

Work? You're joking, landlord. You got any work? I'll take half out at the bar."

"Haven't you got a job of work?" asked Morrison in an angry voice.

"Me?" replied Latimer, still but half awake. "Me? No, indeed, I've looked the town over. I can't get any work."

"You lying, cheating rascal!" exclaimed Morrison, in a sudden, ungovernable fit of passion, dragging the half-intoxicated man from his chair, and throwing him towards the door. As he staggered away, he followed him up, and opening the door, pushed him with a torrent of oaths into the street. Latimer fell upon his face, but like many drunken men who fall, sustained little or no injury.

Instead of returning to abuse Morrison, which was the first impulse of his mind, he went reeling home.

Sad work had been going on there, in his absence. His landlord, whose repeated demands for money had not been satisfactorily answered, and who had already commenced legal proceedings against him, to which no attention had been paid, had issued an execution upon his furniture, and he found the officers of the law about removing the principal part of his household goods to satisfy the arrearages of rent.

"Hallo! What does all this mean?" he said, as he came in, staring at the men who were executing the law's behest, and then at his weeping wife and frightened children.

"It means," replied an impracticable looking old fellow, "that we have seized, and are taking your furniture for rent."

At this, the drunken man became furious, and swore that he would knock them right and left if they dared to put a hand upon any thing. He would see the landlord, he said, and make it all right.

"Do you know," said the stern-looking old fellow, "that you are interfering with the officers of the law in the regular discharge of their duties?"

"Who cares for the officers of the law? Every man's house is his castle, and no one dares enter it. Clear out now, in quick time, or I'll make daylight shine through you."

And as Latimer said this, he seized the post of a bedstead; but before he had time to lift it from the floor, the old fellow took him by the collar with a vice-like grasp, saying as he did so—

"You'll go to prison for this, my lark. Come! We'll soon settle you."

Seeing her husband in the hands of the officer, and hearing the word prison, Mrs. Latimer started forward with a cry of alarm, and Agnes and the other children crowded around the officer, seizing hold of him, and imploring him with tears not to carry off the wretched husband and father.

"Oh, sir, pleaded Mrs. Latimer, "let him go—let him go! He is not himself!—he did not know what he was doing! Oh, sir, let him go, and he will not interfere any more."

After some parley, the poor wretch was released from the tight grasp of the officer, and he shrunk off and seated himself by the fire.

While Latimer was away that morning, his wife had pawned her wedding ring and a small breastpin that had belonged to her mother, and the instrument of all their misery was again full. This she brought out, and while the agents of the law stripped the furniture from the house, she sat down listlessly beside her husband, and they comforted themselves with the bottle!

Poor children! It was a heart-aching sight to see them. No mind-obscuring draught dimmed their perception of the misery that surrounded them. Every thing stood out in its shapeliest reality. Even to little Lotty, they were all crushed down with a most heart-oppressing sense of evil.

At last the men who had intruded themselves, finished their dreadful work, and departed. How sad and desolate was the home they left behind; sadder and more desolate to the little ones than to the parents, who still comforted themselves with the bottle!

### The Tavern Keeper's Family.

About fifty years ago, a young man named Morven, who had been butler in a nobleman's family, in the north of Scotland; came to the large city of A ———, and opened a Hotel. His house soon became celebrated as being the most handsomely furnished, and for having the best served table of any hotel in the length and breadth of the land; his cellars were furnished with the richest wines, and the best of all kinds of ardent spirits, and such was the flow of company to his house, that he soon became able to purchase the building which he at first only rented.

After a short time, he married the daughter of one of the most respectable merchants in the city. He still continued to increase in wealth and respectability. Year after year, he continued to add to his house in size, comfort and elegance. And when his family (which consisted of one son and four daughters) began to grow up, the son was sent to Oxford, and the daughters to the best boarding school in England. But, a gradual change had been coming over the horizon of their prosperity and happiness. Mr. Morven had several times been seen in a state, which at least testified his satisfaction with the quality of his own liquor. And Mrs. Morven who had once been beautiful, amiable and highly accomplished, was now frequently obliged to lay down in the afternoon, under the pretence of fatigue or weakness, but those who know her well, strongly suspected it was a too frequent application to the wine bottle, which was the cause of all her affliction.

When their daughters returned from school, they were received into the best class of society the city afforded. Their son also returned a finished gentleman; but they had neglected giving him a profession, intending that he should in time take his father's place. In the mean time, as he had nothing to do, he amused himself in the company of all the idlers and spendthrifts about town; he betted at horse races, and soon became addicted to every species of gambling. His parents remonstrated with him on his folly and wickedness in spending so much time and money, but it was of no avail, he still continued his course of dissipation, until he got involved in a serious quarrel, caused by liquor and gambling, which obliged him to leave the country; he still, however, continued to draw considerable sums from his father; at last they ceased to hear from him, and after a great deal of fruitless enquiry they ascertained that he had been killed in a drunken brawl, in a low gambling house in London.

About this time their youngest and most beautiful daughter returned from school; and for a time, things seemed to look up a little in their own eyes. As yet the public had seen nothing of the misery which was slowly, but surely, coming upon them. After their days of mourning were expired, the Misses Morven again entered society, the gayest of the gay. Some very discerning people did not fail to remark the inequality of spirits which often appeared in the three eldest, but they failed to trace it to its true source; but again a change came over them, the youngest (Miss Jane) gradually withdrew herself from society. But for what? let us view her in her privacy. She had time after time, too, seen her mother intoxicated. Yes dear reader, her fine and gentle mind had been shocked, by seeing her who had given her birth, in a state of beastly intoxication. She felt degraded, and almost over-