

'But you can resist it,' he said, 'I know many who were as much enslaved as you are, who are now sober men.'

'That cannot be,' was my positive, half indignant reply, for I thought he was trifling with me. 'Who has heard of any one so long gone as I am, ever being reformed? No, no; I shall fill a drunkard's grave,' and I shook my head in the bitterness of despair.

'I have heard—I have seen very many who were as little likely to be reclaimed as you are, who are now sober, industrious men, with their families again around them and again happy.—This is a new era, my friend, a new power is at work, and what was once considered hopeless, is now an every day occurrence. Hundreds of men who have been in the constant habit of drinking have renounced liquor altogether, and are now banded together for mutual assistance. Come, will you not join in with them?'

'Thus the other urged me, and I listened as if in a dream. After he had ceased, I said eagerly, as I rose to my feet.

'O sir, do not trifle with me! Is what you say, indeed true? Can a drunken wretch, do baser as I am, be reclaimed?'

'He can, my friend,' was the emphatic answer. 'For ten years I was a drunkard. It is now six months since I tasted liquor, and I have no desire for it.'

'How strange all this sounded to me! And as he spoke, a new hope sprung up in my bosom. But this hope quickly faded, and I said in a sad tone:

'Others may reform, but I cannot. If I were to quit drinking what could I do? I have no home, no friends, no clothes that are even decent—all men would continue to shun me as a loathsome wretch who had lost all claims to human consideration.'

'Do you really wish to reform?' the stranger now asked me, in a decided, serious voice.

'I do, most sincerely.'

'Then you can reform. Come with me, he added, taking hold of my arm: wherever there is a will, there is a way.'

'I followed him mechanically. We soon came to a small two story house in a narrow street or alley, running down south from the Lexington market. Into this we entered, when I was taken into one of the chambers. Here I was supplied with plenty of clean water, a clean coarse shirt, and a pair of coarse linen pantaloons. As the latter was produced, the man said to me:

'Are you willing to sign a pledge never again to drink any kind of intoxicating liquor? In a word, will you join the temperance society?'

'Will it be of any use?' I asked.

'Yes, if you wish to reform,' he replied.

'Then I will join, and try my best,' I said.

'Do so, and you are safe,' was the cheerful, encouraging answer.

'After I had washed myself, and put on the clean dry clothes with which I had been furnished, I went down stairs. There I was invited to partake, with the family, of a warm, plentiful breakfast. The man had a wife and three children, and each seemed cheerful, and even happy. To me, they were all kindness and attention. After breakfast, I was invited to go up stairs and lie down, until my coat, which had been drenched with rain, could be dried. This offer I accepted, for now that I had taken no liquor since the day before, I felt quite weak. I soon fell asleep, and was conscious of nothing further until my unknown friend came up and asked me to take some dinner with the family.—Now I was in a calmer and more rational frame of mind than I had been in for years, and as I descended with him, and met his cheerful family at the table, I thought of my own children, sheltered in a charitable institution, and my poor wife, long since laid in the peaceful grave. It was a bitter reflection.

'At the dinner table the conversation turned upon the wonderful reformation that was going on among the drunkards—a reformation, the most distant whisper of which had never, before that morning, reached my ears. My unknown friend spoke of his own history; of how he had been enslaved to the love of strong drink—how he had neglected his business and abused his family; how he had despaired of ever becoming reformed; and how at last he had been sought out by some of the Washingtonians, and persuaded to sign their total abstinence pledge. The result of this pledge he pointed out in the changed and happy condition of his family.

'I was found by a Washingtonian,' said he, 'sleeping one morning on a cellar door, as I found you; and I was persuaded by him to go and sign the pledge. His kindness and evident concern, moved me, and I resolved that I would take his advice.—And I did. That night I went to one of their meetings, and

signed the pledge. Since then, everything has gone well with me, and I now get up early every morning and look out for the drunkards on the cellar doors and in the market houses. I have already induced nineteen, whom I found thus, to sign the pledge, and if you go with me to-night to the meeting, as you have promised, you will make the twentieth.'

'I went of course, and signed. After I had put my name down, I felt a new power within me. I felt that I could keep the pledge. And have kept it, and mean to keep it as long as I live.

'You must go home with me to-night,' said the kind individual touching me on the shoulder, after the meeting was over, 'and to-morrow we will see if we can't get you something to do.'

'I accepted his kind offer, and slept for the first time in three years, on a good bed. On the next day, sure enough, he went with me to three or four places where my business was carried on, and at last obtained work for me. From that time, I have had as much as I can do, and am now earning twelve dollars a week.

'Soon after I was reformed, I went to see my children. I had not looked upon them for five long years. How changed they were! When told that I was their father, they seemed scarcely to credit it, and evinced no affection for me. This touched my heart. I staid but a few minutes the first time, for the interview was too painful to me, and I saw too embarrassing to them to admit of being prolonged.

'In a week I called again, and then the distance and reverse of my children were in some degree broken down. Another week passed, and I paid them another visit—a smile lit up each face as I entered. O sir, words cannot express my delight, as I saw that smile! It was a ray of sunshine to my heart. Thus I continued to visit them regularly, until I could not let a day pass without looking up in their faces, and listening to their sweet voices. And they even greeted my coming with expressions of gladness.

'I now made application to the directors of the institution, to have my children restored to me; but was positively refused. I represented that I was reformed—that I was earning ten and twelve dollars a week, and had already money enough to buy the few articles of furniture that we should want. But they would not trust me with their children. How wretched I felt as I turned away from those to whom my earnest petition had been addressed! But I determined never to rest until I could get my children. Every three or four weeks I renewed my petition, and every time the reluctance of the directors seemed in some degree to yield. Finally I prevailed, and this day, thank heaven! I received my children back again.'

'Here the speaker's voice gave way, and he sat down and sobbed like a child.

PRISON FACTS.

BY AN OFFICER IN AN ENGLISH PRISON.

I have now been an officer [schoolmaster] in York Castle nearly six years, and have seen society in a vast variety of forms. I have seen the murderer, the man-slayer, the thief for plunder, and the thief of necessity. I have been present at executions, and in company with the condemned in their last hours; and you will undoubtedly imagine leading among this wreck of nature, I have been led to look for its cause, and I have found that drunkenness has invariably been the cause of the great majority of these crimes. This is the rule—sobriety the exception. Out of 119 prisoners for trial, at the last summer assizes, 98 declared to me that this bait of the devil's had been greedily swallowed by them, and was the cause of their misfortunes. I have often seen prisoners brought into this Castle manacled hand and foot, disgrace stamped on their countenances, dejected in their looks, ragged in appearance, and very often filthy; and to such I have put the question as to the cause of their crime, and the answer has been—"drink—drink." Oh, that the reader could peruse the letters, and see the anguish, of the parents and wives of these prisoners. The poverty endured by the wives and children left behind; the pledging and selling of furniture and clothing, to procure a defence; the anxiety displayed during trial; the fluttering heart, the attentive ear, the smile of hope when anything favorable is spoken, the dejected look when anything decisive is evidenced against him, and the utter despair when the sentence of guilt is announced, which he knows is to separate him from all that is near, and all that once was truly dear to him, for ever from a kind