

share it with a married sister, who lived in a neighboring street.

Mr. L—— impatiently called his children. They came timidly into the room, where the rude, tipsy companions of their father were rioting and swearing. Some were tipped back in their chairs, with their feet higher than their heads; others were tossing their arms about, laughing shrilly, making most foolish speeches, or using great, swelling oaths; some were drinking the last dregs of the empty bottles that strewed the table. One, a young man, lay hiccupping and stuttering, on a lounge, evidently too far gone to sit up. Their father did not look so drunk as the rest; but his face was red and angry, and his breath was fiery with the fumes of spirit, as he told them to go down into a certain cellar—giving them the key—and bring each as many bottles as she could carry.

“Ca-can’t you br-bring *four* bottles apiece?” he called after them.

“Yes, pa,” Rose answered, faintly.

As they went down stairs, through the wide hall, Abby whispered to her sister—

“Oh, Rose! I am afraid he’ll make me drink some more of that poison stuff! Oh dear!”

“He can’t make *me*!” Rose said, very firmly. “Don’t you know what the little girl there sung?”

And both, who were accustomed to singing songs together, joined in the chorus, as they went slowly from step to step—

“No—no—no—no!”

I’ll never drink any more!”

The echoes rang through the hall, starting the house cat, who lay napping on the rug before the door. They did more; they reached the ears of the father, in the midst of his revelling companions; and they startled *him*, as nothing had startled him since Charley’s death!

How! Was he fallen so low as to be reproved, taught, by his very children—his own despised, neglected little girls? He leaned his head on his hands, and tried to clear it from the mist of drunkenness. He seemed to hear his wife’s tone in that clear sound of singing. It was as though the sky had opened above him, and Charley and Charley’s mother, two angels all in white, had looked down on him, and bidden him “*never drink any more!*”

“*I never will!*” he solemnly exclaimed within his heart, at that moment. He started up; but, recollecting himself, he sat down, just as his pale, sad, sorrowful-

looking little girls came back with their arms full of the bottles he had demanded. He could not look in their faces, nor speak to them, but motioned to them to go out.

He then uncorked the bottles, and passed them to his guests, excusing himself from taking any more. He did not touch another drop.

That night he did not sleep an hour. Early the next morning he went out, found and signed the pledge of *Total Abstinence* from “all that can intoxicate!”

Margaret was looking sad, when he came again to his home. Poor girl, she saw nothing but ruin before her father and his whole family. He sat down by her side, and spoke to her more affectionately than he had done for months.

“Margaret, my daughter,” he said, in a trembling voice, “I have made a promise, which, by God’s help, I will keep till my dying day.”

She looked up, bewildered—afraid to believe what she most wished on earth.

“I have *signed the pledge!*” he said, looking firmly in her face.

“Oh, father!” she began, lifted her hands, clasped them together; and turning instantly away, she began to cry aloud, like a little child.

Rose and Abby came running in, with their school bonnets on their heads, ready to go out. They did not know what to make of their quiet, sober sister’s unaccountable behavior.

They had not much time for wondering; for their father, with a look of love in his face that had never fallen on them before, caught them both in his arms, and drawing them to his heart, exclaimed—

“My children! my angels! you have saved your father!”

And, bending his head over them, the strong man wept as a babe.

“Oh, God forgive me!” he exclaimed, at last, brokenly. “*I have enough to live for!*”

That pledge was kept—that family is happy!

Are you a Brother.

The three little Mays were made very happy one day by a letter which their father received, saying that a friend of his was coming to see them, accompanied by his son. “A brother!” said Jessie, the eldest of the three; “he shall be our brother while he stays, we always wanted a brother so,” and she looked much pleased. “Will he *really* be?” asked Mary, the