SAVED!

A TEMPERANCE STORY

BY JEROME A. ANDERSON.

"George Horton, I do love you better than my own life, and yet I cannot, dare not, coment to become your wife until you have made me a solemn promise. For both of our sakes, George, promise never to touch strong drick again.

For an instant the hot blood mantled the brow of the young man, and then as suddenly disappeared, leaving him pale and trembling, and almost indignant. Was he the most promising young lawyer in N----, with the pathy; "but I am afraid you are," path to fame and alluence fair and invitingly open to him-was he in danger of becoming a common drunkard? Must he, on the very threshold of his declaration of love to his heart's idol, be met with a pledge of total abstinence? No; he knew her strength as well as his own weakness, and his love must be met fully, frankly, and without conditions.

Liko the rapidity with which the deeds or a drowning mangare said to detailis sight, came the memory of many a wild and reckless hour, when among convivial companions, he knew he had far overstepped the bonds of safety; and now, looking into the beautiful eyes turned so lovingly and blushingly upon him, the strong tide of love, like a tornado, swept all else from his heart, and enfolding her in his arms with an embrace almost convulsive in its energy, he whispered :

"You have my most solemn promise, Ethel !"

Fair, innocent and beautiful as a new-blown rose, loving, trusting as the filly of the valley was Ethel Kane "Please, papa, we have had no din-as she stood in her bridal robes to re- ner, nor supper, mamma and I, and ceive her nuptial vows. A poet's we're so hungry." dream of perfected manhood seemed the handsome form at her side. And not one of the many friends gathered there, when he looked upon the beautiful form of Judge Kaue's daughter, and the broad, talented brow of the young lawyer beside her, but said in his heart: "They are indeed well mated.

Scleanly the law spoken vows are given on earth; joyfally are heard and recorded in heaven ! And George quickly sought their respective rest-Horton and Ethel Kane have prom-ised to love, honor and cherish "till death do us part."

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Ten times since the opening of our story has old Father Time tolled the knell of a departed year. The world seems the same busy scene of restless turmoil, of struggle and strife, of victory and defeat, of life and death; and yet how changed! How many of its busiest and most important act ors have passed off the stage, and the flush of excitement and victory, given a reluctant place to those who are so cagerly and relentlessly forcing its breaking departed peace, home, their way into the beginning of the drama! How have the high fallen, the low been uplifted, the joyous made sad, the saddened made to rejoice !

And amid all this change, din and confusion, shall we attempt to trace the thread of our story further? Then come with me, and we will lift the latch and enter this miserable old dwelling. Sutly, very softly. See! there is only a wan, wasted woman, from her door by her own exertions, shake, and then waited to hear his will present you," said he as he three the from her door by her own exertions, shake, and then waited to hear his will present you," said he as he three the from a women at the form the who from sheer exhaustion has bowed but now, through sickness and the business. her head upon an old table, and is, failure of her patrons to pay her, had, perhaps in dreamland treading paths as we have seen, come to actual want. of love and light she may here never know. Can this ill-clad, sorrow-strick-little, odd jobs went to the dramselen, suffering woman be the bright, happy Ethel Kane of only ten years ago? It cannot be; and yet there are lingering traces of loveliness, a remnant of the old beauty that tells us it must be. An old clock on the mantle is tell- reclamation. ing the hour of ten, so slowly and softly that it seems to fear it will waken the sleeper. Let us glance around the room. An old bureau, a worke sober, but with a burning, incommon deal table, a few rickety tolerable thirst upon him. He glanced chairs, a bed, and a few cooking uten-sils complete list of furniture. Not a single appliance of luxury or even of comfort, except, perhaps, an old Bible, bered little Grace's words, "Mama comfort, except, perhaps, an old Blue, a bunch of faded flowers that look withered and wan, as though out of nates. Can this be the home of her that was reared a'very'pet in the lap of luxary? Hark! There is a footstep coming we the walks, a child's footstep, and up the walk; a child's footstep, and he reached the door the words of be not judged. I will give you work, yet it seems to tread slowly and sadly, Grace seemed again borne to his ear George, as long as you keep your as though oppressed by sorrow's — "Mama and I are so hungry!" and pledge, and may God strengthen you weight. Gently the latch is again he paused. As he did so, the voice in your resolution.' lifted, and a little girl of perhaps eight summers enters the room. And if with: the days of sprites and fairies were not long since passed, we would surely believe this to be a good angel, sent to comfort the grief-stricken heart before her. Softly she goes to the sloeping one, and lays her hand my head." lovingly on the weary head.

the mother, and folding her child to home of paupers. Great God ! Silently her bosom, she murmured "Well, my darling?" 'Oh. mamma!" exclaimed the little one in a quivering voice, "I went to

Mrs. Drakes, but she said she could not pay you before to-morrow, and then I came to the baker's and waited ever so long before he would speak to me, and then he said we must pay what we owe him before he would trust us any more."

