you are not strong enough; don’t go just yet. We can get along for awhile longer without anything from Waring.”

“Maybe *you* can, but I’m going. I can’t stay cooped up here forever. Spring’s work will be coming on soon, and I must prepare for it.”

Mrs. Huntley sighed. Spring’s work, indeed! How little of that, or of summer’s work, or of fall’s work; indeed, how little of any kind of work her husband did now-a-days! Their

neglected farm showed too plainly the slack hand of the master! But she knew that opposition was useless, and with a heavy heart she watched his departure, trembling at thought of his return. The care and watching, together with extra work during her husband's illness, had been a severe strain upon her nervous system, and she went about her necessary work with a heavy step and aching head. Half an hour later she was interrupted by Mrs. Gibson, who had been very kind and helpful during Chester's illness. To-day she put down the basket, saying in a cheery tone,—

“My man was going over to Starkwell, to be gone until night, and I have come to spend the day. You are to go right to bed, and I am to finish doing up the housework. Not a word! You look clean tuckered out. I know just how it is, waiting on sick folks is hard, but one that's getting well is enough sight worse. When Jonathan has them sick spells, he is always dreadful cross when he is just getting

about again. I tell him he wants more waiting on than a baby!"

Remonstrance upon Mrs. Huntly's part was useless, and she was forced to go to bed.

"Just till I get through here," said Mrs. Gibson, "and then we'll have a regular talk. See here! I had my dinner all ready for the oven, before I knew that my Jonathan was going past here. When I found that out, I just clapped it into a basket, and now it shall go into your oven."

As she talked, she was rolling up a hot brick for Mrs. Huntly's feet, and the weary woman was left to take the rest she so much needed. But her thoughts were busy. She was going over for the hundredth time with the details of a plan which had been growing up in her mind, and upon which she felt that she needed advice. She had thought that there were none to whom she could go, but now the suggestion came, why not seek counsel of Mrs. Gibson? Relieved by this new thought, she fell asleep,

and awoke to find her friend standing beside her with a cup of tea and a light lunch. She was saying,—

“My dinner will not be very early, so I have brought you something, now.”

“Where is Freddy?” asked his mother.

“He is popping corn out there. I promised to show him how to make it up into balls by and by.”

“Well, won’t you please shut that door for a little while, and sit down here? I want to ask your advice.”

“I may as well speak plainly,” she continued. “You know just how it is. My husband is not fit to have the training of a child like Freddy, and I have thought of sending him to my brother at the East for a few years. He is wealthy, and would take him, I am sure. It would be terrible to have him go away, but it is terrible to think of his growing up here. I think his father would consent upon certain considerations which I can offer,

but I do not know how to decide." After giving a detailed account of her plans, of her family, and circumstances, and other matters, she asked, "What would you advise?"

Mrs. Gibson replied, "I cannot advise, but I can tell what I think. *You* are Chester Huntly's wife, and you are bound to stick to him through thick and thin. And God has given you Freddy to train up for him. I hold that no earthly being should ever be allowed to come between a child and its mother. It is a hard place, but God has put you in it, and to him you must look for help. I don't think he will desert you. Mrs. Huntly, I have been praying for your husband lately. At first it seemed a heavy burden that was laid upon me, but somehow it has rolled off. I think the answer is coming."

And it was nearer than they thought!

"Thank you. *I* have prayed, and prayed, and during Chester's illness I hoped that he would come to view his life differently, but

I see no signs of an answer, and my faith grows weak." And the poor woman's voice was lost in sobs. After a little she continued, "It is a dreadful strait that brings a mother to the point where she is willing to part with her child. I am glad I spoke to you. I see it somewhat differently already."

It was nearly three o'clock. Mrs. Huntly sat in the old arm-chair by the stove, while Mrs. Gibson was busy with the dinner, the getting of which she had taken upon herself, when the door opened, and Mr. Chester Huntly walked in. Both ladies looked their surprise, and Mrs. Huntly exclaimed,—

"Why, Chester, you are home early! Did you overrate your strength? Here, take this chair."

"Thank you, sit still. No, I feel stronger than I have in a great while." And he looked down upon his wife with a queer smile, but the poor woman's heart sank as she thought, "It's the brandy—I'd rather he'd

feel as weak as a kitten." If her eyes had not been dimmed by the tears that were filling them, she might have seen the something in his face that Mrs. Gibson saw, and caused that lady to say,—

"Chester Huntly, I believe you have signed the pledge!"

"That's it," he replied.

"O Chester!"

"It is true, Lucia," he said, earnestly; then laughing a little, he added, "One might as well do that anyway, if he couldn't get a drink anywhere."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, just this—there isn't a drop of liquor to be had in Waring for love or money."

"What has happened?"

"Well, I can't find out exactly. Strange things, one would conclude, judging from the reports and the results. I only wish I'd been there to see. It seems that queer doings have

been going on all around us for the last month or two, and we have never heard of it until it comes to our very doors. So much for not taking a paper. I reckon we will have as much as one newspaper in the neighborhood after this."

"Do tell us what it is all about!" said Mrs. Gibson, growing impatient to know by what means the Lord was answering her prayer for this man.

"Well, it is the women. You and Lucia here, know how they all hate the liquor business, and it seems that they have risen in a body and made a descent upon the saloons, and prayed and sung the brandy into the street. They have made thorough work in Waring. At Bently's you can get tea and coffee, but not a drop of anything stronger. And, Lucia, I remembered what good coffee you used to make, and thought I'd rather have some of yours than Bently's, so I brought home some."

"Coffee, Chester!"

“Yes, and here are Fred’s shoes. I got my pay from Burgess, and concluded that I might as well get the shoes.”

“I’m getting dinner,” said Mrs. Gibson, “but I shall have nothing to do with the coffee. You must attend to that, though I didn’t mean that you should lift a finger to-day.”

But if Mr. Huntly felt stronger, so did his wife, and the coffee making was a delightful task. While the work went on, Mr. Huntly recounted what he had heard in regard to the wonderful change that had been going on in Waring and at other places.

When they were seated at the table, there was a slight pause; then Mrs. Gibson, who was an impulsive little woman, broke out abruptly, looking straight at Mr. Huntly, “Now we are all thanking God in our hearts for what he hath wrought,—why don’t we speak it out?”

Thus appealed to, the gentleman hesitated a moment, and then summoning his resolution, from his lips came the first prayer he had ut-

tered for years: "We thank Thee, O Lord, that we have been permitted to see this day. It is of thy mercy. Wilt Thou help us to keep our new resolves, and bless us each as we have need."

It was a happy little dinner party. Mrs. Gibson was not at all in the way. She had been such a friend lately, they were glad that she could share their joy. She only wished that Jonathan would come; and before dinner was over he did come, and had to wait for a cup of Mrs. Huntly's coffee, which was pronounced delicious, though, as she said, she hadn't tried her skill for years.

"They have meetings over there every evening," said Mr. Huntly; "suppose we all go over to-morrow evening?"

The proposition meeting with favor, the arrangement was made that Freddy should be left with Mrs. Gibson's sister, with whom he was a favorite, and that they should go together.

“What a wonderful thing it is!” said one very happy little woman to her husband, as they rode homeward.

“Yes, if Huntly holds out, it will be a glorious thing for him, and his wife too. Why, she looked almost beautiful to-day. It was the joy, I suppose.”

“Yes. If you had seen her this morning! I never pitied any one as I did her. But, Jonathan, you ought not to put that *if* in there. You must have more *faith*.”

“Well, but you know that Huntly hasn’t shown himself a man to have faith in,” returned the husband.

“But you can have faith in God,—that’s what I mean.”

Meantime, while her husband was busy out of doors, feeling like a new man, that other happy woman was upon her knees, thanking God, for what he had brought to pass.

That evening, as they sat together talking quietly, the redeemed man said,—


“Lucia, it will be a long, hard pull up hill, but that is better than staying at the bottom, isn't it?”

“Yes, indeed! We shall not mind that. I cannot realize that we are really starting out upon a new life, and that the old dark days are really done with.”

“Yes, done with — only their shadows reach forward a great ways.”

“But sunlight dispels shadows,” returned the wife, with sunshine in her face.

CHAPTER VII.

NNIE SYDNEY had gone over to Sue Warren's, "just for a little while," Bessie was at school, and Tom had disappeared. An errand took Mr. Sydney to a neighbor's; thus it happened that Grace was left to look after the wants of any possible customers. She hated to be left in charge, and she had resolved if any one came they would have to wait until her father returned, for she would not serve them. However, no one came; and sitting there alone, the young girl, who had just learned to pray, led to that refuge, through her overwhelming interest in the one topic which was moving the hearts of multitudes of Christian women, let her thoughts go out towards the God in whom she was trusting for a release from this

hateful life they were living. Finally, forgetting everything else, her thoughts found utterance. Returning home, Mr. Sydney paused at the door. It was a strange sound that he heard—it was not conversation, it did not sound like reading. It must be the voice of prayer—though it was so long since he had heard a prayer that he scarcely recognized it. Who could it be? Surely, there was no one in his family who prayed. Who then? A sudden trepidation came upon him—all his mustered courage left him. Could it be that the women had come to visit him in the interest of the temperance cause? What should he say to them? On the whole, he would go away and stay until they left. But he would just peep through that broken shutter and see how many there were. Great was his surprise and relief to see Grace sitting there alone—her elbows resting upon the table, her head leaning upon her hands. Grace praying! Where did *she* learn to pray! Her voice was

so low that only now and then a word reached his ear, but he gathered that she was praying for *him*, and asking God to stop the liquor selling. He was very angry that his own daughter should turn against him. "It is all the McAlisters' doings," he said to himself. And then he laughed, a little sneering laugh. "I wonder if that girl really thinks that she can accomplish her purpose that way?" Was it chance that bore the next sentence to his ear?

"May all things be done according to *Thy purposes.*"

Mr. Sydney went to the barn, and when he returned Grace was not visible. He made no reference to what he had seen and heard, but he watched Grace narrowly, and knew that she often went away to pray—*for the fulfilling of God's purposes.* Now Mr. Sydney was a peculiar sort of a man; he never went to church, never opened a Bible, (I wonder if drunkard-makers ever do,) but he could talk

very religiously, and was particularly submissive to the Divine decrees, saying, "there's no use in fighting against what is appointed." And now-a-days the idea had taken hold of him that his business was about to be broken up, and he had great reason to think an attempt would be made to prevail upon him to close his house. Should he wait, or should he close of his own accord? It was no use resisting, if the Lord was going to let these people have their way. No—that was not the way to put it. "According to *Thy* purposes," that was what Grace had asked, and that was just what he believed in. And it seemed to be God's purpose to let this thing go on. If so, he might as well shut up first as last. As he was in this state of mind, Grace and Bessie appeared one morning with the "Rumseller's Pledge."

"Father," said Grace, "won't you sign this?"

Taking the paper and looking at it, he asked,—

“Who sent this?”

“Nobody sent it,” replied Grace. “I asked for a copy. I—we all—we children, I mean, want you to sign it. It will make us all a great deal happier, even if we do have to work harder.”

“Please do sign it,” pleaded Bessie, “it will make ever so many other people happy. Mr. Bates buys his brandy here, and Fanny Bates has a dreadful hard time when her father gets drunk, and she don’t have clothes fit to wear to school.”

At length Mr. Sydney yielded, and wrote down his name. Bessie jumped and clapped her hands. Tom hurrahed, and Annie laughed her joy, while Grace said,—

“Father, may I knock in the barrels? I’ve been aching to do it for ever so long.”

“I don’t care!” was the reply, as Mr. Sydney took his hat and walked out to meditate upon future ways and means.

It was soon known that the Franklin House

bar was closed. Mate McAlister came running over to congratulate. Mate was a happy girl now-a-days. Three months ago she had firmly put aside that which, but for one single flaw, would have seemed the best gift Heaven could send. Very sadly she had acted according to her conscience and her reason, and declined the honor of becoming Mrs. Charles Hurlburt. Now, he had taken the pledge, and was likely to regain his manhood,—and he was only *one* of the young men of Waring. How vast the aggregate of good growing out of the efforts of a few Christian women!

“Father,” said Grace, a day or two later, “I wish we could attend some of the meetings over at the village. They are held every evening, preaching and prayer meetings. They say there is a great religious revival following the temperance movement. Will you go and take us?”

Grace was a little surprised when her father consented to go. She had not dared to hope for *that*.



The church was crowded and the interest intense. After the sermon, came the prayer meeting, and the opportunity to express a love for Christ, a hatred of sin, or a desire to be delivered from it. Many had spoken, when Mr. Joel Fairchild arose. His wife, sitting beside him, gave a little start of surprise, then her face resumed its calm look, but soon an expression of gladness rested upon her countenance. Said her husband, "I believe I was the first man in this place to sign the pledge, in the late canvass, but I cannot claim the honor of being the first to take the stand for Christ in this revival. Many have been before me in declaring their purpose, but I trust that it is not too late. I have fought a fierce battle this afternoon, but I believe that in the name of Christ Jesus I have gained a victory, and now publicly I wish to declare myself a follower of the gentle Saviour. I wish to be numbered among those who desire and need the prayers of those who know how to pray."

Chester Huntly was the next speaker. He said,—

“Fifteen years ago, in the church where my parents worshipped, I entered into covenant vows; but those vows I have since forgotten and trampled upon, wandering far from the path of duty. Two days since, I began to try to grope my way back. No sooner had I turned about than Christ met me, and to-night I rejoice as the wanderer rejoices when he comes back to waiting friends.”

Another and another, and then Grace Sydney said,—

“I do not know that I am a Christian. I began to pray several weeks ago. God heard my prayers in several instances, and I have kept on praying, and it has never occurred to me to ask if I were a Christian, until to-night. If to believe in Christ’s promises, and to desire to do his will, is to be a Christian, then I think I may claim the name.”

What a tumult went on in Annie Sydney’s

mind! Grace had found something she had not. How should she secure the same blessing? She could never get up and tell all those people that she wanted to become a Christian. Could she? But who was speaking, with husky voice and trembling fame? Her father! Then they were all leaving her behind! Mr. Sydney was saying,—

“My friends, I have been a very wicked man. I cannot believe that God forgives such sin as mine. I have been the instrument of great evil. Through me, many have gone the downward road. If God *does* receive such great sinners, I want to find my way to him. Will you pray for me?”

Those who have been through such scenes know what it was like,—to others it can only be said, in Grace Sydney’s words, “It cannot be *told*.”


Poor Annie found her voice in the inquirers’ meeting the next evening, so did young Hurl-

burt, John Fairchild and Tom Sydney, with many more who ere long could say,—

“O Lord, I will praise Thee, though Thou wast angry with me. Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me. Behold, God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song.”

Who shall say that this band of praying women were not led by God, even as truly as the hosts of olden time were led by pillar and cloud?

GRANDMA PORTER.

T was New Year's Eve, and I was sitting in the back parlor, in my grand chair, looking as nice as a new pin. Daughter Sarah and son-in-law Willard had gone to one of the partner's houses to dinner; but my granddaughter and I were at home together as chirk as you please. I was all fixed up in my new black silk and best white cap, for Helen says, says she,—

“Grandma, I want you to look real beautiful to-night, because it's New Year's Eve, you know.”

“Sure enough it is,” says I, “and like

enough you'll be having crowds of company; I shouldn't a bit wonder if I'd better go to bed."

With that she colored up like a peony, and says she, "Do you suppose I want to associate with any body who wouldn't like to see my grandmother?"

I couldn't help smiling at her sweet face, so red and handsome, and I hurried to answer her. Says I, "La, no, child, I know all about that—just exactly what you think of grandmother—but then I do suppose there's times and occasions when a woman of twenty is company, and a woman of seventy and over *ain't*—and I shouldn't wonder if New Year's Eve was one of them; and I'd just as soon go to bed as not it ain't over and above early now, you know."

With that she came and cuddled down on my footstool, and got hold of one of my old hands, and says she, "You ain't going to bed these two hours yet, at least; you needn't think I'm going to be cheated out of my evening with you. I don't expect much company to-night—they'll

all wait till to-morrow, you know; but there's one person I do expect, and I want you to see him."

I didn't know there was enough strength left in my heart after goin' day and night for more than seventy years, to make it give such dreadful bumps as it did then. I felt queer all over, for something in her voice made me think of the time when I first told her great-grandmother something special about her grandfather. I'd just turned nineteen then, and I remember I got down in a huddle in front of mother—just as Helen was sitting now in front of me. It's one thing to be a laughing at the young creatures about folks in general, not meaning any one in particular, and knowing all the time that they think all the young men are like a row of pins, to be made useful here and there where they're needed, and to be stuck back in a row again when you don't want them; and it's another thing to have one of your grandchildren come and get down before you, and get hold

of your hand and look at you with great, big, sober eyes, and cheeks all rosy, while she talks to you with that queer sound in her voice, that makes you most sure that one of 'em has been picked out and laid by, and don't belong to the row any more. What with wondering all about him, and a wishing with all your heart that there was just *one* man on this earth like her grandfather, and that she had picked him out, so that you might feel safe and certain about her; it's a pretty trying time for a woman over seventy, I can tell you. By and by, I got my heart to stop thumping so that I could speak—though my voice didn't sound quite right, and says I, "What's his name?"

