

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

BY REV. CHARLES W. DENISON. 1.15-11-215 .

The drunkard dreamed of his old retreat Of his cozy place in the tap-room seat; And the liquor gleamed on his gloating shabby.'

Till his lips to the sparkling glass drew nigh.

He lifted it up with an eager glance, And sang, as he saw the bubbles dance, "Aha! I am mysulf again1 Here's a truce to care, an adieu to pain. Welcome the cup with its creamy foam Farewell to work and a mopy home! With a jolly crew and a flowing bowl In bar-room pleasures I love to roll!"

Like a flash there came to the drunkard's side His angel child, who that night had died! With look so gentle and sweet and fond She touched his glass with her little wand; And oft as he raised it up to drink

crown,

And sat the untasted goblet down.

"Hey, man!" cried the host, "what meaneth this? Is the cove sick? or the dram amiss? Cheer up, my lad! quick the bumper

quaff! And he glared around with a fiendish laugh.

has such a large connection, and so ter Fred. much reputation as an instructress, as Mrs. Rupert tells us, I wonder she does not dress a little better. A certain appearance is incumbent upon every one according to their means, and Miss Harvey's dress is disgracefully

'It was not very nice,' I answered; 'but, oh! aunt, what splendid eyes she has-that is, if they were not so full of

ana " anticipation antes

I was young and enthusiastic in those days, and before long I had con tracted an ardent admiration for Miss Harvey, which now ripened into a pas sionate girlish friendship that made my aunt angry, and Fred laugh kind-

mulation of a distribution of V. 'Come, Chattie,' said he one day, you shall introduce me to the lady of She silently tapped on its trembling brink, 'you shall introduce me to the lady of Till the drunkard shook from foot to the handsome eyes and the shabby gown.'

'It is very heartless of aunt Kitty to talk so much of Miss. Harvey's dress,' I cried; 'if she is poor, is that her fault? She is a far finer lady in her poor worn dress than many of aunt's friends who come rustling in silks and you. It is some scruple about differ- her goodness, notwithstanding the she was buried the other was taken ill, satins. And von, Fred, I am asham-And looked at its depths as so oft before; ed of you. Once you did not think a

lesson I did not forget to tell Miss, panied as I was, I stood still and said ple to their house at Fairbridge .--Harvey of the lady so closely resembling her whom I had seen at the concert, and to my great surprise, looking at my friend the while, I saw that her color that flushed into her pale, thin wife's fortune, and the pair were enpale face finshed suddenly and deeply, and for an instant she seemed confused and vexed.

strong indeed, to be visible through better than one might have hopall the difference of dress. I ought to ed. feel more complimented than I dare say the lady would be, in sile could know, Chattie,' was all she replied, and we spoke of it no more. Miss Harvey was not residing in Deansbury-no, only here for a day or two. She had known the place as a child, and loved it dear-But one day, not very long after ly. that, Fred came to me in some trouble I think this was the sum of the inand excitement.

glad!'

'Wait,' said he, and though he mil- ing voice, and left us. ed, he looked vexed too. It is true Fred and I wandered abroad much that I have asked Grace to marryme; later than usual that hight, talking of her sisters. She was energetic and but Chattie, she has refused, in the those old times; and when I learned, clever, and, as a teacher of music she most unqualified and decided nan- as I did then, how constant my broth- had already got remunerative employ, ner.'

ence in rank, I dare say. Haven't you mystery surrounding her life-I made and, though her life was spared to her

weary attitude, that forgetting the abouts, and at last triumphantly On the occasion of my next music awkwardness of any meeting accom- brought back the runaway young peoinvoluntarily-

'Grace Harvey!'

formation we gathered concerning 'Chattie,' said he presently, 'I am herself before we parted, which we going to tell you a secret. Will you did very soon, though, in spite of all be very much surprised if I tell you the mysterious circumstances that that I love Grace Harvey dearly, and seemed to surround Miss Harvey, my that I have asked her to be my wife ?' heart yearned towards the object of my ed her husband for a while, came back Not surprised, but so glad-oh, so passionate, youthful friendship, when she bade us good bye, in her low, thrill-

'Oh, Fred! and I am sure she likes | ly love-how noble his simple faith in languished and died. Almost, before

