

"No—no. She believes you still alive, and mourns your absence and wrong doings with unavailing sorrow. Hundreds of times have I heard her say, 'Oh if John were only with us, and a sober man, my cup would be full.'"

The young man tried to make some answer, but his voice choked, and he sat, silently struggling to repress his feelings.

"For her sake," continued Latimer, "make one more resolute effort to lead a new life. To-morrow I will leave for the East. If you will go with me, I will bear all your expenses. Let me not go home to Newark with only sad tidings for your mother's heart. Rather, let me present you to her as the returned prodigal. What do you say? This may be the last appeal God will ever make to you. Do not disregard it. The way is plain before you—plain even to the home where your eager mother is waiting to receive you. Do not let her wait in vain."

The young man looked fixedly into the face of Latimer. There was a wild struggle going on in his mind.

"But one thing holds me back," he said, in a voice of sadness.

"What is that?"

"The fear that, after making glad my mother's heart, this cursed thirst for liquor, which has for so many years held me in a dreadful bondage, will again overmaster me. Better that no hope should fill her heart, than that her joy should be turned into sorrow. I fear, sir, that it is vain for me to attempt a new life. Let me go on as I am. In a little while it will all be over."

"Vain for you to attempt a new life?" replied Latimer, with enthusiasm. "It is never too late to make this attempt. I have seen hundreds, who had fallen lower than you are now, who have renounced at once and forever the cup of confusion. Look at your own father. Is your case more hopeless than was his? No, it is not, as I well know; for I sought him out, as I have now sought you out; and I found him so low, that life would have remained had he sunk much lower. From the hour I met him, up to this day, now two years, not a drop of poison to soul and body has passed his lips; nor does he have the least desire to taste the accursed thing that wrought such ruin to his hopes and happiness. John, the same means of rescue that saved him are at hand. Will you not avail of them? Will you not clutch them eagerly?"

"Yes!" replied the fallen man, speaking with a strong impulse. "But what am I to do?"

"Do as your father did. Sign this document of freedom—this charter of liberty."

And Latimer drew from his pocket a pledge and held it up before the penitent son and brother.

"It is all powerful!" he continued. "It has saved me—it saved your father—it has saved thousands and hundreds of thousands—and it will save you, for though it imparts strength to all, it loses none of its blessed virtue. Sign it!"

And he laid it on the table before the young man, and drawing a pened from his pocket placed it in his fingers.

Arlington did not hesitate, but clutched eagerly the pencil, and dashed, rather than wrote his signature to the pledge.

"Ere!" "Thank God!" exclaimed Latimer so loud and joyously, that all the inmates of the polluted den, attracted by his words and manner, came pressing up to the box where he sat. In the enthusiasm of the moment, he eloquently exhorted all present to do as Arlington had done; and so effective were his words, that three poor, fallen men subscribed their names to the pledge, and no one present let a word of ridicule or disapproval pass his lips. Even there, the sphere of good was for the time, powerful enough to hold evil in abeyance.

THE MILKY WAY.—The number of telescopic stars in the milky way is estimated at 18,000,000. In order, I will not say to realize the greatness of this number, but, at any rate, to compare with something analogous, I will call attention to the fact, that there are not in the whole heavens more than about 8,000 stars visible to the naked eye.—*Humboldt.*

SLEEP.—Holy sleep! for this very reason one likens thee unto death. In one moment thou purest more Lethe over the memory-tablet of wearied and lacerated man than the waking of the longest day. And then thou coolest the agitated, inflamed breast, and man arises again worthy of the morning sun. Be blessed to me until thy dreamless brother comes, who calms yet much longer and more effectually.

"I Told you So."

"I told you that he would fall into difficulty some day. Oh! I can see what is coming. I had my presentiments and suspicions that all was not right. *I told you so.*"

Did you go and tell him about it?—that would have been the part of true friendship. Perhaps the catastrophe that now so triumphantly proves your prophetic acumen might have been prevented. Or did you merely whisper it about to others and gravely shake your head, and express your fear that something might be wrong; and thus lead others to doubt the integrity of your fallen brother? Did you thus prepare the way for him, that when the fall came it might be the more crushing? Perhaps those very whispers, in other lips, may have grown into rumours having no other foundation than your own wretched surmises. It is very possible that his reported misdeed or misfortune may after all be only your own guilt.

I told you so. Well, what right had you to tell it? Has God given you prescience to prognosticate evil of your neighbors. These birds are accounted the vilest that can scent the carcass the farthest. It is the hated and dreaded shark that follows the ship most perseveringly, watching for the dead. You might have employed time and speech to far more useful purpose than striving to gain reputation as a seer of evil.

I told you so. Why, you seem to be glad of it. There is an air of triumph over your fulfilled prediction. Have you no sorrow or pity for your fallen brother? Then you have been indulging towards him an enmity of heart that has in it, according to the teaching of Jesus, the fundamental element of murder. This triumphing over calamity or crime shows a heart in affinity with devils.

I told you so! Perhaps you use this phrase to the very person whose heart is now writhing with shame or regret. Do you think it the best way to comfort or reclaim, by reading your own wonderful foresight? What if you tell him so? That was very well if it was done with a right purpose and from a right motive. But why remind him of it now, and in such a manner? What good can it do? It can only mortify or madden him.

I told you so. I am not sure you ever did, though you say it. It is very likely to be your imagination rather than your memory upon which you are drawing for an assurance so flattering to your perspicacity. I have sometimes known persons to say reproachfully, "I told you so," when they had never told any such thing, but had rather countenanced and encouraged the course that led to the lamentable result. There is no phrase in ordinary use, of which I am more suspicious, or which I dislike worse than this.

"Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
Sadder than owl songs or the midnight blast,
Is that portentous phrase, 'I told you so.'
Uttered by friends, those prophets of the past,
Who, 'stead of saying what you now should do,
Own they foresaw that you would fall at last,
And solace each slight lapse 'gainst 'honos mores'
With a long memorandum of old stories."

—*Watchman & Reflector.*

PERSEVERE.

Carry a thing through. Persevere;—don't do anything else. If you once fairly, soundly, wide-awake begin a thing, let it be carried through, though it costs you your best comfort, time, energies, and all that you can command. We heartily abominate this turning backward, this wearying and fainting of soul and purpose. It speaks imbecility of mind, want of character, courage, true manliness.

Carry a thing through. Don't begin it till you are fully prepared for its accomplishment. Think, study, dig, till you know your ground, see your way. This done, launch out with all your soul, heart and fire—turn neither to the right nor left. Push on—giantly—push on, as though creat on had been waiting through all time for your especial hand and spirit.—Then you'll do some thing worthy of yourself and kind.

Carry a thing through. Don't leap and dally from one thing to another. No man ever did anything that way. You can't. Be strong-minded. Be hopeful, stern and manly. Once fairly in a work, don't give it up.

Don't disgrace yourself by being on this thing to day, on that to-morrow, and on another thing the next day. We don't care if you are the most active mortal living—we don't care if you