

anxious eyes. But his search was fruitless, and he returned to the garret when night came on, desolate and weary.

For many days he occupied himself in the same manner, but no traces of his daughter did he meet with, and no word of her reached his ears. At last he gave up the pursuit as hopeless, and long thought of the probability of her leaving him, and endeavoring to gain bread in quiet elsewhere. She had left him at last to starve alone. He ground his teeth and cursed her.

He begged his bread from door to door. Every half-penny he could wring from the pity or credulity of those to whom he addressed himself was spent in the old way. A year passed over his head; the roof of a jail was the only one that had sheltered him for many months. He slept under arches and in brick fields—anywhere where there was some warmth or shelter from the cold and rain. But in the last stage of poverty, disease, and houseless want, he was a drunkard still.

At last one bitter night, he sunk down on a door-step, faint and ill. The premature decay of vice and profligacy had worn him to the bone. His cheeks were hollow and livid; his eyes were sunken, and their sight was dim. His legs trembled beneath his weight, and a cold shiver ran through every limb.

And now the long forgotten scenes of a misspent life crowded thick and fast upon him. He thought of the time he had a home—a happy home—and of those who peopled it, and flocked about him then, until the forms of his elder children seemed to rise from the grave, and stand about him—so plain, so clear and so distinct they were that he could touch and feel them. Looks that he had long forgotten, were fixed upon him once more; voices long since hushed in death, sounded in his ears like the music of village bells. But it was only for an instant. The rain beat heavily upon him; and cold and hunger were gnawing at his heart again.

He rose and dragged his feeble limbs a few paces further. The street was silent and empty—the few passers by, at that late hour, hurried quickly on, and his tremulous voice was lost in the violence of the storm. The heavy chill again struck through his frame, and his blood seemed to stagnate beneath it. He coiled himself up in a projecting doorway, and tried to sleep.

But sleep had fled from his dull and glazed eyes. His mind wandered strangely, but he was awake and conscious. The well known shout of drunken mirth sounded in his ear—the glass was at his lips—the board was covered with rich food—they were before him, he could see them all—he had but to reach his hand and take them—and though the illusion was reality itself, he knew that he was sitting alone in the deserted street, watching the rain drops as they pattered on the stones; and that there was none to care for or help him.

Suddenly he started up in the extremity of terror. He had heard his own voice shouting in the night air; he knew not what or why. Hark! A groan! Another! His senses were leaving him—half formed and incoherent words burst from his lips; and his hands sought to tear and lacerate his flesh. He was going mad, and he shrieked for help till his voice failed him.

He raised his head and looked up the long dismal street. He recollected that outcasts like himself, condemned to wander day and night, in those dreadful streets, had sometimes gone distracted with their loneliness. He remembered to have heard many years before, that a homeless wretch had once been found in a solitary corner sharpening a rusty knife to plunge into his own heart, preferring death to that endless, weary wandering to and fro. In an instant his resolve was taken; his limbs received new life; he ran quickly from the spot, and paused not for breath until he reached the river side.

He crept softly down the steep stone stairs that led from

the commencement of Waterloo bridge down to the water's level. He crouched into a corner, and held his breath as the patrol passed. Never did a prisoner's heart throb with the hope of liberty and life half so eagerly as did that of the wretched man at the prospect of death. The watch passed close to him, but he remained unobserved; and after waiting till the sound of footsteps had died away in the distance, he cautiously descended and stood beneath the gloomy arch that forms the landing place from the river.

The tide was in, and the water flowed at his feet. The rain had ceased, the wind was lulled and all was for the moment still and quiet—so quiet that the rippling of the water against the barges that were moored there was distinctly audible to his ears. The stream stole languidly and sluggishly on. Strange and fantastic forms rose to the surface, and beckoned him to approach; dark gleaming eyes peered from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation, while hollow murmurs from behind urged him onward. He retreated a few paces, took a short run, a desperate leap, and plunged into the river.

Not five seconds had passed when he rose to the water's surface, but what a change had taken place in that short time in all his thoughts and feelings! Life, life, in any form; poverty, misery, starvation, anything but death. He fought and struggled with the water that closed over his head, and screamed in agonies of terror. The curse of his own son rung in his ears. The shore—but one foot of dry ground—he could almost touch the step. One hand's breadth nearer, and he was saved—but the tide bore him onward, under the dark arches of the bridge and he sank to the bottom. Again he rose, and struggled for life. For one instant—for one brief instant—the building on the river's bank, the lights on the bridge under which the current had borne him, the black water and the fast flying clouds, were distinctly visible—once more he sunk and again he rose—bright flames of fire shot up from earth to heaven, and reeled before his eyes, whilst the water thundered in his ears, and stunned him with the furious roar.

A week afterwards the body was washed ashore some miles down the river, a swollen and disfigured mass. Unrecognized and unpitied, it was borne away to the grave; there it has long since mouldered away.

What was Seen in One Week.

Sad scenes they were. Long may it be before my eyes or heart are again in the like manner afflicted. My feeble words can avail but little, yet, if they chance to awaken the attention of others to the increasing sin among us, they will not have been written in vain.

Saturday evening, between the hours of ten and eleven, I saw a decently dressed woman in a state of intoxication, led under the care of the police. And the quiet street echoed with her cries—"Oh, God! Let me go!—let me go! Oh, I never was taken to the watch-house before," and she passed on.

As the solemn bells were pealing the next morning the call for christians to unite in prayer and supplication to one Father over all, a gay young man of decent appearance—though deadly pale—was dragged—yes, literally dragged, on the sidewalk, by two officers, whose united strength was unable to keep him upon his feet. He was also intoxicated, and his cry reached me—"What have I done?—let me alone." Where was the father whose pride he had been? Where was the mother who had borne him on her bosom—who had watched over his infant slumbers—tended him in sickness—in boyhood and youth had feared, prayed and wept for him? Where was she now? Spared this utter misery we trust. One who stood beside, with weeping eyes and trembling voice, asks—"Can nothing be done to prevent such scenes as this? Where is the law for which mothers,