"His name is Everett Burlison," says she, very softly. I didn't like the sound of the name, but that's neither here nor there; if his name had been Abraham, Isaac or Jacob, and he'd been a wanting my Helen to change hers for it, I do suppose I should have been that foolish, that I shouldn't have liked the

sound of it at first ; so I went on questioning her.

“I never heard of him before,” says I ; “where has he kept himself all this while ?”

“He has kept himself here a good deal,” says she, with a little bit of a laugh. “But he’s only been in the city eight months, and you know you were away at Uncle Porter’s almost four months, so you have not happened to hear of him.”

I waited a little, and when I asked the next question my voice was all of a tremble.

“Be you going to marry him, dearie ?” says I ; “is that the reason why you want grandmother to know him ?” She hid her face in my lap then, as quick as a flash, and says she, “O grandmother ! you go so fast, you almost take my breath away ; there hasn’t been anything really — really serious said, and I don’t know as there ever will be, only I like him better than any of my other friends, and I think he likes me, and — Oh, there’s

nothing grandma — nothing at all, only I want you to know him.” Well, before we had a chance to say another word, the bell rang, and in came Mr. Everett Burlison. She brought him straight out to my corner, and introduced him to me, with as pretty a blush as ever you saw on a girl’s face. He was very civil and proper spoken to me, I thought he said almost too many nice things about being glad to make my acquaintance, and all that. To be sure I am used to nice sounding words, in fact, I may say I ain’t used to no other kind, but it kind of seems as if they generally meant more than his did; I thought it stood to reason that he shouldn’t be so very glad to see a wrinkled up old woman like me. While Helen was gone into the front parlor to meet him, I prayed a little prayer for her. Says I, “Now, Lord, if he ain’t a true man, every inch of him, I do hope you’ll make it plain to Helen this very night. I ain’t afraid but what I’ll see it very quick

if he ain't, and I don't know but what I ought to pray for grace, not to see faults that he ain't got, but do, dear Lord, look after Helen, she's just a lamb, and how do I know but the wolf is prowling around after her this very minute?" Well they talked about a sight of things, and he kept very nice to me; I didn't like him, but I couldn't rightly tell why; I saw plain enough that his heart was set on Helen, and that he wished with all his might that I would go off to bed, and leave them alone, but that wasn't nothing more than natural, and I didn't blame him one mite for it, and as the Lord didn't seem to be a showing me no way to help her, I was a thinking about doing that very thing, when she started me on a new track. Says she,—

“You are going to make New Year's calls to-morrow, I suppose?” That reminded me of something I wanted to know, and I spoke, and says I, “Be you a temperance man, Mr. Burlison?”

He laughed good-naturedly, but he answered prompt enough, —

“I believe I am.”

“Well, then,” says I, “you can tell me what I’ve been anxious to know. Is there any plan to carry on things more decent than they’ve been doing for years back?”

“I don’t understand you,” says he.

“Why,” says I, “I mean about their wine; are they going to give them coffee or water this year instead?”

He colored up a little then, and I thought spoke kind of stiff like, and says he, —

“I suppose people will offer whatever refreshments they choose, as they have done heretofore.”

“Well,” says I, “it’s a great pity, I think. I don’t know what the good folks can all be thinking about, or what’s become of them all. Why don’t you young men rise up and show your colors? You could make away with this notion in a hurry.”

He laughed again, and says he, "Why, my dear madam, this is a free country. We can't tell people what they must eat and drink, you know."

"No," says I, "but you can tell them by your actions what you will drink, and what you won't drink, dreadful quick."

"But, grandma," Helen says, softly, "*all* young men are not strict temperance men, you know."

"No," says I, "no more they ain't—more's the pity. How many be there of you? You belong to a temperance society of some sort, I suppose; don't you?"

"I do not," says he, very decided.

"You don't!" says I, "well now; don't you think that is a good way to help things along? Why don't you get up a little society, and have a meeting now and then, and have speeches and singing, and the girls would give you a supper every now and then? It would be real fun, besides doing a deal of

good." For some reason he didn't feel as pleasant as he had; his voice sounded almost cross, and says he, —

"My talents don't lie in that direction."

"It don't take no great talent," I told him. "Just draw up a pledge, or buy a printed pledge, and put your name to it, and get the others to. Don't you think it would be a good thing?"

"I don't approve of that way of doing business," says he.

"Don't you?" says I. "Well, there's more than one way of doing the same thing. I was never one to think there wasn't. What do you think *is* the best way now?"

And then a very queer thing happened. I don't know that I ever see a gentleman act just so before; he turned himself square around from me, as if he hadn't heard a word I said, and says he, —

"Miss Helen, do you go to the gathering at Freeman's to-morrow evening?"

Helen was leaning over the arm of my chair, but she drew herself up, and sat up straight, and says she, —

“My grandmother asked you a question, Mr. Burlison?”

He colored up to the roots of his hair, and says he to me, —

“I beg your pardon, madam; I am absent-minded. What did you ask?”

I spoke quite meek, for I felt kind of sorry for him. I thought maybe he had no plan made that just suited him, and he didn't like to say so before Helen, so I just told him that I thought I would like to know his way of meeting the trouble; but it was no particular matter.

“I believe in men controlling their appetites, and not making beasts of themselves,” he said at last.

“Why, that's just what I believe in,” says I, feeling a good deal puzzled. “And that's what I was trying to get you to help them do.”

“They need very little help in doing that, if they’ve got common sense,” says he, quite grand like.

“Well, then,” says I, “there must be dreadful little common sense left in the world, according to the way a good many folks are going on.”

“In other words,” spoke up Helen, “you believe in ‘liberty of conscience,’ I suppose, leaving men to do just as their wisdom dictates?”

“Precisely,” says he, seeming to feel very glad that he could talk to her instead of to me. “We have to respect the rights of every citizen in this country, you know; we have no right to trammel the liberty of others.”

“Oh,” says she, as if he had given her a new idea, “would it be proper for me to ask what happens to be your personal choice of rights in regard to this question?”

“Well, as to that,” says he, smiling, “I am, personally, rather indifferent. I am not fond of

liquors, it would be no special cross to me to have nothing to do with them. So you see it is the principle of the thing rather than the personality. I might say I hardly tasted wine from one New Year's day to another."

"You do taste it on New Year's day, then?"

Helen says, and her cheeks were all in a glow.

"Oh, yes;" says he, "I sip a little here and there; you young ladies would be shocked beyond measure, I presume, if we didn't forego our scruples long enough to pledge your health and happiness on that day."

"You will never be invited in my father's house to pledge my health in anything stronger than coffee," Helen told him, and her eyes shone like two stars. I thought he looked surprised and a little bit scared, but his voice hadn't a pleasant sound when he said, —

"Indeed! I didn't know you were a reformer, Miss Helen."

"I have the honor to belong to that class, so far at least as New Year's customs extend,"

says Helen, and her voice wasn't soft and gentle any more. "But I thought, Mr. Burlison," says she, "I understood you to tell my grandmother that you were a temperance man?"

"So I am," says he, "in the truest sense of that word. I believe in being temperate in all things."

"Oh," says Helen again, with a queer kind of a curl at the end of the word, "I was mistaken in regard to *your* idea of the word, I perceive."

Well, after that things didn't go very nice. They talked some, but Helen wasn't a bit like herself, and I got sleepier and sleepier; once I fairly got up to go, but Helen held tight to my hand, and says she, —

"O grandmother, don't go yet; please don't, it isn't late," and I saw she meant it, and so I sat down again, and tried not to gape more than twice in a minute. And at last Mr. Burlison seemed to think, if I wasn't going he would. So he bid me good night, very civil and pleas-

ant; and Helen only went as far as the parlor door with him, then she came back and sat down on my stool again, and hid her head in my lap. I sat and thought a spell — whether I should blunder out a word or two, or whether I should hold my tongue and go to bed. I asked the Lord to tell me which to do, and pretty soon it came over me that I'd better speak; so says I, —

“That ain't the kind of temperance that your father talks, Helen.”

“No,” says she, “it ain't;” and after a minute she held up her head, and her eyes were dry and her cheeks very bright red; and says she, “It ain't the kind of temperance his daughter practices, either.”

Then I told the Lord how much I thanked him, that it was all right with my Helen; and pretty soon she spoke again, —

“Grandma, I am glad I coaxed you to stay up and see him, and that you had that talk with

him. I haven't quite known what I thought of him before, now I do."

"What do you think now, dearie?" says I, putting my hand on her brown head, and smoothing away the curls.

"I think," says she, speaking slow and kind of sad, "I think I was mistaken in the man."

"He's mistaken in himself," says I; "he thinks he's two or three things that he ain't."

She had hid her face again in my lap. I spoke very gently and softly, for I think it's a dreadful thing to think you've got a friend, and then all of a sudden to see him melt down into nothing before your eyes. I thought a spell, and then says I, —

"I know all about it, Helen; when I was a trifle younger than you, I thought I had a real true friend, and come to know him better he wasn't worth a straw. And it was pretty hard; but that was before I knew your grandfather, after I knew him I didn't care any more."

“There ain’t any men like father and grandfather, now days,” her voice sounding kind of muffled like, coming up through the folds of my dress.

“I don’t know about that,” says I. “The Lord made your grandfather and your father, and I think it’s likely he can make me a grandson such as I want. I’ve asked him to, and I’m willing to trust him.”

And with that don’t you think Helen burst out a laughing! I was pleased all over, for I see her heart wasn’t broke after all, only a little bit singed. Pretty soon she raised up her head, and says she, —

“You dear, blessed, sleepy, old, darling grandmother! What a selfish girl I am to keep you up so. Let me help you to bed this minute.”

And I was glad enough to go.

MR. CARLETON'S HEADACHES.

“ O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us;
It wad frae mony a blunder free us;
And foolish notion.”

MR. HARVEY CARLETON walked complacently to and fro in the elegant parlors of his elegant home. A man of mark was Mr. Carleton; his name was very well known outside of the village where he dwelt. His name on a bit of paper was as good as a bank note itself, at least it answered the purpose of many bank notes, if Mr. Carleton so willed it. A good man he was, too, a benevolent man. Was a

new enterprise afloat in the Church, in the Young Men's Association, wherein money was needed, so that the object was a good one, the movers in it unhesitatingly said, —

“Let us get Mr. Carleton to head our list, he is sure to give us something handsome.” And rarely indeed was their confidence in him disappointed.

There was a gentleman sitting in his parlor now, wearing the unmistakable air that betokens a solicitor for something. He sat by the window looking out rather gloomily on the passers-by. Mr. Carleton, meantime availing himself of the privilege accorded to elderly gentlemen of wealth and leisure, continued his composed walk down the length of his spacious parlor, denying himself the pleasure of extending that walk into the back parlor, lest he should be carried out of ear-shot of his companion.

As he comes towards his young friend for the fortieth time, so at least, the young man

thinks, that person turns his gloomy eyes away from the window and fixes them on Mr. Carleton.

“I confess I am somewhat disappointed,” he says, in a subdued tone. “I was told that you were one of the leading men of the place in this matter.”

“And you are correctly informed, at least, that is the name my fellow-citizens are pleased to bestow upon me; perhaps I might almost say I have deserved it. Since I have been a lad of sixteen I have been faithful and untiring in this work, and the Lord has given me the joy of seeing some of the fruits of my labor.”

“Yet you will not put your name to this pledge?”

“No, my dear young friend, that I do not feel called upon to do; there are more ways than one in which to work for the same end. I honor you in your effort. I trust you will be able to establish an excellent society here.

I have no doubt you will, and if you need any pecuniary assistance, you may rely on me. I shall be very glad indeed to assist you."

"But, Mr. Carleton, since you are so entirely in sympathy with us, why not give us your name? You surely would not be more entirely pledged to the work than you are now."

"Not a bit more; and that is one main reason why I consider it unnecessary. My voice has given forth no uncertain sound in this matter."

"Well, suppose, for the sake of argument, I grant you that it may be unnecessary. I tell you at the same time that it would be an immense encouragement to us who have undertaken the work. Is there any reason why we should not be encouraged in that way?"

Mr. Carleton took two or three thoughtful turns up and down the room, before he made any answer, then he drew a chair nearly in

front of his companion, and spoke earnestly: "I think I may trust you; you are a stranger to me, it is true, and I am very cautious of my words in a matter involving such grave results. But you are the son of an old friend, and I will speak frankly with you. I am a temperance man to my heart's core, but not in the extreme sense which this pledge of yours has it—a total abstainer. That is, I occasionally drink a glass of cider. I keep wine in my house for medicinal purposes, and I occasionally take a glass of that. Now mind, I don't think your pledge one whit too strong; there are hundreds of poor fellows who need just such restraint as that. I hope and pray that they will sign it; there are perhaps comparatively few men who are able to control their appetite and at the same time indulge it as I can, but I am one whom the Lord has especially favored in this respect. I have no longing after liquor of any sort; but the stimulus afforded by wine is an occasional assistance to me, and I therefore

make sparing use of it, but I never have it on my table nor in any part of my house where servants can be tempted by it; I hold that to be a sin; I have a few very intimate friends with whom perhaps once a year I take a swallow or two of domestic wine, but they are very intimate friends, indeed, some whom I have known all their lives. To a stranger, I would as soon offer poison at once. Now I have made quite a long story of this, but you understand my platform, you see."

His visitor regarded this curious man with a troubled, puzzled air. Here was he, praying doubtless, "lead us not into temptation," as often as a new day brought him on his knees in his closet, and then coming forth to play with a temptation so deadly, that to some men he unhesitatingly pronounced it poison, and in the same breath, thanking the Lord he was not as other men are, but that to him peculiar grace had been given, so that he was entirely at liberty to play with edged tools. How in the

world should he take up such a bewildering, contradictory, twisty belief as this, and try to argue about it.

“But,” he said, speaking slowly, and as one bewildered, “even though you are personally entirely safe from danger, by your own admission the great mass of the people are not, — for the mere gratification of what is not even an imperative luxury, you surely would not cripple your influence in the world.”

“No,” and the earnest light in Mr. Carleton's eyes, and the same ring in his voice, showed that he meant the word. “No; God knows I would not, and for that reason I am as I tell you exceedingly cautious, *exceedingly!* If I am particular about anything in this world, it is as to how I talk, and to whom I talk concerning this matter. I do believe that half, yes, two-thirds of the world would be better off if they took the total abstinence pledge; therefore I advocate it, and pray for it, and give of my means for the advancement of the cause.”

“Mr. Carleton,” said his guest earnestly, as he rose to depart, “I tell you frankly, I would for the honor and promotion of the cause, rather have your name at the head of this pledge than to have your check for a thousand dollars, to be used in the work.”

Mr. Carleton laughed good-humoredly and benevolently.

“My dear young friend,” he said, in his complacent voice, “you are comparatively a stranger here; I see you don’t understand my position. There is not a man in this village who doesn’t know me for a hearty sympathizer with the temperance cause. I don’t think there is a poor drunkard for miles around that I haven’t talked with personally and tried to persuade into signing the pledge! I’ve given time and patience and money to the work, and everybody knows it. Such being the case, what difference could my name in that pledge book make to you?”

The incorrigible young man shook his head

incredulously. "I'd like to try the experiment," he said, pleasantly. "You see, you have been saying to these poor drunkards, 'go sign the pledge.' Now I should like to try the effect of hearing you say, 'come, let's go and sign the pledge together, you and me.' Besides, Mr. Carleton, I am concerned about these few very special friends. How can you always be sure?"

"I take good care of that, I assure you," answered Mr. Carleton, cheerily, as he waited upon his guest to the door, and added as an after thought, "Oh, by the way, you understand of course that that explanation was made in strict confidence!" As he closed the door he said, benevolently, "a good young man, but the least bit fanatical perhaps. Well, well, I hope he will accomplish great good."

There was a beautiful suite of rooms over the parlor—luxurious rooms, dainty in all their appointments—and in the largest of these rooms, there stood just now two as miserable

mortals as one often finds, surrounded by such elegances and tokens of refinement. A tall young man in dressing gown and slippers, standing squarely in front of the side window, his hair in disorder, his eyes heavy, his whole manner indicative of utter, abject, disgusted disappointment; the other occupant a fair young woman, tastefully attired in a crimson morning wrapper, and with her hair, evidently once that day arranged in curls, now pushed back in masses of disorder from a white, miserable face, the lines about the mouth were drawn heavily, and her eyes were heavy with the weight of tears. Utter miserable silence filled the room. Either they had nothing to say, or else were in that dread state when each feared to speak lest they might say too much, or exactly the wrong thing. Yet they were not wont to be at a loss for words when they were alone together, nor afraid to speak them. Husband and wife they were, had been for a year, and were making their first visit together on Uncle Harvey Carleton, the old man downstairs.

