

to him, they would half timidly and tremblingly look in his face as they approached him. What it meant I could not tell, and when I remembered how fearlessly I used to bound into his arms when he returned from his business, and how affectionately he would meet me, and fold me to his breast, I could not at all account for it. But I was not long in ignorance.

The next day after my return home, I went out to call on a relative, but missing my handkerchief, I returned back to get it, and entering the room rather unexpectedly, was witness to a scene I never, never can forget. There stood my father in the middle of the room, his face flushed, his eyes absolutely burning with passion, and his arm raised to strike one of my little brothers, who with his other arm he was actually holding by the hair of his head—and oh! the oaths and curses he was pouring forth upon the trembling little creature who was imploringly seeking his mercy. My mother stood in one corner of the room, with the tears in her eyes, yet totally unable to rescue the poor boy; and broken dishes were scattered all about, which I afterwards learnt had been thrown at my poor mother, because she "interfered when he chose to punish one of his children!"

Never in my life before had I been witness to such a sight, or had seen my father in such a situation, and it is in vain to describe the shame and agony that I felt. Upon my opening the door, he released my brother, and seemed somewhat confused at being found in such a state. Then he began to excuse himself by pouring forth a volley of abuse against my poor mother, and brothers and sisters, whom he said were "the curse of his life." Alas! he did not seem at all to recollect his treatment toward them, but continued to run them down, until I earnestly entreated him to desist, for I could hear no more. And when I shed tears, the bitterest my eyes had ever known, until perfectly exhausted, I could weep no more. He seemed somewhat touched, and promised me he would try and not use such dreadful language again.

Soon after, he went out—and then my mother told me the awful truth that I had a drunkard for a father!

Oh, who can imagine what a soul-withering grief it is to a young and sensitive mind, just entering on the stage of life, with a heart full of beautiful hopes, to have them all withered and scattered at the very first step, to have a sense of degradation and disgrace enter the heart, and to feel the withering stigma that brands the drunkard's child stamped upon the brow that so shortly before was illuminated with all the glowing beams of youthful hopes and youthful visions! Oh, it did indeed bear me down to the very dust—and earnestly on my knees did I plead with my misguided father to relinquish the fatal cup. But he would not listen to me, and perceiving I was acquainted with his misdoings, he threw off the respect with which he had so far treated me, and gave me to understand he would listen to nothing I could say. Oaths and curses were his chief words, and my poor heart was ready to burst at the cruel manner in which he spurned me.

Day after day, week after week, did I plead, implore, and persuade, but all in vain; and unable, from a sense of shame and degradation, to enter even in the slightest degree into society, I hid myself from even my relatives, nor could I hardly meet them with any thing like composure when they occasionally called at our wretched home.

My father in the mean while daily grew worse, and not a night passed but what our neighbours were disturbed by his dreadful raving. Oh, how often has my mother had to flee for her very life, and my brothers and sisters to hide themselves from his fury. Often, too, denied the very necessaries of life, would my mother have to secretly sell some article of clothing, that she might get a loaf of bread for her poor children, whilst my father would have his pockets full of money, and refuse us even a sixpence.

In the midst of winter, too, when we would be working hard at night to finish the sewing that was to get our breakfast in the morning, would he toss the light into the fire, and then throw cold water over it, leaving us in the dark, half frozen, to grope our way to bed as best we could. Of the agonizing tears I have shed under such bitter circumstances, I need not tell—but surely the great Arm has recorded them, and they will one day be shown at the high tribunal.

But why should I again bring up those harrowing memories? Alas, I cannot tell the half of what we have endured during the

last seven years. I thought, when I first commenced, that it might be done—but ah! how are the numberless mortifications I daily passed under to be told of? How are the nights that my poor mother and self spent in closets, and even under the stoop, for fear of my father's violence, to be described? And then, too, often without food and clothes, yet living in a large house and good neighbourhood, and expected by others to live up to such appearances. Often, too, trembling whenever a friend called, or a visitor entered the room, lest my father should come in and insult them, or use some of the dreadful language that was ever on his lips. Oh, these things cannot be told of. Suffice it, that at the age of twenty-four, I have lost all relish for existence, and care not how soon the summons comes to "call me hence."

I know not if there is a being living who thinks woman has nothing to do with Temperance, but surely if there is, they need only to witness some of the scenes of my past daily life, to be firmly convinced that woman, innocent woman, is often the chief sufferer from man's intemperance, and her own safety and interest actually demands her labor in the cause. But I can write no more.

New Haven.

Yours truly,

C. H.

### THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

GATHERED AROUND THE POOL OF BETHESDA, BY HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS,—DRUNKARDS ARE ANXIOUS FOR A CURE.

"No," says the hardened liquor dealer, "It is I, not they, that am anxious for their cure. I wish no man to be a drunkard. But the wretch is like one that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or upon the top of the mast; he says, 'I will seek it yet again.' He does not wish to be reformed." Here we differ. We say, he would at times give a thousand worlds to be reformed. Every drunkard's life, could it be written, would tell it in letters of fire. True, he rushes furiously on his work of death. And it shews the strength of his appetite. But Ah! who sees his desperate struggle to escape? who knows his efforts from day to day and month to month to pass the place of ruin? The enchantment is before him, touching with his wand every chord of his system. The wretched man resists, holds back, causes himself to be shut up in prison, throws himself on board a temperance ship for a distant voyage, seeks new alliances and new employments, wrestles, agonizes like a man to throw off the night-mare, but all in vain. He rises to-day, but to fall to-morrow; and amid disappointment and reproach, poverty and degradation, he says, "Let me alone, I cannot live," and plunges headlong to destruction.

Every new thing which has promised a cure has brought them out by scores and hundreds to try the experiment. Once, Chamber's medicine was the promised panacea, and Apothecaries thro' the land were pressing on to make their fortunes from men clothed in rags. Then, it was the old temperance pledge, and more than 12,000 came up for a cure. But it was not the right pool for them. It was filled with fermented waters, and on ale and beer, and wine and cider, they went back by scores to destruction. Now a new pool of Bethesda is opened; total abstinence from all that intoxicates, and an Angel has come down from heaven and troubled the waters. And what do we see? Through the length and breadth of the land, the lame, the blind, the halt, the withered are all in motion; 3,000 in Baltimore have stepped into this pool and been healed, 1,000 in Boston, 600 in New York; fifties and tens in smaller cities and villages; wives are bringing their husbands, sisters their brothers, fathers their sons, all feeling that this is a golden moment. Such a movement among individuals afflicted with any moral or physical malady hoping for a cure, was perhaps never before seen, unless in the rush to the Saviour to be healed. And what does it denote, but an anxiety for a cure. "It is such a time," says one now restored to his family, "as I have long wished for, but how it would come, and when it would come, I knew not. And I know an hundred drunkards who now feel just as well as I have felt."

The practicability of a sudden and complete reform of every drunkard in the land calls for our aid.

Science has denied this. Religion has only said, "With man it is impossible, but not with God, for with God all things are possible." But science yields to experiment, and religion marches on joyful in the footsteps of providence. The lepers are cleansed!