

in their endeavours. The great fault was that too often incident to the gentleness of woman—a want of self-reliant principle. Her virtues were too much the result of mere sympathy, too little of her own conviction. Hence, when those she loved grew cold toward a good cause, they found no sustaining power in her, and those who were relying on her judgment and opinions insensibly controlled them. Notwithstanding, she was a woman that always acquired a great influence over young men, and Harry had loved and revered her with something of the same sentiment that he cherished toward his own mother.

It was the most brilliant party of the season. Everything was got up in faultless taste, and Mrs. G. was in the very spirit of it. The girls were looking beautiful; the rooms were splendid; there was enough and not too much of light and warmth, and all were doing their best to please and be cheerful. Harry was more brilliant than usual, and in fact outdid himself. Wit and mind were the spirit of the hour.

"Just taste this Tokay," said one of the sisters to him; "it has just been sent us from Europe, and is said to be a genuine article."

"You know I'm not in that line," said Harry, laughing and colouring.

"Why not?" said another young lady, taking a glass.

"O, the temperance pledge, you know! I am one of the pillars of the order, a very apostle; it will never do for me."

"Pshaw! those temperance pledges are like the proverb, 'something musty,'" said a gay girl.

"Well, but you said you had a headache the beginning of the evening, and you really look pale; you certainly need it as a medicine," said Fanny.

"I'll leave it to mamma;" and she turned to Mrs. G., who stood gayly entertaining a group of young people.

"Nothing more likely," replied she, gayly; "I think, Harry, you have looked pale lately; a glass of wine might do you good."

Had Mrs. G. known all of Harry's past history and temptations, and had she not been in just the inconsiderate state that very good ladies sometimes get into at a party, she would sooner have sacrificed her right hand than to have thrown this observation into the scales; but she did, and they turned the balance for him.

"You shall be my doctor," he said, as, laughing and colouring, he drank the glass—and where was the harm! One glass of wine kills nobody, and yet if a man falls, and knows that in that glass he sacrifices principle and conscience, every drop may be poison to the soul and body.

Harry felt at that very time that a great internal barrier had given way; nor was that glass the only one that evening; another, and another, and another followed; his spirits rose with the wild and feverish gaiety incident to his excitable temperament, and what had been begun in the society of ladies was completed late at night in the gentlemen's saloon.

Nobody ever knew, or thought, or recognized, that one party had forever undone this young man; and yet so it was. From that night his struggle of moral resistance was fatally impaired; not that he yielded as once and without desperate efforts, each step, but

gradually each struggle grew weaker, each reform shorter, each resolution more inefficient; yet at the close of the evening all those friends, mother, brother, and sister, flattered themselves that everything had gone on so well that the next week Mrs. H. thought that it would do to give wine at the party because Mrs. G. had done it last week, and no harm had come of it.

In about a year after, the G.'s began to notice and lament the habits of their young friend, and all unconsciously to wonder how such a fine young man should be so led astray.

Harry was of a decided and desperate nature; his affections and his moral sense waged a fierce war with the terrible tyrant—the madness that had possessed him; and when at last all hope had died out, he determined to avoid the anguish and shame of a drunkard's life by a suicide's death. Then came to the trembling, heart-stricken mother and beloved one a wild, incoherent letter of farewell, and he disappeared from among the living.

In the same quiet parlor, where the sunshine still streams through flickering leaves, it now rested on the polished sides and glittering plate of a coffin; there at last lay the weary at rest, the soft, shining gray hair was still gleaming as before, but deeper furrows on the wan cheek, and a weary, heavy languor over the pale, peaceful face, told that those gray hairs had been brought down in sorrow to the grave. Sadder still was the story on the cloudless cheek and lips of the young creature bending in quiet despair over her. Poor Ellen! her life's thread, woven with these two beloved ones, was broken.

And may all this happen?—nay, does it not happen?—just such things happen to young men among us every day. And do they not lead in a thousand ways to sorrows just like these? And is there not a responsibility on all who ought to be the guardians of the safety and purity of the other sex, to avoid setting before them the temptation to which so often and so fatally manhood has yielded? What is a paltry consideration of fashion, compared to the safety of sons, brothers, and husbands? The greatest fault of womanhood is slavery to custom; and yet who but woman makes custom? Are not all the usages and fashions of polite society more her work than that of man? And let every mother and sister think of the mothers and sisters of those who come within the range of their influence; and say to themselves, when in thoughtlessness they discuss questions affecting their interests, "Behold thy brother!"—"Behold thy son!"

THE HOPELESS PRISONER.

A MAN employed in a Spanish bank once stole the key to the "strong-room," and visited it at night intending to carry off a large sum of money. But while intent on his booty he forgot the great door, which swung together by its own weight. There was a spring lock to the door, which fastened him in beyond all chance of escape. It could be opened on the outside only. And now the poor prisoner could only sit down in his despair and wait and listen for help to come. When would the strong-room be visited? It might be days before any one came. Meanwhile he should die of thirst and hunger. The hours sped on, and the gloom grew deeper. A raging thirst consumed him.

