

ful fire was burning in the grate. In the centre of the room stood a table with a snow white cloth upon it. A tidy, happy-looking lady was spreading some very inviting things for breakfast; while the largest of the children was bringing in a pitcher of water, to fill the tumbler that were placed by every plate. An easy arm-chair was drawn up near the fire, and the father was leaning back in it, reading the morning paper, looking very snug and cozy in his wrapper and slippers. Around him a group of bright-eyed, rosy-checked little ones were playing, while a toddling boy was tugging at his father's gown, trying to climb up into his lap.

You did not need any one to tell you that comfort and happiness were there. Everything looked so pleasant, that one almost felt like opening the door, and walking in to share their happiness. This was the cold water drinker's home.

Right next to it was the other scene. It was a room with bare floor, strewn with litter, and blackened with dirt. The plaster was falling from the walls and the ceiling. In the fireplace there were two or three half-burnt sticks smouldering. An old bedstead stood in the corner, and a few ragged coverlets lay tumbled in a heap upon it. The rest of the furniture consisted of a table, and one or two rickety chairs. A loaf of bread partly cut, and a bottle on the table, were the only signs of a breakfast. The father, with his face unwashed, his beard unshaven, and his hair all tangled and matted, was beating a trembling child. The rest of the children were crowding up in the corner, pale and frightened, but each holding on to a dry crust of bread. Their faces were thin and sickly. The mother sat upon the bed, her head between her hands, and her hair streaming wildly over her shoulders. Thin and tattered rags were the only clothes any of them had on. Misery and wretchedness were as plainly seen there as if written with a sunbeam. This was the *drunkard's* home.

Reader, which is the pleasanter picture? Which would you rather should be your home?

All the difference was made by the PITCHER and the BOTTLE. The water in that pitcher had kept the *giant* INTemperance away from the first home; while the rum in the bottle had brought him into the other one. And it was because HE was there all was so wretched. He always drives comfort and happiness out from every house he enters. He turns gladness into sorrow, smiles into sighs, laughter into tears,

wherever he goes. He makes prisoners miserable themselves, and all about them unhappy too. Mothers and fathers, wives and children, brothers and sisters, suffer wherever he comes.—*Rev. Dr. Newton.*

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LITTLE BY LITTLE.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral workers,
By their slow but constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant dark blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated efforts
Have been patiently achieved.

Then do not look disheartened
O'er the work you're got to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You never can get through;
But just endeavour, day by day,
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain that you feared
Will prove to be a plain.

"Rome was not builded in a day,"
The ancient proverb teaches;
And nature, by her trees and flowers,
The same sweet sermon preaches.
Think not of far-off duties,
But duties which are near;
And having once begun to work,
Resolve to PERSEVERE.

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MR. NOBODY'S ADVICE; OR HOW I BECAME A TEETOTALER.

In the month of November, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-four, I arrived in the city of New-York, on my return from China; and, liking good quarters, I went to the Sailors' Home in Cherry street to board, and remained there till the ship was paid off. But as I loved a tot a little too well, and the folks at the Home were all sober-sides, I thought it was too decent a place for me to stay in. So I paid my bill, picked up my toonage, and made sail for a rum-hole in Cherry-street, and took up my abode

there with other drunkards like myself. I had been living in the house about ten days; and, lighting upon a sober interval, I thought I should like to know how the account stood. So I asked Mr. Boniface for my bill. He informed me that I was forty-one dollars in his debt. This surprised me by its magnitude. But, remembering that I had been drinking pretty heavy, and spending it very freely, and consequently could not tell exactly how much I had really drawn, I said nothing about it.

It so happened, however, that the drinking of the last ten days had not agreed with me, as I had eaten but little, and, as a consequence, the whole of the next week I was quite sick. So I staid at home, and, for a wonder, kept sober. During the whole of the week I was wide-awake, and kept an account of the money I drew which, amounted to all to about seven dollars. Well, when the week was out, I went to him again and asked him how we stood. He took down his book and, after a little figuring, he said: "Your bill is just seventy-one dollars and thirty-five cents." So that for my seven dollars he had charged me just a little over thirty. This stunned me altogether, and I told him I would not pay it. But how was I to help myself? That was the question. I went to a friend of mine, and told him how I had been served; and talked about law and justice. But my friend said it was of no use for me to go to a magistrate about it, as I could do nothing. And he remarked, "that there was no justice for drunkards." This set me thinking, and I made a vow that I would never put it into the power of any man to serve me such a trick again.

My friend said: The best thing that you can do is to pack up your duds, pay your bill, and go to a decent boarding-house. I took his advice, and moved off to a temperance house in Pearl street, kept by that good man, Captain Roland Gelston. Here I tried to taper off; but I soon found out that this tapering off, or merely reducing my potations, was bad business. It kept me stupid all the time, and made me say and do many things which I was ashamed of when in my right senses. Well, on the twenty-fourth of December, there was a deal of talk of one John B. Gough, who was to address a temperance meeting in the Old Mariners' Church in Roosevelt street. And, after supper, one of my fellow-boarders came to me and said:—"What do you say if you and I go to the meeting, at Mr. Chase's and sign the pledge?" "Agreed," says I, and off we went. The house was full. We stood and listened about half an hour, and then they sent round the contribution