

revolutionized—I longed to throw myself at your feet, and beg your forgiveness. But one other rose to speak,—It was my boy; I was sure of it. He urged all the little boys to take the pledge, and they would be no drunken men. Oh! is there a mother on earth ever felt, as I felt, when my son sprang from the platform amid the deafened shouts of the assembly; paper in hand to receive the names of those who wished to join the society. He approached first a little girl, and laughingly said, "Come, sister, I want your name to be first on my list." "Let me put it down myself then Henry."—And she did so. When he came to me, I gave my name in a tremulous voice; he repeated it, as if doubtful whether he had caught the sound aright. I could only nod; and he put it down, trying at the same time to get a peep at my face, but I baffled him, and he passed on.

I determined, by the grace of God, to keep that pledge,—the pledge given to my little son, and immediately after my own daughter. I left the place, how I got home I cannot tell,—I think I ran all the way. Just as I reached the house, I heard your gig behind me, but I managed to remove every trace of my absence, and to be in bed (apparently as usual) by the time you visited me. You came in—looked over me, and turned away with a sigh. For a length of time I dared not meet you, but went to bed before your return. Never, until I believed I had received the pardon of an offended God, did I venture to shew myself to an injured husband. And, William, I can never forgive myself for what I have done to you. Oh! I think no other man would have acted as you have done." Here poor Mary sobbed and cried bitterly.

"Hush, hush," said her husband consolingly, "it is over now, and you must listen calmly to my proposal. I am rich, Mary, in this world's goods, let us sell all and emigrate to America, where none will know that you have ever fallen. Forgive me for speaking plain this time; I will never allude to the subject again. You need not meet the children until you do so in a strange city, before we sail, where there will be none to breathe the slightest whisper of your degradation. It was done as Mr. Rutherford had requested. Mary met her children in Liverpool. We cannot paint the meeting, so we will pass it over. But on the banks of the beautiful St. Lawrence, where their elegant dwelling is situated, none ever suspected that the refined, the kind hearted, the benevolent Mrs. Rutherford had ever been the victim of intemperance, or that she who is now so eloquent in favor of Temperance habits, and deprecates so earnestly the social glass, had herself fallen before the temptation of an EVENING GLASS OF TODDY. B. L.

Carlton Place, June 16, 1851.

The Inebriate's Home.

We called a few days since to see Mr. Pease, of the Five Points Inebriate's Home, and his important charge. While there we were introduced to a man, probably forty-five years old, who six months ago was a spectacle of wo-begone misery and degradation, and to most men his appearance and history would have indicated a case beyond the limits of hope. He addressed Mr. Pease in the language of conscious guilt and of deep conviction that he must stop then and there or abandon hope forever. His soul and body were alike wrecked, blasted with rum-fire, and yet all the horrors of his situation seemed clearly manifested to him, and he was ready to shiver and shriek at the fearful depths amid which he was plunged.

"Where did you spend the last night?" asked the missionary.

"I slept in the park," was the reply.
 "Where were you the night before?"
 "In the park."
 "And where the night before?"
 "In the Station House."
 "And what do you wish to do, that you have called here?"

"I have come to ask you to let me sign the pledge, and I am determined, by the help of Heaven, not only to sign but to keep it."

"I will take your name," said the missionary, and the pledge book being opened for him, the wretched man signed his name. This, we remarked, was six months ago. From that day to this the pledge has been faithfully kept. The kind-hearted missionary gave him a home under the same roof with himself, found employment for him, and soon discovered that he possessed remarkable business qualifications. Now, instead of being bloated and scarred, this man looks well and hearty and temperate; he was neatly and respectably clad, and has laid up over one hundred dollars in the Savings Bank, besides having an abundance of every needed supply.

The principal object of our visit was to see a young man who entered the home the evening before, after a long and reckless debauch which had brought on the symptoms of delirium tremens. This youth belongs to one of the most respectable families in the land. His grandfather was a distinguished clergyman, and President of a Theological Seminary; his father, stood high as a banker, and all his connections are of the first class in social life. An ample property would come into this young man's hands, if he would only conquer his appetite for liquor. Yet, with all these advantages, he was glad to seek a retreat from the horrors of his situation in the Home at the Points.

Some time ago he came to a pause in his mad course and took the pledge. For a time he kept it. But falling into company with some young acquaintances, he was persuaded by them to take a glass of wine; the taste fired his blood, and he continued drunk for weeks. The present is probably his last chance for life and hope. God help the poor inebriate, and bless the hopes of the Home to save him and others like him. Thanks to a good Providence for putting into the hearts of friends to open a retreat for such poor creatures, where they can for a time try to cast off their chains, and be protected meanwhile from rumsellers and the temptations of false friends.—N. Y. Organ.

Jenny Lind and P. T. Barnum.

A notice of the professional movements of these distinguished personages may be seen in our business columns.

As one of the multitude of proofs that the fair Swedish songstress, and the great Yankee showman, aside from the musical powers of the one, and the exhibitionary genius of the other,—are eminently worthy of the respect and patronage of the temperance portion of the community, we present the following extract from the Executive Committee's report of the annual meeting of the American Temperance Union, held at the Tabernacle in New York, May 8th, 1851, just received by us in a handsome octavo document of 64 pages, from some of the officers of the association, viz:—

"The Secretary, Rev. John Marsh, then stated that a collection would be taken up to aid in defraying the expense of publishing the Annual Report read this evening. In connection with this announcement, he would beg leave to offer a resolution, which might possibly call up P. T. Barnum, Esq., whom he was happy to see on the platform, and who deserved the thanks of the temperance community for advocating every where so nobly on his late triumphant tour, the cause of temperance:—

"Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be given to do-