He would have given all the gold about him for one draught of water. What would the riches of the world be, compared with his freedom? How anxiously he listened for some sound without! But those deep walls shut out alike all sound from without or within. It was of no avail he beat the massive door and cried and shrieked for help. As well might those deep buried in the sea call upon those above to rescue them. How vaguely he sought in his despair for some weak point through which he might, through superhuman effort, dig out a passage-way to the outer world! So near to him it seemed, and yet so far away! Days rolled along, and all search for the missing man proved fruitless, until one day, when the "strong-room" was opened, there lay his lifeless form!

O, what a warning to all evil-doers! Sooner or later they will reap the fruits of their doings. Evil habits of dissipation are building the walls of many a strong prison-house that will shut up its victim just as hopelessly as the walls of this bank-vault did the sober.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

THE TURNPIKE-BOY AND THE BANKER.

A WEALTHY citizen sat gloomily watching the outpouring of his gold. He could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw those he had always imagined his dearest friends assisting in the run upon his strong-box.

Presently the door was opened, and a stranger was ushered in, who coolly drew up a chair and said, "You will pardon me for asking a strange question; but I like to come to the point."

"Well, sir?" interrupted the other.

"I have heard there is a run on your bank, sir."

"Well?"

"Is it true?"

"Really, sir, I must decline replying to your query. If you have any money in the bank you had better at once draw it out."

"Far from it. I have nothing in your hands."

"Then, may I ask you, what is your business?"

"I wish to know if a small sum will aid you."

"Why do you ask that question?"

"Because, if so, I'd gladly make a deposit."

The money-dealer started.

"Do you recollect twenty years ago, when you roided in E—?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike-gate through which you passed daily. My father kept the gate. One Christmas morning he was sick, and I attended the counter. On that day you passed through. Do you recollect it, sir?"

"Not I, my friend."

"I am, perhaps, prolix. Listen, however, and I shall soon have done."

The banker, feeling interested, assented.

"Well, sir, I threw open the gate and wished you a happy Christmas. 'Thank you, my lad, and the same to you. Here is a trifle to make it so,' you said, and threw me a seven-shilling piece. I long treasured it, and as I grew up I added to it, until I was able to rent a toll-gate. You soon after left that part of the country. Yearly, however, I have been gaining. So this morning, hearing there was a run

on your bank, I collected all my capital, and here it is. And he handed a bundle of notes to the banker. "In a few days I will call again." He immediately walked out of the room.

The banker opened the roll. It contained £30,000. The motive was so noble that he sobbed he could not help it.

The firm is still one of the first in the city.

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

HERE'S something I'd have you remember, boys, to help in the battle of life. 'Twill give you strength in the time of need, And help in the hour of strife. Whenever there's something that should be done, Don't be faint-hearted and say, 'What use to try?' Remember, then, That where there's a will there's a way.

There's many a failure for those who win, But though at first you fail, Then try again, and the earnest heart Is sure at last to prevail. Though the hill is rugged and hard to climb, You can win the heights, I say, If you man up your mind to reach the top, For where there's a will there's a way.

The men who stand at the top are those Who never could bear defeat; Their failures only made them strong For the work they had to meet. The will to do and the will to dare Is what we want to-day, What has been done can be done again, For the will finds out the way. —*Harper's Young People.*

OCEAN ICEBERGS.

DURING a recent passage of the steamer *Helvetia* from Antwerp to New York, the wind blowing a nice breeze from the westward, a sudden change in the temperature was noticed. An hour before the weather was quite sultry, awnings being spread fore and aft; but at about three o'clock in the afternoon, although the sun was shining brilliantly, a cold blast from the north west set in. The rapidity of the change from a sweltering summer day to an Arctic frost naturally caused considerable amazement, especially among the greener members of the crew. The more experienced knew what was coming, and when the cry was heard of "icebergs on the starboard bow!" followed immediately by the notification that others were visible on the port side, the mystery was explained. Then, right in the track of vessels, were seen monstrous mountains of ice, some of them pure white, others crossed in many directions by broad stripes of blue. Some of them were two hundred feet high and one thousand feet long. There were at least thirty of them, extending for many miles. The sea broke against them, forcing torrents of spray up the steep acclivities of their sides. The rays of the sun had melted the upper parts of many of them into the most fanciful shapes; and imaginary likenesses of crags, cliffs, and castles could be traced in these parts more exposed to the lines of the heat. Streams of water in picturesque cascades were flowing down into the sea, and the huge majestic masses seemed to be moving slowly to the south-east. The *Helvetia* passed near enough to several of them to distinguish plainly the noise of the waves as they broke against the rugged sides of the bergs. As night closed in, and the moon arose, the sight was indeed beautiful.