

under sad and revolting circumstances, occasioned as it was by drinking, startled his son and made on him so strong an impression, that he solemnly vowed to himself never again to taste even wine. He was led to this entire abstinence from all exhilarating beverage at so early an age, from a conviction forced upon him by the reasoning of friends, who satisfied his mind that the habit of drinking to excess, which his father had indulged, was transmitted to him in an undue fondness for the same indulgence, and that he could not taste even wine without having his appetite so inflamed as to be in great danger. For years he kept faith with himself in this matter. Let him be where he would and with whom he would, he steadily declined tasting any stimulating drink. Alas! that he should have been tempted from the right way by one of our own sex. It is said, that he visited a short time since a young lady in this city, who offered him a glass of wine. In a moment of weakness, he took the cup from her hand, drank—and fell! I would not be that young lady for the world! What a fearful responsibility has she brought upon herself!

It was impossible for Rose, on hearing this, to conceal her emotions; and to the lady's surprise, for she did not know her to be the person to whom she made allusion, she lost the entire control of her feelings, and hiding her face with her hands, yielded to a passionate gush of tears. What was said could not be softened, and the lady made no attempt to do so. She understood, without explanation, that it was Rose who had tempted Forrester and caused him to fall.

The young girl, as soon as she could gain sufficient control over her feelings, started for home. Few sadder beings could have been found in the whole city. But yesterday, she was a light-hearted, happy young creature, on whose spirit but few clouds had ever rested, and they not dense enough to shut out entirely the warm sunshine. Now, she was unutterably wretched. As she hurried along the street, on her way to her father's house, she suddenly encountered Forrester. Alas! how was he changed! His eyes were red, his face distorted from its former calm, gentlemanly, intelligent expression, and in his whole appearance and manner there was an air of personal abandonment. He did not see her. How like a daguerreotype impression was the form of the young man, as he thus passed before her, instantly fixed upon her memory! At home, in the solitude of her chamber, she looked at the painful image, while a voice, with rebuking tones, uttered in her ears, "This is your work!"

"And mine must be the work of restoration," said she, with a sudden energy of manner, while a flush of enthusiasm went over her face.

The idea, intimated by these words of the maiden, came like a dictate to her mind; and she felt, almost instantly, inspired with a solemn purpose.

"Yes, yes," she murmured, while her tears ceased to flow, "mine must be the work of restoration."

While the enthusiasm of this first state remained, Rose felt that the work she contemplated would be of easy performance. But as she thought longer and longer, and came, more realizingly, into the perception of what she purposed doing, her native delicacy of feeling shrunk, like the leaf of a sensitive plant, from the exposure any attempt to approach the young man must subject her. The imputation of motives by others, and the certainty of being misunderstood and misrepresented, came next to throw a chill over her generous spirit and to occasion a long and severe contest in her mind. But her resolution, spontaneous and impulsive as it was, became permanent, and in a heroic and self-sacrificing spirit for one so young, in the secrecy of her own heart she pondered the course of action best for her to adopt so as to ensure the most certain result. Her first idea was, to write to Forrester in the plainest and frankest manner, but the fear that this might fail in effecting what she desired, caused her to turn from it, and with a sense of shrinking contemplate a perso-

nal approach to the young man. The more closely she looked at the subject, the more painful became her sense of reluctance. But, inspired by a feeling of duty, she bravely kept by her resolve to do whatever was in her power for the young man's restoration.

The thought of confiding to her father what she contemplated doing presented itself to the mind of Rose, but, satisfied that he would not only object to any such course of action, but positively forbid her attempting to see or communicate with Forrester, she determined to keep her own secret.

As for the unhappy young man, on receiving from the hand of Rose the first glass of wine he had tasted for a long time, he felt his old appetite returning. And, on leaving her presence, so intense was the desire he felt for a stronger stimulant, that, with a kind of mad abandonment of his rational self-control, he went direct to a tavern and drank brandy and water until he was so much intoxicated as scarcely to be able to reach his boarding house. Daylight found him, on the next morning, in a state of mental anguish intolerable to be borne. He had fallen again, and fallen through temptation thrown in his way by a young, innocent and beautiful girl, who had already inspired him with a sentiment of affection, and, in falling, had debased himself in her eyes. To drown his wretchedness, in a spirit of self-abandonment, he put the cup again to his lips, and drank until reason left again her throne in his mind. And this was continued day after day, until nature was nearly exhausted.

A little over a week had gone by since the melancholy change in his habits, and there was a lucid interval in which reason once more strove for the mastery. On the night before he had come home late, so much intoxicated that the servants had to take him to his room; and, in the morning, he had felt too sick, both in body and mind, to leave his bed. He did not come down until about the middle of the afternoon, when he was perfectly sober, but wretched as a man could well be. Inclination prompted him to go out and drown the burning desire he felt in the maddening bowl, while reason and conscience held him back. The struggle had become severe, and appetite was about conquering, when he heard his name mentioned, in a woman's voice, at the street-door where the waiter had gone to answer the bell. Before he had decided whether to retire or not, a young lady entered the room.

"Miss Fielding!" he exclaimed in utter surprise, as the visitor drew aside her veil and showed a face on which was a deep impression of sadness.

"I have done you a great wrong," said Rose, in a trembling, hesitating voice, entering at once upon her mission; "and I come now, in the hope that I may be able, in some measure, to repair it."

She could say no more. Her feelings, wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, here gave way. Sinking upon a chair, she covered her face with her hands and sobbed violently.

The unhappy young man found himself in a strangely embarrassed position. For a little while, he was so confused that he was unable to comprehend the meaning of what was passing; but it soon became clear, and that even before the trembling maiden recovered her self-possession. Something of admiration for her conduct mingled with other emotions in his mind.

As the bewildering whirl, into which his feelings had been thrown, subsided, good resolutions formed themselves. Suddenly approaching the young girl, he took her hand and said in a low but earnest voice,

"Return to your home, Miss Fielding. Virtuous devotion like yours must not—shall not be exercised in vain. From this hour I stand where I stood before we met. An angel shall not tempt me again from my integrity."

"Enough!" said the young girl, rising, while she let her