

OH, PLEDGE ME NOT WITH WINE.

Oh, pledge me not with Wine dear love; I shrink from its ruddy glow; And while a cold, and deathly fear Drops into my heart like snow.

Oh, pledge me not with wine, dear love! Through its mists of rosy foam, I count the beats of a breaking heart; I see a desolate home.

Oh, pledge me not with wine, dear love! I shiver with icy dread: Each drop to me is a tear of blood That sorrowful eyes have shed.

Oh, pledge me not! though the wine is light As the crystal lights that flows Through the sunset's cloudy gates of fire, Or the morning veins of rose.

Put down the cup! it is brimmed with blood, Crushed throbbing from hearts like mine; For hope, for peace, for dear love's sake, Oh, pledge me not with wine!

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM, AND WHAT I SAW THERE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

NIGHT THE FOURTH.

DEATH OF LITTLE MARY MORGAN.

"Come quick, father, won't you?" "Yes, love," And Morgan got up and dressed himself—but with unsteady hands, and every sign of nervous prostration. In a little while, with the assistance of his wife, he was ready, and, supported by her, came tottering into the room where Mary was lying.

"Oh, father!"—what a light broke over countenance—"I've been waiting for you so long. I thought you never going to wake up. Kiss me, father."

"What can I do for you, Mary?" asked Morgan, tenderly, as he laid his face down on the pillow beside her.

"Nothing, father. I don't wish for anything. I only wanted to see you."

"I'm here now, love."

"Dear father!"—how earnestly, yet tenderly, she spoke, laying her small hand upon his face—"You've always been good to me, father."

"Oh, no! I've never been good to anybody," sobbed the weak, broken-spirited man, as he raised himself from the pillow.

How deeply touched was Mrs. Slade, as she sat the silent witness of this scene!

"You haven't been good to yourself, father—but you've always been good to us."

"Don't, Mary! don't say anything about that," interrupted Morgan. "Say that I've been very bad—very wicked. Oh, Mary dear! I only wish that I was as good as you are; I'd like to die then, and go right away from this evil world. I wish there was no liquor to drink—no taverns—no bar-room. Oh dear! Oh dear! I wish I was dead."

And the weak, trembling, half-paralysed man laid his face again upon the pillow beside his child, and sobbed aloud.

What an oppressive silence reigned for a time through the room!

"Father." The stillness was broken by Mary. Her voice was clear and even. "Father, I want to tell you something?"

"What is it, Mary?"

"There'll be nobody to go for you, father." The child's lips now quivered, and tears filled her eyes.

"Don't talk about that, Mary. I'm not going out in the evening any more until you get well. Don't you remember I promised?"

"But father!—she hesitated.

"What, dear?"

"I'm going away to leave you and mother."

"Oh, no—no—no, Mary! Don't say that!"—the poor man's voice was broken—"don't say that! We can't let you go dear."

"God has called me." The child's voice had a solemn tone, and her eyes turned reverently upward.

"I wish he would call me! Oh, I wish he would call me!" groaned Morgan, hiding his face in his hands. What shall I do when you are gone! Oh dear! oh dear!"

"Father!" Mary spoke calmly again. "You are not ready to go yet. God will let you live longer, that you may get ready."

"How can I get ready without you to help me, Mary, my angel child?"

"Haven't I tried to help you, father, oh, so many times?" said Mary.

"Yes—yes—you've always tried."

"But it wasn't any use. You would go out—you would go to the tavern. It seemed almost as if you couldn't help it."

Morgan groaned in spirit.

"Maybe I can help you better, father, after I die. I love you so much, that I am sure God will let me come to you and stay with you always, and be your angel. Don't you think he will mother?"

But Mrs. Morgan's heart was too full. She did not even try to answer, but sat, with streaming eyes, gazing upon her child's face.

"Father, I dreamed something about you while I slept to-day." Mary again turned to her father.

"What is it, dear?"

