

# JOURNAL OF TEMPERANCE.

## A MONTHLY PERIODICAL.

### BABY'S HOOD.

In a pleasant little town, the centre of a sweet rural district, there lived a fine tall young man, a clever mechanic, whose real name I was not allowed to tell you, so I shall call him William Thomas. The facts of his history are interesting to all working men and women, and his name is of no consequence. Well, this man began life prosperously. He had been brought up respectably, was skilful in his trade, and earned good wages. He married a young woman, whom he loved sincerely, and who was worthy of his love, and they

one bright summer's day the scene, so, when expected it, there came me. The foreman at William worked

at the publican's. Then came the late hours at night. Where was the time passed? It was spent at the publican's. Then, as matters soon grew worse, when William did get home, he was either cross or foolish. Not himself. His reason, like his money and his time, had been spent at the publican's.

My readers know what the end of this would be. In vain the wife wept, and put her baby in her husband's arms, to plead with its innocent looks. The promises of amendment made in the morning, were broken at night. The rent was in arrear, the respectable tradespeople were unpaid, and the honest wife shrank from asking credit, for she knew her husband's good name was gone; he was already spoken of as having "taken to drinking." Ruin and want came on the family with giant strides.

What a bitter winter followed! William was out of work, through the bad weather. The goods were seized for rent, and though

the hood, saying, "Well, it's certainly very pretty. It'll just do for my Alexander George. He's got suitable things as is proper to wear with it. That hood on a child as was shabby like, 'nd be redicklus. Lauk, it 'nd make 't poor brat look like a carrot half scrub." She laughed as she spoke, and taking 't slate, with a score on it, she began about the price, and what was 't of the backscore—pouring out while she talked, and handing He drank it feverishly, another. The hood, of 't the price drank.

That night, for 't William began b' the peace. He got lodged i' wife had to ply the r which

is very much to be desired. Some of the works often are landlords of (and low taverns), and he invited men to a supper at the opening of the same. At this supper there were plans proposed "for the good of the house," which he agreed to. It was a pity they did not do the good of their own houses, rather than the publican's; but it is a common thing for British Workmen, to pluck down the houses, in order to build up the same. William was too sensible a man to see any of these plans, but when he saw his companions were intent on having big meetings at their foreman's, which were called "The Labourer's Rest," he did not see 't out, lest he should thought mean, and besides, one of his neighbours whispered to him, "I am a friend of the foreman." Now, in a little time, it was evident that if by drinking at his house William was to become the publican's friend, he would very soon become the enemy of his wife, and the ruin of his home. Mrs. Thomas did not at first see the change that was going on, for she had a new source of interest. She had become a mother, and her love for her baby was so strong, that it never entered into her mind to doubt that the father of that household treasure would cherish her all the more, because of God's living gift of love that had been bestowed upon them.

The nurse, indeed, had her suspicions that all was not right. But nothing was said. The first intimation Mrs. Thomas had of the change in her husband's habits, was on her recovery, when she discovered that bills were owing for provisions, which she had thought had been paid for, when her husband brought them home. Where was the money? Spent,

some friends were given to it, yet it was a miserable take as her abode was the cutting has ruined " A re! a dis for to file child box a it, there handkerchie. it over the ho and round by Arrived there brought, and wife, who man: how, though he not look at ti away, as he off glimpse he ha vision, his own the snowy hood could not bear of "The Labour