

face covered in the bed clothes, wholly absorbed in sorrow for her mother, at the sound of her father's voice, raised her head and turned her eyes piteously upon him. That look was more than his tortured feelings could bear. The long pent-up fountain of affection, unable longer to be restrained, gushed forth afresh, and swept away every barrier reared by repulsive and cold indifference; and the heart, so hardened and selfish from daily acquaintance with scenes of sensuality and vice, now yielded to the melting tones of love and kindness.

"Oh father!" said Mary, with a heart so full that she could hardly speak, "ma—ma—is dead; an—and she will be—be buried!" Mr. ——— could not answer, but the tears which fell upon the floor, told of the mighty struggle within.

"Oh what'll I do," she continued, leaving the bed and going up to her parent, "ma can never sing and pray with me again—nor kiss me; she was so good—so good to me—wi—will you be kind to me now father? ma said you would, and told me you must meet her and me too, in heaven, where the 'Good Man' lives!"

He could not withstand this appeal, simple as it was, it found way to the heart, and placing his arms around the little girl, he pressed her to his bosom, kissed her soft cheek, and said, "Yes, I will be kind and good to you, and love you, and take care of you, Mary, and we will try to meet your dear mother in heaven."

One week had passed away since the death of Mary's mother, for whom she now wore the emblems of mourning, but a change had come over the spirit of her dream. Her father was now good and kind, and his home, even thus early, wore an air of comfort, and although he toiled hard through the day, and was compelled to be absent from her during the hours of labour, yet she was not alone. Her kind and affectionate aunt, at the urgent solicitation of her brother, had consented to take his little daughter.

One evening, about a week from the time of his wife's decease, Mr. N——— did not return home as usual. Long and anxiously they waited, but he came not. It was the first evening since her death, that he had been absent. Various were their fears and conjectures, and the suspense in which they were held for two long hours, was almost beyond endurance; for the conclusion that he had again yielded to temptation, and quaffed the intoxicating cup, was almost irresistible. At last the door opened, and little Mary ran with open arms to meet her father. "Why pa, where have you been so long?"

"I will soon tell you Maney—I have been at the great temperance meeting, and there I saw some of my old 'cronies' sign the pledge, and as I would not be beat by them, I went forward and signed too, and here is a card containing my name and number: it reads thus—'I do most solemnly promise, that henceforth, I will neither make, sell or drink, any intoxicating liquor as a beverage, and will also discountenance their manufacture, sale, or use by others?'"—*Olive Branch.*

Our former extracts from Mrs. Ellis' admirable work *a Voice from the Vintage*, having attracted much attention, we again recur to the work, for the purpose of recommending it to our readers, by a further specimen of its excellence.

INTEMPERANCE AS IT OPERATES UPON INDIVIDUAL CHARACTER.

Intemperance, as it operates upon individuals, consists in the degree or extent of a certain act, and not in the act itself. All persons allow that intemperance is a destructive and loathsome vice, and we are expressly told in the Scriptures that no drunkard can enter the kingdom of God; yet at the same time it is maintained by religious persons of every denomination, and to them we trust it is

so, that drink perfectly right hundred the most characteristic Heaven, a right in it sociated repeat, portion ceases, be the is of the deed to able to others, by vent must inc only be en what has ne. point of danger ...

What, for instance, should that man, who should go blindfold knowing that from its summit, a steep point, whose locality he had no means of a course would tend downwards with accelerated that thousands and tens of thousands had perished, arriving at this point sooner than they had anticipated. What should we think if his object in choosing to venture on this path was not any actual necessity, but a mere momentary gratification, to feel the coolness of the turf beneath his feet, or the scent of sweet flowers by the way? We should scarcely point out such a man as an example of the influence of common sense upon his conduct, much less should we wish to follow in his steps; for though the point of danger might be distant to him, it might, from its irregular and uneven nature, be very near to us.

Yet we see every day, and sometimes oftener than the day, well educated, enlightened, benevolent, and even religious persons, sit down to the cheering glass of social entertainment, and while they take that, and perhaps another, and it may be a third, they talk of subject refined, sublime, and elevated, and take sweet counsel together, and feel themselves spiritually as well as corporeally refreshed. They retire from the table to look out upon the moving world around. They behold the poor outcast from society, the victim of intemperance, and their delicacy is wounded by the sight, and they shrink with horror from his degradation and his shame. Yet that man's crisis of danger occurred perhaps only a very little earlier than theirs. He began the same course in precisely the same way. He had no more intention, and no more fear, of passing the summit of the hill than they have now; but owing to his bodily conformation, of which he was not aware until he made the experiment, owing to the peculiar nature of the draught of which he partook, to the manner or the place in which it was presented to him, but more probably than all, to the apparent safety of such men as those who are now turning from the repulsive spectacle that his emaciated frame presents, he overstepped the line of safety before he was aware, and perished on the side of misery and guilt.

If a religious parent has a son addicted to the vice of gambling, he does not sit down with him to what is called an innocent game, that is, to play without money. He does not resort with him to the billiard table, even though betting should be scrupulously forbidden there. No, the very thought of the amusement, simply considered as such, becomes abhorrent to his feelings; and comparing the vast amount of mischief which has been done by this means, with the small amount of good, he banishes entirely from his house both the cards and the dice, that he may avoid all future injury to his son by putting from him even the appearance of evil.

It is upon the same principle that few religious people