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Why the Father began to Drink,
And why he left off Drinking.

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PART II.

"Sister," said Rose to Margaret, one day, "please, why won't you buy me that muslin dress for examination?"

"My dear," said Margaret, sadly, "I have no money for new dresses now."

"But why don't pa give you some, like he used to?"

"As he used to, my dear, you should say."

"Yes, what makes pa so cross and curious?" said little Abby, coming up to them. "The other day he made me sit up in his lap, and drink some of that bad medicine he drinks all the time. I didn't

like it a bit. Then, by and by, he pushed me right away, and let me fall on the floor and told me to go along off and let him alone. Margie, what ails pa?"

Margaret had stopped the fine stitching which she had been holding close to her eyes, and had leaned her face on her hand. Rose and Abby were surprised to see tears flowing down her cheeks. They had never seen her cry before, except after mother and little Charley died.—They felt like crying, too, from sympathy: and little Abby threw her arms around her neck, and hugged her with all her little might, to coax her "not to feel so bad."

Margaret very soon wiped her eyes, lifted her head and looked kindly on them.

"I cannot tell you now, dear children," she said, faintly. "Go to school, be good girls, and to-night you shall go with me