Mrs. Carleton presently broke the silence, feeling, perhaps, that any words were better than this black, still misery: "Frederick how is all this to end?"

"Goodness knows: I don't."

The tone said much more than this. "I neither know nor care — end in perdition, perhaps — it's all the same to me. In fact a whole volume of recklessness was shut up in the sound of that one brief sentence.

A sigh so heavy and hopeless that it would have made your heart ache, was the white faced wife's only answer. You know nothing about her misery! God in his mercy grant that you never may. Are you a wife, young, loved and loving? Cherished with such tenderness as you never dreamed of even in the dreamy days of your girlhood? Imagine yourself to have waited long and late one evening for the coming of your husband, and then in wondering weariness over his non-appearance to have fallen asleep in your chair, and awakened an hour later to find

an idiotic, maundering drunkard bending over you — kissing you — choking you with his hot, brandy-polluted breath! You scream, and struggle to free yourself. Hush! don't do that, you will alarm the house, and then this man, who has just sense enough left to tumble up stairs and reach the right room, will be disgraced. And he is your heart's innermost idol — your husband! Ah! now you know something of Mrs. Carleton's misery.

Presently she breaks the silence again, with a no less dreary thought: "Frederick, what are we to say to your Uncle Harvey? He thinks you have a sick headache."

"Let him think exactly what he likes, it's of no consequence to me. Think the truth, the sooner he knows it the better for him, precious old hypocrite that he is."

"Frederick!"

"Yes, hypocrite, or anything else that you have a mind to call him. But for him I might never have tasted a drop of the cursed

stuff that is driving me to ruin. Didn't he beguile me years ago with his palaver about not daring to offer a taste of it to most young men, but that I was like himself, a rare exception. I *am* like himself in being a rare fool. I was a fool to come here. I've fought against this thing, Helen, fought it and conquered it, I thought, before I ever knew you,—and last night when he unlocked his bottle of very old wine, and offered me a table spoonful to judge of its quality, I was fool enough to think that I could swallow it and not arouse the demon who almost conquered me five years ago. Say anything in the world that you have a mind to, Helen; there is nothing I do not deserve; only don't quote my Uncle Harvey to me, and don't imagine I care what he thinks. I tell you he gave me the first drop of wine that ever I tasted."

Here was a revelation. That pure faced, gray haired man that had seemed to Mrs. Carleton as a saint on earth. When she

heard him pray she had felt in her heart "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." They were not Christians, these two, they had no arm of strength to come to their rescue now, at least they did not flee to it for refuge. Do you think that Mr. Carleton, the benevolent and warm-hearted old Christian below stairs, will be likely to lead either of these two to the shelter of the Cross?

When the young wife spoke again it was in a changed and eager tone. She had in that interval of silence laid down that feeling of awful gloom that had been enshrouding her; she had recognized life as a warfare, had discovered that those upon whom she had been looking as their best friends were indeed their worst foes.

"Then, Frederick, let us go from here this very day. I would not stay in temptation another hour. There is a train at twelve o'clock. I can be ready for it. There was a letter from mamma this morning; she is to

start for the South three weeks earlier than was planned, that is excuse enough for us. We can tell your uncle that we hasten our visit on that account, as indeed we really ought to do. If you will go, I will begin to pack at once. Come, Frederick, don't let us dally. If we have come among enemies instead of friends, let us get away from them as quick as possible."

What would the loving old uncle below stairs have thought of words like these? *He* counted an enemy by his own dear boy, the darling of his heart, the very apple of his eye; for he loved this young man, even as he would have loved a son.

He stood at the depot two hours later, with a somewhat disconsolate face, waiting in company with his niece and nephew, the coming of the New York train.

"This is a heavy disappointment," he said. "I thought we were sure of you for two weeks more, at least. Helen hasn't had time

to decide whether she can like her old uncle or not."

Yes, she had, ample time, and in the fierceness of her heart, quivering as it was under the pain of this new discovery and new foreboding, she felt as if she almost hated this honored old Christian. Fortunately for her, he did not wait for any reply, but continued, with anxious face, "I don't believe you are well enough to travel, Frederick; you are looking wretchedly pale. Are you subject to these severe attacks? Oh, by the way, I have in my pocket a small bottle of that wine I gave you a taste of last evening. I think if you take a spoonful when you feel these attacks coming on you will derive benefit from it."

"Let me take charge of it, Frederick," his wife said, eagerly, "you have so many things to carry." And then the train whistled.

"She is a nice little woman," Mr. Carleton, senior, reflected, as he walked away from the

depot. "Too much concerned about her husband to think about anything else this morning, and I don't wonder. How deathly pale Fred looked. I don't like these peculiar attacks; his father was subject to them. I never could make them out. Well, poor fellow, I hope that wine will do him good; it is a very rare quality. I'm glad that he is just the stamp of young man that he is, or I wouldn't have offered it to him, even for medicine."

About this time a car window on the New York train was suddenly lifted, and a woman's low voice said earnestly, "Shall I, Frederick?" And the instant the answer came, a low, fierce "Yes!" a bottle of rare old port wine flew out of the window, the bottle shattered in a hundred pieces, and the snow blushed over its contents.

MUFF AND THE DOCTOR.

IN his way up town Mr. Carleton stopped at the office of his friend Bacon.

“Have you seen Dr. Raynor pass your way this afternoon?” he questioned, without taking the proffered chair.

“No; is any one sick?”

“Muff has been; she is much better now, but what my wife considers a very important bottle is empty, and Dr. Raynor is the man to fill it.”

“I haven’t seen him, but I’ve heard of him to-day, and if Muff were my baby he would fill no bottle for her to-night.”

“Of course he wouldn’t, you’d go to that old humbug fogy of a Dr. Jennings, instead, the way you do persist in sticking to that old fellow, when everybody knows that Dr. Raynor is the best physician in the city, is surprising in a man of your sense.”

“He keeps a clear brain, and that is more than can be said of Dr. Raynor.”

“What an absurd idea! of all the ridiculous things that envious rivals have said about him yet, that is rather ahead. Who has been trying to make you believe such nonsense?”

Mr. Bacon tied up the roll of papers he had been filing, locked his desk, and came over to his friend’s side.

“Take a seat, Carleton, you can see his carriage from the window when it passes. You have been to his house, I take it?”

“Yes, and his blundering student don’t know where he is. Who’s been slandering him now, Bacon?”

“Nobody — the man who gave me my information was boasting of him, and of his ability to drink a strong glass of brandy at a single draught, and keep a cool head and steady hand at the same time.”

Mr. Carleton’s face clouded over a little, and he answered in a graver tone, —

“It is true, though — I am sorry he uses the stuff — a drop of it, — but at the same time he is the last man whom I should consider in danger, he has wonderful control over his nerves and his will.”

“Never saw a moderate drinker who hadn’t. Why, Carleton, you know as well as I do that men don’t tumble into drunkenness after one glass, they walk into it in leisurely fashion, keeping wonderful control over their nerves for weeks or months, perhaps for years. However, it is not Dr. Raynor I am so anxious about; he may be one of the few who are going to escape drunkenness, for aught I know. It is his patients who trouble me.”

Whereupon Mr. Carleton laughed. "Muff, for instance," he said gaily. "Are you afraid that by some mysterious conjuration he will make a drunkard of her?"

"Stranger and sadder things than that have happened, but I wasn't thinking of her, just then, rather of several young men whom I know, who are always taking 'tonics,' prescribed by Dr. Raynor."

"Yes," Mr. Carleton said with a sigh, "he does use liquor considerably in his practice. If I had a boy, I should be very careful; and I won't take his prescriptions of that nature myself. I couldn't, you know, and he knows it; but after all we can't trust Muff in any other doctor's hands. Who boasted of his drinking brandy?"

"Old Judge Conner said he drank a glass in his presence, this afternoon."

"There he goes," said Mr. Carleton, buttoning his coat as the doctor's carriage passed the window, and preparing to follow, "I guess I'll go around to the post first, now it's got so late, and give him a chance to get into the house."

“Better get Dr. Jennings to fill your bottle,” Mr. Bacon said, standing on the steps to see his friend off.

“Not I; he’d fill it with ipecac and cod liver oil.”

Meantime evening had set in, one of those abominable evenings—rain and wind and sleet, damp, dark, dismal enough to give one subject to such attacks, a genuine fit of the blues. Dr. Raynor felt the penetrating dampness in every nerve, he had been out since early morning, had been hurried and worried; he was a favorite in the city, and people never gave him time for either eating or sleeping in proper fashion—so to-night he was both hungry and tired—and his bachelor establishment, comfortable enough, even elegant, had neither slippers nor hot coffee waiting for him, such as a wife would have looked after. He stood irresolute for a moment in his office, after giving his impatient order to the servant,—

“I must have something hot in three minutes,

I don't care what it is." Then he unlocked the corner case and taking therefrom a bottle and glass, poured a third of a glass full from the bottle and swallowed it.

"My head feels unaccountably queer," he told himself immediately after this operation, "I believe I'm going to have one of those villainous colds myself. I've felt like a spinning wheel all the afternoon; that glass of brandy I thought would warm me, but I feel frozen through to the bone to-night. I'll be hanged if the slate isn't full of orders. I've a mind to say I won't go out again to-night. A doctor can't have a chance even to sneeze a few times."

"Good evening, Mr. Carleton," as the light-haired student ushered that gentleman. "Now I hope and trust that that precious baby of yours hasn't opened its eyes too wide or not wide enough to-day, so that I will have to tramp down there to-night to see about her."

"Muff is all right, doctor, been improving steadily since your call this morning;" there

was a grateful ring in Mr. Carleton's voice. Muff had been very sick and he knew it; she was on the high road to health now, and he knew that too, and was, oh, so thankful for it. "Nothing more formidable than a bottle claims your attention to-night, from me at least; the soothing drops that you left yesterday are gone, and my wife thought you would wish them continued through the night."

"Ah, yes, it would be as well, perhaps — let me see, what did I leave?" and he touched the mouth of the bottle to his skillful nose, then tasted of the drop still clinging to its side.

"I see," he said, turning quickly to his medicine case, and pouring small quantities from one phial and another into Muff's little bottle, talking meantime with his caller. "Don't you wish you were a doctor, Carleton? Here have I been on the chase since two this morning, and I've got to start right out again as soon as I swallow some dinner, if not before. I've a cold coming on too. I feel it in every bone in

my body, and my head spins round like a top. If I were a bricklayer now, or a hod carrier, I'd be 'in bed in a jiffy, be taking a sweat, and sending one of my children out for some poor wretch of a doctor; but as it is I must shiver it through. I swallowed two or three spoonfuls of brandy a few minutes ago to see if I could get warmed up, but I'm shivering yet."

Something strange in the manner of this always courteous, but often grave, pre-occupied physician, suggested itself to Mr. Carleton, and reminded him of Mr. Bacon's warning. Dr. Raynor had certainly said nothing improper, nothing but what any one might have said, only, he rarely talked of himself, never complained, and was nearly always in courteous haste to finish your errand for you and bow you out.

"This is all right, of course?" Mr. Carleton said, in a somewhat troubled tone, as the little bottle was finally returned to him.

"All right!" repeated the astonished doctor, utterly unused to such inquiries concerning med-

icines of his preparing. "Why shouldn't it be?"

"Oh, I don't know, I am sure," Mr. Carleton answered with a somewhat embarrassed laugh, "don't doctors ever make mistakes, like other mortals?"

"I can't speak for the fraternity in general. I only know *I* never made a mistake in my life." His voice was slightly harsh, as if he were irritated, and Mr. Carleton, sorry for his words, hastened to ask respectfully, —

"Any special orders with this, doctor?"

"Give ten drops every two hours."

"Whether she sleeps or not?"

"Whether she sleeps or not." Dr. Raynor's manner had suddenly changed; his words were brief and cold.

Up in the nursery the daintiest, brightest, fairest room in the house, in the daintiest of cribs, slept the precious little bundle that they called Muff Carleton; the drop gas-light was burning, carefully shaded from the baby's face,

and everything was in order for the night. Mrs. Carleton was bending over the crib.

“Her skin is just as *moist*, Frederick!” she said, as her husband came and stood beside her, “and her breathing is perfectly natural. And only think how very, very sick she was two days ago! That blessed doctor, I could almost worship him.”

“Bacon wanted me to go to Dr. Jennings!” Mr. Carleton said.

“For what! in the name of wonder?” Mrs. Carleton asked, with great astonishment in her voice. And then Mr. Carleton repeated his conversation with Mr. Bacon; his wife laughed softly. “Mr. Bacon is really getting to be a monomaniac on that subject, isn’t he?” she said. “The idea of Dr. Raynor not knowing what he was about? For that matter, I would rather have him if he were half intoxicated, than any man I ever saw.”

“My dear,” said Mr. Carleton, “Muff is so much better, and sleeps so soundly, can’t you

trust her with Maria, and get a good night's sleep? You know we have not slept any for three nights."

Most of the time she would, the mother said, except when the hour for medicine came, nobody must give Muff medicine but mamma. "Frederick, are you sure he said give it even if she slept? It seems so unlike his usual directions."

"Yes, I am sure," her husband told her. "I have reason to be; I half offended him by asking if it was all right; and he was very brief and haughty with his directions. I was a fool, I suppose, but Bacon made me feel nervous."

The little clock at the head of the mother's bed softly chimed two, with its silver tongue, and the listening mother roused herself.

"Can't I go in your place this time?" questioned her husband, rather sleepily.

"Oh, no, Muff likes to have me when there is anything to be swallowed, you know, though for that matter, at twelve she didn't waken at

all, and I had the greatest difficulty in getting her to swallow.”

A few moments more and Mr. Carleton was made wide awake by his wife's loud, alarmed voice, —

“Frederick, come here quick.”

“What is the matter?” he asked, emerging as speedily as possible from his room.

“I can't get her to swallow at all, and she seems stiff, and her limbs are getting cold. O Frederick! she looks as though she was dying. I have sent Maria to awaken Jim, but it takes him so long. Do you think you could go quicker?” Yet even while they spoke the hall door banged. Little Muff was very dear to the heart of Jim, the errand boy. Dr. Raynor was just ascending the steps of his own house, and he turned at once and obeyed Jim's hurried summons.

The aspect of the night had changed, rain and sleet were over, it was starlight and cold. Dr. Raynor's mood had changed also. Since he saw

Mr. Carleton he had had two hours' sleep, drank two cups of very strong coffee, and rode five miles in the clear, frosty air. So he entered their house, his usual self, grave, composed, courteous. One glance at the little white babe in the crib, and a sudden pallor overspread his face, the next instant he took up the little bottle.

“Did you give her this?” he asked, hoarsely.

“Yes; regularly, only just now at two o'clock, I could not force it down her throat, though I tried again and again. O doctor! *what* is the matter with her?”

Dr. Raynor for a single instant turned away his face, and they did not hear the gasped out sentence, “O God, be merciful!” Then he set to work. What a night that was! How brief and stern were the doctor's orders, —

“Hot water — mustard — spoon — hot flannel?”

How silently and rapidly were his orders obeyed! Father and mother watching in an aw-

ful agony of silence, what seemed to be the going out of the breath from the little form that was dearer, far dearer than their own lives, stealing now and then glances at the doctor's white, rigid face, and noting the drops of perspiration on his forehead, as he knelt beside the crib and pried open the closely shut little pearls of teeth, and tried to force down now a few drops from this bottle, now a few from that, but the bottle of soothing drops he had in his overcoat pocket.

The night wore away, there was a gray dawn breaking in the east. "Open the blinds," the doctor said; he held in one hand a limp little wrist, and in the other his watch. A feeble little sigh the baby gave, then another, the father placed an arm around the poor young mother by his side, and both stared in mute agony at the doctor's face. What did it mean? was it the last fluttering of the blessed little spirit ere it went up to God? Maria swiftly and silently opened blinds, lifted curtains and let

in the dawn. The doctor bent over the crib, scanned the little face, touched the round little cheek with his finger, then suddenly dropped the baby hand, and wiping the great beads from his forehead, said with such intensity as few had ever heard him speak, "Thank God."

"O doctor!" Mrs. Carleton said, that afternoon, as she wiped the hot, thankful tears from her eyes, and baby Muff lay on her lap, white as a snow wreath and weak as a feather, but smiling a faint little smile of recognition, whenever her eyes sought her mother's face. "You have given her back to us from the grave; what can we say to you? I feel as though I could only say, over and over again, God bless you."

