Literature.

LAST HOURS OF A DRUNKARD,

There he sat-the fire within had dried up the juices of his body; his tongue and lips were swollen and blistered ; his eyes fixed motionless in their sockets, were staring wildly in all the unconsciousness of stupid and senseless apat y; his arms hung torpid by his side, while his once powerful and athletic, but now emaciated frame shook like an aspen. There he in the gray of a cold winter's morning after his last debauch, and his wife and five miserable children were huddling together on an old flock bed in a corner or furniture.

internal misery, and external wretchedness, when Death was looking t rough the broken panes in the little casement, ready to lay the his iron fingers upon him, and consign him to the narrow house appoint. ed to all living, and his soul, his immortal not inherit the kingdom of God.

"I say, rouse thee, Mark Burton," said a little shrivelled and decript old woman who lived in the next room, and who had opened the door to me: "rouse thee. man ; here is a gentleman come to see you." The wife of the drunkard rose hastily, wrapped the tattered blanket round her sleeping children, and not having been undressed, she instantly came forward and inquired the object of my visit. "I have come," I replied, "be cause I have heard that your family is in great distress; and if I am to judge from appearances, I have not come too soon.' "You are in time to save my starving children," she said, " but there is no cure for a broken heart; yet I bless you for the visit. These sleeping infants are the cords which bind to this weary existence. and for them I am yet content to live." "Mark Burton, rouse thee up man."

both day and night, to keep themselves these poor children." Helen Burton to me than the possessions of Lindsburn warm. The old woman had kindled a fire opened her eyes, and staring wildly round or anything the world can give." very quickly, and some warm breakfast her, exclaimed, "Is he gone-gone for Mark Burton looked at his weeping wife

was now ready for the children, which she ever? Oh my poor husband-my poor and, in language of unutterable despair. distributed with great tenderness, at the children-my heart is broken. cried out, "Helen Blair, I am dying! same time pressing the poor mother to "Helen," said Maria, "there is still Drink in an evil hour, robbed me of every

sit down by the now glowing fire, and hope; your husband begins to feel. The manly and honest feeling. You have felt warm herself. Helen Burton obeyed, and lamp of life, it is true, glimmers in the and are now feeling, the consequences of as she looked wistfully in the face of her sockets, and it must soon go out; but your husbands vile conduct; but you besotted husband, she burst in a flood of while life exists it is our duty to direct know not half his guilt. O Helen, I am him to the fountain of mercy-that foun- wretched beyond all endurance, and I am

the current of a womans love," said the still open to wash away the sins of the short. At this moment Maria Moreland old woman. "Years of neglect, and sor- vilest of the vile.' Addressing myself to entered the room, and looking in his face row, and want, crowned with simple and Maria, I said, "I shall go and provide she exclaimed, "Mark Burton, thy race is debasing conduct on the part of a hus- some necessary article for this poor family. ended-thy course is run, the morrow's band, cannot always do it, or the love of I shall send medical aid immediately and sun shall not light upon thy eyelids ; and Helen Burton would have been changed will again look in upon you in the course once more I tell you there is balm in of the room, without either food, or firing, to hatred cruel as the grave." I address- of the day." Gilead and a physician there." A groan

ed myself to the poor afflicted Helen in In the afternoon of the same day on escaped from the lips of the dying drunk-There he sat, suffering all the pain of the mildest terms I could use, spoke to which the foregoing events took place, I ard-it come from the heart ; and he exher of the loving kindness of Him whose again directed my steps to the miserable claimed, "I am a-." "A forger." said tender compassions fail not, and who apartment of Burton; having previously Maria Moreland; "but I crossed your maketh the light to shine out of the dark- sent a bed, some clothing, and other ne- path, and you missed your aim. You ness when it pleaseth Him. She heard cessaries for himself and family. I slip- became a drunkard-and drunkenness me in silence, her eye wandering alter- ped quietly into the passage, on one side drove you to meanness-to madness-to nately from her husband ; but I saw clear. of which was the door of Maria's room, crime. Bitter is the experience of Maria soal about to be ushered into the presence |y that nature was struggling vehemently, and on the other the door of the room oc- Moreland of the evils of that awful vice ; of Him who has said that drunkards shall and I could not help reflecting with pain cupied by the drunkard and his family. its name is Legion." At this moment the on that wretched condition, to which man The clear, shrill, animated voice of Maria door of the apartment opened, and a

