

ting on a cricket before the fire. She was crying; the big tears rolled slowly down her pale cheeks. Philly looked round and saw her. He left his blocks, and went up to her, and said, in a little, kind tone, "What for you kie?" "Because I've lost my little boy," she answered, "and I've no little boy to love me." "Can't Philly be your little boy?" he asked, turning up his face, full of tender concern. "I love you; you kie no more."

The poor woman took the little boy in her arms, and pressed him to her bosom. She kissed him, and wiped her eyes, and smiled, and kissed him again. "You my mamma I find," he said; "mans said I find my mamma."

"Yes, Philly," she answered, kissing him again, "I will be your mother, and you shall be my dear boy." And from that sweet hour, the poor mother felt her heart beginning to heal of its sore wound.

She put Philip to bed that night, as she used to put her own little boy that died. "You pray, mamma?" he asked her, as he was undressed, and stood by her knee, in his white night gown, looking like her little boy in heaven, as she thought. She knelt down with him by her side, and she thanked God for his great goodness in giving this poor little orphan to motherly charge, to help to make her heart and home whole again. After he had finished, Philly prayed, and added, of his own accord, "Please bless my mamma, and mans took me here, my papa, and all, for Christ's sake." When he gave his good night kiss to his new mamma, "You kie no more, mamma," he said. And, as she watched by his side until he went to sleep, she again thanked God for her little adopted son.

THE FIRST FALSE STEP.

One day, during the last summer, I saw a drunken man in the Park. He was totally drunk—drunk, I may say, from the crown of his head to the very soles of his feet. What a disgusting specimen of humanity such an object is, and what sad feelings a sight like this calls up in the breast! Poor man! I could not help pitying him, as he lay there, in the hot sun, with an army of flies quartered on his red, bloated, pimpled face, and with no more power to speak or move than if he had been dead. I don't know but I pitied him more than I blam-

ed him. At length a policeman made his appearance, and began to make preparations for taking him off to the station-house in a cart.

By this time, as no one familiar with New York sights and scenes needs to be told, a large crowd had collected. In this crowd, I am sorry to say, there were, apparently, a greater proportion of merry than of serious people. Isn't it strange that so many men are disposed to make sport over a wretched victim of intemperance? I never could account for the fact, without subtracting a good deal from my estimate of the dignity of the human soul, and, as I am quite unwilling to do that, I consider the problem as not yet solved.

The drunken man was carried off. He was placed rudely in the cart, as if he had been a beast rather than a man. The crowd gradually dispersed. "Poor man!" I thought, as I too turned to walk away. I must have thought aloud, it would seem; for a young gentleman just behind me responded,

"Poor man, indeed!"

I turned to look at the face of the speaker. There was nothing but good in it. It was one of those countenances which are literally luminous with benevolence.

"I know this 'poor man' in which you seem to take an interest," said he, "know him well."

"And can you tell me, sir, how he came to fall? Do you know his history?"

"I can tell you what was his first step to ruin, and trace his career from that point downward to his present miserable condition. His history is instructive. Six years ago—it may be eight—he was a sober, industrious, exemplary young man, in the employ of a large importing house down town. About this time I became acquainted with him, and we were soon intimate. We are nearly of the same age. There were many traits in his character which I admired, and none more than his apparently stern and unbending principle.

"In an evil hour he suffered himself to be led, by one of his fellow-clerks, into one of those splendid saloons for which Broadway is so noted. The place had an extremely genteel air. There was nothing gross or vulgar about it. It seemed admirably adapted for virtuous

people. Ice-cream, lemon ice, chocolate in the most approved French style, lemonade, Charlotte Russe—there could certainly be no harm in patronizing these delicacies. So one innocent, well-meaning, but inexperienced and too credulous young man thought. And so far he was right. But, alas! though he knew it not, he was treading dangerous ground. His feet had already begun to slide down the inclined plane to wretchedness and ruin. His first and great error was in listening to the invitation of his companion, whom he knew to be an unprincipled and dangerous man. Ah! in that fatal moment he strangely forgot the tender and affectionate advice which his mother gave him, with many tears, when he left the parental roof for a home in the city.

"That evening he drank nothing. He even refused lemonade, much to the amusement of the older and more practised clerk, for fear that some form of the intoxicating element might be introduced into this otherwise harmless beverage. He went home, trying to persuade himself that he had done nobly, but inwardly feeling ashamed and indignant that he had accepted an invitation from such a source. He found that he had lost his self-respect. He was not quite the strong man—the truth came home to him with terrible force—that he thought himself to have been. He had not learned to look to God for help.

"Well, weeks passed away before he yielded the second time to a similar temptation. Meanwhile, I saw him often, and endeavored to place within his reach such sources of amusement for his long winter evenings as were innocent and instructive. But another evil hour came. The tempter succeeded. Our friend again visited the saloon. This time he was not so obstinate. He thought it would be discourteous to his friend not, at least, to taste that mysterious beverage which everybody around him almost was leisurely sipping through a tube. He drank. The deed was done. He soon joined a club of gay young men. The appetite for liquor gained rapidly upon him. Then he saw whither he was tending. Then he made resolutions that he would break away from his companions and abandon his evil habits. But, alas! he made these resolutions only to break them. You know the rest, sir. His is the tale