A strange, hard look came into the eyes of the mother, but as they met those of her daughter, it faded away, and folding her still closer, she said:

"Are you very hungry, Grace?"

both of you !'

tect."

"No, mamma," returned the little one, with a voice quivering with sym-

"No; I am not, my darling, so we will pray for poor papa, and try to turning now with renewed purpose, sleep.

Side by side knelt mother and child, ployment. and prayed, and womanlike for the "Hallo, old fellow !"

blessing of heaven on him who was so cruelly wronging them. sound. It was the old dramseller who

Scarcely had they arisen when a hailed him. heavy, uncertain step sounded on the "Where in the world are you going, my boy, in such a hurry as that?" walk, and the next moment the facher staggered in.

said the nodding and smiling Satan. Great Heaven! If the change in "Come in and get suthin' to put you Ethel had been so great that she on your pegs this morning." could hardly be recognized, it was "No; I am obliged," said Horton. nothing compared to that which had "I do not want anything this morntaken place in George Horton!

dealer in provisions.

night."

ing." For the manly form, the intelligent "Pooh, pooh, man, no nonsense; eye, and the gentle accents of ten come right in and get a nice toddy; years ago, we have now the reeling my treat, you know," and the dramstep, the glaring look and the harsh seller put on his most engaging smile. tones of the rum maniac. "No; not any more toddy for me, "What are you two up this time o'

I do not want my wife in the alms-house in six months," answered Horuight for, I'd like to know?" he growled fiercely. "Go to bed, both ton, decidedly, as he turned contemptof you, this minute !" uously away from the viper and strode The awe-stricken wife made no

reply, but Grace pleadingly answered : "What can have some over the man, and what did he mean by talkin' o' the poor house that way ?" wonderingly exclaimed the rumseller, as he turned to re-enter his den. "But

But the gentle tones and mild renever mind, he'll soon come off this proof only maddened the poor wretch pious spell, and then I'll fix him, and the more, as drunk as he was, a sense of his guilt was forced upon him. get the lot yet."

So saying he turned his thoughts "Do ye think settin' up here all upon their usual train of tobacco juice, night'll help ye any?" he furiously answered. "Go to bed, instantly, strychnine, and two hundred per cent of water, which filled up the blank space of his routine of life.

The mother and child, terrified, al-Meanwhile his fancied victim was though accustomed to such scenes, bassing along the streets, revolving a thousand plans and expedients in his ing places, while he, after growling, mind. At last he stopped suddenly. muttering and cursing, did the same, and exclaiming, "I'll do it," turned and lay down by the side of her whom and walked rapidly toward another in years gone by he had solemnly portion of the city. At length he promised to love, cherish and pro-

used chiefly for offices by prominent Oh, Rum ! if not first-born, the lawyers, etc. His eyes rested on a very chief among the sons of Satan, neat and handsome sign of "H. HILsuch are the paths in which thou lead-TON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW," which hung est thy votaries! Need we ask how at one of the windows, and pointing this dreadful change was effected ? out the office of one who in the days The answer is, that solemn yow in of Horton's prosperity had been his partner in law. But now, how chanwas forgotten and broken, and with ged! Hilton, rich, honored and respected. Horton, poor, degraded and

despised. His heart almost fuiled him as these thoughts came crowding remaining parent, while he, with through his mind, but the thought of honor lost, his solemn promise broken, his wife and child nerved him, and he and his self-respect gone, rapidly resolutely ascended the steps and raptraveled the downward road; and ped at the door of his former partner.

now, his property in the hands of the "Come in," came the cheery resrumsellers, his occupation gone, his ponse, and Horton with a throbbing family, with the exception of this one heart entered the room. miserable hovel, beggared -- what remained of life to him? She for a

Hilton looked very much surprised, long time had been keeping the wolf but gave his old friend a hearty hand-

"I do not know, my darling. I hope he hurried away, and sought first a he did," and as the remembrance of old, happy days came upon her, she bowed her head and gave way to a "Mr. Gibson, I want some food for ny wife and child. I'll pay for it to- flood of tears, half hopeful, half sad.

