

a harsh word passed her lips. At night, when she put her children to sleep, she wept, and watched for his coming, and when he did come, drunk, as usual, she undressed and assisted him to bed without a murmur of reproach. At last, her courage well nigh exhausted, she resolved upon one last desperate effort.

At night, having disposed of her three oldest children, she took her two youngest by the hand, and bent her steps to the grogery her husband was accustomed to frequent. She looked into the window, and there he sat, in the midst of his boon companions, with his pipe in his mouth and his glass in his hand. He was evidently excited, though not yet drunk. Great was the astonishment of that bad company, and enormous Mr. Trusdell's dismay and confusion, when his wife, pale as marble, and leading two tattered and barefooted babes, stepped up to the bar, and called for three glasses of brandy toddy, and then sat down by his side.

"What brings you here, Mary?" said he.

"It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," said the meek wife. "There is no company like yours; and as you cannot come to me, I must come to you. I have a right to share your pleasures as well as sorrows."

"But to come to such a place as this," expostulated Tim.

"No place can be improper where my husband is," said poor Mary. "Whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder!" She took up the glass of alcohol.

"Surely you are not going to drink that?" asked Tim in huge astonishment.

"Why not?" You say that you drink to forget sorrow; and if brandy has that effect, I am sure no living creature has so good an excuse for drinking as I. Besides, I have not eaten a mouthful today, and I really need something to support my strength."

"Woman! woman! you are not going to give the children such stuff as that!" cried Tim, as she handed each of the children a glass of liquor.

"Why not? Can children have a better example than their father's. Is not what is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep, and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. Drink, my children; this is fire, and bed, and food, and clothing. Drink—you see how much good it does your father."

With seeming reluctance, Mary suffered her husband to conduct her home; and that night he prayed long and fervently, which he had not done before for years.

The next evening as (O miracle!) he returned home with a steady step, he saw his oldest boy run into the house, and heard him exclaim, "O, mother, here comes father, and he isn't drunk!" Tears cascaded down the penitent's cheek; and from that hour, he has not tasted strong drink. He had never been vicious or unfeeling; and as soon as his emancipation from the thraldom of a debasing appetite became known, friends, employment, and prosperity returned to him. As for Mrs. Trusdell, she is the happiest of women, and thinks with pride of her first and last visit to the dram-shop.—*New York Sun.*

### THE JUG.

One afternoon, as Samuel was returning from school, he was overtaken by a heavy fall of snow, which came on suddenly accompanied by violent wind. There was already much snow on the ground; and this driving storm drifted it in large piles to the sides of the road. Samuel fought his way along, buffeting the wind and snow, till he came to the hill, at the foot of which he lived. He was running down this hill, when he saw something red at the side of the road, and stopped to pick it up. What was his surprise to find a child asleep in the snow! He looked again—it was his little sister Catherine! A thin, red calico shawl was pinned over her shoulder; her tattered bonnet had fallen from her head; one little hand was half raised as if imploring help; the other grasped the—JUG!

"O, my sister! my sister is dead," exclaimed Samuel. He caught her up and ran down the hill, carrying her beaming frame in his arms. He reached the house and fell with his burden at the door. His mother came out, and gave one agonizing shriek. His father was asleep on the bed; he felt too sick to move; but not to drink, and had forced his little girl to go to the store, to procure for him the poison that was fast sending him to the grave. It

snowed but little when she went out; but the storm had come on violently, and her feeble frame was unable to bear it. Samuel and his mother brought the child into the house; and after rubbing her some time, perceived signs of life. They then put her into a tub of cold water, and with returning consciousness, the suffering of the poor child commenced. She drew her breath with difficulty; and her groans and convulsions showed how great was her pain. They laid her on the bed beside her miserable father, and Samuel ran for the doctor. The doctor was there, but said there was little to be done. Though the child had recovered for awhile, he feared she was not to live long in this world. He did all he could, and kindly soothed the little sufferer. A burning fever and delirium came on. The poor child thought she was still striving to get home. "Oh, this jug is so heavy," she would exclaim; "I shall fall down—I cannot get any farther. Mother, Samuel, do come and help me." Towards the morning, she fell into a disturbed sleep; and when the doctor came, he found her easier; but it did not last long. After a few days and nights of pain and distress, the little girl died.—*The Reformed Family.*

### PALATEABLE PHYSIC.

It is a good cause that promises much good to its friends, and gives more than it promises. Such is ours. We expected much personal benefit from it: we have got more than we looked for. All the time and money spent in drinking, we naturally put down as net profit; but we never dreamt that knowledge would be so forced upon us that we would be obliged to become physiologists and chemists in becoming tee-totalers. Yet so it is. Many of us are no longer taking on trust what we formerly tolerated from sheer ignorance.

Our investigations have led us to make the following observations, which we advance for the consideration of such as drink medicinally: 1st. We can observe no common symptom among these drinking patients, to warrant a common cure. Their state of health is as diverse as can be imagined; and yet they all take the same medicine,—lean and fat, weak and strong, are all at it; and they gravely tell us they would not be well without it;—while, at the same time, the very fact of their taking it shows that they are not well with it, else why need they the medicine? 2d. The prescription is generally a permanent one. It has no limitation as to time in the mind of the patient. Such a determinate period on this side of death entering his mind, would fill him with horror. He could not bear the thought. All the miseries of tee-totalism would pass in array before him, and would embitter every draught he took of his beloved medicine. All other drugs are only taken to accomplish a particular purpose, and are carefully counted or measured for that end; but neither number nor measurement is needed here;—the prescriber is not at all particular in respect to that; and the imbiber becomes so dexterous in using it, and feels so much benefit from it, that he can hardly err in quantity. It is no wonder, therefore, that this singular drug puzzles plain folks like us. 3d. Another circumstance inexplicable to us in its history is the fact, that the exact time when it is most efficacious with all constitutions, and with all kinds and sorts of maladies, is immediately after dinner. This is the rule; but there are some cases when the disease does not readily yield to the medicine, when it is necessary after supper also. There may be some rare cases when the discriminating patient has to take it after breakfast; but the diseases incident to our country seldom require this extension of the dose, excepting in cases of protracted cure, when the disease must be kept constantly moist. This singular medicine has a strange affinity to feasting and company, which sometimes inclines us to question its pretensions to the name. 4th. More wonderful still is the adaptation of the disease to the particular kind of medicine most prevalent in that part of the country, or in that sphere of life in which the patient is placed. It reminds us of what naturalists tell us about the bane and antidote, which they say nature has uniformly placed near each other. For instance, the sting of a nettle is said to be cured by a dock leaf; and where the nettle is, the dock is generally in attendance. So it is with disease and alcoholic medicines. The poor man's ailments are removed by whiskey—the rich man's by wine; and it so happens that these are the very drugs to which they have easiest access. Indeed, they are generally