

BOB.—He did ! Well he must have had a pretty hard cheek to do that ; for I thought old Faithful would not be seen speaking to such a ragged, filthy, drunken chap as your dad was. However, I s'pose it's the fashion these days for drunkards to go hand in hand with them teetotal fellers. Well, let them go, for all that I care.

JACK.—Don't be rash, Bob ; father saw no other means of becoming a respectable man again without he did so, therefore he took courage to pop the momentous question, as a lover would say, to Mr. Faithful, as he was the only Son of Temperance we knew anything about ; and oh ! Bob, I cannot thank Mr. Faithful enough for his kindness.

BOB.—Pshaw ! Now you talk like a fool. What sense was there in thanking Faithful ? What good did he do your father ? None that I can see, except squeezing two or three dollars of an initiation fee out of him, and preventing him from taking a comfortable glass now and then.

JACK.—Perhaps I do talk like a fool in your estimation, but your language sounds far more foolish to me. You can see the good that Mr. Faithful and total abstinence have done for father and I, as well as all the family, by the different way we dress ; you can't see any rags about us now, as you used to, I can assure you. And did you not say a few minutes ago that your father used to kick mine from his door almost every evening because he was so intoxicated ?

BOB.—Yes, Jack, I did, and will swear to it to the last.

JACK.—Well, then, do you call that *comfortable* for my father, or honourable for yours, after he had enticed all my father's money from him, to take him by the shoulders and pitch him into the street ? If that is what honourable means my dictionary has gone astray. However, Bob, we have had enough of this subject ; if we do not break off our conversation, we may not be as good friends when we say good-bye as we were on meeting.

BOB.—Very well, Jack, I'm willing, and perhaps you are half right in what you say, after all. But there was one thing I wanted to ask you—have you seen Bill Sawyer lately ? I saw him serving in Mr. Steady's store the other day, and he used to be a perfect street loafer a few months ago. What wheel of fortune can have carried him into such a situation ?

JACK.—Yes ; I see him every Wednesday evening, at our Section of Cadets.

BOB.—The mischief you do ! Has he joined your Temperance Society too ? Well after that I shouldn't be surprised to be taken in there myself some day. How did he gain admittance to your Section, as you call it ?

JACK.—Easy enough. He had only to promise that he would abstain from tobacco and all intoxicating drinks, and we received him as a member immediately.

BOB.—How does he act at your meetings ? Don't he seem out of place ?

JACK.—Not at all. I could praise him all day for his untiring exertions. I believe he would submit to any inconvenience if he thought it would benefit our Section in the least. But you must have lost track of Bill for some time, Bob ; would you like to hear how he became a Cadet ?

BOB.—Indeed I would, then. Tell me all you can about it.

JACK.—Well, then, this is his history. You know, some time ago there was a large fire in Riot Street. Father happened to be passing that way one night shortly after the fire, and saw what he supposed was a half-burnt log in the gutter. Imagine his surprise when he heard a bitter groan proceed from the supposed log. There was poor Bill, sleeping as sound as a top, and seemed in as much pleasure as a pig in a mud-hole. At first father thought of giving him in charge of a constable ; then he resolved to see what kind treatment would do. Just at that moment Mr. Faithful came by in his buggy, and they decided to take charge of poor Bill.

BOB.—Well, and what did they do for him first ?

JACK.—They determined to lose no time in splicing and bandaging one of his legs, pretending that it was broken. Mr. Faithful agreeing to send a man every morning in the character of a doctor, with a bottle containing pure cold water, to rub it.

BOB.—How did their plan succeed ? Did poor Bob think that he was going to kick the bucket ?

JACK.—I believe he thought his leg was broken in reality, for when he awoke from his drunken sleep and found it bandaged stiffly, he almost fainted. However a good drink of pure cold water succeeded in bringing him to his senses again.

BOB.—And how long did they keep him a prisoner.

JACK.—About a fortnight, during which he had plenty of time for reflection, and promised me to join the Cadets as soon as he was well again.

BOB.—Did he ever find out the trick they had played on him ?

JACK.—Oh, yes ; he knew all about it the night after he left his bed. We were all sitting round the fire when Mr. Faithful and father came in, and told Bill all about it. He laughed as heartily as any of us at the good joke, but resolved that they would never have the chance of playing such a trick on him again ; so he joined our Society, and shortly after he obtained a good situation in Mr. Steady's large dry-goods store.

BOB.—Thank you, Jack, for telling me these things, Perhaps the Temperance Society would be able to make a man out of Bob Swig-a-little yet. Do you think I am a hopeless case or not worth saving ?

JACK.—No, indeed, Bob ; there is the making of a noble man in you. Come with me to-night ; there's a good fellow [*taking his arm and looking earnestly at him*]. We will go up to our Section, and firmly united in the bonds of Virtue, Love and Temperance, we will prove to the world that