How slowly passed that long, long There was allook in his eye that day! What alternations of hope and told the dealer that some change had fear crossed her breast as she wonendorsement of the medical profestaken place, and he silently placed be- dered if it was really the deed of her sion. The editor can conscientiously fore him the necessary articles. husband, and the omen of better days, Grasping them, he again hurried or was it some kind neighbor, who, and cordially recommend the medicine, because he knows he has found homeward. Entering softly he found knowing or guessing her need, had great benefit from its use. For nearly the wife and child still in the light, thus silently relieved her. As the troubled slumber in which he had left day work away their excitement knew them. -Cautiously depositing his load, no bounds, and Grace cautiously visithe turned and left the room without ed all his old haunts, dreading lest awakening them. As he reached the she should find him but he was not open air he bared his burning brow there! Then their hearts beat high and registered another vow high up with hope, and as twilight came on in heaven, that he would never, NEVER they eagerly listened to every footfall, fund of medical knowledge. On be touch the damning cup again | Angels | and watched every dusky form. But heard, and seemed to breathestrengththe hours wore away, and again the ening words of love in his heart, and old clock on the mantle told the hour of ten, and hope almost died within he determined instantly to seek em- their hearts. Suddenly the wellknown tread was heard on the walk, and the hearts of both leaped for joy Horton paused, shuddering at the as they noticed its firm, manly ring. Trembling like a leaf, Ethel rose to

R. H. McDonald, an experienced druggist, associated with Dr. Walker her feet as the door opened. One is a man of thorough integrity and glance at the erect form, one beam practical knowledge of the art of from the bright eye, and the story compounding medicine. They have was told. He was perfectly sober ! a valuable me icine, and they know He came directly to her side. how to bring it to the knowledge of the Ethel," said he, and his voice shock public by judicious advertising. strangely as he spoke, "I have toare happy to give them our hearty night taken the pledge of total absti-nence for life, and when I have proven in relieving the ills to which flesh is that I mean to keep it, will you for- heir. give me?"

"I always sing to please myself," "Oh, husband !"-and the happy said a gentleman calling on a lady wife, sobbing in her great joy, buried friend last evening "Indeed, you're her head in his bosom, utterly unable casily pleased," said she. to speak another word. He drew both

Genius has limits ; virtue has none ; wife and child to his heart, and for a every one pure and good can become time nothing broke the silence save the happy sobs of mother and child. purer and better still.

Oh, earth! were it not for thy sins Those who praise you in the beginand thy sorrows, how would saved ning will ask favours in the end.

EMULSION.

From the Lockwood Unionist. December 20, 1270.

distinction as a benefactor of his

species. Some stigmatize all patent

medicines with the odious enithet of

twenty years he has suffered from de-

rangement of the stomach. And

though the disease has become

chronic, he has already obtained great

relief from this remedy. A physician

left at death a large volume, carefully

sealed, and supposed to contain a

ing opened, it was found to contain

only this simple advice : "Keep your

head cool, your feet warm and your

bowels open." But there is a whole volume in this maxim. VINEGAR

BITTERS act as a mild cathartic, leav-

ing the system in a healthy condition.

THE SUCCESSFUL PHYSICIAN .--- Dr

Walker is achieving an eminent

souls appreciate sinless, sorrowless Heaven? Oh, sorrow, strangest gift fleaven? On sorrow, strangest gilt of a wise Father, even thou art blost in making the cup of joy that follows a draught of thy bitter waters, so pas-CASIOROIL sing sweet!

Need we dwell longer on this happy scene? Let us rather pass by the time the old dramseller appointed to be in possession of their humble

Sweet, Pleasant & Effectual home, and look in again upon them.

We see many an article of comfort, Equally Adapte 1 for Children & Adults. and even of luxury, and by the happy face of wife and child, together with **OAUTIONI** The public are hereby cautioned that a preparation more recently introduced, under the name of "Copland's Sweet Castor Oil," contains C411.0HOF013.11 (see Canada

his own bright eye, that he had kept his pledge.

"Ethel, dear," said he, as his wife Gazatte). Wilson's Castor Oil Emulsion is guaranteed to contain no chloroform or other removed the tea things of their happy meal, "I want you and Grace to take paused before a handsome building a walk with me this evening."

A glad assent is given, and they wend their way, chatting playfully as they go, till the husband pauses, and before her swings the handsome sign of "HILTON & HORTON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

"Oh, husband." she exclaimed. can this indeed be?"

"Let us walk farther," said be, smiling.

They went on, she wondering what would come next, when they paused before a small, handsome dwelling.

"We will stop a moment here, Ethel," said ho. "But, George, dear, I do not know

these people," protested she. "Never mind; walk right in, and

Agents.





" Mother !"

But the birklike voice and gentle touch failed to waken the tired sleeper, and the little eyes moisten with tears as she whispers to herself: "She ed to what followed: is so tired and sleepy; poor mamma; I will slip into bed without awakening woman of a roof to cover her head? hor.'

