

Hope sprang up in the soul of the disconsolate wife, and invalid as she was, unassisted, she arose from her bed.

"I see how it is," said she, "God has saved my dear husband! come let us go immediately to him!" Bath & Wife with joy as the sunshine of happier days dawned upon them. In a few moments more, the happy wife and daughter were locked in the passionate embrace of the reformed drunkard. It is unnecessary to trace it farther, but suffice it to say, that lawyer ——— in a short time recovered his property, his influence and his friends; that his wife recovered, and that from that day forth, the father, mother and daughter were among the happiest of the happy.

F. F. S.

### THE LAST VISIT TO THE VILLAGE GROCERY.

If you have ever visited the village of B——, in the western part of the state of New York, you may have noticed a few fields of cultivated ground, upon the very summit of the hill which rises to the north-west of the place.

Late in the evening of one of the most bitter days of the winter of 183—, a light might still have been seen gleaming from the casement of the lonely habitation situated in that enclosure. The night was intensely cold, and the low moanings of the wind were the only sounds to be heard around the dwelling, while occasionally, at the uncurtained window, or the half opened door, appeared the face of a pale and anxious woman.

She could see the lights of the village, and she watched until they all gradually disappeared—until the last star which twinkled from the windows of the farm houses beneath her, had been extinguished, until darkness settled on every object, and she could no longer catch the glimmering light of a distant habitation. She must then have felt more sad and lonely; but still she heaped her fire, and the pine torch shed its bright and warm light around the room. To-morrow would be the Sabbath; and how many wives and mothers, around and below her, had sunk into peaceful slumber, and would awake to all the sacred enjoyments of its holy hours? and then as such thoughts passed through her breast, she turned to the bed of her little ones, and then hastened and watched—yet still dreaded the return of the husband and father.

That husband was a drunkard, and the wife knew that as he staggered home, his mouth would be filled with imprecations, and unlike the patriarch of old, who returned to bless his dwelling, as he entered his home, curses and revilings would be poured upon his family.

It was not unusual for him to be absent late at night; yet still she was required to watch his hearth and trim his fire, while he was engaged in drunken revelings and angry brawls. Once or twice she thought she heard him, and her head sunk, and her breath came quick in dread of his abuse; yet when he did not appear, and she remembered his probable exposure to the piercing cold—of the danger of his losing life or limb, as he wandered like a maniac over that bleak hill, she forgot all his brutality; she thought of him only as the husband of her youth, the father of her children; and she felt impelled to venture forth to try to seek and save him. Fear and prudence still withheld her, and morning at length dawned upon the sleepless and anxious wife.

With the light of the morning the children rose, and as the eldest boy left the house to fodder the few sheep, his eyes fell upon the prostrate body of his father! The man had perished in sight of his own dwelling—in sight of the fire which he required his wife to keep—and perhaps with his eyes fixed upon that illuminated casement. There he lay, with the ground beaten for many feet around him; his hands clenched and filled with snow, as if he had perished like a strong man in agony—his limbs frozen, his face purple, and his eyes glazed and open.

His tale was soon told. When the last village grocery was closed, he started for his distant and solitary home. He was traced by his oaths until he passed the last habitation on his way, and some benevolent individuals who heard him, fearing that he might lose himself and perish that bitter night, rose from their beds and watched his steps until he was within a short distance of his own house. As the path was direct, and he seemed more sane, they returned to their homes. He pro-

bably became bewildered and chilled, and exhausted sunk down and died as he had lived—a drunkard—and added one more to the long list of those who perish on their return from their last visit to the village grocery.

### GIN PALACES.

A more motley group was, probably, never congregated together, than are found within the portals of a Gin palace. There, is seen the porter, with his knot on his shoulder; the fish-men and fish-women, husbands and wives, with their baskets beneath the arm; the street-beggar, leaning against the wall—with his hands in his pockets—his knees bent in feebleness together—his whole appearance a very scare-crow; the tall Irish labourer, in some corner, looking terrible things at a poor wretch, whom he once introduced to the priest of his native village, a blooming, innocent, light-hearted girl, now quailing before him, with half-a-dozen wretched half-starved children, clinging to her knee for support, undergoing an education, which will turn their hearts to stone: the sweep unwashed, with a fuckless urchin or two at his elbow, in training for the barbarous calling, in which smallness of stature, is a first-rate qualification; boys and girls, scarcely in their teens, sitting on a bench behind the entrance, half-shamed, and half out-braving their situation. Such is the usual company.

Strange as is the outward appearance of these votaries of Bacchus, not less strange and un-English is their conduct. What a very babel of sounds! Some laughing; some growling; some uttering profane oaths; some using the most obscene language; some weeping. Thus, many close the labours of the day, spending that on themselves, which would make their wives and children happy, and their homes an Eden. They, poor wretches! are at home, (but what a home!) dreading the return of a drunkard!

But, where is the presiding genius of this moral pantomime? Does he look upon this scene, no! His interests are committed to the drudgery and the morals of others. Young men and women, (O, in a Christian land can it be!) whose business it is to deal out the liquid poison to their fellow-creatures. HE DARE NOT TRUST HIS WIFE OR CHILDREN THERE!

The picture we have imperfectly portrayed, changes again and again during an evening, so that between the hours of six and midnight, hundreds have come and disappeared.

Scenes, the most unnatural, sometimes occur in these immoral establishments. One must suffice. Two females, one with her child in her arms, entered a gin shop to take a drop of the "dear creature." Their united finances were exhausted in one supply. But they felt unsatisfied. One cast a rapid glance over her dress, but nothing could be dispensed with. The other did the same, but with no better result. What was to be done! The child, in the arms of the mother, had a tolerably decent pair of shoes on its little feet. Lucky incident. The shoes were soon deposited on the shelf of the pawnbroker, and the amount swallowed by the two inhuman beings in gin.

It is alledged, there are professors of religion, who own some of these palaces. But it seems too incredible for belief!

### MEDICAL TESTIMONIALS AGAINST THE USE OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS IN NURSING.

I have in eight years attended one thousand one hundred and thirty-seven cases of midwifery, and have invariably found that, other circumstances being equal, those mothers who never tasted malt liquors, wine or spirits, during and subsequent to the period of labour, have had the easiest labours, the earliest recoveries, and the best health afterwards. Nay, more, I know several mothers who never could nurse their children under the ale and porter system without suffering greatly in health, but who, after relinquishing the use of those baneful stimulants, have experienced a perfect freedom from disorder during the period of lactation. Nor was this all; the offspring of such mothers have enjoyed an unprecedented immunity from disease also. Nor do I see how it can be otherwise, according to the laws which govern the animal economy; thousands of children are annually cut off by convulsions, from the effects of these beverages acting through the mother."

—A. COURTNEY, Surgeon Royal Navy.  
My late wife, who was a woman of very delicate constitution, nursed the whole of her family of eight children, without drinking