

He waited to hear no more, but turned away and left the grogery. Only a few doors off, he came to another sink of depravity and vice, into which he entered, and asked the same question. As he mentioned the name of Arlington, a voice growled out from the corner of the room—

"Who wants me, ha?"

Latimer turned, and recognized the person he had seen reeling along the street on the day before. He had been lying upon a bench, and was getting up as the young man's eyes rested upon him.

"Who wants me, ha?" was repeated.

"I do," replied James, going up to him.

"You do! Pray, who are you?"

"A friend, I hope."

"Indeed! Then if you are a friend, just treat for the sake of old acquaintance. I'd treat you—upon my word I would—but, I pledge you my honor, I've not got a sixpence to bless myself with."

And as the poor sot said this, he turned his vest pockets inside out in proof of his assertion.

"Oh, never mind the treat now," replied James. "But come with me. I've something very particular to say to you."

"Say it here, then. It's a very good place. But do, for heaven's sake, call for a couple of glasses. We can go into a box all to ourselves, and have a comfortable time of it. That's a clever soul."

And the poor creature looked imploringly at James. The fact was, he had not a copper in his pocket, and as no grog-seller would give him either food or drink, he had neither eaten any thing nor taken a glass of liquor since morning. The consequence was, that he was almost mad from an insatiate desire for the old stimulus. James saw that his hand, which in his earnestness he had placed upon his arm, was trembling nervously.

"I'll tell you what I will do," the young man said after reflecting a moment.

"What will you do?"

"Have you eaten anything to-day?"

"No; not a mouthful. But I don't feel at all hungry."

"No matter if you don't. You must eat, or you will die. If you'll have a cup of strong coffee and a plate of hot oysters, I will order them for you."

"Thank you, sir! thank you, sir! But never mind the coffee. Hot punch will do just as well, and better too."

"No. You've had punches enough. I'll order coffee, if you say the word."

"Very well. Let it be coffee then," replied the besotted creature, in a disappointed voice.

James ordered coffee and oysters, and asked, at the same time, if there wasn't a room in which they could be alone, as he had something particular to say to Arlington. The bar-keeper showed them to a room up stairs, to which the coffee and oysters came in due time. It was not until both had disappeared, and the man's mind was in a calmer and more rational state, that James sought to make some impression upon him.

"You feel better now, a great deal, I am sure," he said familiarly.

"There's no doubt of that. But, young man, who are you? and what do you want with me? I never saw you before," said Arlington, his face becoming serious.

"Nor I you, till yesterday," said James.

"Till yesterday! Where did you see me yesterday?"

"Staggering along the street, too much intoxicated to see or heed any one."

"Humph! But who told you my name?"

"Your daughter Mary."

The whole manner of Arlington instantly changed. He looked surprised, and there were evidences of the passage through his mind of painful thoughts.

"Did she see me?" he asked, in a subdued voice.

"I was walking with her, when you came suddenly reeling past. Ah, sir! If you could have seen how she was struck down! If you could have witnessed the darkening of her innocent face, as the shadow of your presence fell upon her, you would curse the cup of confusion, and throw it from you forever."

An expression of anguish came over the countenance of Arlington, and his frame trembled violently.

"Poor Mary!" pursued James. "It was like a heavy blow upon her heart! Ah, sir! How can you turn away from one

who would love you with the fondness of such a child? How can you keep forever dark, the home that was once made bright by her presence?"

"Young man!" exclaimed Arlington, suddenly rising up. "Who are you, that comes to me with words like those? What do you mean? I will not suffer such language."

"I am one who would save you from ruin," replied James, in a soothing voice. "It is for this that I have sought you out."

"It is in vain, young man," said Arlington, resuming his seat. "I cannot reform."

"Have you ever tried?" asked James.

"Tried! Heaven knows how often I have tried," replied the man in a sad voice. "But it's no use. I have been a drinking man so long that I have lost all power over myself."

"Oh no. You err there. I have seen men who were as far gone as you are, reform and become perfectly sober."

"I've tried, sir—I've tried; but it's no use," objected Arlington. "If I thought there was any hope—"

"Hope! You have every thing to hope!" said James in a cheerful voice. "Come with me; and I will show you that there is hope."

"Come where?"

"Come away from here. There is no hope for you in a place like this. You must breathe a purer and better atmosphere, if you expect to get power over the dreadful appetite that has cursed you and your family with a most direful curse."

James arose, and moved towards the door as he thus spoke. Arlington felt a sphere of attraction towards the young man, and arising also, followed him down stairs and from the house. When in the street, James put his hand upon the arm of the man he was so earnestly seeking to rescue from the hands of the spoiler, while yet a remnant of the human form remained in his mind, and said—

"A little way from here are some friends of mine, who have met to devise the ways and means of helping men like you to reform themselves. Go with me."

Arlington stopped short.

"What is it?" he asked. "A temperance meeting?"

"Yes."

"I can't go there."

"Why not?" asked James.

"I don't believe in these temperance reforms."

"Why don't you?"

"They're no good."

"No good?"

"No. They're just got up by the few to get money out of the many."

"So the Rumsellers say. But even if this were so, you had better pay a dollar or two a year to be made a sober man, than give to the rumseller nearly every thing you can earn, in order to be made a miserable drunkard."

"I never thought of that," said Arlington, a little staggered by such a knock-down argument.

"But it is a very plain way of looking at the matter. And as for temperance societies being got up for the purpose of putting money into the pockets of the few at the expense of the many—it is a base slander. Temperance societies really put money into the pockets of the many. The drinking man who unites himself with men banded together for their own good and the good of their fellows, saves money by it. At the end of a year, he is astonished at the result."

"I don't think I would like to sign a pledge. I am afraid I would break it."

"Never mind any thing about the pledge, man. Come with me to this temperance meeting, and see and hear for yourself."

"I'd rather not." And Arlington neld back.

"No matter then. But walk on with me. I have a good many things to say to you."

And they moved slowly along, young Latimer taking the direction of a temperance hall, and using all the means that presented themselves to his mind, in order to beget in Arlington a willingness to go to the meeting that was held on that night. Happily, his efforts proved successful, and the miserable effigy of humanity, whose race, had he continued longer to drink, was nearly run, went in with him, and sat down near the door.

There happened to be a lecturer from another place there that evening—a man who had great power as a speaker to interest the common mind. His address, which was begun soon after Arling-