Remember she is Judge Kane's Noiselessly the little feet pass about the room making the needful prepa-ration. The little "trundle bed" is It was the rumseller's wife who It was the rumseller's wife who drawn out, and kneeling by its side spoke.

with a child's trust and confidence, she repeats: "Our Father," and the ter she is," chuckled the son of Satan; voice wavers and the eyes are full ["I want that lot, and I'm going to of tears as she adds, " and please make have it, too. Old Horton'll kill himpoor papa better, and don't let poor self before six months roll round, anymama get too hungry,"

Then the covers are turned softly child go to the poor house the better down and the little one casts a wistful for them," added he. look at mamma, and murmurs: "I can't George Horton staggered away go to sleep without kissing mamma from the door like one who was ingood night. I need not to awaken deed drunk, but it was only from the her."

er." And stepping lightly to the side of upon his mind. And this was his as they had not known for a long nifed by his wife's inheritance. He the sleeper, she stooped and pressed best friend—this man who was plot-her lips to the pallid cheek. But the ting to send him to a drunkard's "Oh, mamma," said Grace, "do you bare-footed boy, looking for some-kiss of love, light as it was, wakened grave, and his wife and child to the think papa did this?"

"Mr. Hilton," huskily began Horler, and with it many a dollar of his intend to touch a drop of the accursed wife's hard earnings. And she, through all this want and woe and liquor again, and I want to work to ny wife and children from starving. abuse, still clung with all the love of Can you give it to me?" a true woman's heart to her wretched

husband, hoping against hope for his

"Don't care a d-n whose daugh-

Mother and child slept a light. erous man, and as the memory of days troubled sleep, while he lay in a drungone by came upon him, he said within himself, "I must give him a help-ing hand." But he well knew the small dependence to be placed in the promises of an inebriate, and he resuffering innocence before him, and solved to go cautiously. "How long since you resolved on this course, George?" said he.

"And may He ever shower blessings on your head," answered Horton, "That house and lot of Horton's as the first tears he had known for lies right close o' mine, and I'll have years welled forth from his eyes.

"Come, that will do," said Hilton, himself much affected. "I want those them before three months rolls over briefs copied immediately, and you Great heavens! Was this the man can go to work as soon as you please." who with honeyed words and many Pausing only long enough to make emphatic protestations that he was himself as presentable as possible, his "best friend," lured him day after

Horton went eagerly to work. day into his den? It certainly was. Standing close now, he eagerly listen-And while he is busy over the old familiar briefs, lot us return to his humble dwelling, and see what its in-"But you will deprive that poor

mates have done. Grace was the first to open her eyes. Looking over the room, the first object that attracted her attention was the provisions on the table.

"Oh, mamma, mammal" she cried. "What is it, my child ?" exclaimed joined in.

Mrs. Horton, springing up with an apprehension of she knew not what. "Oh, mamma! just lots of bread, meat, tea-everything! and I'm so way, and the sooner his wife and hungry. Please do get up quickly,

now; but, by the help of God, I never said, joyously: "After to-morrow this is your own

open the door without even a rap.

home dear Ethel!" "Oh, husband," sobbed the happy

vife— Without answering him, his friend motioned him to a seat, and began to And here, good reader, we draw the final curtain, adding just one line to think. He was a large-hearted, gencomplete our story-

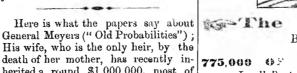
HE NEVER BROKE HIS PLEDGE!

"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Sarah Flower, the writer of the touching hymn, was worthy of the name, for Sarah signifies a princess, and sweeter fragrance has rarely exuded from any flower in the garden. The gifted girl married Mr. Wm. B. Adams, an English civil engineer, of superior abilities. She was of frail constitution, and, amid many bodily sufferings, she kept her pen at work upon various poetical productions. At what time she caught the inspiration to compose that one immortal hymn, which is now sung around the globe, we have never learned. Probably it was some season of peculiar trial, when the bruised spirit omitted the odor of a childlike submission to a chastening father. It must have oozed from a bleeding heart. Her hymn first appeared in a volume of sacred lyrics by Mr. Fox, in England, about the year of 1841. The authoress did not live to catch the fame it was to bring, for she died, in

1849, aged twenty-four years. She was buried near Marlow, in Essex. Presently the hymn began to work its way into various collections of songs of worship. It was married to the tune of "Bethany," and every-body caught the strain. In noonday gatherings for prayer it soon became

up" the hymn the whole andience 307 feet



mamma dear," and the eager child was already at the table, devouring the food with her even at least

started in life in Buffalo, N. Y., a

so familiar that if anybody "struck