

*Mother.* You see his mother is preparing to give him something. It is rum and water sweetened. You remember the little baby in the other picture?

*Child.* Yes, mother; and I remember too, that nurse was feeding him with some rum and sugar.

*Mother.* Well, now you see, he loves sweetened rum, and he has seen his father drink it, and he thinks it good.

*Child.* Will he be a drunkard, mother?

*Mother.* I cannot tell; but I should think he is in a fair way to that end. He has the appetite of a drunkard, in the same proportion as he has the size of a man.

*Child.* Will his mother give him some rum and sugar, does mother think?

*Mother.* Very likely; for a great many parents thoughtlessly indulge their children in their foolish and injurious demands, in addition to setting them a bad example.

*Child.* Why, mother, is it wrong to drink rum? I have seen a great many people drink it, and they are not drunkards.

*Mother.* Yes, my child, it is wrong for any body to drink rum or any kind of ardent spirit; for it does them no good, and in one case out of every forty it makes them drunkards.



*Child.* There, mother; there is a woman sewing; and see, there are her children in the bed asleep. Will mother please to tell me about this picture? I like very much to hear about these pictures.

*Mother.* Well, my child, I am pleased to tell you about them: for I wish you to understand them.

This represents a woman who sat up all night to finish a garment for a gentleman who was to set out on a journey the next morning. Look at the clock. You see it is midnight, and her children are asleep in the bed, and one in the cradle. Her husband is not at home; and she knows if she does not work hard she and her little children must be without food, for her husband does not provide any for them. He is a drinking man, and has become very idle. She has been working hard all day, and now she must work hard all night.

*Child.* Does she not look sorry, mother? I should think she would feel very bad.