"I thought it was night, and and I was still sick. You promised not to out again until I was well. But you did go out. and I thought you went over to Mr. Slade's tavern. When I knew this, I felt as strong as

when I was well, and I got up and dressed myself, and started out after you. But I had't gone far before I met Mr. Slade's great bull dog Nero, and he growled at me so dreadfully that I was frightened and ran back home. Then I started again, and went around by Mr. Masons. But there was Nero in the road, and that at this time he caught my dress in his mouth and tore a great piece out of the skirt. I ran back again, and he chased me all the way home. Just as I got at the door, I looked around, and there was Mr. Slade, setting Nero on me. As soon as I saw Mr. Slade, through he looked at me very wicked, I lost all my fear, and turning around, I walked past Nero, who showed his teeth, and growled as fiercely as ever, but didn't touch me. Then Mr. Slade tried to stop me. But I didn't mind him, and kept right on, until I came to the tavern, and there you stood in the door. And you were dressed so nice. You had on a new hat and a new coat; and your boots were new, and polished just like Judge Hammond's. I said—"O father! is this you? And then you took me up in your arms and kissed me, and said—"Yes, Mary, I am your real father. Not old Joe Morgan, but Mr. Morgan, now." It seemed all so strange, that I looked into the bar-room to see who was there. But it wasn't a bar-room any longer, but a store full of goods. The sign, "Sickle and Sheaf" was taken down; and over the door I now read your name, father. Oh! I was so glad that I awoke; and then I cried all to myself, for it was only a dream."

The last words were said very mournfully, and with a drooping of Mary's eyelids until the tear-gemmed lashes lay close upon her cheeks. Another period of deep silence followed—for the oppressed listeners gave no utterance to what was in their hearts. Feeling was too strong for speech. Nearly five minutes glided away and then Mary whispered the name of her father, but without opening her eyes.

Morgan answered, and bent down his ear.

"You will only have mother left," she said, "only mother. And she cries so much when you are away."

"I won't leave her Mary, only when I go to work," said Morgan, whispering back to the child. "And I'll never go out at night any more."

"Yes; you promised me that."

"And I'll promise more."

"What father?"

"Never to go into a tavern again."

"Never."

"No, never. And I'll promise still more."

"Father?"

"Never to drink a drop of liquor as long as I live."

"Oh! father! dear, dear father!" And with a cry of joy Mary started up and flung herself upon his breast. Morgan drew his arms tightly around her, and sat for a long time with his lips pressed on her cheek while she lay against his bosom as still as death. As death! Yes; for when the father unclasped his arms, the spirit of his child was with the angels of the resurrection.

It was my fourth evening in the bar-room of the "Sickle and Sheaf." The company was not large, nor in very gay spirits. All had heard of little Mary's illness, which followed so quickly on the blow from the tumbler, that none hesitated about connecting the one with the other. So regular had been the child's visits, and so greatly exerted, yet powerful, her influence over her father, that most of the frequenters at the "Sickle and Sheaf" had felt for her a more than common interest; which the cruel treatment she received, and the subsequent illness, materially heightened.

"Joe Morgan hasn't turned up this evening," remarked some one.

"And isn't likely to for a while," was answered.

"Why not?" inquired the first speaker.

"They say the man with the poker is after him."

"Oh, dear! that's dreadful. It's the second or third chase, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"He'll be likely to catch him this time."

"I shouldn't wonder."

"Poor devil! It won't be much matter. His family will be a great deal better without him."

"It will be a blessing to them if he dies."

"Misersble, drunken wretch!" muttered Harvey Green, who was present. "He's only in the way of everybody. The sooner he's off the better."

The landlord said nothing. He stood leaning across the bar looking more sober than usual.

"That was rather an unlucky affair of yours, Simon. They say the child is going to die."

"Who says so?" Slade started, scowled, and threw a quick glance upon the speaker.

"Doctor Green."

"Nonsense! Doctor Green never said any such thing."

"Yes, he did though."

"Who heard him?"

"I did."

"You did,?"

"Yes."

"He wasn't in earnest?" A slight paleness overspread the countenance of the landlord.

"He was, though. They had an awful time there last night."

"Where?"

"At Joe Morgan's. Joe has the mania, and Mrs. Morgan was alone with him and her sick girl all night."

"He deserves to have it; that's all I have got to say. Slade tried to speak with a rough indifference.

"That's pretty hard talk," said one of the company.

"I don't care if it is. It's the truth. What else could be expected. A man like Joe is to be pitied, remarked the other. I pity his family, said Slade.

(To be Continued.)

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