

cold indifference upon the every-day realities about him.

He found his way to the gaming-table, and with reckless impetuosity plunged into the vortex which there opens for the souls of the young. Not far from the theatre and the billiard-room, was the house of her whose steps take hold on hell. With madness that defied all restraint, and shut out hope of his recovery, he abandoned himself to sensual indulgences, without shame, and resisted, as the counsels of an enemy, the efforts of friends who at each step of his downward course, had interferred to save him from ruin.

How often, in these days of dissipation, had a mother wept over him, with tears that none but heart-broken mothers shed over ruined sons! How often had a fond father sought him out in the dark and hidden haunts of vice to which he nightly resorted, and mingling a parent's love with the strong authority of an injured father, led him home, and watched by his bed-side till the morning light, that with the first return of consciousness he might extort a promise of reform. Such influences, stronger than any restraining power but the grace of God, might have saved him but for the grasp of an enemy that was dragging him downward to death and hell. It was scarcely possible that he should have run his course thus far without having drunk often and deeply of the intoxicating cup. Intemperance had marked him for his prey. This was some years ago, in the morning of the great temperance reformation which has since so signally and gloriously blessed our country and the world. And when he was persuaded by the united entreaties of his parents to pledge himself to abstain from "ardent spirits," the smile of hope was seen on a mother's faded cheek, and a mountain weight was removed from his father's heart.

There was a change in Charles that all regarded with intense delight. It lasted for months.—Again he was the pride of his parents and the centre of a thousand hopes.

The cup of happiness seemed to his parents to be full when Charles led to the altar, and brought home to the house, a lovely bride, whom of all others they had chosen as one who would make him happy, and throw around him the restraints of love, should he ever be allured again into the paths of vice.

On the very evening of his marriage, it was painfully evident, that he was not beyond the reach of the destroyer. I have said that this period was at the opening of the present temperance reformation, and few had then thought of danger from the use of wine. But in the festivities of the marriage day, in the midst of company of which young L—— was the life and soul, and called on again and again to drink to his "health and happiness?" (Oh! the mockery of such words over the wine-cup!) he lost command of his appetite, and before he suspected his danger he was overcome. Deeply mortified at this occurrence, he determined to regain his self-respect by a rigid adherence to entire abstinence from all means of intoxication. But the appetite was excited, and it would be gratified. The rest of the story is soon told.

Months passed away, and the once elegant, accomplished, and fascinating Charles L—— was sinking deeper and deeper into the abyss of shameful disgusting intemperance. The appetite became a passion, the passion became a mania. The last hope of his recovery was now blasted. The prospects of wealth and honour, and domestic bliss, had lost all charms in his eye. The gross sensuality of his darling sins, the vile companions of his nightly debauch, the delirious excitements of the theatre and gaming table, again absorbed the desires of his depraved heart. In vain did

parental affection plead, in vain did a young wife, with her first born on her breast, weep tears of bitter grief over his fall; in vain did he hear the strong appeals of religious truth; in vain was he admonished of the danger to his immortal soul, and the certainty of his swift destruction, if he persisted in his downward course; he was in the grasp of the destroyer. Deaf to the cries of affection, blind to his own guilt and shame, and dead to all the sweet sensibilities of the soul, he was lost, and lost forever.

Such incessant and reckless devotion to the intoxicating bowl, was making serious inroads upon his once vigorous constitution. When he came home from his nightly revels, his wild demoniac ravings gave sad warnings that he might speedily fall a victim to the drunkard's scourge, *delirium tremens*. Even in this last struggle, when reason had deserted the throne, and conscience had long been drowned in the wine-cup, and to the hearts that loved him most, death seemed the only relief that would be ever theirs, even in this last struggle, there was once more lighted up a faint gleam of hope.

One morning, after a night of more than his accustomed revelry, he awoke apparently to the strong and vivid consciousness that he was in the road to hell. From the time that he left the fire-side of the good pastor in New England, he had seldom given a thought, never an hour, to the memory of the lessons which were then with so much faithfulness and love imprinted on his young heart. But *impressions thus made are never entirely obliterated*. They may be forgotten in the midst of the follies and sins of a gay career; they may be buried under other and deeper impressions that exert a controlling and destroying power; but they are still there, and in some hour, perhaps of delirium, perhaps of calm reflection, perhaps on a dying bed, or it may be in the world of despair, they will be remembered and reviewed, with all the distinctness of the time when they were graven in the mind. So was it now with Charles.

