

to hear a lecture; and perhaps you will find out what is the matter with our poor dear papa!"

Rose and Abby went away wondering, and wondered on until evening. Then, their sister dressed them in their Sunday frocks and bonnets, and took them out with her, to a large Hall, which they found crowded almost to overflowing with people.

A gentleman soon got up, and began talking very earnestly to the people. Rose and Abby listened very eagerly, but could not hear much at first, the people kept laughing so often, and then stamping with their feet; while others, though only a few, tried to hiss. At last, the crowd became more silent; the lecturer began to imitate a poor drunken man, staggering about the stage, talking thick, and stuttering, till he seemed more like a beast than a human being; then suddenly he straightened himself up, and turning his eyes full on his audience, exclaimed.—

"Who, that can be a man, will make himself a brute like *that*! A brute like men who are stumbling about your own city streets, just for the sake of the drink that is deadly fire to the body and to the soul? Don't say to yourselves, 'I don't drink vulgar gin and rum; I have my wine and brandy!' Poison—*soul-poison* is in both! and he who begins with the one, in the parlor, may look well to his steps, lest he end with the other in the gutter!"

Rose and Abby looked timidly around at their sister. Margaret had dropped her thick black veil over her eyes. They thought they felt her trembling, and wondered if she could be crying again, there in meeting, too. But they turned their heads quickly again, for the man had begun to talk to children.

He told them of the good one little child might do—of the good many children *had* done, in coaxing their fathers or brothers to sign the Total Abstinence Pledge. He talked to them of the danger they ran, if they ever formed the habit of tasting the poison, and begged them and warned them never to suffer a drop to pass their lips.

After he had finished, he led a little girl forward on the stage, who was not much larger than Abby. She was a very sweet singer; her voice rang out like a young bird's, as she sang a temperance song. It was the language of a drunkard who is signing the pledge. Every verse ended with these words.

"No—no—no—no!"

"I'll never drink any more!"

When the last verse was finished, she made a pretty courtesy, took her father's hand, and was lifted off the stage. Rose and Abby, who had been holding their breath with delight to hear her, dropped back into their seats, looking very meaningfully at each other.

A number of papers were now passed around, one of which Margaret took, and wrote her name upon it. As she lifted her veil, Rose saw that her cheeks were burning red.

"What is it, Margie?" she whispered. "Won't you write my name?"

"Hush, dear! not now."

"It was the pledge not to drink wine or rum, or anything that has alcohol in it, (except as a medicine) that I signed," said Margaret, as they turned from the crowded side-walk into a more quiet street that led to their home, a few minutes after.

"Oh, sister! why *didn't* you put our names down?"

"It was only for those over twelve years of age; and neither of you is so old."

"But he said little children *ought* to be 'temperance,'" urged Rose. "I don't see why he don't let them write their names too!"

"There will be a children's society, perhaps," said Margaret, as they reached home. She stopped on the steps, and rang the bell.

"Don't say anything to your father about this," she whispered.

The next Sabbath was a beautiful day of summer. Rose and Abby went to their Sabbath-school class, and to church, and then sat down at home to read their library books. They could not read much, however, there was such a noise in the room at one side—their father's parlor. They had seen five or six men go in there, and had seen the maid bring up a great many bottles from the cellar. They sat talking sadly with each other, or looking out of the window for Margaret, who was away, having gone to a Bible class.

"Oh, what wicked men, to laugh so on Sunday!" exclaimed little Abby.

"Hush: be still, Abby; pa is calling us!"

Mr. L— had rung his bell violently three times, with no success, as the girl who had waited on the band, thinking they would want no more wine for a while, had stolen a Bottle herself, and sneaked off with it under her shawl, to