

ring—and pawned it for rum. That fatal blow maddened her, and in despair she too drank, and together we wallowed in the gutter.

"Pennyless, we begged our way from Vermont to this great city. Here we hired a small cellar, in a dark, dismal street, and sent our children out to beg. Many a weary day we spent in that dreary cellar, while our children were wandering the streets, begging for their drunken parents. About forty days since, my little girls went out to beg, and from that hour to this I have not seen them.

"Without food or fire, I clung to my dismal abode, until hunger forced me out, and I then began to search for my children. My degraded wife had been sent to Blackwell's Island, as a vagrant, and alone I went to the Islands, to the House of Refuge, to the Tombs, and in despair I wandered down to the Five Points, and for the last few days I have lived in 'Cow Bay,' among beggars and thieves. To-day I have seen two children, who, if they had not looked so clean and sung so sweetly, I would have called mine. Oh, would to God they were!"

"Tell me the name," said Dr. S., "and I will see." In a few moments, two interesting little girls were led toward him. At the first sight of this fearful looking man they shrank back. The poor man sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "They are mine! mine! My children, don't you know your poor old father? Come to me my children! Father loves you, he won't hurt you!" He reached out his arms; the little ones were timid at first, but soon they climbed upon their father's knee, while the tears were streaming down his face.

"Kiss your poor drunken father, my children!" But the face of the man was so black and filthy

that not a fit spot could be found. Soon they forgot the dirty face, and remembered their poor degraded father, and each entwined their little arms around his neck, and fondly kissed him; and the elder one said, with a voice that touched every heart—"Father, we are so happy we want to stay. Won't you come and live here to, Papa? What makes you drink so? Dear Papa! do sign the pledge, and do not drink any more. Mr. Pease found us in the street begging, and now we are happy. Do Papa, come and live here, and be good to us, as you used to be?"

The father's heart was overwhelmed; he sobbed and groaned aloud. For more than an hour they sat thus together, till at last the old man arose, still clinging to his children, and exclaimed,— "The pledge! the pledge! I will never drink again!"

I gave him the pledge, and from that hour he has most faithfully kept it. He is now a man again, engaged in business, earning ten dollars per week, and none would recognize in that well-dressed man—who still boards in the house—the degraded original whose portrait can still be seen at the House of Industry, daguerreotyped in all its striking deformity and squalor.—*Five Points Record.*

WELL PUT.—What are the objections to giving up this ruinous infatuation? What reasons are given for continuing to drink liquor? Why some persons say that God made it, and, therefore, they must drink it. Well, God made paving-stones, but does 'it necessarily follow that we are to eat them?—*Barnum.*

No reproof or denunciation is so potent as the silent influence of a good example.