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a dare-devil spirit that defies control. The shades of evening find them prowling under the mask of darkness after every pernicious gratification. Their imaginations have been polluted by the vile literature secretly circulated. From the dice or billiard-table they go to the lighted hall, where prostitutes, decked in gay and voluptuous attire, mingle in the waltz and ply their seductive arts, and thence they hasten to the house where I will not follow, and of which the Scriptures say that it is "the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

The prevalence of vice in great cities makes it imperative to prolong the portraiture of this last class of men. The curiosity and inexperience of youth demand an unhesitating and adequate statement of the perils that now assail a young man who enters on the sea of city life. The false glare of modern vice is so dazzling to an unsuspicious youth as to compel plain speech. A pure-minded father will shrink from unfolding to his son the nature of the fearful temptations which, with a subtle and tremendous current, will sweep around such a youth. Dear friend, will you pause and ponder the path of evil?

A young man in a London warehouse was solicited to spend a night in a dancing-saloon. He refused. "What a fool you are to be so dull," said