reduces himself and others by the com- burst upon my ear, and by her language, stranger entered. Maria Moreland uttermission of iniquity. Here was before me soon discovered that Mark Burton had re- ed a piercing shriek, exclaiming, "It is the feeble and broken hearted mother of covered his senses. The door of the room Colonel Blair, the Uncle of Helen Burton.' five children, destitute of every earthly being ajar, and not wishing at the instant This was too much for the poor drunkard : comfort, and brought to ruin and want, to disturb her conversation, I slipped into his whole frame shook and trembled; he apparently by the bad conduct of the only it and sat down. "Mark Burton," said heaved one heavy groan - and, in an inindividual on earth to whom she had a Maria, "it is long since I ceased to flatter stant more his spirit had passed the right to look for comfort and protection, and it is no mark of friendship to with- boundaries which separate time from There he sat, unconscious of that ruin to hold the truth from a dying man. You eternity. which he had reduced his family, but of have sinned-sinned grievously-and with Colonel Blair had just returned from which he could not have been unconscious a high hand. You have sinned against India, and through his agent, had found as he was pursuing his career of wicked- God, against that dear woman, and her out the abode of his niece and her wretchness. My reflections were broken by the help'ess children, and against your own ed circumstances. But very lately before voice of Maria Moreland, who again com- soul." * * * * A deep and hollow his arrival Maria had discovered a plan menced her address to the drunkard. groan was the only reply. which Mark Bnrton had laid to swindle "Mark Burton, wilt thou not rouse the? "If that groan were the groan of a Colonel Blair out of large property in the The wife, thy dearly beloved Helen, seeks heart broken and contrite under a deep funds by forgery. She communicated her a word from thee, ere the film of death sense of sin, and under a conviction of discovery to the Colonel's agent under a has overcast thy eyelids? Where are now the long-suffering and tender mercy of promise that being the husband of his thy plighted vows? where that kindly God, Maria Moreland would rejoice with a niece, he should be allowed to escape. heart and manly form which stole the joy exceeding the delight of a mother in consequence of this information and affections of Helen, pure as the dew upon over her first-born child. Is it so, Mark agreement, Colonel Blair's property was said the decrepit old woman ; "speak to this gentleman." Mark Burton answered the mountain top? Mark Burton, thy Burton, or is your soul still cold and cal- saved, and the criminal spared ignomi

children are no common beggers, but thy lous as the nether mill-stone ? Look at nious punishment. not, he made not the slightest motion. madness has reduced them to receive an Helen and your children-look at your) The sudden unexpected appearance of nor gave any indication that he was conalms from the stranger. Thy childre devoted wife, whose heart, still unchanged Helen Burton's uncle had unstrung the scious of what was going forward.



"What ails your husband?' I said to made so by you ! the poor woman ; "I have been informed that he is a drunkard, but something affect him at present."