Dr. Raynor turned suddenly away from the little group and paced the floor. Not for a moment had he left the baby yet, but now even he was beginning to breathe freely. He came back after a moment and spoke in low, hoarse tones, —

"Mrs. Carleton I cannot endure these un-

merited thanks, you have nothing to thank me for. I have an awful confession to make. I am almost the murderer of your child. I made a fearful mistake; I put into those drops a deadly poison. Had I come here twenty minutes later, or had some other doctor come who would not have comprehended at a glance my awful blunder, and so have used just the remedies, she would have died. As it is, it seems to me a miracle has saved her. Now hear my explanation. I had been drinking brandy. I have boasted that I could take it without its affecting my nerves or my brain. I thought I could. I was mistaken; it never affected me before. I suppose I took ten drops too much. I cannot ask you to forgive me. I cannot expect that you will; but in this fearful way have my eyes been opened to see my terrible mistake, and in this past fearful night I have taken my resolution. I will never touch another drop of intoxicating liquors again, so help me God."

There was a moment of solemn silence, then Mr. Carleton laid his hand on the doctor's shoulder.

"We have all been mistaken," he said. "There is no such thing as being fanatics in this matter. May God help you even as he has me."

And the mother, while hot tears dropped on the baby's dress, murmured, "Amen."

MISS AUGUSTA'S TRIUMPH.

THE likeness is as good perhaps as a colorless picture of the human face and form can be; yet after all, you gather from it very little idea of Miss Augusta Reynolds' fascinations. You should have seen her on that New Year's morning to have appreciated her. She was very beautiful, others besides Mr. Henry Warden knew that; then, she understood all those bewildering and bewitching little accessories of the toilet, that have the knack of throwing around very common-place looking people a kind of glamour. So when Miss Augusta flashed before her guests, lips and cheeks all aglow with

the sparkle of a thousand delightful thoughts, rich brown hair in a perfect bewilderment of friz and ripple, finishing its fascination with one long, graceful, natural curl falling half-way to her waist; when to all these attractions were added a wonderful silken dress of just that peculiar shade of blue that was created purposely for her dazzling pink and white complexion, finished at neck and wrists with soft, full, foamy laces, falling back sufficiently to reveal the delicate finely wrought necklace and bracelets, gifts from papa Reynolds that very New Year's morning; do you wonder that they — her guests — looked upon her as the very princess of all bewitchments?

Ring, ring, ring! Many friends had the Reynolds, at least they had many New Year's calls; to be sure, truth compels us to tell, that there came hosts of people who never saw them from one New Year's day to another, whom they never saw at other times, and had no desire to see; but what of that? It was New

Year's day, and people must be social and friendly and forget petty distinctions — so the tide came and went, half a dozen *friends* (?) at a time, bowed themselves in, said what a remarkably pleasant day it was, what crowds of people were out — between the sentences sipped a swallow or two of wine, nibbled a crumb or two of cake, which thing their souls were beginning to loathe, and rushed madly off, lest Tom, or Dick, or Harry should get ahead of them, and count up more calls at night than they. Occasionally there was a lull after their departure, sufficiently long for Miss Augusta to remark what insufferable bores that last set were, and Miss Helen to yawn and wish it was dinner time, and then the bell rang again. So much for friendship.

Well, the day waned, and Miss Augusta was waxing anxious over the non-appearance of one Mr. Warden. Was it possible that he of all the young gentlemen of their acquaintance could be going to pass them by? The only one, to state the plain truth, that she honestly cared to see!

“There he is, Augusta!” exclaimed Miss Helen, who was only seventeen, and delightfully frank and girlish.

“There who is?” queried Miss Augusta, who was twenty, and spoke with a sublime indifference. “One would think, to hear you, Helen, that there was but one gentleman in the world.”

Nevertheless, her cheek took a pinker tinge as the opening door revealed Judge Edwards, Judge Harlow, and Mr. Warden. Odd taste for the young lawyer to join these two gray haired judges in making social calls, but Mr. Warden was odd about many things, not the least among them being the possession of considerable common sense. They said not a word about the weather, nor the number of calls that they had made; they were even guilty of referring to last evening's lecture, and wasted five minutes of the precious day in an animated discussion on the lecturer's theme. They begged and entreated that they might be excused from even a nibble

of the elegant cake, Judge Harlow protesting that he should have the dyspepsia for a week to atone for looking at so many different varieties of spice and fruit and frosting. A swallow of wine they would take, at least the two judges would, in memory of old times and old friendship — not that they were in the habit of indulging in that way — oh, no; but then it was New Year's, and they smiled, and sipped the rare old wine as if it were a thing to enjoy. But Mr. Warden courteously, gracefully, yet positively declined the sparkling goblet. Judge Edwards laughed, and regarded the young gentleman with good humored amusement as he said, —

“Now, Miss Augusta, if you succeed in persuading that young man out of his obstinacy you will bear off the palm, for we have been *everywhere*, haven't we, Harlow? and he has resisted with the utmost composure, all sorts of bewitching invitations and entreaties.”

Miss Augusta was piqued; such a little thing to deny her in the presence of those gentlemen,

actually challenging her power over him! Meantime, the two elder gentlemen turned away and addressed themselves to Miss Helen, and at this particular moment our artist has chosen to give Miss Augusta Reynolds to the world. If you notice the picture you will see how bewitchingly the syren bends forward, glowing goblet in hand, and with what earnest eyes she proffers her petition, —

“Mr. Warden, will you not touch your lips to the glass in token of friendship? It is an old and time-honored custom, you know.”

If she had known what the odor of that rare old wine was to him, how quickly she would have dashed it from her. As it was, he waved it from him, with a repellent gesture, and spoke almost haughtily, —

“It is a custom that is much more highly honored in the breach than in the observance, in my opinion. Pardon me, Miss Augusta, but it is a matter of principle with me.”

What evil spirit possessed the beautiful temp-

ter at that moment. In her heart she was conscious of honoring him, nay of being proud of his manhood. And yet—Judge Edwards had sat down again to await the slower movements of his companions, and with face turned a little aside, was not seeming to notice them, but Miss Augusta saw that he was conscious of every movement, though not within sound of their low voices. An overwhelming desire to exhibit before this old man her power over the younger one seized upon her and silenced every other feeling. Again she fixed those beautiful pleading eyes on her victim's face, and spoke in soft, low tones,—

“I never offer wine except on New Year's day, and never *then*, very earnestly, to people in general, but I confess to you that I have a little bit of superstition in my veins, and the old fancy of making the wine cup a pledge of future friendship and good wishes, possesses me just now; won't you *just* touch your lips to the edge, to humor *me*, you know?”

Did she or did she not know that there were moments in which this wise and sensible young man felt that he would throw himself from the edge of a precipice a hundred feet deep, just to humor her? One of these insane moments possessed him now. A glow outrivaling the wine overspread his face, he took the dainty silver thing from the fair outstretched hand and merely saying, —

“You tempt me too severely, Miss Augusta,” raised it to his lips and drained it to the bottom. A low chuckle sounded from Judge Edwards’ corner.

“Well done, Miss Augusta!” he said playfully. “If I were not an old man, and a very weary one, I’d travel back and give Miss Cornelia Vaughn an account of this victory. You should have seen how scornfully this young gentleman resisted her persuasions not an hour ago.”

A triumphant smile lighted up Miss Augusta’s face. Miss Vaughn was her one an-

noyance, her one rival not only in society, but in something that was far more to her than society — the attentions of Mr. Warden. To have succeeded where *she* had failed was a double victory. As for Mr. Warden, he seemed to have not another word to offer on any subject, not even a farewell did he vouchsafe, other than a hurried bow, then he strode away, as if in haste and excitement.

You consider Miss Reynolds a heartless, unprincipled, scheming girl? She was nothing of the sort; heartless, most certainly she was not; she never came in Mr. Warden's vicinity without being almost painfully conscious of that fact. Her education had been that of a young lady of wealth and fashion, her ideas had been modeled after that stamp of the world. On the question of temperance she could hardly be said to have any distinct ideas, save, of course, that drunkenness was a low, debasing folly, marking the man who was guilty of it as belonging to a lower class of beings, not

worthy to be admitted to "our set." In short, she belonged to that large, and it would seem almost constantly increasing class, of young ladies in fashionable society, who, while they have brains of their own, allow themselves to be treated like puppets, and moulded into fashion plates, after the generally accepted model. All Miss Augusta's views concerning the case in question can be gathered from the brief conversation which she held with her sister Helen, between the calls.

"I wouldn't have done that, Gussie, if I had been you," Miss Helen said, with a flash of earnestness in her bright eyes; and Miss Augusta answered, while a dreamy smile stole over her face, —

"I doubt very much whether you *could* have done it, Nellie."

That was just all she thought about it; to prove her power. A glass of wine, or a glass of ink, it was one and the same to her

so that she could prove to herself, that what Mr. Warden would not do for others, he would do for *her*.

Mr. Reynolds, senior, stamped and brushed and puffed in the hall, and rubbed his hands between his spells of divesting himself of muffler and overcoat and snow-shoes. Finally he made his appearance in the little gem of a library, whither the family had betaken themselves, the daughters to rest after the fatigues of the day, and to chat with their invalid mother.

“It’s a perfect fury of a night,” he said, as they made room for him in the little circle. “Snow blows all ways at once, apparently — absolutely blinding, and growing colder every minute; but I don’t know but the weather is in keeping with the appearance of the people. I haven’t seen as many drunken men in a year as I have to-night. It’s sickening. I declare I don’t know about this New Year business. I’ve half a mind to banish the wine

from my table, just for the sake of the fools who cannot let it alone. Mrs. Henry and Mrs. Allen treated us to hot coffee in the place of it, and the idea seemed to suit just as well."

"But it looks so queer," murmured the pale-faced mother, whose grown-up son was "making a fool of himself" in a down town saloon.

"Yes, I know it's queer, but I've been astonished to-night; — respectable people — men whom you would imagine to be above such folly, seem to forget themselves entirely on New Year's day. Why, whom do you think they carried home from Harter's drinking saloon in an absolutely beastly condition? Young Warden, the lawyer, that everybody considers such a remarkably talented young man. I never was so astonished in my life. Augusta, what in the world is the matter with you? you're as pale as a ghost! I guess the day's work has been too much for you. Will you have some wine?"

Almost inaudible was Miss Augusta's refusal, and her good nights were said almost immediately. There were some hot tears shed that night.

Although Miss Reynolds did not in the least object to wine, she, in common with many others, had no admiration for common drunkards who were carried home from saloons in beastly conditions. With the morning, however, came quieter thoughts. Her idol had fallen, to be sure, but it was only once; his temptations must have been great and peculiar; it would not be likely to occur again, especially as she should certainly take pains to show her displeasure. So when she met him on Broadway in the afternoon, wearing a ghastly, haggard face, she ignored his existence until the very last moment, and then passed him with one of those intensely frigid bows, that are the nearest approach to no recognition at all, that polite people allow themselves to be guilty of. He did not call during the evening, as she had hoped he would, in his misery, and on the Thursday suc-

ceeding New Year's she concluded his punishment had been severe enough, and wrote him the daintiest of little notes, on gracefully initialed, delicately perfumed paper:—

“Will Mr. Warden give us the pleasure of his company at dinner this evening, at seven o'clock, to meet a few *particular* friends, *very* informally, and oblige his friend,

“AUGUSTA L. REYNOLDS.”

In an hour after sending it she received the following hurriedly written response:—

“MISS REYNOLDS:—I must beg to decline your invitation to dinner. Since you have given me an opportunity to address you again, I have a few plain words to speak. Perhaps you may be interested to know that the only inheritance my father left me was the almost unconquerable appetite of a drunkard. You probably know that last New Year's evening I was drunk — I

use plain language. I am aware that it would be more graceful to say "intoxicated," but I am in no mood to pick my words, or hunt up smooth sounding language with which to describe the awful crime. Plainly, then, I was drunk, hopelessly, unfashionably so. It is not the first time. I have known what it is to roll in a gutter, and spend nights in the lock-up. Five years ago I made a resolution to reform. I signed a total abstinence pledge. I never from that day have tasted a drop of the cursed fire in any form, until you, on New Year's day, with the face and voice of an angel, tempted me to my ruin. If it is any satisfaction to you to know it, I may as well tell you that I believe no other human being could have had this power over me; that you were more to me then than the whole world combined; more even, God forgive me, than my solemn pledge wherein I called on him for aid. Perhaps you can have some faint idea of how strangely it struck me, that the only one that could have tempted me back into the drunkard's

hell on earth, was the one who was the first, and I may add the only person to cut my acquaintance. It seems you have repented. So have I. I never want to see you again, — I might say I never dare to; you wield too awful a power over me, and you do not scruple to use it. I am going away from this place. I have dissolved my business connection. I hope never to return here. God only knows whether the demon once more aroused within me will ever be exorcised this side of the grave. I have fought it day and night since I saw you last, and to fight it more successfully I want to put miles between you and me. I am glad of this opportunity to speak a word of pity in behalf of young men in general. You will consider mine an exceptional case. You do not know men as well as I do; you do not know how many hundreds just such exceptional cases there are in this very city; besides, if there were but one poor wretch here and there in danger, how are you ever going to know but it is to such an one you are sweetly

holding out the fatal cup? I implore you not to ruin others. If I have written harshly, may God forgive me; only He knows what I suffer. Good bye. HENRY D. WARDEN."

It is confidently reported in "their set" that Miss Augusta Reynolds is not going to set wine before her guests on this coming New Year's day.

BOTH SIDES.

“ O wad some Pow'r, the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us !
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.”

HE is a very earnest spoken man, son-in-law Willard's minister is; I like nothing better than to be in my arm-chair in the back parlor when he comes in of an evening. He does seem so full of life and courage like, and he's always powerful full of the particular thing that he has on hand to do just then; he half makes folks think that there ain't any thing else in the world worth tending to until that has been done and got out of the way. I like them kind of folks — they most take your breath away sometimes, especially when you are

over seventy, and getting used to moving kind of slow — but after all, them are the kind of people that get the work done ; and when they do it with a will, they always make me think of St. Paul, and his “ One thing I do.” Generally speaking I manage to keep somewhere in sight of Dr. Mather’s ideas, (that’s the minister’s name,) and feel like saying “ Amen ” to ’em all ; but the other evening when he got going on the temperance question, I’m free to confess that I thought he’d gone off on a tangent, and was straining at a gnat — though I couldn’t think of any camel he’d been trying to swallow. I never did think anybody could get ahead of me in talking about temperance, and I’d brought up my boy and my girls to go the whole length of the string, and I always thought they did, and their husbands with them, but this was a new idea -- it sort of staggered son-in-law Willard too --- he shook his head, and says he, “ I can’t see it in that light, Dr. Mather.”

“ The time is coming when you will,” says

Dr. Mather, all earnest like. "Temperance men have got to come round to that standpoint; and there's been a very great advance on that very subject within a few years; the churches are coming up to it. I hope our church will not be far behind."

"I believe," says son-in-law, "that the Lord can take care of his own."

"No doubt of it," says Dr. Mather, very quick, "no doubt of it; but the Lord has taught us to pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," and the question is, if we walk right into temptation with our eyes open, and do not seek to be delivered from the evils around us, whether the Lord has made any promise that he will pull us out?"

Says I— "for I couldn't keep still any longer, "What can the churches do? Do you think they ought to give up observing the communion?"

Dr. Mather turned to me right away. He must have a wonderful good mother, for he acts

as if he never laid eyes on an old woman but what he thought of his own mother, and he speaks so gentle and respectful as if I was a queen.

“By no means, dear madam,” says he. “I would never have our churches slight the Lord’s command, ‘Do this in remembrance of me;’ but I would have her use for the emblem of his precious blood something that is strength-giving in its nature, and not that which is the greatest weapon of death and misery and eternal destruction that we have in our midst.”

“But our Saviour drank the wine and blessed it?” says I.

“Yes, he did; but do you imagine it was the same kind of poison that we use now-days, and that it was to hundreds and thousands a curse and a fearful snare? I believe in the kind of wine that I think the Saviour used; but I don’t believe that it is essential to the proper celebration of the Lord’s Supper, any more than I believe that reclining on couches while we partake

of it, is essential. Our Saviour did that, you know?"

"But it wasn't that that he told them to do in remembrance of him," says I, seeing that son-in-law kept silent, and seemed to kind of expect me to speak.

"I don't know," says Dr. Mather, "you see it seems to me like this. Our Saviour sat with his disciples at table partaking of an ordinary meal. With them, in that land of grapes, the pure juice of the grape was in common use; it was to them a symbol of health and purity, as water is with us to-day, and our Saviour casting about him for some simple token of remembrance to give them, took the common every-day elements of food, bread and wine, just as I believe he would have done had their ordinary drink been pure water. We don't think he meant, 'When you meet to remember this ordinance, you must wear long flowing robes, as I do; you must remove your sandals and wash your feet, as I have done; you must re-

cline on couches, as I do;' nothing of the sort; we understand that our sympathetic Saviour—comprehending the weakness of our human nature—gave us a simple token connected with our every day life, that could be used in remembrance of him.”

