

was gone, mother cried over her work, but she did not say anything. I did not know she was crying, till I saw the tears dropping on her hands; and then I said bad words, and mother sent me to stand in the corner."

"Tell me what your bad words were, John," said his father; "not swearing, I hope?"

"No," said John, coloring; "I said you were a bad man! I said, bad father!"

"And they were bad words, I am sure," said his mother: "but you are forgiven; so now bring me some coal from the box."

George looked at the face of his wife; and as he met the tender gaze of her mild eyes now turned to him, he felt the tears rise in his own. He rose up; and putting money into her hands, he said, "There are my week's wages. Come, come, hold out both hands, for you have not got all yet. Lay it out for the best, as you always do. I hope this will be a beginning of better doings on my part, and happier days on yours."

George told his wife, after the children had gone to bed, that when he saw what the pence of the poor could do towards keeping up a fine house, and dressing out the landlord's wife and daughters, and when he thought of his own hard-working, uncomplaining Susan, and his children in want, and almost in rags, while he was sitting drinking, night after night, destroying his health and strength,—he was so struck with sorrow and shame, that he seemed to come to himself at last. He determined from that hour never again to put the intoxicating glass to his lips.

More than a year afterwards, one Sunday afternoon, as Mrs. Crowder, of the "Punch-bowl," was walking with her daughters to the tea-gardens, they were overtaken by a violent shower of rain; and had become at last half-drenched, when they entered a comfortable house, distinguished by its comforts and tidiness from others