

"O yes sir, so much — you dont know how much!"

"Why, my little man, do you want him to wear it?"

"Cause them that wear 'em never drink whisky."

"Does your pa drink whisky?"

"Yes, sir,—some times."

The tear grew larger and brighter on the boy's lid, and he watched his dirty foot, as he kicked his toes into the soil.

"Does your pa ever strike you when he has been drinking?"

"Yes, sir—sometimes," and the full tear swam over the lid, and fell upon my hand. It glowed hotly there like a molten drop, and sent a fire through my veins.

"Have you got a mother?"

"O, yes, sir — *she* never strikes me!"

No, no, we thought, through all the bitter desolations of the rum scourge, the mother clings to her child idols. Taking the boy's hand, we followed him to his home.

What a home for childhood! It was one of the poorest class of Irish huts, no windows, an old quilt for a door, and no floor but the hard beaten ground. The hogs were rooting lazily in front, one basking in the sun at the very entrance. To the knock upon the loose board, a mild voice answered, "Come in."

The woman looked up with evident astonishment and mortification, and with more of grace than is usually found in such tenements, handed us the only chair in the room, and that backless, and nearly bottomless. Though embarrassed, her manners had something that told of a better day and position. But the garb and the features told their story of wrong. We have seen many a sad face in our day but few more so than that of the Irish mother. We apologized for

our visit, by saying that her boy had urged us home with him.

"And a poor home ye have found it, sir!" she answered, with a sigh. "It was not so once, indeed it was not," and she bowed her head convulsively over the neck of her boy.

"Don't cry ma, any more; this man's come home with me to make pa stop drinking whisky! O, *won't* that be good, ma?" and he wound his arms around her neck.

"O! little's the hope o' that Michael! And sure it is, I have prayed this many a year for that day."

"But mother! he's going to wear such as this, [pulling my regalia from my hat] and march with lots of 'em, and wont *never—never* drink any more. See, mother!"

The woman looked vacantly at the emblem, and motioned for him to put the regalia back in the hat. As her reserve wore off, she, in answer to our inquiries, told the story of her wrongs. She was born in a home of fair means in Ireland, married with high hopes, and for the first few years of wedded life was happy. After coming to this country, her husband took to drinking, since that time, she had seen a "world of sorrow."

"Many and many is the day when me boy and meself are cold and hungry in the winter times. But it's the whisky that does it—its not Michael, himself, at all, at all."

While we were conversing, the husband came in. He was intoxicated, sullen, and bent a glowering expression upon us from under his matted hair. To our frank salutation, he barely growled an answer, throwing himself heavily upon the bed, and calling for whisky.

We will not take time to detail our two hour's struggle to reach