It sounded reasonable, and yet when I thought of using anything but wine at the communion table, in spite of me it seemed kind of wicked.

“What do you want folks to use?” I asked him, for I thought I might as well learn all I could.

“Well,” he said, “I think eventually people will take pure cold water as an emblem of their faith. I hope to live to see the day when such will be the universal custom in the Church of Christ, but in the meantime, until that good day arrives, I am prepared to compromise. I want my church to join with me in procuring the pure, unfermented and therefore unintoxicating wine, that is now prepared expressly for

this use. I'm sorry that our communion occurs next Sabbath. I *did* hope never to set poison before our young men again. Why, Mr. Willard, only think of it; you and I working with all our might against wine, during the intervening two months, and then as pastor and officer, distributing it to our people as the emblem of all that is holy and blessed in our religion. Don't you think we must appear very inconsistent to lookers on?"

But son-in-law only shook his head. "I confess I can't see it in the light that you do," says he; "it's a new thing to me; perhaps I shall change my mind, but just now I must say I like to make the communion season the one occasion in which I make use of wine. I like to think I am using the very article our Saviour used when he instituted the supper."

"Which you are not doing at all," says Dr. Mather, with a very up and down kind of voice. "You are only using a vile mixture of half a dozen or more poisons, and calling them by

the same name. What's the objection to unfermented wines, Mr. Willard?"

"Well," says son-in-law, speaking slow, "I don't know that I'm right about it; but it seems to me like making a parade of goodness, making an unnecessary scene, and going to a great deal of trouble to do an unnecessary thing; because I can't help believing that if a man conscientiously tastes wines at such times only, the Lord will take care of him."

"Brother Willard, if you were a reformed drunkard, would you dare to try it?" I declare to you, our minister's voice sounded awful solemn when he said that.

"I don't know," says son-in-law, after a little while, "I don't know; I can't tell; but even then, Dr. Mather, even under such circumstances, don't you believe if I was sincere the Lord would help me?"

"I believe the Lord would honor your sincere attempt to keep out of temptation, by letting communion wine alone, but whether he

would work a miracle in your behalf every two months by enabling you to take then what would be deadly to you at any other time, I am not prepared to say. At least, if you were a reformed drunkard, I wouldn't like to be the one to pass the wine to you next Sabbath. But I didn't come to deliver a temperance lecture," says he, getting up with a little laugh, "only to make a short call, and to set your mind at work on the subject."

"I'm a temperance man out-and-out," says son-in-law, "and I thought I could go as far as anybody, but I must say you've got a little ahead of me; perhaps I shall come round to it, but I don't think I shall."

"I know you will," says Dr. Mather, shaking hands with him as hearty as if he had been his brother. "I know you will, brother, I haven't the least doubt of it, the Lord will show you just where you ought to stand; and mother here will pray for us all, that we may

be truly led of him, and not walk in our own ways;" and with that he got hold of my old hand and shook it warm and hearty, and went away.

We sat up and talked a bit after he was gone. Son-in-law and I agreed pretty well.

"I don't like any change," said he, "and I can't think it necessary; my mother and father drank wine at communion for fifty years, and they are both in heaven to-night; it may be foolish, but it seems to me I should like to have that one thing left unchanged as long as there is a church on earth."

"I feel about so," says I. "My John and I sat down to the Lord's Supper together so many times, and now he drinks it in 'in his Father's house,' and it does seem to me as if I shouldn't feel as if it was communion if they changed things around; and as for the wine that won't intoxicate, I feel as though that would make room for a good deal of talk, and not be necessary, for two or three drops won't intoxicate anybody."

And there we two old children sat and talked about "our *feelings*" as if they was all that was important anyhow, and duty hadn't a word to say about it.

The next Sunday was about the prettiest day ever I see; it was in the spring of the year, the first Sunday in May, and the robins were singing, and the air was full of the smell of buds and fresh earth and a few posies and all kinds of spring things. We were a very happy family that Sunday. John Willard was at home for the first time in five years. John Willard is my grandson, he was named for his grandfather, and he went wrong when he was nothing but a boy, and he had been a sore grief and pain; but he had got right again, and had been a man since then and done well in his business and in his character, and every way, and now he had come home to see us after five years, and we were all going to church together.

"Grandma," says he, as we were all going

down the steps, "you must take my arm to-day, father can't have all the honor," and so he helped me along the street, pretending to be proud of having his old grandmother lean on him, and I don't know as there was any pretend about it; if it is, my children and grandchildren keep it up a good while, and are very regular about it. He sat beside me in the pew, and I enjoyed the meeting. Dr. Mather's words seemed particularly good that day, and everything seemed so bright and sweet and still, and the smell of the white posies on the table didn't do no hurt. One thing made me sorry. I didn't know, but I kind of hoped our John had lately got to be a child of the kingdom.

I watched to see if he would eat at his Father's table; but he passed the cup to me very quick, as if he was in a hurry to have it all over with, and he didn't look comfortable and happy, but as if he was out of sorts with everything. I felt very sorry for him,

poor lamb! at the very gate of his Father's house, where there was food enough and to spare, and he staying outside, and I make no doubt, feeling hungry. I asked the Lord to give me a chance to speak a word to the dear boy that very day, if he could; and he arranged it for me beautiful. Daughter Sarah she had a sick headache and was lying down, and son-in-law was in and out of her room doing for her, and Helen she hadn't got home from her afternoon class — so there was a spell that John and I were all alone. I kind of hoped he would come and cuddle down on a stool and lay his head in my lap as he used to do before he went away; but he did not seem quiet enough for that, he took to walking up and down the room and looking sober. I thought maybe the Lord himself was speaking a word to him, so I kept still a while. By and by I said softly, —

“Did it seem nice, John, to be back in the old church once more, and have father and

mother in their places, and Helen in the choir, just as she used to be?"

He answered me quite quick and sharplike : "Grandmother, it didn't seem nice at all, and if I'd known what Sunday it was I'd not have gone inside the church; not I."

"What Sunday it was!" says I, all scared and fluttered. "Why, what does the poor daft laddie mean? It was a beautiful Sunday."

"I mean if I'd known it was what you call your communion Sunday. And, grandmother, I don't understand how good people like father and other men that I saw there to-day do so wicked a thing as to pass around that cup full of poison."

"Poor lamb!" says I, "if you only knew what it made us think of, the shed blood of our Saviour."

"If you only knew what it made *me* think of," says he, speaking very stern and harsh. "Of rumholes, and street brawls, and drunken

sleeps in gutters, and crime and horrors of all sorts. I know all about it. I've slept in a gutter, grandmother, young as I am. I've been to the bottom of misery, lower than you think, and I've crawled out and tried to become a man. I've made a vow that I never would touch, taste, nor handle the cursed thing again; that I would keep away from places where it was to be seen or smelled, as I would from pest houses. And to think that I should have to pass it to my own mother; that I should have to sit still and see my father passing the emblem of death to those young boys in the seat in front of us. I wish he had any idea of how terrible it looked to me. Oh, I shall have to flee the church, I see, as well as hotels and saloons and fashionable parties. Why, grandmother, much as I hate the serpent that ruined me, I could cling to it yet. I could have taken that cup and drunk every drop in it; and when the smell of it whiffed up into my face, I had precious hard work

not to do it. You see it will never do for me to be a Christian. I shall have to remain with the goats outside, because I can't stand the awful temptation with which you good Christian people assail a man."

He almost took my breath away, he spoke so loud and fast. I felt dumfounded. I didn't seem to know a word to say — but the door into the next room was open, and it seems that son-in-law Willard had come in a spell before and sat down there; just then he came out. He looked awful pale, but he walked straight up to John, who had stopped tramping back and forth and stood looking out of the window. He laid his hand on John's arm, and says he, —

"I see it all, John, as plain as day; when the thing comes right home to my own boy, it opens my eyes right away, and I can see that I've been mistaken. I'll never do it again, my son, *never*. Your own father won't put temptation before you, either in the church or out of it."

And I found that my feelings had all got

changed too. And that was the way that son-in-law Willard came over so sudden to the minister's side. And that's the reason why, when I am visiting at my son John Porter's, and go to church with them on communion Sunday, when the wine is passed to me I shut my lips tight, and I pray the Lord to open the eyes of that dear people of his, quick, before any poor lamb is tempted so that he can't bear it. Because, you see, there may be a good many boys like our John.

“STAMP ON IT.”

HIS boy's name is Johnny Wilder; and he certainly has a name that fits him exactly, for a wilder boy of his age would be hard to find. He is tall for his age, and rather wise looking, but he is really only a few years old, and whether he is wise acting or not, can be judged by reading this history.

He is never content with the army of playthings, such as kites, and balls, and sleds, and drums, that reasonable boys delight in, but is forever on the look out for something new and strange, and queer to play with.

On this particular day of which I write, his hopes had centered on a box of matches. Now,

of all horrid things to play with, one would think these were the worst; why, their very smell is enough to make one sick. Not so, thought Johnny Wilder. The match box had been carelessly left on a chair by the grate, and he had the room to himself, so he decided to experiment.

Fizz! went one of the matches on the hot grate, and Johnny laid it cautiously down upon the carpet. He had no intention of setting the house on fire. Not he! he meant to be very careful. It sputtered a little, and smouldered a little, and finally went out. "I don't believe carpets will burn," said this philosopher, wisely. "They're too woolly; I might as well light a good many of these matches, and get a good blaze. I'll blow it with the bellows, as mother does, and it will be real fun, and when the matches are burned up, the fire will all go out, I know it will."

No sooner said than done. Johnny emptied the whole box full out on the carpet, and

lighted one at the grate and laid it carefully on the pile. It was fine fun, of course. They snapped, and sputtered, and blazed, and Johnny giggled, and blew little puffs at them with his bellows, and fed the flame with bits of paper from his pocket, and was so excited and happy that he did not discover that the carpet, woolly though it was, had been coaxed into burning, and there was fast getting to be a royal flame. Alas for Johnny and Johnny's home — if some one wiser than he does not come to his rescue!

At that moment two doors opened from opposite directions — Johnny's mother, brush in hand, came from the kitchen to brush up the hearth, and tidy the room; and Johnny's father came from the hall to rest himself a few minutes before dinner.

What a look of horror there was on that mother's face! Fire! Their pretty little home in danger! Johnny in danger! She was very quick to think and speak, —

“*Stamp on it, John!*” were the eager words

that came instantly to mind, and almost before they were spoken, the father's great, strong foot was stamping vigorously on the floor, smothering it, crushing it out, and leaving a smoking, black hole it is true, but that was better than a flame.

Such a lecture as Johnny had! How he was shut up in the bed-room for an hour! How he cried! How fully he was convinced that it was a very wicked thing to light even one match to play with!

At the dinner table, that day, the story was told to Uncle Henry who was visiting them, and to Fred Wilder, the oldest son of the house. Told with many shakings of the head at poor little shame-faced Johnny; who after all, was only thoughtless and ignorant, and had intended no harm. And Fred laughed, and said, —

“What will that boy do next, mother?” Then, in the same breath, as he passed his glass, “a little more wine, if you please, father.” And while his father composedly filled the glass, mother, feeling sorry for very red-faced little

Johnny, helped him to a large brandy peach, with a liberal supply of juice to comfort him.

“I was thoroughly frightened,” Mr. Wilder said. “Why, houses have been burned to the ground many a time, with less of a start than this one had. I don’t believe I should have had presence of mind enough to know what to do, if Jane hadn’t spoken as she did. ‘Stamp on it, John!’ she screamed, the minute she saw the fire, and that was what saved us.”

Uncle Henry glanced from father to mother significantly, —

“Will no one say it now?” he asked, earnestly.

“What?” said Mr. Wilder, laying down his fork, and looking at his brother-in-law.

“This fire — and this one,” said Uncle Henry, pointing first to the glass of wine, and then to the brandy peach. “Haven’t bodies and souls been lost many a time with less of a start than this?”

“Oh!” said Mr. Wilder, coolly, “you and I don’t agree on that point, you know.”

"The fire will burn all the same though, whether we both agree that it is going to or not."

"I don't see any signs of danger," Mrs. Wilder said, sharply.

"No; and I haven't an idea that Johnny did. I don't suppose the carpet caught fire at first."

"It didn't," Johnny answered eagerly, understanding about the carpet and nothing else. "The matches burned and burned, and the carpet didn't a bit. I thought it wouldn't because it was woolly, and I didn't see it begin, at all."

"I suppose not," answered Uncle Henry; "but, I tell you what it is, I've seen fires begin and go on to the bitter end, burning up both body and soul, and the beginning was much smaller than that peach on Johnny's plate, and if there had only been somebody to say, 'Stamp on it, John,' and somebody to see the danger and obey, souls could have been saved."

Johnny looked soberly down at his peach in

innocent wonder, but John the elder understood, and said shortly,—

“I ain’t afraid.”

“Neither was Johnny. If he had been, the mischief would never have been done.”

“No,” said Johnny, bent on proving himself innocent. “I wasn’t afraid, ’cause I thought it wasn’t any harm. I didn’t know that it would make a big black hole.”

“Do you mean to say that you think there is any parallel?” his father asked, speaking almost angrily.

“No,” answered Uncle Henry, solemnly. “I can hardly call it one, because if you had not been there to promptly stamp on the fire, Johnny’s body, it is true, would have been burned, whereas in this other fire, the poor souls are only more utterly blackened and ruined than the bodies.”

Meantime, Fred Wilder had drained his glass and left the table, with a contemptuous face, and Uncle Henry sadly pondered whether it

were not even now too late to stamp on the fire kindled in *his* brain, and also marvelled over the strange world in which he lived, and the strange man with whom he had been talking, who could grow so excited over Johnny's little fire of matches, to burn the carpet and house, and yet could deliberately, with his own hand, light the torch and feed the flame that was likely to burn on and on until it reached that point "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

NOT FOR SALE.

SUCH a cosy little breakfast room as it was! Clean and sweet and shining. The polished stove shone like a mirror — the coffee-pot glistened while it sent up puffs of delicious smelling steam. The table was set for two and a half, that is, you might so estimate the number; it was a little table, but there were two good sized stoneware plates laid on the crisp clean table cloth — one opposite the other, — but midway between the two, there was a tidy bright tin plate, lettered all around the edge, by its side a very shiny tin mug, and near at hand a high wooden chair. Father and mother and a piece of a man or woman, you would have said, were going to sit down presently at that table. They thought differently,

Mr. and Mrs. Burns. Father and mother? Yes, they would have agreed with you in that, very pleasant, happy looking people; but the rosy lipped, bright eyed, wondering morsel that father Burns carries in his arms, means all the rest of the world to them — at least, all that is worth making much mention of. They came in just now to the waiting breakfast. It is early morning yet, but these two are hard working people, and have not even waited for the prompt and business like sun to set them an example in the day's race. Breakfast has been waiting some minutes, while Mr. Burns put some vigorous strokes into the obstinate stump of wood that he meant should do the day's baking; then, there were his hands to wash and the boy to lift down from his perch on the wood pile; first the strap must be untied that kept him from traveling too far in any direction, then father must set him on his feet and stand back about two inches, until the mother should see baby give his prodigious jump

into his father's arms, then all went in triumph to the table.

"George," said Mrs. Burns, as she passed her husband his cup of coffee, "isn't next Tuesday election?"

"Next Tuesday week," George answered, feeding the morsel with bits of bread dipped in milk.

"Pretty soon the boy will be going to the polls to vote his ticket. What do you think of that, mother?"

"I hope he'll vote for the right man," said the smiling mother.

"Aye, that he will. You'll drop the ticket in the right place; won't you, my man?"

"Da, da, da," said the "Young America" thus addressed, making a vigorous dash after the butter plate as if it were an unscrupulous office seeker.

"Mrs. Jones says," continued the little mother, "that John Dicks and Henry Wilson are both going to vote for Esquire Peters."

The admiring look with which Mr. Burns was regarding his son faded from his face — his brow clouded — he took several bites of bread and butter in stern silence.

“Then they are going to vote against their own bodies and souls, to say nothing of their children,” he said at last in grave, firm tones. “I can’t believe it of them, they’ve both been through too much to turn their backs on themselves in that fashion.”

“But Esquire Peters has influence, you know, and money and all that. Mrs. Jones says they say they’ve got to, so they can keep their places.”

“What of it?” answered Mr. Burns, still sternly. “What if he has got money, they’ve got heads and brains; why don’t they use them? If I was a man, I’d be one, and not be a machine to be wound up and set going by Esquire Peters or any other man.”

Mrs. Burns took a swallow of coffee, with eyes meanwhile bent thoughtfully on her husband, then she said,—

“It will bother you in your business some, won’t it, George, not to vote for him?”

It was surprising what a very stern look *could* come into Mr. Burns’ clear eyes; he raised them slowly from his plate and fixed them on his wife, and his voice also was stern as he asked in slow, measured tones,—

“Jane, is it possible you would have me vote for Mr. Peters?”

