

little thing's features, she was suddenly struck with its dress. "Ah," she murmured, "I have a hood like that, in remembrance of my child." The nurse-girl was about to speak, but stopped suddenly, with a startled look. Mrs. Thomas hastened home with her friend, and on entering her desolate room, went to her box. My reader knows the hood was not there. In an instant the truth flashed into her mind. "And he could do this! Rob his own baby to clothe another. Rob his dying child." This was the final shock. She could forgive all that was done to herself, but this seemed so heartless, that when her relative urged her to leave the wretched place and return to her native home, she consented, for she was worn out with grief, and sought a place, as she thought, to die in peace.

Reader, eight years passed, and the wife and husband were as strangers.

When she heard of William, it was that he continued a drunkard. Still clever as a workman, his earnings, when he worked, were large enough to buy him the means of making himself a terror and a bye-word. It was noticed, that whenever William met an infant child better dressed than usual, he would rush instantly to the public-house, and act like a madman. Ah, often in his dreams he saw one of the most pretty and innocent of all sights—a baby in a little white hood; that dream was to him the bitterest torment.

But, in the mercy of God, a change was to come. Many had blamed, lectured, and advised William. "Drink with judgment—drink in moderation," but no one had said, "Do without strong drink altogether. Away with it entirely." Such words were at last uttered. He listened, and Hope sprung up in his heart. "I'll try," said he; "Drink has been my tyrant many a year. It found me happy, and it has made me miserable. It found me a man, and has made me a demon. I'll try sobriety." He paused. He would for be

THE TWO BEARS.

I.

In an old country town dwelt a man and his wife, Who lived such a quarrelsome wrangling life, That the neighbours declared, to their shame and disgrace, There was not such another vile pair in the place.

II.

Like a cat and a dog they would snarl all day long, So cross was their temper and lawless their tongue; And louder and louder their voices were heard, As each madly struggled to have the last word.

III.

But lo, all at once they grew gentle and meek, Those tongues a new language have now learned to speak; The turbulent passions that rent them now cease, And their home is the picture of quiet and peace.

IV.

Of course all the neighbours were sorely perplexed At the strange alteration, and wondered what next? But none could account for the change that had come— So suddenly too—on the Snarls and their home.

V.

At last the strange fact was so bandied about, An old lady vowed she would ferret it out; And so our Miss Busy (by that name she went) Goes straight to the Snarls to know what it all meant.

VI.

'Good morning,' said she, 'Mrs. Snarl; how d'ye do? What a change has come over your husband and you! 'Tis the talk of the street, and I really must know, What strange thing has happened to alter you so.'

VII.

'I'm glad, Ma'am, you've come,' Mrs. Snarl said, 'to-day; There has been a change, I am happy to say: A change in ourselves, in our home, our affairs, And all brought about—pray don't laugh—by two bears.'

VIII.

'Two bears?' cried Miss Busy, half fainting with fright.

AN APPEAL TO THE DRUNKARD.

WRITTEN BY A PUBLICAN'S DAUGHTER.

Will you suffer me to address to you a few earnest words of advice and exhortation? It is of the sin of drunkenness I would speak, and will what I am about to say have the less effect when I tell you that daily, and hourly, I see the misery caused by drinking? My father is a publican, and circumstances have obliged me to take a part in a business which my conscience condemns. Long have I prayed for opportunities of reclaiming the poor men and women who have become addicted to the dreadful vice of intemperance, but few have been granted me at present, and now it has occurred to me to write to you through the medium of the "British Workman." The hope that God put the thought into my heart has encouraged me, and most earnestly I pray that He will guide my pen and teach me to say to you such words as shall sink deep into your hearts. For some years now I have been an abstainer (and, my friends, I glory in the title), and each day do I feel more thankful to God for having convinced me that such a course was right; each day do I see more and more of the evil resulting from the liquor traffic. Oh, may the day come, and that speedily, when the gin-palaces and the public-houses shall be closed; then instead of seeing men staggering through the streets, swearing, fighting, and going home to abuse and beat their wives and children, all will be peace and happiness. Look at your own home; what is drink doing for you there? Does not your house look poor, cold, and comfortless? Your wife unhappy, perhaps, and you know not how soon it may be so. (If not, you driven to follow you, example, and to drown her sense in wretchedness.) again at your children, they are the same as you were once.

... you right? ... sit down; you have nothing to offer here.

... can you quiet ...

... not? ... the pair. ... Bear and

... are to say, ... wiser away: ...istians become, ... was felt in their

... ey cost nothing

... or asleep: ... bickerings cease, ... sweet concord and

... ocha. iv. 2.

No; what is to hinder them; the depraved and wretched, perhaps, the most heinous crimes? Are you any of them when they get into trouble? I own doing, they but follow your. Alas! my friends, these things ought to be thought of. Think—I tremble—and you think—that you have all this misery. "No drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven. Life with a drunkard is but how frequently do we hear of a man being suddenly cut off. What a solemn thought; this moment we are required of me! If this were we feel, and me, my friends, we should be admonished into the presence of our Judge, and at Judge our despised and slighted Saviour—what account should we be able to render of the time and talents intrusted to us? I beseech you, ere it be too late, to consider well what you are about. To-morrow is not to be depended upon. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Let not this warning pass unheeded. It may please God never to give you another. Some drunkards with whom I have conversed have told me that it is useless for them to try, they cannot resist the temptation however much they would like to do so. Are you of this class? Banish such an idea, it is unworthy of you! Rouse yourselves, show yourselves manly, worthy your Creator; cast from you such degrading thoughts, and looking unto Jesus for help, firmly refuse to taste the intoxicating cup. Many temptations will assail you, many of your former associates will laugh and jeer you; heed them not, lift up continually your heart in prayer to Him who is ever ready to hear and answer prayer, and help will be granted.