

succeed, and we would help him still further. In about a week he called, but I was not at home. Months rolled on; he again called, but I was in the country.

I saw nothing more of my man, and I thought it would prove perhaps another of the many instances of ingratitude which we meet with in passing through life. But I was mistaken. The coming New Year's day, when friends were making their accustomed calls, a man was standing near the house waiting until a number of gentlemen passed out, when he rang the bell, gave the servant a card with his name written upon it, asking her at the same time to ascertain "if I was quite alone, as he did not wish to intrude upon company." She thought this rather a strange request for such a gentlemanly-looking man to make, but replied that I was quite alone. He came into the parlour, and I did not at first recognise him, but on his beginning at once to apologize for calling on New Year's day, I recognised his voice.

He continued, "No one, madam, that calls on you to-day calls to pay a *visit of gratitude*; I come to express mine." Expecting to hear of some efficient help from his people or good fortune that had met him, I congratulated him on his improved health and appearance, and asked him what had wrought the change. I felt humbled when he told me that my poor little offering of twenty shillings had, with the blessing of God, effected it all. He then said the evening he came to our dwelling he had made up his mind to put an end to his existence if help did not come; but he had great reason to bless God, who had not only given him temporal relief, but he had followed the entreaty to call upon God in the hour of trouble, and He had heard his prayer; his heart was changed, and he owed his Maker a debt of gratitude he could never pay.

He said the Harpers treated him very kindly, and after a little while he could have all he wished, they giving him every advantage to succeed. And he has succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations, delivering his books in New York, Brooklyn, and Williamsburgh; and, he continued, "I have not only this good suit of clothes upon me, but I have sent out money for my only son, and have saved in the year besides \$40;" drawing his purse from his pocket at the same time. He had paid for his lodging at his friend's, and was now boarding at a respectable druggist's in a respectable part of the city. I wept at his recital, and in truth it was to me the most pleasant visit of the New Year's day.

He appeared afraid to take my time, and seemed hurt when I refused to allow him to return me the money. Next spring he called on me to say his son had arrived, and he was still prospering in his business, making from twelve to fifteen dollars a week. He seemed as if he never could express his gratitude for his comforts, and read to me a letter in answer to one he had written to England expressive of his great thankfulness.

A few months after, a card accompanied by a book was left at my door, with an expressed wish that I would not pain him with the refusal of this small token of gratitude. Since then, we hear of his continued prosperity. This is but one of the many instances which have brought to light the fact that there are those living in the Five Points who have once known and seen better days,

that many hundreds are virtuously poor, and that they are alive to kindness, and most grateful for our attentions to them and their children.

During the past year alone over sixty children have been placed in good homes—boys at trades, women supplied with work, and fifteen hundred have signed the temperance pledge. We, therefore, feel greatly encouraged, and believe our labor will not be in vain, for in due time we will reap if we faint not.—C. R. D.—*Com. Advertiser.*

Dangers of Drinking.

The danger arising from drinking habits is strongly shown by the following facts, which we get from a letter received from a female friend in R—r. A man of some talent and respectability of standing in the city had formed the habit of using intoxicating drinks—went on until he became alarmed—resolved to abstain, and did so for some time. He was nominated and elected to a responsible office in the city government. Being thus placed before the people, and asking for their suffrages, and not being on the temperance ticket, he felt in duty bound to treat—had he not, he might have rested under the odium of being a cold water man,—and as he treated others to liquor, he could do no less than drink with them. He did so—his old appetite returned—the evil spirit that had been cast out returned, bringing with it seven others. They found admittance, and bound their victim in chains too strong for his puny arm to break. He felt his degradation, and the hopelessness of his condition. After having felt the throbbing heart of a freeman, for a time, beat in his bosom, and imagining that his old enemy could never again enslave him, to feel that all his fond hopes were blasted—that his strong resolutions had proved but frost-work, dissolved by the first sirocco blast of temptation, was more than his sensitive spirit, unsupported, of course, by grace, could endure. That implacable and unrelenting enemy of the inebriate, delirium tremens, took advantage of his despair, and suggesting suicide as the only relief to his present insupportable torment, he with the very common ingenuity of the maniac, in order to get rid of the presence of the physician, that he might have an opportunity to commit self-destruction, requested him to leave the room that he might have a little quiet sleep. The moment he was alone he made use of a razor he had concealed in his bed—the deed was done—his earthly sufferings were ended. "But, oh! the soul, that never dies." Is there, can there be a more remorseless, a more cruel, a more dangerous tyrant than intoxicating drinks?

If we once knew the individual who has thus gone unbidden to his final account, and we presume we did, we have never seen one of their city officers who was more gentlemanly in his appearance, or had a more interesting countenance. How deep and agonizing must be the feelings of his family and friends! But will they prove their regrets, and their unwillingness that scores more such victims shall be offered up on the blood-stained altar of Alcohol—offered up by that two-headed monster, appetite and avarice? Ah! it was to celebrate, or to secure the triumph of such a monster that caused this horrid tragedy—and are there no relents on the part of the victors, over the terrible fate of poor T.?

Another death from the same cause—the habit of using strong drinks—occurred about the same time in the same city. A man of some respectability, but who had formed a strong appetite for intoxicating drinks, being seized with a loathsome disease which especially requires a cooling and abstemious regimen in order to prevent its proving fatal, could not, as a physician said, safely break off from the use of those drinks, kept on, and, as must inevitably have been