

erful assistance. The Venerable Bishop and the Clergy of the Roman Catholic Church have come forth as strong men to the contest; and have overthrown customs, which had their strong holds in the solemn and joyous recollections of men, being associated in the mind with loved and honored beings who had long passed away. Holy men belonging to other portions of the Christian Church, have been and are now with us in the work. We have a diligent committee, our meetings are more frequent and better attended, we have missionaries employed, and we shall soon have a periodical to proclaim the progress of the work of Love. The Medals that are worn as tokens of Membership evince a pride in the principle and zeal for its extension. Gratitude for our own preservation should appear in our conduct; an approving conscience and the blessings of the reformed are our reward; and we always feel pleased and encouraged when we see so many fair and happy faces in our little Temperance meeting at the Wayside.

For the Visitor.

#### A SKETCH.

It was a cold December night,  
The snow fell thick and fast,  
And my heart was sad for all exposed,  
To that keen, wintry blast!  
But I looked into a pleasant home,  
Well sheltered from the breeze,—  
It was not the abode of state,  
But that of wealth and ease.  
The eve's repast was on the board,  
The fire was glowing bright,  
And round the crimson draped walls,  
It shed a cheerful light.  
A lovely woman I beheld,  
And, seated by her side,  
Was he, who, happy years ago,  
Had claimed her as his bride.  
The merry tones of children there,  
Were ringing, glad and free,  
As they clung unto their father's arm,  
Or sported round his knee,—  
And as he view'd their happy play,  
And press'd each dimpled cheek,  
The parent's and the husband's pride,  
Were more than words could speak.  
One thing alone I saw, that cause  
For sorrow could afford,  
*The wine cup, like a serpent's eye,*  
*Was gleaming on the board!*  
As night drew on, the sounds of praise  
Ascended sweetly there,  
And then each little hand was clasped,  
Each bright head bowed in prayer;—  
I saw the parents bless their babes,  
I heard the fond "Good night,"  
And soon those happy forms were wrapt,  
In slumbers, calm and light.

Again had Winter bared the trees,  
And robed the fields in snow,  
The sky was dark with heavy clouds,  
A piercing wind did blow.

In a small room, around a fire,  
Which threatened soon to fail,  
A little group of children stood,  
With hollow cheeks and pale:  
The joyous, bounding, heart of youth,  
Seemed to have left each form,  
As ever and anon they looked  
Out on the driving storm!  
Their heart-sick mother sat beside,  
Her infant's little bed,  
It turned its tearful eyes to her's,  
And feebly asked for bread,—  
She raised it in her arms, and clasped  
It closely to her breast,  
While o'er it fell the bitter tears,  
Which long had been repress'd.  
She was the once fair, happy, wife,  
But, Oh, how alter'd now!  
The rose had left her cheek, and care  
Was written on her brow.—  
What wonder, if, while roved her eyes,  
Around that cheerless scene,  
And mem'ry conjured up the thoughts,  
Of what she once had been,—  
In the recesses of her heart,  
The fatal cause she cursed,  
Which robb'd of ev'ry comfort, those,  
In luxury, once nursed.  
But not for her own pain or care,  
Did that sad woman mourn,—  
Hardship and toil, without a sigh,  
She carefully had borne!  
But thus to see the blight of shame,  
Upon her children cast;  
To see, into a drunkard's grave,  
Her husband sinking fast;—  
Oh, this it was that wrung her heart  
With deepest, direst, wee;  
This caused, when all around was still,  
The bitter tears to flow!  
But, hark! her husband's step.—poor babes,  
Why run ye not to greet,  
Your father's form? why place ye not  
His old accustomed seat?  
Is it a dream, or standeth he  
Indeed, before me now?  
Gone is the proud and stately step,  
The high, commanding, brow!  
And although altered be his form,  
By that debasing sin;  
Yet oh, more strangely, sadly, changed,  
The mind, the man within!  
The joys of home, of love, afford  
No pleasure to his soul,—  
Beast-like, he turns from them, to seek,  
To drain, the madd'ning bowl:—  
Ascended once within his home,  
The sound of praise and prayer,  
Ah, now the drunkard's song alone,  
The drunkard's oath are there!  
Ask ye what wrought this fearful change?  
He loved to see the wine