

our frequent visits. At our last one, we missed them from the family circle, and inquired :

"What has become of?"—we will call them "Julia and Lizzie?"

"Oh! have you not been here since?"

"Since what? Have they gone away? Has the father been back?"

"No, they are here. But such a circumstance has happened. It is remarkable. Do you remember talking to a miserable woman in the street one night not long ago, whom you thought disposed to repentance, and whom you directed to come here?"

"Well, I might. I do pass a word with such occasionally. Oh, yes, I remember now, a middle-aged woman, who told me a long tale about her husband and children, and how she used to drink, and her husband threatened to leave her, and then how he drank, and then she followed him to a house where no man should ever go, and then in a fit of drunken desperation and jealousy plunged into a career of vice, and how, after months of such life, her husband turned her out doors, took her children away where she could not see them—never has seen them—and how the villain who had enticed her away forsook her, and left her to be turned out of the house where he had taken her to board, and how she sunk down to a degree so low as to beg for rum of the most abandoned rum-hole keepers of the city, who would get her drunk to exhibit her as a 'model artist' in a back room, to draw customers to their pandemonium—a place licensed as 'a model house of accommodation for travellers.' And finally she said that she had drunk the very dregs of the bitter cup of sin, and if she could only see her children once more, she would be willing to die—she did not wish to live to disgrace them, but she could not die till she had seen them again. And then I told her to reform, repent sincerely, and try to get back again to the condition of life she had fallen from, and Providence would perhaps point out a way for her to find her children.

"How can I reform? Who will help me to reform? Who will take me into their house unless it is a house of infamy? Every other door is bolted and barred forever against me. I cannot reform in the street. I can go to no place where I should not be told every day what a miserable, drunken, wicked woman I have been, making me feel constantly as though I was unfit to live, and making me wish I was dead."

"Yes there is one place where you can go, where the question never will be asked who you are, what you have been, where you came from, only, 'do you sincerely wish to reform?' if you do you will be clothed, and washed, and fed, and given employment, until you can live without such care, and then you shall have a place in the country, away from city temptation, among strangers, who shall never know that you have been one of the city's unfortunates."

"Where, where, where? Oh, tell me where? Let me go there. I will reform. I will make myself a new character that my children shall not be ashamed of, and then I will hope—yes, I may then hope, perhaps accidentally to meet them in the street some day. Perhaps their father, if he has not become as bad as their mother, may consent to let me see them once, only once. Pray tell me where to go, and God will bless you for the good deed."

"There take that card. In the morning go to No. 2 Little Water-st., and ask to see that man; he is a missionary to the heathen of that desert which we permit to exist in the very heart of this Christian city. Tell him what you have told me, and see what he will do for you."

Well she came. I was busy writing in the front room. Breakfast had just been cleared away. Julia and Lizzie were busy at play in the dining-room. A boy came up and said a woman wanted to see me. "What sort of a woman?" "A very common sort, sir; she looks as though she

might have walked the streets all night, and wants some breakfast. She has been crying, too. She is crying now, and she says she wants to see you herself; the gentleman who told her to come here, said she must see you. Perhaps his name is on this card." "Yes, yes, send her up—send her up. Let her sit in the dining-room till I finish my letter. If she is hungry we must feed her." So she came up and sat down in that chair by the door, and looked down as though afraid that some one might see her face, and remember it. She said she was not hungry, but owned that she had eaten no breakfast; in fact nothing for two days. While that was preparing, the children went on with their play. At the sound of their voices and laughing, the woman started, looked, rubbed her eyes, gave a little scream, sprang across the room, and clasped them in her arms, crying, "Oh, my God, my God, hast thou brought me to my children?"

"For a moment we were alarmed. We thought, perhaps, it was some crazed mother, who had lost her own, and would be a mother to any others. The youngest was frightened. The oldest stood for a moment after the woman let her loose from the first embrace, and looked at her and spoke one word, and rushed back into her arms. That word was Mother! Yes, it was her mother—her not yet forgotten mother—come back to her, not in the garb to be sure, in which she was clothed at parting, but with a tear of joy in her eye, and a mother's heart in her bosom; and she was recognized by her child, and her heart was melted."

Other hearts who saw the scene were melted too. Others may be who hear the story. Others have been who have since been touched with the sight of that now happy mother, living there with her dear little children. What a blessed fruit the tree of charity has produced. The mother is reformed and restored to her children. If the fruit comes to its full perfection, may we not hope that the father will come to seek them, and that all will be restored to a home of happiness.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Address to the Governments of the Earth,

From the World's Temperance Convention, held in New York, September, 1853.

The sacredness of our cause, the great interests involved in its issues, and the earnest attention which it is exciting in the public mind prompt us to address you. Assembled in Convention to give new stimulus to the Temperance Reformation, and to kindle with fresh ardor its friends in this community, we desire to reach you by the force of our opinions, and secure your earnest co-operation in the noblest and most urgent philanthropic enterprise of modern times.

God, in his providence, has placed in our hands an instrument the most effective ever wielded against the monster, Intemperance. All former measures we may regard as so many voices crying in the wilderness of this mighty evil, prepare ye the way for a prohibitory law. Moral efforts, and the diffusion of information in regard to the extent and enormity of the evils of the rum traffic, were indispensable to create the power to secure and sustain this legal enactment. And, as in the history of the past, we have seen that the mightiest reformations are often brought to a successful triumph by the simplest means; so in this, in a season of darkness and discouragement, we have beheld one arise, before unknown to fame, who, by securing the passage of a simple law, has in his own State broken up the haunts of his vice, rolled back the swelling tide of temptation, restored to wretched homes peace and happiness, taken the curse from a father's lips, and the fiend-like spirit from a husband's breast, and demonstrated to the world what can be done by the force of public opinion embodied in law. We make no extravagant utterance when we say that what Newton was to science—what Fulton was to progress—what Washington was to America—Neal Dow is to the Temperance Reforma-