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### THE DRUNKARD AND HIS DYING CHILD.

PART I.

The wind was howling tempestuously around the low cottage of John Andrews on a stormy night in the dreary month of December. There was not a crack or crevice through which it did not find its way, and every loose board or lattice was made to keep time with its fitful roaring. Rain, mingled with hail, poured in torrents from the black and threatening clouds, without a moment's cessation.

Although it was now nearly twelve o'clock, a light still faintly gleamed from the window, and again and again an anxious face might have been seen peering through the parted curtains into the darkness without. Let us enter. On an humble couch in one corner of the room reclined the form of a child, over whom was bending, with solicitude and affection, an elderly lady. Again she left the bed-side and approaching the window, gazed anxiously out into the darkness.

"'Tis strange that he does not come," she murmured, as she turned away, again approaching the bedside. "My daughter, do you experience any relief from those severe pains?"

"Yes, dear mother," returned a childlike voice; "I feel much better now, and I shall soon be free from this terrible suffering."