This last sentence was expressed with not quenched." The poor drunkard was drunkard it was too much. Doubtless, more than mere drunkenness appears to greas power and emphasis. Whether it touched, "Helen," he said, "My poor the sudden appearance of the man whom was the clear shrill intonation that struck Helen, forgive me. 1 am suffering under he had basely attempted to ruin, hurried home upon the ear of the drunkard, or the horrors of a dark despair, and when on that closing moment which, under "My husband," she replied, "was once

whether the sentiment expressed had too late, I see the dreadful condition to ather circumstances could not have been a good husband to me, and he appeared touched some latent feeling not yet en- which I have reduced myself and family, far distant. many years to be a good man; but he has

tirely destroyed by a long course of wick- 1-I deserve it all; but you-you and my He died evidently suffering all the horfallen-fallen forever-and accursed edness, I cannot tell; but Mark Burton innocent children-the thought is mad- rors of remorse of conscience: beyond drink has done it. You see him in the started upon his legs, and in a tremulous, ness! O that i had never tasted the poi- this we cannot, and dare not say any- CITY HALL, FREDERICTON same state he has been for the last twenty but angay voice he said, "Who dare to soned cup!" four hours. I cannot arouse him. I have Poor Helen wept for joy: for to the Col. Blair and Maria Moreland recogsnatched but a few minutes' sleep during say that my children are beggars ?" Maria the night, and God only knows where my Moreland replied, "I dare tell you Mark voice of kindness from her once fond and nized each other; mutual explanations troubles will end. There is no cure for a Burton, that the wife and children of the affectionate husband she had long been a look place; and soon afterwards Helen broken heart. O my children ! my poor heir of Lindisburn are beggars, and in stranger. Truly the cup of strong drink and her children were removed by him starving destitute children, I never ex- greater distress than the mendicant who is a poisoned cup; it destroys the affec- to his house in the country, there to wanders from door to door, Look around tions, and almost, if not altogether, obli. spend their days beside him, and afterpected it would come to this!'

you, look at Helen your wife, hungry and verates the common feelings of humanity, wards to inherit his ample property, for "Rouse thee, Mark Burton-get uphalf naked! Look at your children in In accents the most gentle and affection. he was unmarried. They were accomspeak man-look about you," said the that miserable corner-they cannot rise ate, she sad, 'O Mark! Oh my dear hus- panied by Maria Moreland whom they little shrivelled old woman, in a sharp. band ! I torgive you all; and may you re- revered as an example of faithful friendfor want of clothing! The fire before you. squeaking voice, and shaking him violentceive forgiveness from God. May he vet snip rarely to be met with in this wicked and the morsel they have just partaken, ly by the shoulders; "rouse t.ee up. spare you to be a comfort and help to world; looking upon her as a brilliant man; there is, it may be, some bread for and the gift of this messenger of mercyand will you deny that your family are your poor family."-"I feel that my comet in the moral hemisphere, which worthless life is near to a close," said may pass away, but whose striking and beggars ?"

Mark heard not, or if he heard he an-"Maria Moreland," answered Burton, swered not, so, turning to the little old you have crossed my path for years, and woman, 1 gave her money, and desired I hate you. Your voice to me is as the her to get a fire and some breakfast for voice of a fiend, and your dwarfish, shrunthe family. "The blessing shall rest on you and yours; for the deeds of mercy. ken form of an unearthly visitant. Who told you that I was the heir of Lindisalthough lorgotten on earth, are remem burn? and who taught you to track my bered in heaven,' said the decripit old footsteps as the blood-hound tracks the woman, as she hastily left the room.

the children

footsteps of his prey?" I began to think I had got into strange Maria replied, "I have crossed your company. The old woman was evidently actuated by no common feelings towards path for years, have I, ay, and I will continue to cross it, till you turn from your the poor family, and I felt curious to know wicked courses. But your course is nearsomething about her. Turning to the ly run; riot and drunkenness have done mother, 1 said, "Who is this old woman. their business with your once noble form : your neighbor ?- she seems to feel more even now you tremble-your eye has lost than a common interest in your family. She answered. "Who she is I know not. brilliancy, and there are but a few steps between you and the grave. I have crosnor will she tell me aught of her history sed your path for years, have I? Maria but to me she has proved a go.d Samari-Moreland has watched you with the eve tan. Under a decrepit and almost unof an eagle from your infancy, and she earthly form she hides the soul of an anknew that you were the heir of Lindis gel; and but for her. I and my children burn before you knew it yourself." must have perished. She has tended us In the name of Gol, who and what are in sickness; she has watched over us with you ? said Burton ; "i thought I escaped s solicitous care; she has taken the bread from her own mouth, and the clothes the eye of all who knew me. Did you from her own back, and for five long years | know my mother ?- Were you a witness of misery she has been our constant comof her care over me?-and do you now panion. Could anything have cured my also mark my degradation? It is torture poor husband, surely the remonstrances to my mind to think so." of Maria Moreland would have done it.'

