

once in motion it knows no halt, or stay, over rough and smooth, till it find the plain.

He would stay in his room, a-bed, for days together, with his brandy bottle within reach of his trembling grasp, and it was with great difficulty that he could be prevailed on to take any food.

Even in this state he retained sufficient of his gentlemanly feeling to restrain him from appearing in the drawing room or at the dinner table. But when his money was entirely gone, and his brandy bottle empty, the cravings of his indulged appetite overcame his sense of shame, and he crept stealthily down stairs, to find his way to the pawnbroker's.

First went his gold watch. The proceeds of it paid off his arrears for board, and kept his bottle filled for some time; but any one who knows the exorbitant commissions exacted by those gentlemen who do business at the sign of the "Gilt Balls," will readily understand this money too was capable of exhaustion. Next went his dressing-case, then his writing-desk, his rings and pins—some beautiful colored engravings, and at last his very clothes.

Some of the boarders who were most intimate with him, remonstrated, begged, and sued him, to stop in his mad career to destruction, but with no good effect. He listened, but it was with a vacant stare of apathy and unconcern. Nothing could rouse him from his drunken lethargy. The landlady was at last, in justice to herself and family, obliged to turn him out of doors, for the patience and charity of those boarders who had subscribed and paid for his board for nearly two months, rather than have him turned out, was exhausted, and the once accomplished and amiable B. was driven out, a drunken vagabond, from that house, where his presence had been warmly welcomed, less than a year before.

The last I heard of poor B., he was a lodger, at four pence a night, in one of those filthy, greasy cook shops that lined the old market place at the time. Let no person suppose this to be a mere fancy sketch, and scoff at the warning contained in the sad picture. 'Tis true, too true.

### CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A STORY ABOUT A NATION OF SHEEP.

Written in very short words for very little readers.

A long time ago, a great many sheep began a very long journey. By and by they came to a place where the road ended, and other two roads began. One of the two roads turned off to the left, the other to the right. As soon as the sheep came to this place, they stood still, and said among themselves, Which of the roads shall we take? Some of the sheep said, 'We will take the right-hand road;' others said, 'We will take the left.' And so they talked with anger to one another. But at last, *Bob the Sunbeam*, one of the wise sheep, spoke with a loud voice and said, 'Let us not go some one way and some another, but let us hold a meeting, and let us speak wise words, that we may find out which is the safer road for us all.' And when the rest of the sheep heard this, they said, 'It is a wise plan; let us hold a meeting.' So they put the

wise sheep that had spoken into the chair. And this is the speech it made:—

'Brothers and Sisters—We are met to find out which of the two roads it will be safer for us to take. Let such as have gone by the right-hand road tell us what kind of a road it is; and let such as have gone by the left-hand road tell us what sort of a road it is. But let them that know nothing of either road, keep their mouths shut and their ears open, that they may judge what is right.'

The chair-sheep sat down amid loud cheering, or, as the sheep call it, *ma-a-a-ing*.

After this there was silence for some time; for the elder sheep were at a loss what to say, and the younger did not like to speak till the older had spoken. Thus they spent some time thinking. They were all lying on the grass, with their faces looking to the chair-sheep. Some of them cropped a little of the grass with their teeth, as if to make a vegetable speech out of it. At last *Old Rugged*, one of the sheep, got up, and spoke this speech to the sheep, in the sheepish tongue:—

'Mr. Chair-sheep and Friends—It is with no common feelings I rise to speak at this time. (*Hear, hear.*) I feel that the weal or the woe of sheepdom is in our hands; and, from your looks, I think you think so too. (*Loud ma-a-a-ing.*) But I am glad that there is no room for doubt as to which of the two roads we should take. I think it is quite plain that we ought to take the left-hand road. (*Cries of no, no.*) I mean to say, that I think it is quite plain to every sheep of common sense that the road to the left is far better than— (*loud cries of no, no, and a great hubbub,*) whereupon the Chair-sheep spoke to the meeting, and said, that they ought to hear both sides, and that fair play was a jewel over all sheepland. On hearing this, the meeting became quiet, and *Old Rugged* then went on and said— I mean to say, that I will prove— (*hear, hear*)—that the road to the left is a much better road than the one to the right. (*A voice—prove it, then.*) When I was young— (*cries of question, question*)—when I was young— (*a voice—you told us that already—and mingled cries of shame—hear him out—and go on.*) The road to the left is the road of our fathers. They never thought of going by the right-hand road, at least, very few of them went that way. They took the left-hand road, and so will I. (*Cries of take it.*) It is a first-rate road. (*Hear.*) I have walked it again and again. (*Hear.*) I know the road well. (*Hear, hear.*) If a sheep takes care of himself, there is no fear of him on the left-hand road. At least, if nothing happens, he will be quite safe. There are lots of fun on the left road, and they say the other road is very dull. I move that we all take the left-hand road.' *Old Rugged* resumed his turf amidst hissing and maing. The chair-sheep asked if any one was ready to second the motion just made; whereupon a youthful sheep, named *Young Hiccup*, got up and said—

'Mr. Chair-sheep and Fellow-sheep—I beg to second the motion. My jolly old friend who has just sat down upon the turf is a rare old blade. (*Laughter.*) He can stand more drink than any other sheep in the