Here for a while they all lived ; but before very long it was discovered She looked up hastily, and by the that Mr. Harrington had dissipated his face, I saw that she recognized us. It tirely dependent on their relatives. In was a very awkward meeting, but the vain the simple ladies tried to save good breeding and self-control of the them from the consequences of their 'The resemblance must have been two most concerned, made it pass off own sins and follies. While money was to be had the husband of the younger would spend it ; and at last; and went to London ; but while they had a penny they feebly strove to avert disgrace and ruin from their sister's husband. When all was gone, the poor ladies patiently set about trying to earn a living, and while thus engaged, the younger, who had rejointo them, calmly told them that she had parted with him forever, assumed her mother's maiden name, and declared that she would live and die with

er had been to the memory of his ear- when one of her sisters took a fever,

The drunkard raised his glass once more, The face of his dead little child at home! lady made by her dress.' Then again the landlord at him sneered, jeered;

But still, as he tried that glass to drink The wand of his dead one tapped the brink!

The landlord gasped, "I swear, my man,

The drunkard bowed to the quivering

grew dim;

fore, "The glass was flung on the bar-room fleor; it."

All around the ring the fragments lay, And the poisonous current rolled away.

The drunkard woke. His dream was gone; His bed was bathed in the light of morn; a large number of pupils, she should Bat he saw, as he shook with pale, cold be so poor.' fear,

A beautiful angel hovering near. He rose; and that seraph was nigh him

still; It checked his passion, it swayed his will,

bowl.

And victory gave to his ransomed soul!

Since ever that midnight hour he dreamed Our hero has been a man redeemed, And this is the prayer that he prays alway, pray;

That angels may come, in every land, 'To dash the cup from the drunkard's hand.

-National Temperance Advocate.

Stories.

THE MUSIC MISTRESS: OR THE WASTED FORTUNE

CHAPTER L.

I was about sixteen when I was invited by my aunt, Mrs. Merton, to stay with her for a few months at her house, in that pleasant region of London, the neighborhood of Regent's she was. While pretty sure of Fred's fessed poverty-that I did my errand Park. I was a country-bred girl, and feelings in the matter, I was by no badly enough, I dare say. 'Grace's had never so much as once visited the great city. I had all a novice's ideas of its gaities and splendors, and thought of them with almost awe as ner; and, indeed, after a little while I well as curiosity.

I pass over my anticipations of that

'And perhaps I don't now, either, be the last man in the world to sneer at poverty.'

'Grace Harvey has no relations, and she lives in one room, all alone, up ever so many stairs in such a dark, dis-Thou shalt take every drop of this flowing mal little street; oh, Fred! it almost stiffes me to think of it,' I said, eagerly. 'I met Grace on the street one day, and it rained, and though I think Though his heart beat fast and his eye she would have rather not, she took me for shelter to her room. When I But the wand struck harder than ever be- saw what a poor low place it was, I felt as if I ought never to have seen

> 'Poor thing !' said Fred, heartily.-Well, Chattie, we have no right to pry into her secrets, or wonder why, with

My indignation, much soothed by Fred's feelings and good-nature, I in troduced my brother with great pride to Miss Harvey, and noted with a thrill | walk up?' It dashed from his lips the maddening of pleasure, how his brow was as gracefully deferential, his munner as cordially respectful to the poor teacher of we at length arrived at Miss Harvey's der the gray, old archway of the gate. music in her worn garments, as ever I door. The child knocked; but as She colored faintly when she saw me, had seen either to the most distin- there was no answer, opened it and but did not refuse to walk back with guished of my aunt's fashionable told me to walk in. I did so. There me round the cloisters. And this is the prayer let us help him friends. Miss Harvey soon dropped, too, her rather sad reserve of manner often thought of with a pang-and der if you ever remember how fond I atonement. with ham, and, as Fred about this there I stood transfixed in mute astime became for some reason or other | tonishment; for that instant a door a very dutiful nephew and a most attentive brother, I had the pleasure of ing me a momentary glimpse of mir- believe, loved me better than I deservseeing the acquaintance between them | ror gliding and rich furniture within, ed." improve rapidly. How Fred manag- and Grace herself, beautifully attired ed to time his calls so 'exactly to my music lessons is not for me to say,

young and enthusiastic as I was, the as she faltered-

most natural and desirable thing in the world that my darling brother should fall in love with and marry my means so confident of Miss Harvey's. | face seemed to grow cold and stern, as At first she had seemed pleased with she listened, and replied, briefly, that Fred, but by degrees the old sadness 'Mr. Talbot must consider her decisand reserve crept back into her man-

him.

and white silk dresses?'

and dreat is with an approximation of the list.