"Did I know your mother, do you say ;" practices of a low and debased drunkard ?" I said to Mrs. Burton, "If I do not missaid Maria, "I shall meet her in heaven ; Mark Burton looked at me with a coun-life have been in very different circum- the blessed path that leads to eternal plied, "Sir, I fell by degrees, and my fall Agents' Balances and other Ace'ts 67,823 59 stances. Have you no friend able to as- life; she taught me the way to happiness commenced in my own house. Always sist you?' "No friend on earth but Maria and heaven; and Mark Burton, she taught social and hospitable, I felt great pleasure Moreland. My father and mother died you also, and she taught your Helen who in the company of my friends. The cus- Losses under Adjustment......\$ 45,695 61 a small fortune. I was well educated. I ery, out a patient expectant of everlast- cessary adjunct to every evening party, Dividend Payable July 8, 1878.... 30,000 00 married my poor husband, and then ing glory. Oh that you had been buried and I was not aware that thus keeping up thought I had found a friend; but com- in the same grave with your mother !- the spirit of hospitality would ruin my pany and extravagance, and, above ail, then you would have escaped the drunk- fimily, and eat as doth a canker into my drinking has reduced him to the wretched ard's doom, and Helen and her first-born own vitals." I continued; "Your constate in which you see him. But for my would have sorrowed for you on the sunny duct has indeed brought sad and awful who sorrow without hope. I shall not tell amidst it all, your poor wife seems an ex. Capital subscribed but not an early grave !" "The grave is where the wicked cease you who I am: but I have watched you ample of patient resignation. Have you from troubling, and where the weary are in your mad career. I saw you when wasted all your property? Is there at rest,' said Maria Moreland, as she en- drunken tavern assemblies began to steal nothing left, either of your own or your tered the room. "Helen Burton, although from you the thousands of poor Helen wifes for these children?"-" Nothing!" Income for year ending June 30, '78 \$928,984 86 in a crazy vessel on a stormy sea, must and the acres of Lindisburn. I saw you he answered; "nothing !-- not even the not forget the anchor of hope both sure when drink, debauchery, and unhallowed consolation that their father lived and JULIUS L. INCHES, Agent for F'ton. and steadfast. Mark Burton is on the amusements began to lead you from your died, an honest, respectful man. Five verge of eternity; but Helen, his wife, once happy home, and when your lovely thousand pounds was the fortune of Helen who will soon be his widow, is the mother Helen was left by you to pine in solitary Blair, my once-beloved Helen. It is gone : of the children, and she must wait and sadness. I have crossed your path ever -and Lindisburn, the inheritance of my patiently endure till God has placed them then, but not in the decrepit form of fathers, and what ought to have been the in other hands. "Look, sir," she said, Maria Moreland. "And," she added in a inheritance of these children, is gone also, turning to me, "there sits the man, than low whisper, "I saw you when you be-O the curse that follows in the track of whom the world never saw one more pro- came a forger, and but for me you would the drunkard! It leaves nothing for mising a victim, an early victim, to the have suffered a forger's doom." those who come after, and it scatters all demon of drunkenness !- Rouse him-"But for you I would have suffered a around it debasement, and misery, want, draw from his own lips the history of his forger's doom !" said Burton, as he again and death. I am, and have been for years career, and ere his eyes are sealed in death sunk upon his seat, evidently suffering truly miserably, and yet I have never if you be a christian, tell him what it is to the severest mental torture. "A forger's conquered my degraded passion. Even die." doom !" he repeated, and fell senseless now, I feel the craving of an appetite I was filled with amazement at the eloon the floor. Helen Burton screamed cruel and rapacious as the grave." quence and energy of the little old woman aloud and fainted; the poor naked child-"Have you any relations" or friends who and asishe was busily employed in kind- ren started from their bed, and running can assist your family ? To all appearance ling the fire, and preparing a breakfast to their mother, cried in piteous accents. you must soon quit this world ; and next for the starving family, I seated myself on "Mother-dear, dear mother-oh do not to your own eternal welfare, it is of some. an old box, and kept musing and wonder- leave us." consequence to know what is to become ing where all this would end. I tried to calm them ; and while Maria of these children, and your feeble but The shrill squeaking voice of the old directed her attention to the poor mother patient wife." He shrank back-was silwoman broke out. "Mark Burton, are I said to her, "This is a sad and awful ent for a time; and then, in a paroxysm you senseless? are you dreaming? or is scene-a melancholy picture of the effects of the most bitter and poignant reflection your mind filled with all the horrors of of sin !' She replied, "Yes; we are en- exclaimed, "All my relatives have disearth and hell? Rouse-for there is but a tering upon the last scene of a painful owned me and mine forever. Helen Burstep between thee and the eternal world; drama I have seen it from beginning, and ton has an uncle, and only relative; he is and as sin has done its work with you, till must abide the close; but at present in a distant land I have attempted tothe fuel is consumed and the fire is well there is no immediate danger. Helen to ruin -." He could proceed no furnigh gone out, listen once more, I say. will come round immediately, and so will ther; the violence of his feelings over Mark Burton, listen once more to the her husband. I have touched him in a came him, and he sank upon his bed in an voice of mercy." tender part; I am glad he feels it, for he agony of remorse. His poor wife was at F, ton, Sept. 7.

