

ache, for you do cry very often mother," replied the little questioner.

To this remark the pale, delicate and toil worn woman made no answer, she could not. The sympathy of her child's heart had overcome her power to restrain her grief.

She no longer wept silent tears but sobbed aloud as if her very heart strings were torn by the agony of reflections. The child frightened by the outburst of her affections hung upon her parents neck mingling her own tears with those of her mothers, and with childlike earnestness besought her not to cry.

The mother closely pressing the little girl to her bosom, calmed her emotion, and wiping the tears, endeavored to divert the attention of young Kate from the mournful scenes they had just passed through.

"What makes father so poor? He had a nice large store once, full of goods, and we lived in a better house than this one, then you didn't have to do sewing for people as you do now.— You was a great deal happier then than you are now, wasn't you mother?"

This simple questioning of the young and artless Kate, rolled back the mother's memory to the time when she knew not, and had not tasted sorrow's bitter cup; when she had not felt the chill winds of adversity and poverty—when happy in the possession and affections of kind friends and a loving and doting husband, she enjoyed all that made life pleasant, and could look around her in the happiness of a satisfied and gratified heart, and thank the Kind Providence which had cast her lot so pleasantly. In contrast with these recollections of happy days, which memory brought before her as a beautiful and fading picture; the reality of her life, the miserable tenement which scarcely sheltered her from the storm, the common furniture, the scanty supply of life's necessities, and unnumbered miseries of the poverty by which she was borne down, rose up before her as if to punish her for the momentary remembrances of the days of prosperity that had passed away for ever.

The brokenhearted woman again yielded to the overpowering tide of feelings and the mother and child once more mingled their tears together.

Changed indeed was her condition and most really sorrowful and sad had it become. Reared amid plenty, the child of wealthy parents, the object of solicitude and indulgence, the favorite of her friends, the innocent, gay and happy girl resigned her home, where no want of hers went unsatisfied, where her slightest wish was a command, to partake of the joys and sorrows of one who had won her love.

These she cheerfully gave up for him to whom she had pledged her faith and whose wife she was to be, so long as they both should live.— People that knew them said that they were, that they would be a happy couple, and happy they did live rejoicing in each others love. A child was given them, and life was thus more full of joy than ever. Wilson was fortunate in business and every year added to his stock of wealth; their child grew up under their fostering care, binding them more closely in affection and for four years they lived on in uninterrupted joy.—

But now a cloud was to come and darken the beautiful picture of their domestic life.

Like the small, just discernible speck in the edge of a clear and distant sky, which to the unexperienced is nothing, but to the tried eye of the mariner, precursor of an impending storm; so was the simple incident that foreshadowed the darkening of that domestic sky, and the ruin and desolation that were to be in Wilson's household.

At a social party given by one of Wilson's friends, following the example of men who were older, and who ought to have been wiser, Wilson indulged so freely in wine, that, when the party broke up, he was stupified by the over-quantity of his potations which rendered him powerless. He had been very greatly excited, and uttered some very foolish remarks and acted with extreme silliness. It had been several years since he had overstepped the line of moderation, and upon the restoration of soberness when he was informed of his weakness and folly when drunk, his sensitive mind was overpowered by mortification and regret. The full extent of his error was laid open before him, by one of those miserable things, who profess friendship and find their chief pleasure in dressing up and communicating to their friends some personal incident, which they know will irritate and rankle in the mind of the victim of their acquaintance. Such a being W. unfortunately numbered among his acquaintances, and he lost no other time or circumstance in depicting for Wilson, with all the colouring and exaggeration which his mind suggested, the scenes and details of his nights' dissipation. The effect was terrible, Wilson did not, while his tormentor was present, give way to his feelings in fact he seemed to treat the affair as a thing of no moment, affected to be merry at the ridiculous picture drawn of his drunken antics and silly jabberings; but when left to himself his emotion was no longer controllable. He cursed himself for losing restraint over his conduct and becoming, by his own act, the object of ridicule and sarcasm to his companions.

He felt he had lost the regard and esteem of the world, he could no longer demand it, for he had forfeited his own self respect and despised himself.

His wife too knew of his disgrace, for he had been taken home to her in the very depth of his degradation, when he knew not what was going on around him, when his senses were steeped in drink. Yet not one lip of reproach had she uttered though in silence and alone she wept and prayed that her husband might not be led into temptation.

Reflection brought with it no repentance and abstinence, which would atone for more than one lapse from virtue, and which would have been in the eye of Heaven and of man, full expiation of his fault, but mortification, disgust and loathing of himself. He did not stop to give the matter consideration, but dashed recklessly and with most wretched fatuity to drown his thoughts and conscience in the same cup of wet damnation which had brought disgrace and degradation and remorse upon him.

With an infatuation rarely equalled he resigned himself a prey to the intoxicating bowl, and it soon became no new thing for Wilson to find

his way home drunk. His wife saw with anguish that her husband had started on the drunkards course, that her days of happiness were over. She implored him, reasoned with him, besought him by all that ought to have affected a heart less hard than adamant to pause in his career, not to give up to the drunkard's life and die the drunkard's death. But it all availed nothing.

The demon of strong drink daily wound with tightening grasp its coils around a willing victim, who would not lift even a hand to extirpate himself.

The result soon came. His business was neglected, his own and his wife's means melted away, his friends left him to his ruin, his acquaintances ere long refused to recognize him and three years carried him through the round of an inebriate's life, until at the time of our narrative we find his weeping wife and child amid poverty and misery, and want, sorrowing over the ruin and desolation and suffering, brought upon them by a husband's and a father's vices.

Here, then, we have the answer which that sorrowful woman in the bitterness of her grief could not give to the questioning of her child. "What makes father so poor?" But where is he, this husband and this father, who has thus brought woe upon those whom he is bound by every obligation to cherish and protect.

Let us see. On one of the back streets, in one of those miserable dens, where the vilest of our population, outcasts from places of respectable resort, you see him, the man of bloodshot and blurred eye, clothed in rags, and reeking with the stench of nauseous liquor; where a dirty unshorn set were accustomed to meet and spend their earnings for the poisonous wretched stuff, kept by the proprietor, under the names of Brandy, Gin and Rum. Here through the day and at night, in this filthy kennel, dark and intolerable to senses not adapted to it by custom; you find him and men, human creatures, husbands, fathers, and sons assembled to pass time in rioting and revelry.

The memory of men could not point out with accuracy to the time when this old Building was new. But let us enter the Bar-room and for a few moments survey what is going on there; you can step into it from the side walk and as you open the door, the hum of Bach-anian discord breaks upon the ear sounding unlike human tones, Curses and horrid Imprecations. Obscene singing, mingled with calls for "Liquor" reach you.

The confusion of tongues and the dark and dingy atmosphere thick with the smoke of tobacco, prevent you for some time, from discerning the inmates. But as the eye adapts itself to the obscurity of the place objects within it become perceptible. In front appears conspicuously the Bar. The bottles severally labeled on black letters upon yellow ground, Rum, Gin, and Whiskey but the liquor is all the same. The room is crowded, five persons are standing drawn up into a line though rather zig-zag at the Bar each pouring into a thick bottomed glass the poison called Brandy which they quaff with evident delight.

(Concluded in a future number)