His wife was struck with mingled astonishment and joy, as she heard him engaged in earnest prayer for the pardon of his many sins, for the sake of Jesus Christ. She wept with him; and, though quite unused to the language of prayer, she poured out the desires of her bursting heart, that God would have mercy upon the poor prodigal, and lead him back to the paths of virtue and of peace.

At this juncture I was sent for, and in a few moments was at his side.

"Oh!" said he, as I entered the room, "I am glad you have come. I have been praying for the pardon of my many sins, and God has heard my poor prayers for the sake of his Son. I feel better now. I am happy now. I am going to heaven now! There, there comes an angel, there another; don't you see them coming? There, I am going now; come and go with me to glory."

I saw in an instant that he was wandering, though he was so peaceful and apparently so happy that his friends were weeping for joy at the prospect of his sudden conversion from the error of his ways.

I assured him that there was no immediate prospect of his departure; and sitting quietly on the bed which he thought was a car on which he was about to be conveyed to heaven, I spoke to him freely of his past life, the necessity of sincere repentance for his many transgressions of God's holy laws, and of the infinite provision made by Jesus Christ, for the provision even of the chief of sinners. Then it was that I saw the strength of those impressions which had been on his heart under the instruction of the excellent clergyman of whom I have spoken. The whole

plan of salvation was distinctly before his mind, and the views of divine truth which he expressed, were far more clear and complete, than are usually shown by intelligent men, who have not enjoyed religious instruction in their childhood. I dealt faithfully with him, as one who has an account to give before God. But what could be done for a man whose reason was gone, and whose fancy spread before him visions of celestial glory on which he was soon to enter? I prayed with him and left him.

A few days more and I was sent for again. In the mean time he had plunged deeper than ever into his destroying indulgences, and the terrible *delirium* that haunts the drunkard's brain, had obtained the mastery. One wild scene of unbridled excess had followed another in swift succession till he was laid upon his dying bed. No, he did not have a dying bed! No visions of angels awaiting to convey him to heaven, now floated before his eyes. No dreams of pardon and peace by the blood of the dear Redeemer, shed their soothing influence on his soul.

"Take them off! Oh take them off!" he screamed as I came into his chamber. "They have come for me; I see them, I feel them! This is hell!"

The scene was awful to me, heart-rending to those who loved him as none others could. Every object in the room was a demon ready to dart upon him. They leaped on the bed, they planted themselves on his breast, they laughed at his horrors, and revelled in his cries and groans. It was with great difficulty that strong men could keep him on his couch of anguish. He was determined to fly from the monsters that had gathered in troops about him. Seizing his opportunity when their attention was for a moment diverted, he leaped from the bed by the side of which sat his parents, wrinkled and gray, but not with age, and his young wife with their only child in her arms; he broke away from the attendants who vainly strove to hold him back; he rushed from his chamber into the streets of the city, and there, in his nakedness and madness, raved like a devil escaped from hell. They caught him and forced him into the house, but could not compel him to lie down. He stood in the middle of his chamber, struggling fearfully with friends who gathered around him to pacify his maniac frenzy. His wife fell on his neck, and implored him by his love for her and his darling boy, to lie down and be still till the storm that raged in his brain should pass by. But no tears, no prayers, no force could quiet him in that wild hour. He stood and quieted fiercely with phantoms, and raved of devils and the damned. An unearthly brightness lighted up his face, as he exclaimed, "I am ready now; I'll go, I'll go;" and he stood—a corpse! They laid him on the bed and closed his eyes for ever.

Such was the career and fate of one whom I knew and loved. He was a prodigal son. How many fall like him—perish like him, in the very morning of their days!

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

Who is Charlotte Elizabeth? some one may inquire. She is a deaf and dumb English lady, now a Mrs. Taney, the wife of a literary gentleman, residing in the neighbourhood of London. She was first married to a military officer in the British service, who spent all her property and his own in dissipation. At his hands she received very unkind treatment, and sometimes personal abuse. To support herself and her little ones she betook herself to her pen, and wrote for the public journals, for which she received a scanty allowance. From this she proceeded to a higher kind of writing, books, and received a stipulated sum from the booksellers for her manuscripts. Her