“The boy” puckered his lips at the strange voice, and was half inclined to cry, but in his mother’s voice there was a sound very like a chuckle of triumph as she answered him, “Never, George, *never*.”

And then the thoughts of both went suddenly back to a time not so very far distant, when that same bright room in which they sat looked so utterly unlike its present self that you never would have imagined it to be the same. It had been a drunkard’s home! Mrs. Burns shivered as she thought of those days of misery, when there had been no

brightness to the old cracked stove, no cloth for the three-legged table leaning against the wall, only old rags and rimless hats in the now clear paned window, nothing but poverty and degradation, nothing to look forward to but a drunken husband staggering home from the miserable grog shop where he had spent his earnings. An old story, old enough and often enough repeated, in story, and in reality, but not so old that Mrs. Burns had forgotten just how it had been to live it.

Vote for Esquire Peters, when they knew it made little difference to him how many such miserable mockeries of home there were, nor how much he did for the manufacture of such homes!

Not that she was afraid for her husband.

Oh, no; she knew in whose strong arm he trusted; but weren't there other husbands and brothers and sons all around them? and then there was "the boy," should they do anything in the most remote degree to help on

the foe that might some day come to ruin *him*, even as it had well nigh ruined his father? And at this point she repeated with stronger emphasis than before, "*Never, never.*"

An hour later, George Burns was at work at his forge, making the hot sparks fly right and left; he liked that work, there was such luxury in bringing down the full force of his strong, brawny arm on the anvil, and remembering the time when it was so weak it could hardly lift the hammer, and trembled like a child's.

Down the street in the direction of his shop came Esquire Peters, a tall, well dressed gentleman, two companions with him, their business, all three, that of becoming in a sense not meant by St. Paul, "all things to all men," for was not election day near at hand, and was not Esquire Peters running for office? Mr. Burns saw them, and pounded away with greater vigor than before, nor stopped until they were close upon him, Es-

quire Peters at his side, smiling and cordial, holding out his hand to the honest coal begrimed one in friendly greeting. Much they hindered George Burns that morning. Several times he wondered if their business could be more important than his was, and if they were ever coming to the point. Still they talked of the best method of horse shoeing, of how superior every one knew Mr. Burns' work was in that line, as in all others connected with his business. "Until after election," said Mr. Burns to himself grimly, and answered nothing.

Finally, in Esquire Peter's blandest tone, "I suppose you are prepared to do your duty by your country in the coming struggle?"

"I mean to try to," answered George, with a firm set of his lips. And Esquire Peters' tones grew smoother still.

"I've no doubt of it; you have always had that name in the past."

Now be it known that the sturdy blacksmith had had no such name in the days of

his darkness, and he remembered it well; so he set his lips more firmly, and made no answer, and Esquire Peters plunged into the main object of his call.

“Of course you will remember an old friend in your vote. I believe you and I have always been good friends, George. I can count on your name, can I?”

“I don’t know about that,” said George Burns, sturdily. “There is such a thing as liking people well enough, and not liking their principles, nor helping them along. Your principles and mine, on some things, wouldn’t be alike, Esquire Peters.”

“Oh, I don’t know—I don’t know—we may agree better than you think; perhaps we don’t fully understand each other. The fact is, George, I have always thought a good deal of you. I’m glad you’re doing so well in your business, and I’m anxious to help you along. We ought to help each other in this world as much as we can, you know. Now,

I have one or two friends, who have, in the course of a year, a great deal of business that they could throw into your hands. I've been writing to them about you, and I have their answer here; just look at it, Mr. Burns; you see at once what they pledge themselves to do, and all we ask in return is your vote in the coming election."

Whereupon Esquire Peters handed the blacksmith an open letter, and one of his companions dropped a word of assistance.

"You haven't given Mr. Burns his invitation, Esquire?"

"Oh, surely, no; it almost slipped my mind. Mr. Burns, I expect to entertain a few of my friends at Riley's hotel this evening, and we count upon you as one of the number. We shall have plenty of good wine and brandy; mean to have a good time generally. May we expect you?"

The red blood rose slowly in George Burns' face, mounted up to his very hair, and his

eyes gathered ten-fold their morning sternness. He slowly folded the letter and handed it back to Esquire Peters, speaking meantime with great deliberation.

“I’m not for sale, sir. You’ve mistaken your man. I hold that I’m a free citizen; that I have as much right to choose the men I mean to vote for as you have, and that it is as much of a disgrace for you to try to buy my conscience as it would be for me to try to buy yours. I didn’t mean to vote for you, Esquire Peters, because you uphold the thing that almost ruined me, body and soul. I won’t vote for any man who don’t go with all his might against rum. I can’t, as a Christian, as a man who has a boy at home to be saved; and if I *had* meant to vote for you, after this talk, I’d take it back, ten times over, because I hold that you’ve done two mean things since you stood here—you have tried to buy my vote with the promise of more work, and that’s mean enough, but it’s

twenty-five times meaner to try to buy me with brandy; try to ruin me body and soul. You know what I've been; I'm a reformed drunkard; that's what I am; I sold myself for rum once, but I've been bought back, and I'm not for sale again. I mean to vote like a man, not like a piece of furniture that can be bought at a bargain. No, sir; I couldn't vote for you if I knew you would ruin my trade and bring me to beggary if I didn't. I don't know but you will, but that has nothing to do with the question. I can stand beggary. I've been there once for the sake of rum, and I reckon it won't be any harder to bear, for the sake of conscience. Them's my sentiments. No, sir. *I'm not for sale!*"

And the sturdy blacksmith turned again to his pounding. A dozen times during this address of his had the amazed Esquire Peters attempted to interrupt him; but his voice had grown firmer and stronger with every sentence, and the instant he ceased the blows

began to fall on the anvil thick and fast, and the louder Esquire Peters tried to talk the more tremendously did that ponderous hammer come down, until words and courage were drowned in the noise, and honest George Burns was left alone in his manliness.

MIKE DONOVAN'S LOOKING-GLASS.

GREAT, broad-shouldered, roguish-looking Mike. Irish, from the crown of his curly red head, to the soles of his bare feet. There he sat of a summer morning, among the reeds and grasses, bare feet tucked under him, leaning on his doubled-up fists, looking down into the still, cool, smiling water. Mike's white teeth gleamed, and his eyes danced with delight. Something pleasant had occurred to him.

“It's me very own, too,” he chuckled, “and that's the best of it; faith and I'd like to see the body that owned a shinier one; got a frame, too,

all green and pretty; wouldn't me father have a time of it a trying to smash this with his fist! Sure, and he might double it up and pound with all his might, and it would just laugh back at him. Mike's got a looking-glass this time that it will be rather hard to break, and he'd have a bit of trouble about lugging it to the corner to swap for whiskey. Shure, and I'm ahead of him this time."

Whereupon, Mike Donovan laughed outright, and leaned farther over, to get another view of his broad, freckled face in the clear stream, ere he retraced his steps to the Donovan mansion. This was of a sort that has been seen so many times that it hardly needs much description, — a low, two-roomed hovel, with old hats and old rags in place of window glass, a wreck of a stove in one corner, choking the air with smoke, rickety chairs, a more rickety table, and a heap of ill-smelling rags, called a bed. A drunkard's home, common enough places in this free American country of ours, so common, and so well

approved that cultured Christian gentlemen vote to perpetuate them! Poor Mike Donovan didn't know this, or he would hardly have struggled so hard to become a gentleman, for he hated rum with the hatred of one who has been stung with its poisonous fangs. There was an old shed back of this delightful abode, wherein Mike slept and hid his treasures. Once he had possessed a shilling looking-glass, the gift of a good-hearted pedlar, which gift had been Mike's pride and joy. He had spent hours in admiring the lovely contortions into which he could twist his broad, red face. He had made his glass reflect the sky and the grass and the trees. Indeed, I don't think I can make you understand what a comfort-the bit of glass was to this comfortless, friendless boy, because you probably have many valuables, and he had just this one. But one luckless day it came to grief. He had neglected to hide it under the straw in the corner where he slept, and his father, being seized with overpowering thirst, looked about

him for something with which to quench that thirst, and in another hour the treasured glass had been swallowed ; that is, figuratively speaking. Boody who kept the corner rum-hole could have told you about it ; he carried on his respectable business, and took his pay in looking-glasses, or Bibles or bread — anything that came handy, it made no difference to Boody. He had a license, of course it was all right. Poor Mike ! loud and bitter were his lamentations, but that was some months ago. Times had changed since that day ; he had another treasure now, a smooth, white paper, with a bright red border ; and the paper certified that Michael Donovan was a member of the society of Safe Guards, and their pledge was strong, to touch not, taste not, handle not. It was a quiet little society. The Mr. Boodies of the village sneered at it, the aristocratic portion of the town smiled loftily and called it child's play, or else shook their aristocratic heads and said children should not be allowed to trifle with so sacred a thing as a pledge, and solemnly sipped their wines.

Still the society moved quietly, softly, firmly on its way, and very proud was Mike, to be enrolled as a member of the Guards. Another delight had just come to him, in the discovery of a grand looking-glass, not a dozen rods from his own door — the great, clear smiling lake, that showed him his face and imitated every movement more faithfully than the bit of shilling glass had ever done; no wonder he chuckled, he seemed to himself to have found another friend.

It was the very next morning after his discovery that he was chopping up a bit of the garden fence for wood, when he heard his father grumbling, with that delicious unconsciousness of having brought his troubles on himself that people of his stamp are apt to possess.

“A fellow might break his neck in this house, and no chance to look in the glass to fix it. I’ve got a stick in me eye, I know I have by the feel of it, and never a way to find out or to keep it from working through to me brain, and so killing me, and it’s little anybody cares if I

should do that same, anyhow, and me with me eye black and blue for the want of a sight at it."

Mike paused with his axe in the air, and thought a minute, then dropped it suddenly, with a low chuckle.

"I'll jist give him a peek at himself in a hurry," he giggled as he burst into the main room.

"Father, it's me that's got a jewel of a looking-glass; if you'll come with me a bit I'll give you a sight of yourself as is worth seeing."

Mike Donovan, senior, gave him an incredulous stare. "You got another glass?" he said at last. "I don't belave it, it's jist some of your stuff and nonsense; if you've got one, bring it here."

"Indade, thin, and I'll not do that same. I'll kape no more of me looking-glasses in the house; you know yourself that it's not safe for 'em, but I'll give you a sight at it if you'll come with me for a bit."

By dint of a little further coaxing he prevailed

on this aimless man to hunt up his ragged hat and follow the steps of his eager son in search of the new looking-glass. Brimming with mischief Mike bounded over the grassy slope that led to the shore, and finally turned his triumphant face to his father.

“There now, what did I tell you? Did ever you see the likes of that for a glass? You can see every hair of your head standing up by themselves, and count 'em too.”

Then he waited for his father's outburst of mirth, or wrath, whichever way the whim of the moment seized him; but Mike the elder was neither angry nor mirthful; other thoughts had taken possession of him; he stood looking down into the clear, shining water, with a grave, thoughtful face. What a red-nosed, blear-eyed, ragged, forlorn-looking wretch it revealed to him! He could remember the time when he was called the neatest, most respectable looking young Irishman in the town. In those days he worked well and faithfully, had his wages

regularly of a Saturday night, and looked trim and fresh every Sunday morning. Times had changed since then, to be sure. Who thought of trusting drunken Mike to do a piece of work now days? It was long since he had taken a quiet, sober look at himself, and the effect was subduing.

Something in his father's face kept the young Mike silent until the poor old fellow spoke slowly and meditatively, still looking steadily into the water. "Mike, my boy, I'm glad you hate the old villain of a whiskey bottle, — I'm right glad of it; there's a difference in our looks, to be sure, though I was likely enough once, your mother will tell you that; but the old serpent got hold of me, and a poor piece of work he has made of me. You let it alone, and you'll never come to look like your father."

"Why don't you hate it, too, father?" Mike questioned in subdued, half tremulous tones. This matter lay very near his heart.

"Ah, it's meself that wishes I could do that

same, but it's no use to talk of that, there's no getting away from the ould baste; he's got me fast. Who'd believe old drunken Mike was in earnest if he tried ever so hard?"

Young Mike carried a sober face around with him the rest of the day. Considerable wood was split, but very little whistling done, and in the middle of the afternoon, he suddenly dropped his axe, seized his jacket and whisked out of Mr. Smith's back yard, around the corner, down to the public square, where he threaded his way among the wagons and people, elbowed himself through the long, handsome store, and by means best known to himself, managed presently to stand before Mr. Smith. That gentleman glanced up from his columns of figures with a far-away look in his eyes, his thoughts evidently still on his work.

"Well, Mike," he said, "wood all split already?"

"No, sir, but me father wants to reform."

This sudden announcement might have been

joyful news to Mr. Smith, if he had been less acquainted with the character of the said father, but unfortunately, he was thoroughly posted as to the resolutions of Mike Donovan, senior, and had about as much faith in them as he would have had if they had been made of air. A less noble-hearted man than Mr. Smith would have laughed contemptuously, and worked on at his figures; but Mr. Smith answered promptly, —

“Is that so, my boy? then you and I must help him.”

“Yes, sir,” said Mike, simply.

It is a great compliment to a man, when a boy as sharp as Mike Donovan was, says, “yes, sir,” and waits for the thing to be done. Well for Mike, that Mr. Smith still believed in the “seventy times seven” rule of action, and though his faith might be weak, yet he still had enough of it to say to himself, “who knows after all but that this is God’s time to work, and he may have called me to help him.”

Behold old drunken Mike, as he was familiarly called, installed the very next morning in the grand corner store, for what purpose, it would have been difficult for the owner of it to tell. Mike's brains were too muddled with rum to be good for anything at carrying messages or goods, even if it had been safe to allow him to pass the rum-holes in which the aristocratic town abounded. His hands were too shaky to do any of the porter's work, and he was much too ridiculous looking an object to be placed behind the counter. It was a question that puzzled Mr. Smith all day, how to employ a man who was able to do none of his work, and who longed for nothing so much as a chance to go and get drunk; for, truth to tell, old Mike's desires after reformation, never very strong at the best, were considerably fainter than they had been while he stood surveying himself in his son's looking-glass.

Now I wish I had space to tell you of the

bewildering times that these two people had for the next few weeks, the employer and the employed — (I hardly know which was the most in need of pity); of the times in which Mr. Smith said despairingly, “it really is of no sort of use, the man is too far gone, I shall have to drop him,” and then was deterred from doing so, by some clumsy effort to help, on the part of the poor old fellow, or by the look of quiet assurance in young Mike’s satisfied eyes (it is something, you know, to feel that somebody expects you to succeed in your efforts); or perhaps that persistent old sentence would appear to his mind at the most inopportune moment, “until seventy times seven;” of the times when old Mike had resolved upon “another drink if he swung for it,” and was saved by the passage of Mr. Smith down the room, when he paused long enough to say, “the gangway looks very clean to-day, Mr. Donovan, it is a comfort to pass that way.” Mr. Donovan! it certainly sounded

better than "drunken Mike." Do you imagine that Mr. Smith had other than a clean gangway to pass, after that? There were days of utter failure and disgrace; days in which the Mr. Boodies laughed satisfiedly, and the aristocrats smiled their contemptuous pity at such folly, and Mr. Smith went more frequently and stayed longer in his closet. There came once a white day, a day never to be forgotten in young Mike's life, when his mother patched the old gray coat and washed his one shirt, and old Mike combed his hair, and even cleaned his boots, and went with his son to the meeting of the "Guards," and signed the pledge! Old Mike will not soon forget that evening. No less than three men shook hands with him and called him "Mr. Donovan." He walked home with a firm tread, and mended the leg of the table and the arm of a chair, that very evening.

It was more than a year afterwards, that Mr. Donovan was hurrying home one afternoon

from the store, where he was now one of the most important and trustworthy porters. He was late and in haste, so he took a short cut across the fields, and came full upon the lake in all its sunset glory. Very little time had he nowadays in which to admire the lake, and as for making use of it, there was no need; a three-shilling mirror hung over his wife's new bureau at home, and one but a trifle smaller adorned the wall of young Mike's private room. So the lake gleamed, and shimmered, and reflected what it could find, but rarely got a chance at young Mike in these days, for he was a hard-working school-boy now. But on this afternoon Mr. Donovan was taken by surprise, it was such a clearly-cut, full length view of his broad-shouldered, well-proportioned frame, that he came to a full stop to admire it. For a full minute he stood silently surveying himself, ere his feelings found vent in words.