Constantiative has a lease in containing we 3

'Grace Harvey.'

found out how proud Grace is ?

'To be sure I have. But I don't ing about it to him. could not. Try and come at her rea- gan to talk of the window. I soon sons, will you?'

'Oh !' said poor Fred, with a look to her wish, and so forth. of great dismay, 'I cannot wait that time. Can't you make some excuse voice was familiar to me, though I for going to see Miss Marycy?

What could I not have done for the work is well done; and mine-ah! Fred? I ran away to put on my I could not rest till it was ac- to call back those early days in which things, and Fred and I were soon in complished. And now that it is done the dingy street, and the house at I begin to ask myself what other need which Miss Harvey lived. I rang the of me there is in the world. I think visit to a concert, which was a source bell, and inquired for Miss Harvey of I have never really felt lonely till of rapturous delight to the invalidthe little girl who opened it.

'Yes, Miss Harvey was in-would I

Stumbling up the dark and crooked away, as she did almost directly, I staircase after this small handmaid, hastened after and overtook her, unwas the low and dismal room I had leading out of this room opened, showin an evening dress, with jewels on her arms and stately neck, stood in the though I was a great deal too shrewd doorway. She in turn, looked more she answered. "Well, Chattie, I don't can be set right in this world. not to notice the fact very speedily; than surprised, almost frightened. As and, oh, how pleased to draw my own she saw me she closed the door behind conclusions from it. It seemed to me, her quickly, and her face was crimson

'Chattie, 1s it you?'

I was so utterly bewildered by what I saw-the discrepancy between her dearest friend-music mistress though | rich dress and apparent, indeed, proion final, as it was.

Poor Fred! I told him all I had could see that she plainly avoided seen, when I gave him her answer, and

a vow in my heart, though I said noth- stricken sister, was hopelessly imbecile

'Yes,' she answered, softly; and the now.'

The sad, patient voice thrilled through me and when Grace turned

'Grace,' said I, presently, 'I wonwas of you.'

"You were a good kind child," she answered, with a faint smile, "and I prayers, her labors, could give nothing

" Then, Grace, make me amends .--Tell me why----

"Tell you all my secrets, I suppose ?" know that I need keep them any longer. I am very sure no other but your kind self would care to hear them.-Shall we sit here, where we can see that large tomb? Can you read the names on this side, Chattie?"

"Yes. It is the family vault of Henry Armytage, of Langton Hall." "I wonder whether my bones will rest there?" said Grace, wistfully. He was my father. Chattie.'

"I shall not give Grace's story in her own words, though they were far more touching and eloquent than any I can room for regret in my heart for him." pretend to. It was briefly this :

She was one of the three daughters we never spoke of Grace Harvey after of Henry Armytage, of Langton estate; that night, and all he said was, "Poor One night, to my unbounded de- that. My visit to town came to an at his death, it reverted to the heir male darling! Dear, noble Grace!" daughters were, however, handsomely dowered, and at their father's death years, my dear sister and Fred's hapretired to a neighboring small proper- py wife?" ty, where they lived in much comfort, It was some years after this that and even style. Grace, the youngest, was many years the junior of the other ladies, clever, and a beauty. The elder sisters were inordinately fond of dinances; that the devotion of good this girl ; pampering and indulging men does mutually inflame and kindle her in every caprice ; sacrificing themselves for her, and only happy when and reverence seizes the mind of good she was pleased. They naturally look- men when they draw near to God in ed to her setting in life in a manner public worship; finally, that if the offiaccordant with her ancient name and ces of our liturgy do not affect our handsome means : instead of which hearts, it is because they are very the willful girl chose to throw herself much indisposed and very poorly qualaway upon a man every way her inferi- ified for the true and spiritual worship or, and, as it turned out, of the most of God.-Lucas. unprincipled character. The elder sisters at first refusing their consent to the union, the pair eloped, were

