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

BY MARY IRVING.

PART I.

"What is the matter, Charley, boy?" said a young lady to a little curly three-year old, who came crying into the parlor, where she sat sewing, holding his two chubby hands against his head. "What is the matter? There, be a little man! Don't cry so! Hush up, and tell sister what hurt Charley."

"Charley fall down—bump head!" sobbed the little fellow, leaning the "bumped head" on his sister's lap.

"Oh, Charley must n't mind that! See, Charley is sister Margaret's brave boy, and brave boys don't cry when they hurt

their heads! There, let sister kiss it, and make it well! Now, isn't it better?"

She wiped his tear sprinkled face with her handkerchief, after she had given the healing kiss, and shaking her finger at Charley, surprised him into a laugh. He slid down, and ran off to his play. But he did not play long. He grew tired of his marbles, and rolled them away from him into the farthest corner of the nursery. Then he lay down on the floor and shut his eyes. His nurse, seeing that he was very sleepy, took him up and laid him on his crib-bed.

Margaret sat in the parlor, sewing very happily. She was thinking what a sweet little brother she had—what a "well-spring of pleasure" in the great house, the dear laughing boy was.—Her mother had