

And there indeed was somebody's father, as the gentle voice had said. Look with us inside of this low and shattered room, and there you see a pale and laded woman sitting up, sick and feeble, by a decaying fire, striving, with trembling hand and failing eye, to finish a piece of sewing; her head is weary and giddy—the room often seems turning round and round with sickening motion, and her hand often stops and trembles as she still urges her needle—her needle slender and feeble as herself, but like herself, the only reliance of those helpless ones around her. On the floor sits the baby, often pulling at her dress and raising his hands in dumb show to make her feel that he is weary of apparent neglect, and wants to find a warmer seat on her lap; while two pale wistful looking children are gazing from the door, as if expecting something, and weary of delay.

"Oh Mary, do take Benny," said the mother, after vainly striving to raise him, "and try to keep him a little longer till I finish this work, and then you can carry it up to Mrs. ——— and get the money for it, and you shall have something good for supper."

"Oh dear! why doesn't father come," says the girl, as she takes her little brother from the floor. "He told us certainly that he would be back in an hour, and bring the medicine for you, and some things for us; and he has not come back yet."

The woman sighs. Long experience has taught her why he does not come; but she only says, "I know he meant to be home before this."

At last the boy steals in silently and pale, and standing behind his mother's chair says, apprehensive, "O, mother, he is coming, but he hasn't got anything for us, I know." The mother had guessed as much before; and the tired and hungry children looked with a discouraged and hopeless air from their mother to each other, as the door is pushed widely open, and the man who lay by the road-side totters in and throws himself into a chair.

No child goes to him. When the unthinking baby puts out its little hands, its sister checks it with a "Hush, Benny, be still." They all know that his father is no father now, and that there is no safety but in keeping out of his way.

And yet that man left his house in the morning with as warm a heart for his children, with as solemn a purpose to withstand temptation, as sincere a desire to provide something for his own as man could have; that man is naturally warm hearted and affectionate, and proud and fond of his equally affectionate wife and children, and only this morning he promised to that sick, heart-broken woman that he would begin a new life. He went out from his home honestly meaning to come back with comforts for his wife and little ones, and to make a cheerful evening fire-side. But in his work-shop, among the companions he daily meets, he has been assailed by temptation too strong for him, he has yielded, and this is the result.

A year or two since, the hand of Christian brotherhood was everywhere stretched forth in our city to stay the failing resolution of such wanderers—to seek out and save those that were ready to perish. How many desolate homes were then made cheerful, how many sorrowful hearts were filled with joy, by those noble efforts. But of late we hear too often that the cause of Temperance, in our city, is going back, that haunts of vice are increasing in number, and throwing, far and wide their temptations, unchecked and unrestrained. Are those who labored so nobly and successfully, in past times, then, weary in well-doing. Has the cause grown old and lost its interest—is it not just as dreadful for a man to lose soul and body now as ever it was—are not the sacred relations of the family the same, and the anguish and despair caused by their utter wreck, as real and true now, as when they were the theme of every tongue?

Let it be hoped that the energies of our community, always forward and efficient in good works in time past, are not dead but only sleeping; and that the same vigorous and benevolent hearts and hands that have wrought so much good among us in former times, will arouse again to new and successful efforts.

**TOBACCO.**—Are you a professor? Hold on! don't put a foot into that nice church where so many decent people assemble, with that abominable *tud* in your mouth! Throw it out, quick. Wash out your mouth! Don't leave a single crumb, lest you have occasion to *bspatter* either the floor, seats or something else. If you will use the *dirty weed* at home, please do not insult the decency of others, from home.