the framework of nature, Helen, I can. to beat. not leave you to a world that will use you worse than you have been used by your wicked husband, What an awful reflection is this for a dying man! I dare not. I cannot hope for mercy from Him against whom I have so deeply offended. Oh. the misery of a life of dissipation, and the tenfold misery of a dying hour ! Would to God I had remained satisfied with the pure and simple pleasure of domestic life ASSURANCE CO. at Lindisburn? O tell my children to avoid the beginnings of evil." * * * * * There was now silence. I rose from my HEAD OFFICE - - TORONTO seat and rapped gently at the door. It was opened by Maria, who said to me. Hon. J. McMURRICH. President. There is a change for the better here. B. HALDEN, Managing Director. J. J. KENNY, Secretary. sir ; 1 wish it were a change for the better JAS. BOOMER, Inspector. in regard to the things of eternity.' Maria J. PRINGLE, General Agent. Moreland left the room, and I sat down by the bedside of the dying drunkard. CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED, - \$800,000 00 After a few moment's silence I said to CAPITAL PAID-UP - - - 403,000 00 him, "Your situation, and the situation of your poor family, is distressing. What would induce a man, moving in the circle in which you have moved, so far to for- Government & Municipal Bonds. . 331,469 20 get himself, and every honorable and United States Bonds and Deposits 421,972 50

moral feeling, as to sink down in the con-Loan & Investment Co. Stocks & dition, and take up the character and

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Mark was silent. Helen Burton direct- may now listen to the word of wisdom and his bedside in a moment, and in sweet ed attention to her little ones, who had the voice of mercy, which he has long de- and soothing accents whispered in his ear now awakened; but they could not rise. spised."

the cold was so intense; and being nearly I said, "He is very ill and something compose yourself. O Mark, may not all destitute of clothing, they were compell- must be done for him immediately; a yet be well? If Lindisburn is no longer O PLINTS, SPLINTS at

ed to huddle together upon the old bed. bed must be procured, and clothing for ours, yet a change in you would be better D