“There's a difference! there is, *shure*; me

nose is no ridder than the master himself, and me coat hasn't a rag nor a darn about it, and me hair stands up on each side as it should, and not all over me head at once, like. This is a fine-looking hat, to be sure, and a fine stream it is to give a fellow such a sight at himself for nothing. Don't I mind the day when me boy brought me here to find the stick in me eye out of his looking-glass! Faith, and the boy shall have a pair of skates come next winter, and slip on it with the best of them. Ah, but it's a beautiful stream; and he's a fine man, is Mr. Smith, every inch of him. I've said it before, but I never felt the difference like as I do to-night, after this glimpse of meself in this big shiny glass. I'll work for him faithful to the day of me death, and Mike shall have a house of his own, and a glass as shall cover over one side of the biggest room in it, like the one in the store, and if that don't come to pass, then me name is not Mr. Donovan."

TRIFLES AND RESULTS.

MRS. ARTHUR TREMAINE stirred her coffee complacently, took a sip of it from her solid silver teaspoon, then added another lump of sugar and stirred it in, before she answered her daughter.

“What a commotion you make about a very small matter, Estelle. You don’t give your brother any peace of life. What is the use of teasing him so?”

“Because I want him to join us, mamma. Will you go to-night, Horace? Just to please me, you know?”

“Can’t say, Sis, perhaps I will, and then again, perhaps not, there is no telling what effect your eloquence may have. I must go now to the store. Good morning, mother.”

And Mr. Horace Tremaine bowed gracefully to his mother, kissed his sister's cheek, patted it a little, in a loving way, and left them to finish their breakfast, while he moved leisurely down town.

Estelle, as she watched from the window his handsome form, gave a slight sigh and said, "I wish you had helped me, mamma, just a little bit."

"Nonsense, Estelle!" The lady's voice was sharper than you would have supposed it could be, to judge from her fair, calm face.

"I don't care whether he goes or not. In fact, I would rather he stayed away. I am surprised at your taste in mixing in the affair. Temperance societies are well enough in their place, among the low and degraded, but to bring them into our circle is absurd."

"But, mamma, intemperance is not confined to the low and degraded."

"Yes, it is. Who ever heard of the people who belong to our set lying around in the

gutters, as they tell about these miserable wretches doing?"

Estelle did not argue the point; she had lived in this world long enough to know that it would be as sensible to argue with a pumpkin vine, as with a person who talked in that insane fashion. So she only gave another sigh, somewhat heavier than the last, and betook herself to the window, to have another glimpse of Horace, who had halted at the corner to talk with a friend. When he was again started, he did not go to the store; it was his father's store, and he had a right to use considerable license as to the time of his arrival there. So, instead of taking State Street, he turned off in the direction of Hamilton Street, and sauntered into Fred Archer's office. That gentleman sat with his heels considerably higher than his head, and his head almost invisible, because of the cloud of cigar smoke around it. But he lowered his heels on Mr. Tremaine's entrance, and removed his cigar from his mouth.

“How are you, Tremaine? Have a seat? And a cigar? No? Doesn't the little sister approve of cigars? Well, you are right; please her when you can, as well as not; it isn't every young man who has such a sister.”

Mr. Tremaine heartily agreed with this sentiment, and they discussed the little sister with animation for several minutes; and, naturally, that topic led to another that was just then occupying the brother's mind.”

“Have they been after you to join the new temperance organization, Archer?”

“Oh, yes, they have canvassed this end of the city pretty thoroughly—been very energetic indeed.”

“Going?”

“Oh, no. I can't. I would like to accommodate them, but of course they want me to sign a total abstinence pledge, and that I can't do. Pledges are articles of which I don't approve.”

Mr. Tremaine elevated his eyebrows slightly,

as he said, "I am rather surprised at that, inasmuch as you are so temperate in practice. What objections have you to pledges?"

"Several. The foundation is wrong — giving a written pledge, that a man will or will not do a thing, is just writing lies; he don't know whether he will or not, and ought not to be made to promise. Men must govern themselves by principles instead of pledges."

"But isn't the signing of a pledge, the acting out of a principle?"

"Not a bit of it. What is a pledge, anyway? Nothing but a piece of paper. What moral power can it possess?"

"Then, wherein lies its harm?"

"Why, it is a promise — and a promise very likely, indeed, to be broken by those who have any desire for liquor — and a broken promise is a bad thing, a man is always lowered in his own esteem for having made one."

"For having broken it after he made it, rather, I should say, which I should think would

be one strong incentive for keeping it. But wouldn't your style of argument, carried out, do away with a good deal of business? What about promises to pay notes on a certain day?"

Mr. Archer put his cigar back in his mouth, and puffed away in severe silence for some minutes, before he answered oracularly. "A very different matter." He did not explain how, or why. Presently, he added, —

"There's another point; pledges do positive harm. It is a principle underlying human nature, that at no time in his life does a man feel such an intense desire to do a thing, as after he has promised not to do it."

Mr. Tremaine laughed. "It strikes me that is a most unlawyerlike argument for a lawyer of your eminence, my friend," he said, gaily. "At least, I shall consider it my duty to warn the ladies against your peculiar views; fancy having just promised to love, cherish and all that, at the marriage altar, and then immediately, according to the principle underlying human na-

ture, feeling an intense desire to hate your wife. How about that pledge? Eh, Archer?"

"Poh!" said Mr. Archer, in a very argumentative tone; then he gave contemptuous puffs at his cigar. Presently he burst forth again, "The whole thing is a humbug and a nuisance. I've been plagued to death with it; chased up and down the street and petitioned to sign a pledge. A man of principle and strength of purpose doesn't want to be treated like a baby and tied up. I can be a temperance man without going through any such nonsense."

"But I still persist in wanting to know why a total abstinence pledge is any more objectionable than a marriage pledge, for instance. Don't you imagine you could be a true husband without any such proceedings? or don't you believe father would pay you the money he holds of yours without the note that you hold as surety — the pledge, in short, of his intentions? You see, Archer, this thing won't bear analyzing. Besides, if a man don't want to *break* the pledge

—that is, if he is a temperate man from principle, and don't want to drink—how does the pledge tie him?"

Mr. Archer's heels went up to the desk again—but he laid down his cigar before he spoke.

"I'll tell you what, Tremaine, that little sister of yours has been making you think that white is black. Perhaps it is; if you are convinced of it, all right. By which I mean—if you believe signing the total abstinence pledge is your duty, and your conscience will be easier, then my advice is, sign it by all means. For myself, I don't feel the need of it. I drink a little cider occasionally, and now and then a glass of wine; but I don't care the snap of my thumb for either of them, and could give them up to-day, if I had occasion to do so. I am a temperate man from principle and inclination; not because I have written my name on a bit of paper."

Tremaine arose at once, and declared he *must* go to the store. Still he did not hasten after he bade his friend good-by, but went along very

slowly and thoughtfully through the busy street. He smiled over Mr. Archer's arguments — they hadn't deceived him the least in the world — he knew they didn't amount to a row of pins.

“It's queer,” he said to himself, “that a fellow with such clear brains as he has, can get so muddled, and talk like such a simpleton about this thing. I wonder if he doesn't like his wine and cider better than he thinks he does.”

Oh, no, it was not argument that had influenced Mr. Tremaine that morning; in truth; it very seldom is *argument* that leads people astray; it is often, as in this case, covert sneers — an intimation of unmanliness; a hint of being in leading strings. Mr. Fred Archer was a rising lawyer; he was spoken of as a man of rare talent, of excellent habits, destined to make his mark in the world. Mr. Tremaine had heard him so spoken of from the time of their first acquaintance, years back; he was still steadily rising; he was sought after and ad-

mired. Tremaine did not like the idea of doing anything that Archer would consider foolish. He did not like the idea of being led by the little sister. Mr. Archer's tone, while it was respectful, had contained an undercurrent of good-natured compassion for the man who was much under feminine rule. Albeit, Mr. Tremaine smiled when he thought of the little sister.

"Poor little puss," he said, "she is very much in earnest; I believe I should have gone with her this evening and signed their foolish pledge, perhaps just to please the wee morsel. I thought Archer might take a notion to join me, but he is off on another channel, and talks like a goose, I must say, if he is a smart fellow."

Nevertheless, he knew in his heart that it was the goose who was leading him, and not the hopeful, waiting, pure hearted sister at home. He knew it so well that he sighed heavily over the disappointment that awaited the "poor little puss," and he dismissed the

subject from his mind, and went to lunch with Allan Pierce, who had neither conscientious scruples nor principles, and drank wine, without the fear of pledges or consequences before his eyes.

Six months afterwards the papers told cautiously, with careful and respectful wording, about the sad and fatal accident. "Mr. Horace Tremaine, son of Arthur Tremaine, Esq., of Park Place, while walking with a friend last evening, about eleven o'clock, had, in a most unaccountable manner, lost his footing and fallen into the river; and although prompt assistance was afforded, yet, so difficult was the descent, and so dark was the night, that they failed to rescue the body until life was extinct." Then followed a somewhat lengthy and very carefully worded obituary.

Mr. Fred Archer read the account in his office, with his heels elevated to the desk, and his cigar in his mouth, and, between the puffs, he said, "shocking," and "dreadful!" Finally

he removed his cigar altogether, to soliloquize after this fashion:—

“The poor fellow was intoxicated, or it would never have happened. When I saw him at ten o'clock he couldn't walk straight, and that fellow with him was worse than he, or he might have been saved. It is strange how he has rushed to ruin—a young man of very fair promise, too; all he needed was a little more stamina. It is a pity he didn't sign one of their foolish pledges that day, when he was half-inclined to. I advised him to, I remember. I am glad of that. Well, there must be some poor wretches in this world, it seems.”

And Mr. Fred Archer went to the grand and solemn funeral, and wore crape on his arm, and tried to say a word to comfort the poor, broken-hearted little sister, and mourned with Mrs. Arthur Tremaine over this “afflictive and mysterious dispensation of Providence.”

THE REV. MR. WESTERVELT.

“O wad some Pow’r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us;
It wad from monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.”

THE Rev. Harlan Westervelt shook his head emphatically.

“No, sir,” he said, with decision in his tones, “that would not be *my* way of doing business.”

“And yet, Mr. Westervelt, the man is breaking the laws of the land every day of his life.”

“I don’t doubt that. So are many others. There are people all around us who are breaking the laws, not only of the land, but of God, every day of their lives; yet you and I do

not consider it our duty to pitch into them in this summary manner."

"There are evils in the world that we cannot help, of course; but when there is a remedy, isn't it manifestly our duty to apply it?"

"Undoubtedly. And when there are several remedies, isn't it every man's duty to select the best, conscientiously?"

"Which means," said his friend, smiling somewhat sadly, "that your conscience does not approve of the one which we propose."

"That's the precise difficulty," Mr. Westervelt returned, with a smile as frank as the sunshine that streamed across his study floor.

"And yet," said the gentleman thoughtfully, "you are an earnest temperance man."

"If I know my own heart, I am," the clergyman said, with fervor. And no one who looked at the earnest, manly face, could doubt his sincerity.

"It is a question of ways and means, simply, upon which we differ; and I tell you frankly,

I don't believe in driving people into the kingdom, or into temperance. I think there is a more excellent way. The fact is, Mr. Grey, though I hate the sin, I love the sinner."

"So does the Lord, and yet, Mr. Westervelt, he surely metes out justice with no sparing hand."

"Ah, yes, but the Lord has a right to work in a different way from me. He sees the end from the beginning; and in the first place, justice belongs to him, while I should feel my way carefully, lest I may in my zeal do more harm than good, after all."

"Then would you never be in favor of bringing an offender to justice?"

"I do not say *that*, by any means. I do not even say that you are wrong and I am right. I may be mistaken; but I am honestly striving to act out my convictions of duty. See here, my friend, you propose to prove a violation of law in the case of Blair's saloon, — miserable law it is, too, one might suppose it was

made on purpose to be violated; but no matter, such as it is Blair has broken it; now suppose you succeed in proving this and closing his saloon; you thereby make an enemy of him, you lose all chance of ever influencing him for good, and so long as Whitney and Haynes and half a dozen others have their establishments in full blast, what have you gained for the morals of the village?"

"At least, we shall have tried to do our duty," Mr. Grey said, somewhat coldly.

"Yes, if that course has impressed itself upon you as your duty, you will have that satisfaction. Meantime, while I try to win them to a better way, I hope to be doing mine. And I hope and pray, that the Lord will show us both the right way. If I am wrong I want to know it. I know that with both of us this will be a subject of prayer."

Then the two gentlemen shook hands warmly, and Mr. Grey departed. Mr. Westervelt turned to his unfinished sermon and tried to fix his

thoughts on it, but the sentence half written, from which he had turned to greet his caller, refused to come at his call, and after holding his pen idly for a few minutes, conscious meantime that his mind was elsewhere, he suddenly threw it aside and descended to the sitting-room.

“Fanny,” he said, to the little lady who sat sewing, with one foot on the rocker of the crib, “don’t you want some oysters for supper?”

“Why, I don’t know,” she answered, hesitatingly.

“I guess you do; shall I tell Mary to give me a dish of some sort to get them in? I want an excuse into Blair’s saloon.”

“Mrs. Grey doesn’t think it right to buy oysters there,” Mrs. Westervelt said, as she returned with the dish, “she seemed surprised to think we patronized him.”

“I know,” her husband answered, as he drew on his gloves, “Mr. Grey and I have just been talking about the matter; not about oysters exactly, but liquors. Mr. Grey wants to use law, but I am anxious to try the gospel.”

“Shouldn’t the two always harmonize?” his wife asked, smiling. A question which Mr. Westervelt did not seem ready to answer.

Blair’s saloon was one of the neatest and daintiest in town, everything was wax-like in its management, and the bland face of the host smiled a cordial greeting to Mr. Westervelt and his pail.

“Any good oysters to-day?” that gentleman queried, setting his pail on the shining table.

“Yes, sir, prime; nicest ones I have had this season; I thought of you when I was counting out some, just now; says I to myself ‘the dominie ought to come in this afternoon; sure — they would just suit him!’ If I’d had a soul to send, I’d just picked out a few and sent them over. Take a chair, Mr. Westervelt, it’s quite a spell since you’ve been in.”

“I didn’t see you in church last Sabbath,” Mr. Westervelt said, taking the offered chair.

Mr. Blair laughed. “Well, no; I haven’t got there yet. I ought to, that’s a fact. I

says to my wife last Sunday, says I, Mr. Westervelt don't feel above a man because he's poor, says I. He patronizes me, and I ought to patronize him, and I mean to. Says I, I've a great mind to go this very morning. But it got late before I knew it—it's apt to, Sundays—so I had to give it up. I'm coming, though. I'll be there next Sunday as likely as not."

Meantime trade was not very brisk with Mr. Blair. Customers came in, lounged about for a few minutes, then went away again. Somehow none of them seemed disposed to call for their accustomed refreshments while the clergyman sat composedly looking at them. He noticed the result of his call with much inward glee.

"You wouldn't care about me for a daily visitor, I fancy," he said presently. "I seem to injure your trade."

Mr. Blair laughed with the utmost good nature. "They seem shy, that's a fact, and it's just as well. No harm done."

“Don’t that show you, Mr. Blair, what a mean sort of business it is? None of your customers would be ashamed to buy oysters, for instance, because I sat looking at them.”

“That’s so,” chuckled Mr. Blair; “I don’t admire the business myself, true as you live, I don’t, but what can a fellow do? You must *live*, you know, and I might as well get my living out of them as any one else; if these fellows would all stop drinking I’d give the business right up, I would.”

“Poor argument, Mr. Blair. You don’t say that, because there are people who will steal, you might as well get your living in that way, as any other.”

“But it’s against the law to steal, you see; I should be nabbed in short order if I tried that; but I’ve got a license for my business, you know.”

This remark recalled the conversation with Mr. Grey, and the clergyman said, thoughtfully, —

“There is such a thing as violating law, even when a man is licensed. Do you think this business would bear looking into too closely?”

The bland face darkened, and a frown spread itself over Mr. Blair's smooth brow, as he said, sternly, —

“There's some kinds of meddling that folks won't stand; I'll take my share, but there's such a thing as going too far, and I'd advise them not to try it.”

And then Mr. Westervelt said to himself that he was right and Mr. Grey was wrong; nothing could be gained by forcing this man; but aloud he said, “I would quit the business if I were you; it isn't suited to you; you're too good a fellow to spend your life in selling poison. You see I speak plainly to you; you know just what I think of this thing.”

Mr. Blair's face had grown bland again, and his voice was smooth. “Oh, yes, I know all

about it, and I don't get offended; you see you have a right to your notions, and I have a right to mine. 'Live and let live,' is my motto. I don't admire the business, as I said before, and now and then I have sober thoughts of giving it up. Perhaps I may, — who knows?"

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Westervelt," said a brisk, bright, young voice. The clergyman was a little startled. He knew the voice, and was sorry to hear it there; however proper it might be for him to be found sitting in one of the arm chairs of Mr. Blair's liquor saloon, it was not by any means the place where he would like to meet one of his young men. So he was much relieved to discover that Allen Comrie had no business whatever with Mr. Blair, but came directly to his pastor's side, full of a project in which both were interested. He, however, accepted the chair which Mr. Blair brought forward, and the talk lasted for several minutes. When he rose to depart, his pastor arose also.

