

continued to cry out, in reply to the Elder's importunities, *where the tree falls, there it shall lie*. It was a miracle that he did not perish."

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Atherton, with a sigh, so deep, so sincere, that the old lady, for a moment suspended her knitting.

"Pray sir," said she, "was Mr. Burley any relation of yours?"

"None at all," replied Mr. Atherton; "but for four years of my life, and at that part of it when the heart is not yet hardened, and impressions can be more faithfully and effectually made, we occupied the same room and the same bed. Tom Burley was then an universal favourite, a young man of respectable talents, an excellent scholar, amiable in his deportment, frank and upright in his character and conduct, remarkable for his personal comeliness, and the expectant of extensive patrimonial possessions. Poor fellow," continued Mr. Atherton, as he quietly wiped the tear from his eye, "what is he now; what of all this at present remains!— I am afraid poor Burley is beyond all power of recovery."

"I am afraid he is," said Mr. Soder; "when a thing is so far gone, as we say, in our line, bottom and sides, time is wasted in repairing it. But you will see for yourself, sir, tomorrow. You must expect to see a great change, Mr. Atherton, in this unhappy man. I have lived here sixty-nine years, and I have seen a great many drunkards go their way, but I have never known such a rapid change for the worse as Burley's in the last two years and a half."

These were indeed the words of truth and soberness, as Mr. Atherton became assured, when, upon the morrow, he paid a visit to the miserable dwelling of his former friend. The finger of death works not a more striking change until the body actually dissolves, than the ruthless hand of intemperance. Mr. Atherton knocked at the door.

"Come in if you want to," replied a man, in a rough and ill-natured tone. It was Burley; and, in a moment after, Mr. Atherton had entered the apartment and was standing before him. He had not long risen, and was sitting half-dressed upon a broken chair. He appeared not to have shaved for a week. His hair was very grey and very long. His face was bloated and fiery, and disfigured by all the customary tokens of intemperance in an unusual degree. His apparel was dirty and shabby in the extreme. The only furniture of the apartment was the broken chair, on which he sat, a three-legged stool, and the straw bed, which rested directly upon the floor, with its ragged coverlet. He recognised Mr. Atherton immediately; and though with evident confusion, attempted to rise and give him his hand. It was impossible; he was not drunk, but in that condition of mental stupidity and bodily weakness in which an inveterate drunkard rises from his unprofitable slumbers.

"Oh, Burley," said Mr. Atherton, as he drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and turned towards the window to hide his emotion, "Has it come to this!"

Burley made no reply. A deep groan caused Mr. Atherton to turn his eyes again upon the unhappy victim; the tears were streaming down the cheeks of this miserable drunkard, and he appeared to be convulsed with sorrow. These tears, however, were soon dried up, and the agitation as speedily subsided. They had not arisen from grave reflection, nor were they, in any way, connected with a resolution of amendment: they were merely the mechanical effects of that high nervous excitability, for which the intemperate are so remarkable; and whose tears can no more be relied upon as indications of deep seated emotions in a rational being, than that plethoric hæmorrhage to which they are occasionally subject; or that free perspiration to which they are particularly liable upon any sudden alarm.

Mr. Atherton was soon satisfied that the case was entirely hopeless. The cultivated mind of Burley was utterly gone. All pride, all self-respect, was entirely lost; for when Atherton

was about to depart, the poor degraded creature held out his hand, and in a whining voice, begged for a shilling. Mr. Atherton told him he would give many shillings and many pounds, if he could see him restored to himself. He took the poor wretch by the hand, and replied, "Burley, how it grieves me to the soul to be compelled to say that I dare not trust you, my old and early friend, with a shilling!" The besotted creature seemed to comprehend the suspicion of his friend, and again he burst into tears.

Mr. Atherton was a judicious and an honest man; and he did not conceive that he discharged his conscience by parting with his money. He endeavoured to study the necessities of the subject before he administered relief. He agreed with his host, Mr. Soder, that nothing could save this unhappy man but a compulsory process of *abstinence*, and that even this would be extremely doubtful.

"And how," said Mr. Atherton, "can such a process be applied?"

"It is very difficult to say," replied Mr. Soder; "the best thing that could be done, would be to put him into the poor house, but the little annuity which he draws twice a year, and drinks out in a fortnight, is in the way of such a measure; for the managers will not receive any subject who has the visible means of support; besides, Mr. Burley has been so respectable, that they would be very unwilling to adopt such a measure, unless the case were one of absolute necessity."

After much painful reflection, Mr. Atherton was constrained to abandon this miserable man to his fate. He seemed to be absolutely brutalized and lost. Before his departure he had requested Mr. Soder to consider poor Burley's case, and, if any suggestion should present itself for the betterment of his condition, to draw on him at the south, for any amount which he might find it necessary to employ.

Day and night after his departure, the mind of Mr. Atherton continued to be haunted by the disgusting image of his disfigured and degraded friend. There are no high places of safety thought Mr. Atherton, against the indiscriminate ravages of this insatiable destroyer, strong drink. The hewer of wood and the drawer of water may be its victim to-day; and to-morrow, the educated and the refined. At one moment it prostrates the man of fallen fortune, who dies of drunkenness and despair; at another, it strikes down the opulent in the midst of many friends.

AN ADDRESS TO THE JUVENILES.

(From the Youth's National Temperance Magazine.)

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS—As I am much concerned about you, and very wishful that you should be good whilst you are young and happy and also when you get older, I think I will say a word or two to you through the *National Temperance Magazine for Juveniles*; and in the first place, I would ask you to do what you can to support this little magazine, because it seeks to do you good; and you will, if you listen to its teachings, be glad that you ever read it. When I was a little boy, I used to like to get little children's books and save them up; and I have them by me now, and I should not like to part with them. They used to give me joy when I read them, when I looked at the little pictures that were in them, and when I used to go to my mother, whom I much loved, and asked questions about them, and when I talked to my other little brothers about them. Such things used to give me great pleasure; and when I look at those little books and pictures now, it makes me cheerful and feel glad. When I look at them, I think of the time when I was a little boy, and of the other little boys who used to play with me and go to school with me, and so on. Now when you get men and women, you may be glad to look at the *Temperance Magazines* that were given to you, or that you bought with your own money, when you were young.