

of the children associated in our Junior Temperance Societies, are imbued with the like spirit, and who can limit the influence they will exert as they rise to manhood.—*N. Y. Organ.*

A short time ago, a little girl but two years and three months old, the daughter of a Directress of a Martha Washington Society, saw a man staggering past the house, and with the kindest sympathy depicted on her infant countenance, she cried out,

"Poor man, do pledge (go pledge!) poor man, do pledge."

And ever since, when she sees any one intoxicated, she repeats the advice. She has begun early to act the woman's part of counsellor.

One of the R. D's. of New-York, relates the following incident: By his excessive drinking he had laid himself upon a bed of sickness, and one evening his wife had occasion to go out shopping, and of course had to go alone.

Her child, a boy of four years, was playing about, as he had been allowed to sit up for company for his father, while his mother should be away. The boy kept teasing to know what mother would buy for him, and laughingly his mother told him, she would buy him another father.

"Oh, mother, don't buy a drunken father!" said the child, with great earnestness. This expression set the inebriate to thinking, and resulted in his reformation.

I'M TOO YOUNG.

"I think, George, I'm too young to be a tee-totaler; it's a very good thing for you, but I'm too young," said Jane Wright to her cousin, who was spending the Christmas holidays at her parent's house.

"Are you too young to know right from wrong, Jane?"

"Why now I think you are laughing at me, George! Why I'm in the Bible class at school, I shall be nine next birth-day, and you ask me if I know right from wrong!"

"Well, Jane, don't be angry—you complained of being too young just now; but if you know right from wrong, why total abstinence from strong drinks is right, and drinking them is wrong. And if you are not too young to know, you can't be too young to do, what is right."

"I never do drink, George, only a glass of wine at our school breaking-up, and a little taste of punch with uncle John, when I go to see him—that's all."

"Are you in the habit of often seeing people drink these drinks?"

"Oh no, George! My parents are tee-totalers, you know.—We have no such drinks at home. I only see them at uncle John's, and at our breaking up."

"Why, Jane, in that case you take them as often as you can get them, and the drunkard does no more."

"Dear me! how harshly you speak—comparing me to a drunkard! Who ever heard of a little girl being a drunkard?"

"Little girls grow to be women; and women, Jane, are sometimes so lost, as to be drunkards. I have read in the works of a great poet these words, 'The child is father to the man;' meaning, that the habits we get in childhood, grow with us. Do you think the strip of muslin you are hemming would ever be done by you, if you never began it?"

"What a simple question! Why, to be sure it would not."

"Well, simple as it is, the case of poor lost drunkards is like that strip of muslin. Every drop they took from the very first beginning, helped on to the completion of their bad habit, as surely as every stitch you take helps on till the whole is completed.—Is not that plain?"

"Why yes, it seems so."

"Every thing, Jane, both good and evil must have a beginning—and the habits we get in childhood are often so strong, we can never throw them off. You mentioned, just now, uncle John, and his punch; and you know he learned to take strong drink in his youth in the navy, and now he is quite disabled with the gout. What is the reason he does not become a tee-totaler?"

"Oh, he says he is too old, and that he learned to drink in his youth."

"He was not too young, Jane, to learn to drink! You think yourself too young to learn to abstain."

"Oh, if ever I thought for a moment I should be a drunkard, I would not think myself too young."

"And do you suppose any one ever does think of becoming a drunkard?"

"Why, no; I dare say they get into a bad habit before they are at all aware of it. But, George, how could I refuse to take wine at the breaking up—I should be laughed at."

"And would you do wrong, for fear of being laughed at! Oh, that is not like a child who reads her Bible. You know you should do your duty, through good report and through evil report. Some wicked people laugh at religion, would you be ashamed of religion on that account?"

"Oh no! for our Lord has said, 'Whosoever is ashamed of me before men, of him will I be ashamed.'"

"Well, then, why be ashamed of tee-totalism, which is a plain carrying out of our Lord's command, 'Do good, as ye have opportunity, to all men.'"

"Well, I think I have been wrong."

"I think you have, Jane. You are not too young to read your Bible, and to understand parts of it. Neither are you too young to be a Christian. How then can you be too young to understand this plain fact, that if you would for ever avoid the snare of intemperance yourself, and set a good example of perfect sobriety to others, you must abstain from those drinks that cause intemperance."

"Well, George, I thought it did not much matter about children being tee-totalers; but you have taught me better. I see that we are never too young to do that which is right."—*Morn. Star.*

A SKETCH.

Comes up to but does not beyond the reality.

"Say, Doctor, may I not have rum, To quench this burning thirst within?"

Here, on this cursed bed I lie,
And cannot get one drop of gin;
I ask not health, nor even life—
Life! what a curse it's been to me!
I'd rather sink in deepest hell,
Than drink again its misery.

"But, Doctor, may I not have rum?
One drop alone is all I crave.
Grant this small boon—I ask no more—
Then I'll defy—yes, even the grave.
Then, without fear, I'll fold my arms,
And bid the monster strike his dart,
To haste me from this world of woe,
And claim his own—this ruined heart.

"A thousand curses on his head
Who gave me first the poisoned bowl.
Who taught me first this bane to drink—
Drink death and ruin to my soul.
My soul! oh, cruel, horrid thought!
Full well I know thy certain fate,
With what instinctive horror shrinks
The spirit from that awful state!

"Lost—lost—I know forever lost!
To me no ray of hope can come;
My fate is sealed, my doom is—
But give me rum; I will have rum.
But, Doctor, don't you see him there?
In that dark corner how he sits;
See how he sports his fiery tongue,
And at me burning brimstone spits!

"Go, chase him out. Look! here he comes;
Now on my bed he wants to stay;
He sha'n't be there. Oh God! oh God!
Go way, I say! go way! go way!
Quick! chain me fast, and tie me down;
There now—he clasps me in his arms:
Down—down the window—close it tight:
Say, don't you hear my wild alarms?

"Say, don't you see this demon fierce?
Does no one hear? will no one come?
Oh save me—save me—I will give—
But rum! I must have—will have rum.