

few brands were burning, and wadm themselves as well as the feeble heat emitted by the almost exhausted fire would permit. Then she wrapped each around with a piece of an old shawl, and after putting on her bonnet, took them by the hands and left the house. It was a chilly night in winter. The wind swept coldly along the streets, piercing through the thin garments of the desperate mother, who was leading forth her tender little ones on some strange, unnatural errand. But she shrunk not in the blast, but walked rapidly along, almost dragging the children after her. At length she stopped before the window of an ale-house, and standing on tip-toe, looked over the red curtain that shaded half the window, and concealed the inmates from the view of passers by. Within she saw her husband sitting comfortably by a table, a glass by his side, and a pipe in his mouth. Half a dozen pot-companions were sitting around, and all seemed enjoying themselves well.

Mrs. Lyon remained without only a few moments; then taking hold of the door she walked firmly in, and without appearing to notice her husband, went up to the bar and called for three glasses of brandy. After doing this, she seated herself at a table near by her husband. Great, of course, was the surprise of Lyon at this apparition. He jumped from his chair and stood before his wife, just as she had taken her seat at the table, saying, in an under tone, as he did so—

"For Heaven's sake, Sally! what brings you here?" "It is very lonesome at home, Ralph," she replied, in a calm but sad voice. "Our wood is all gone, and it is cold there. I am your wife, and there is no company for me like yours. I will go any where to be with you. I am willing to come even here."

"But, Sally, to think of your coming to such a place as this."

"If it is pleasant to you, it shall be so to me. Any where that my husband goes, surely I can go. God hath joined us together as one, and nothing should divide us."

By this time the three glasses of brandy that Mrs. Lyon had called for were placed before her on the table.

"Bring another glass," said Mrs. Lyon calmly, "my husband will drink with us."

"Sally, are you mad?" ejaculated Ralph.

"Mad, to go with my husband? Why should you say that, Ralph? Drink, children," she added, turning to her two little ones, and placing a glass of unadulterated brandy before them. "It will do you good." As Sally said this, she lifted her own glass to her lips.

"Surely, you are not going to drink that?" said Ralph.

"Why not? You drink to forget sorrow; and if brandy have that effect, I am sure no living creature needs it more than I do. Besides, I have eaten nothing to-day, and need something to strengthen me."

Saying this, she sipped the burning liquid, and smacking her lips, looked up into her husband's face and smiled.

"It warms to the very heart, Ralph!" she said. "I feel better already." Then turning to the children, whose glasses remained untouched before them, she said to the astonished little ones,

"Drink, my children! It is very good."

"Woman! are you mad? My children shall not touch it," and he lifted the glasses from the table and handed them to one of the company that had crowded around to witness this strange scene.

"Why not? said his wife, in the calm tone with which she had at first spoken. "If it is good for you, it is good for your wife and children. It will put these dear ones to sleep, and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. To you it is fire, and food, and bed and clothing—all these we need, and you will surely not withhold them from us."

By this time Ralph was less under the influence of liquor than he had been for weeks, although he had drank as freely

as ever. said, in a kind the day. Taking hold of his wife's arm, he was really wandering—he began to think that her mind

"Come, Sally, let us go home." "Why should we go, Ralph?" she replied. "There is no fire at home, but it is warm and comfortable here. There is no food there, but here is plenty to eat and to drink. I don't wonder that you liked this place better than home, and I am sure I would rather stay here."

The drunken husband was confounded. He knew not what to do or to say. The words of his wife smote him to the heart; for she uttered a stunning rebuke that could not be gainsaid. He felt a choking sensation, and his trembling knees bore heavily against each other.

"Sally," he said, after a pause, in an altered and very earnest tone, "I know it is more comfortable here than it is at home, but I am going home, and I intend staying there. Won't you go with me, and try to make it as comfortable as it used to be? The change is all my fault, I know; but it shall be my fault no longer. Here, once and forever, I solemnly pledge myself before God never again to drink the poison that has made me more than half a brute, and beggared my poor family. Come, Sally! Let us hurry away from here; the very air oppresses me. Come, in Heaven's name! come!"

Quickly, as if an electric shock had startled her, did Mrs. Lyon spring from her seat, as her husband uttered the last word, and lay hold of his arm with an eager grasp.

"The Lord in Heaven be praised!" she said, solemnly, "for it is his work. Yes, come! Let us go quickly. There will again be light, and fire and food in our dwelling. Our last days may yet be our best days."

Lifting each a child from the floor, the husband and wife left that den of misery with as hasty steps as Christian's when he fled from the City of Destruction.

The hopeful declaration of Mrs. Lyon proved indeed true. There was soon light, and fire, and food again in that cheerless dwelling; and the last days of Ralph and his family have proved to be their best days. He has never since tasted the tempting cup, and finds that it is a very easy matter to save one or two dollars a week, and yet live very comfortably.

The scene in the ale-house is never alluded to by either the husband or wife. They take no pleasure in looking back—preferring, rather, to look forward with hope. When it is thought of by either, it is something as a man who has endured a painful operation to save his life, thinks of the intense sufferings he then endured.

AN ACT TO RESTRAIN THE SALE OF INTOXICATING DRINKS.

SECTION 1. It shall not be lawful for any person or persons to sell, to be used as a beverage, any spirituous liquors, wines, strong beer or any other intoxicating drinks; nor in any way or by any artifice, to dispose of any such intoxicating drinks, to any person or persons, whether for pay or professedly without any consideration.

This act shall not be so construed as to forbid the sale of liquors, wines, &c., for strictly medicinal or mechanical purposes, or for any purpose other than to be used as a beverage:

The People of the State of New-York, represented in Senate and Assembly do enact as follows:

Provided that any person or persons who shall sell any such liquors or wines for any purpose other than to be used as a beverage, shall keep a true record of all such sales, stating the kind of liquor, and the amount sold, the time when, and the person to whom sold, and shall permit such record to be examined whenever called on by any supervisor, justice, or overseer of the poor. All sales not thus recorded shall be considered violations of this act.