

peared very penitent for his cruelty and abuse to his family, and seemed anxious by his kindness to make, so far as he was able, amends for the past.

One day, as he was at work in his garden, Sam Laraby came by with a quart of whiskey which he had purchased at Parks's tavern. "John, ain't you dry?" asked Sam, holding up his bottle between the pickets. "Won't you have a dram?"

"I guess not," said John, walking towards him.

"You ain't goin' to jine the radicals, are ye?" asked Laraby, laughing heartily at his own wit.

"No; but I don't need any; and as long as I don't need it, I think it is not worth while to drink it."

"Take hold, man; what's got in you to act so? You ain't 'fraid I'll pizen you, are you?"

The temptation, together with the appeal of his old comrade, were too strong for him; and he drank, which again fired up his old appetite, the clamorous demands of which could not be satisfied until he went to Parks's and drank to beastly intoxication. From this time he "waxed worse and worse," giving himself up fully to dissipation and vice. His gross intemperance reduced his family to pinching want and the lowest depths of poverty. His poor family were obliged to abandon their house, and take shelter in the attic of an old dilapidated building, reached by two flights of crazy, creaking stairs on the outside of the building. Through the openings in the roof, cracks in the sides of the building, and broken glass, the winds of winter and drenching storms beat furiously upon the defenceless heads of Mrs. Holyday and her innocent children. In this uncomfortable