The Solar is a second the second

interned the miner is a contain this with the mineral to his without and

from that time. The one pleasure of think it is that, either; for I asked her A day or two after this, as I was which she seemed capable was that of outright, and I could not help think- coming out of the cathedral, I linger- liking to see round her the sights and And the swaggering crowd of drunkards Chatt,' said Fred; 'and hope I should ing that my doing that made her think ed an instant to admire a new stained luxuries of her early life; and to give of it for the first time. No, I don't window that was in the process of put- the poor invalid these, became the one fancy that was her reason: and, Chat- ting in when we first arrived at Deans- absorbing duty of the younger sister's tie, this is where you can help me. I bury. As I did so two other persons existence. She removed her sister to could not press Grace for her motives, came from another direction and paus- the house of an old servant, who let but you might ask questions that I ed before it, and, not noticing me, be- apartments, and who would keep her secret, labored night and day to furgathered that the lady had presented nish one room in the style of her sis-'But, Fred, I am not to have my this new memorial window, and the ter's own at Langton, and, while she next lesson for more than a fortnight gentleman was eager to know whether herself lived upon the poorest farc, -not till the new piano comes home.' the work had been executed according supplied that other table with luxuries. After her long day's work, the poor

girl would replace her poor, worn dress with one such as she had worn could not see her face. 'Your part of in the days of prosperity, and devote herself to the poor imbecile, striving alone she seemed to live; a drive now and then, in unfrequented suburbs; a these were all the substantial enjoyments Grace could venture on. If her

husband had had the slightest idea that she gained money enough to give what she did to her sister, he would not long have left her in peace. She guarded her secret carefully, and only seemed to have valued her life as dedicated to the service of her sister, to whom, indeed, she owed such terrible

And then came the day when she could do no more-when her love, her more to that quiet figure on whom her tears fell so bitterly-and she could only bury her dead out of her sight, and realize-oh, how remorsefully ! oh, how tenderly !--- that little of wrong

"It comforted me, somehow, to work, that I might lay them both in yonder tomb, where "they had wished to lie; and when that was done, I labored to put up the window to their memory." Grace concluded ; and then I understood the words I had heard her say in the church.

"And your husband?" I ventured to say, timidly, presently.

"He is gone to where my forgiveness cannot reach him," she answered calmly. "Ah, Chattie, there was no

And this was Grace's story. I told it to Fred in the moonlight cloister

visit,	my arrival in London, the more
than	fulfillment of some of my dreams,
	issipated illusions of others.

My aunt, by her instant proposal audience, I commenced a very admirthat I should take lessons in all the 'Dear me, Fred!' I exclaimed in two usual accomplishments, showed her or three minutes, 'did you ever see opinion of the education I had receiv. such a likeness? There, in the fourth ed from a country boarding-school. Of my numerous other masters and ed her head away now; but I could al- town where we were both born. most say it was she.' mistresses I need not speak-I have long forgotten their very names; but Fred, of my music mistress, Grace Harvey. of whom this little record is told. I girl in white silk, with those splendid flowers? Indeed! it is something like, have the most distinct recollection from the very first hour in which I saw Ah! now she has turned her head,her pale face, her great solemn eyes, that yet sometimes lit up into wonder- the world it is. Is it Miss Harvey?' ful beauty, her firm mouth, and her tall lithe figure.

Well,' said my aunt, when Miss Harvey took her departure after the first

light, Fred took me to a concert, and abrupt close soon afterwards, and my a distant connection only. The three when the first part was over, and I friendship for my music teacher bewas able to spare any attention to the came only a memory.

CHAPTER II.

me and my brother-now a grave lawyer immersed in business-paid a brief visit to the gray, old cathedral row from this end. Ah! she has turn-

One evening-a summer evening, 'She! who, my dear?' inquired full of tranquil beauty, I rememberas we sauntered under the shadow of the cloisters, I noticed the figure of a 'Grace Harvey! where? What, that woman sitting on one of the stone benches beneath them looking out over the graveyard beyond, where the long sun-shadows were growing dusky Marvellously like her! I wonder who in the fading light. Something in the figure attracted me, and as we passed 'Nonsense, Fred,' said I laughing. I looked into her face. I knew her 'How can it be poor Grace? Do you instantly; yes-careworn, faded, shabthink she can afford first class concerts | bier in dress even than of old-I knew Grace Harvey; and so touched was I heard of no more. The elder sisters, by which twenty miles an hour can be But after this I and the concert got too, by something inexpressibly sad

an min site bill the

"Need I tell the ending of the story? and that Grace has been, for some

ADVANTAGES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP .--am fully satisfied that there is a peculiar presence of God in his public orone another; that there is a holy awe

The Hanlon brothers are exhibiting a velocipede at New York, with an immarried, and for a year or two were provement of their own invention, only anxious to forgive, lost no oppor- made.

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