“Are my oysters ready, Mr. Blair?”

“All ready, sir; the biggest I could pick. No charge for them, if you please; I wanted to send some around. No, sir; no, I don’t want money for them, I’m going to take it out in preaching.”

“Do you buy your oysters *here?*” and in Allen Comrie’s question there was a tone of surprise, and a slight emphasis on the last word.

“Frequently, I do; Mr. Blair keeps a very fine article.”

“I’ll be happy to prove the truth of that to Mr. Comrie, if he will give me a chance,” Mr. Blair said, with his lowest bow and his most respectful tones.

As the two gentlemen went down the steps together, the clergyman remarked, thoughtfully, “I want to get a hold on that man if I can, so I take every lawful means to do it with.”

And neither of them heard that man’s low chuckling remarks to himself, as he watched the two down the street.

“I don’t mind his preaching. I can stand a dose of *that*, now and then, so long as he sits in one of my chairs while he preaches, and folks pass by my window and see him. That young Comrie has never stepped a foot inside my door before.”

This incident gave rise to two tea-table talks that evening.

“My son,” Mrs. Comrie said, as with a grave, troubled face, she passed a cup of tea to her only son, who sat at the head of her table, and reigned supreme in her widowed heart, “I thought you never went into Blair’s saloon? I was so surprised to see you sitting there, when I passed, this afternoon.”

“Never was there in my life, before, mother; and I stopped this afternoon to speak to Mr. Westervelt.”

Mr. Westervelt! *he* surely wasn’t there?”

“Yes’m, he was after oysters, in part, and partly to show his interest in the man, so far as he could. That is his idea, mother, and I’m

not certain but it is the right one. Mr. Blair seems to think a great deal of him."

"I hope," said Mrs. Comrie, still speaking very gravely, "I hope that while he is engaged in showing his interest in that poor, miserable rumseller, he will not forget how many young men in his Sunday-school are watching his actions, without the means of knowing by what motives they are prompted."

At Mr. Walker's there was not so much good cheer as usual. The little wife had done her best, and very bright and comely everything looked, but the husband ate one muffin in almost total silence, and stared gloomily at his second one without eating it at all. At last, while his wife waited for an answer or comment on one of her bits of news, wherewith she was trying to beguile him, he burst forth, irrelevantly, —

"I believe I shall have to take to selling rum, in order to make a living."

"Why, Charlie! What on earth do you mean?" and this happy little wife could afford

to finish her sentence with a merry laugh, for she knew that her staunchly temperate husband was in no danger of doing any such thing.

“Well,” said Mr. Walker, setting down his cup with energy, “that seems to be the way in which to gain sympathy and custom. Here I am struggling hard to sustain a temperance saloon. I keep everything as neat as hands can make it, and I keep the very best and freshest articles that I can find in the market. And there is Blair’s, right across the street from me, selling rum by the glass, and selling it against the law, too, every time he gets a chance, and men who pretend to be in favor of temperance, march past my rooms, that are every bit as nice as his, and buy their fruit and oysters and what not of him. Even Mr. Westervelt goes in and takes a seat there; and comes out presently with his pail of oysters or his fruit jar, and young Comrie said to me to-day that Mr. Westervelt was trying in that way to get a hold on Blair, and he more than hinted

that that was the right way; *he'll* be going there with his pail next. I told him that I wished Mr. Westervelt would spend a little time in getting a hold on me, since I was one of his church members, and was trying through a great deal of discouragement, to uphold one of his principles. Now isn't that rather exasperating?"

The little wife had finished her supper, and now came around and slipped into a seat on her husband's knee, and stroked with soft hand his tired face, as she said softly,—

“Don't you think, Charlie, that God knows all about it, how you are tried, and don't you believe he is on your side?” The hard, vexed lines smoothed themselves under the touch of that gentle hand. Mr. Walker was silent a moment, then said in a subdued tone, “Yes, he *did* think so with all his heart,” and he was comforted.

Mr. Blair brushed his coat, and went to church on the following Sabbath. People stared to see him there. Young Comrie was

more than ever convinced that Mr. Westervelt's was the wiser way. And the young minister himself gave, when he saw him, a little inward laugh of glee, such as a good man gives when he thinks he has outwitted Satan, and he said to himself,—

“Aha! I've caught him! The rigors of the law couldn't have brought him to church to-day.”

“Did you see that Blair who keeps the corner saloon, in church to-day?” Mrs. Grey asked her husband that same evening.

“Yes, I did,” he said, gloomily. “And I saw old Dickson stagger home from there, drunk, not an hour ago.”

“Why don't they put a stop to that, at least?” queried the indignant wife.

“People *won't*,” he said solemnly. “They want a better *law*, and they won't use *any* till they get one that just suits. And they'll get it in a hurry at that rate.”

Just five years afterwards. A dull, deary

November day; the wind groaning dismally among bare branches. People walking with as little noise as they might among millions of rustling withered leaves—those nearest the front surrounding a newly dug grave, wherein they lowered a coffin. “Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.” The Rev. Mr. Westervelt’s earthly work was done.

Heavy hearts were there around that grave—broken, bleeding hearts,—tears were falling from eyes unused to weeping. Many an undertone of benediction was breathed over the silent dust.

Mr. Blair was there, tears in his eyes, and an unwonted solemnity on his red face. His face was much redder now than it had been five years before. Mr. Blair still sold rum, and drank much of it. Still he had his word of comment.

“He was a good fellow. He didn’t look down on a man because he didn’t happen to think as *he* did. There ain’t many like him.”

Breaking in on the tender solemnity of the ministerial benediction, came the loud, discordant halloo of a drunken man. A young man reeling along the street, passed the cemetery gate, singing snatches of a ribald song. A policeman, standing among the friends, with uncovered head, went hurriedly to hush the profane voice. Ah, me! that voice belonged to Allen Comrie, and among the comments made as they turned from that new made grave, was this, from a widowed, broken-hearted mother: —

“The first time my poor Allen ever stepped inside a liquor saloon, he went to have a talk with Mr. Westervelt, who was sitting there.”

And the Rev. Harlan Westervelt had gone where there is no opportunity given for correcting mistakes.

CLIMBING.

GRANDPA, I have a picture to show you,
I remember you like pictures.”

Grandpa Thompson turned from his large print Bible, and studied carefully the handsome boyish face, looking at him from the canvas; the beautiful eyes, and sweet, earnest young mouth I don't know how to describe, so it has been copied for you, and you can study it at your leisure.

“Is it a fancy picture?” Grandpa Thompson asked.

“No, sir,” said fair Gertrude Thompson, his young lady grand-daughter, with a pink blush on her round cheek. “It is a picture of a friend of mine in New York.”

“Painted on ship-board, eh?”

“Yes, sir; there’s a little story about it: the boy was sent aloft during a severe storm, and the circumstances were so peculiar that they interested an artist who was on board, and he made a picture of it, and gave it to the boy, who was a pet of his, and the boy sent it home to his mother.”

“And his mother lent it to you, just for fun, I suppose,” said grandpa, with a roguish laugh. The best answer Miss Gertrude could think of to make to this, was to laugh, too.

“Well,” said grandpa, “that face reminds me of a story. If you have nothing better to do, cuddle up in my big chair, and I’ll tell you about it.”

Miss Gertrude “cuddled up” in the great old-fashioned chair, with immense satisfaction.

“The year you were born — no, bless me, it was when your sister Addie was born, you were six years old — I went a voyage for my health, and it came very near not being for my

health. There was the very worst storm that I ever had any knowledge of, though to be sure that's not saying much, but the sailors thought it was no small matter, I can tell you. There was a lad on board that I took the greatest fancy to, nicest boy that I ever saw, looked some like that face there in your picture. I got well acquainted with him during the voyage."

"Was he one of the passengers, grandpa?"

"Not he. He was one of the crew, and the quickest, brightest, sharpest little fellow that ever was; all the time he could find from his regular work he was studying like a Trojan."

"What do you study so much?' I asked him once.

"Navigation, sir,' he said, as promptly as a soldier; and he wasn't much larger than my thumb, it seems to me.

"They kept him pretty busy, but he and I had a good many talks, one time and another.

"Are you going to be a sailor all your life?' I asked him.

“‘I’m going to be a sea captain,’ says he.

“‘Oh, you are. Going to have a vessel as large as this to manage?’

“‘I’m going to have one twice as large as this, one of these days, if I live.’ He said it with such a quiet, determined air, that I had to believe it then, but I pretended not to. ‘I’ll risk you,’ said I. ‘You’ll go and get drunk the first time we put into port, and you’ll keep on doing that until you can’t let the vile stuff alone, and that will be the death of you.’

“I can see his great eyes flash, this minute, seems to me. ‘I shan’t do that, anyhow,’ says he.

“‘Do what?’

“‘Get drunk, sir.’

“‘How do you know?’

“‘Because folks can’t get drunk without drinking liquor, and I’ll never taste one drop of it as long as I live.’

“‘God helping you, you mean,’ I said, as solemnly as I could.

“‘God will help me,’ says he. ‘I’ve asked him to, and I keep asking; and besides, I’ve promised — see that.’ He took a bit of crumpled paper out of his pocket and handed me. It was a pledge, Gertrude, very solemnly written, and as strong as language could make it; there were quite a number of names on it.

“‘There,’ said he, pointing to them, ‘that’s my father’s name, and that’s my mother’s, and that’s my Sabbath-school teacher’s, and that’s my minister’s, and that’s mine. Do you think *I’ll* drink, sir?’

“Prouder than a king his voice was, and I couldn’t help saying to him, ‘I don’t believe you will!’

“Well, Gertrude, I saw that boy tempted, I tell you! The storm come on; I shan’t try to tell you about that, it was awful, awful; the sailors worked with their might. ‘We should have gone to the bottom,’ the captain told me afterwards, ‘if every man of them had not done his duty.’

“My boy worked with the rest, until when the storm lulled the next morning, they were all completely fagged out. The captain had all hands on deck, and after a few words of hearty praise he dealt them out each a thimbleful or so of brandy; it wasn't his custom; it is true he drank brandy himself, moderately, and in a gentlemanly way, but he didn't care about having his men do so, very often. He stopped before my young friend, and said a special word of commendation about the courage and presence of mind that he had shown during the night of terror, and then he gave him the brandy with his own hand. I was some younger then than I am now, and I had been on deck trying to help, so I saw it all.

“‘I thank you, sir, the lad said, speaking up boldly, ‘But I never drink liquor.’

“‘That's right enough as a general thing, I don't disapprove of it;’ said the captain, though he spoke rather haughtily. ‘But this

is for medicine ; you have been under great fatigue, and you need the stimulus.'

"Now, as a general thing, the captain was a just and sensible man ; but he was used to having his orders obeyed. His cheeks got very red, and his eyes looked like two coals, and his voice rang through the deck with a tone that all the men understood. Said he, 'I command you to drink it.'

"You ought to have seen my boy then, Gertrude."

"I wish I could have seen him," said Gertrude, whose cheeks were aglow. "What then, grandpa?"

"The little fellow's lip quivered, and his voice trembled, but yet it was distinct and decided. Said he, 'Captain, you promised my mother that you would help me to be a true boy ; and I promised her and I promised God, that I would never taste nor touch a drop of liquor. I am afraid to break my promise, captain.'

“For about a minute the captain glowered on him, then he turned on his heel with a half laugh, half sneer, and as he went, he said, ‘If you have not sense enough to distinguish between drinking liquor for amusement, and taking medicine when the surgeon advises it, why, I suppose I must let you be a simpleton, and take the consequences.’ But every sailor on board knew that the youngster was in disgrace; all that day he was frowned on, and ordered about like a dog. You see the captain could not forget that he had intended the lad a special honor, and it had been refused.

“At evening he sent the little fellow aloft during an awful gale; the old sailors shook their heads, and one of them whispered to him, ‘If you’d mutiny now, there’d be some sense in it, and we’d stand by you to a man.’ You ought to have seen the boy’s eyes then; the eyes in the picture there remind me of them. Sad they looked, but just as resolute

as eyes can, and he never hesitated a second, but went up the ropes like a cat. There was considerable muttering among the passengers over that, but he came down all right, and the trouble blew over, only the captain continued to be very haughty and stern towards him.

“Well, one night — tired, Gertrude?”

“No, indeed, grandpa; go on, please.”

“One night we anchored at one of those islands with jaw-breaking names, I don’t remember now which one of them it was. The captain was out of something or other, I don’t recollect the unimportant parts of the story. Anyway, my lad and his mess went ashore together, the captain went, and the first mate, and a good share of the passengers; but I wasn’t feeling so well as usual, and in company with a number of others, stayed in the vessel. It was left in charge of the second mate; he was a poor coot, very unpopular; he was mad because he wasn’t on shore with the rest. He gave

pretty strict orders all around, and then he went below, which, as near as I can remember, he had no business to do. It wasn't late at all when my young friend came back to his quarters. I was sitting up reading a little, and I called him to come to my state-room.

“‘Didn't you have a good time?’ I asked him.

“‘No,’ he said in great disgust. ‘There is no such thing as having a good time anywhere in this world, there is so much rum in it.’ Then he told me how the boys were having a regular spree on shore; they had tried to coax or scold him into it, and failing, he had prevailed on two of the best natured ones to row him back to the ship. ‘But I couldn't keep them here,’ he said, ‘they've gone back to the others, and they'll have no money nor sense left when they get back here.’

“‘Did you see the captain?’ I asked him.

“‘Oh, yes, I saw him, and he was in a nice room, drinking out of handsome dishes; that

was all the difference.' The boy was sharp, you see, as sharp as steel. He went off on deck, and may be it was an hour afterwards that we heard the shrill, sharp cry of 'fire!' We rushed on deck, and followed the sound of the cries, and the captain's state-room was a blaze of light. There was some tall work done then, I tell you. The youngster was on hand, working for dear life; and seeing he knew what he was about, which was more than some of us did, we just put ourselves under his command, and if he didn't order us right and left, for a spell, then no matter. It was all done up in a few minutes, and a fire that had got a pretty decent start was conquered. When we came a little to our senses, it occurred to us that the boy and we, the passengers, had done the work. Where in the name of wonder was the crew left in charge?

"My young man shrugged his shoulders. 'Drunk,' said he, 'every one of 'em. I told you there was too much rum everywhere.' It

seems, as we got the story out little by little, that the spirit of unrest and impishness generally, entered into the men left in charge, and having nothing in particular to do, and with the mate asleep, or somewhere else, where he ought not to be, they went prowling around to see what they could find. They found the key in the captain's door, — he had turned it and forgotten to take it out; so in they went, and then they found his private case of liquors, a very handsome one it was, and well stocked. The rest of the story you can easily imagine; they took a taste all round, I suppose, telling each other that that little bit would never be missed; and when that little bit began to do its work, they didn't care whether it was missed or not, nor what became of them. They pretty near emptied the case, and had just sense enough left to crawl away out of sight, but not until they had contrived in some blundering way to set the papers on the table afire. The young man told me that he had been gone from my

room but a short time when he smelled smoke, and set about hunting it up.

“I’ve told you the story pretty fast, and left out a good many of the particulars ; but the truth is, the boy behaved like a hero and no one was quicker to acknowledge it than the captain. He just wrung the brave fellow’s hand, and said he, ‘You’ve saved human lives by the score,’ for you see we would have been burned, as sure as fate, and not a boat mind you, not a boat to escape in ; they had every one of them ashore. That was against orders too, but orders get disobeyed occasionally, even on shipboard. ‘And,’ says the captain, ‘you’ve saved my ship for me.’

“‘Captain,’ said the lad, ‘it was my promise that saved the ship, I think.’

“‘I don’t know but it was,’ said the captain. ‘However, I did not entice you to break it this time, nor give it to the drunken scamps who betrayed their trust.’

“‘Captain,’ said the boy again, ‘if you

hadn't had the liquor in your room the men wouldn't have been tempted.'

"I thought the captain would be angry, but he was made of better stuff than that.

"'That's true,' he said, very gravely. Then after a thoughtful pause, he added, 'I tell you what, my man, you and I will have no more of it in our state-rooms after this.'

"And he didn't. I've kept my eye on the lad too, and you never saw a fellow mount up as he did."

"What has become of him, grandpa?"

"He is the captain and part owner of one of the very finest vessels in our waters."

"What is his name?"

"His name," said grandpa, very deliberately, "is Captain John Trueman."

"Grandpa," said Gertrude, her face all in a glow, "I am acquainted with your Captain John Trueman."

"I thought very likely," said grandpa, dryly. "I would know my lad's eyes anywhere. Be-

sides, I was on board when that picture was sketched. I saw the boy only a few weeks ago, and I strongly suspect he is *your* Captain Trueman; and let me tell you it would be hard to find a truer man."

