

he could not be tempted into one of those corner nuisances with red-stained glass and a mug of beer painted on a signboard. You ask the young man to go into such a place, and he would say, "Do you mean to insult me?" No, it must be a marble-floored bar-room. There must be no salacious pictures behind the counter; there must be no drunkard hiccuping while he takes his glass. It must be a place where elegant gentlemen come in and click their cut glass and drink to the announcements of flattering sentiment.

But the young man cannot always find that kind of a place, yet he has a thirst, and it must be gratified. The down grade is steeper now, and he is almost at the bottom. Here they sit in an oyster-cellar around a card-table, wheezing, bloated, and bloodshot, with cards so greasy you can hardly tell who has the best hand. But never mind; they are only playing for drinks. Shuffle away! shuffle away! The landlord stands in his shirt-sleeves, with his hands on his hips, watching the game and waiting for another call to fill up the glasses. It is the hot breath of eternal woe that flushes that young man's cheek. In the jets of gaslight I see the shooting out of the fiery tongue of the worm that never dies. The clock strikes twelve: it is the tolling of the bell of eternity at the burial of a soul. Two hours pass on, and they are all sound asleep in their chairs. Landlord says, "Come, now, wake up; it's time to shut up." They look and say, "What?" "It's time to shut up." Push them out into the air. They are going home. Let the wife crouch in the corner and the children hide under the bed. They are going home! What is the history of that young man? He began his dissipation in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and completed his damnation in the worst grogshop in Navy street.

But sin even does not stop here. It comes to the door of the drawing-room. There are men of leprous hearts who go into the very best classes of society. They are so fascinating! They have such a bewitching way of offering their arm! Yet the poison of asps is under their tongue, and their heart is hell. At first their sinful devices are hidden, but after a while they begin to put forth their talons of death. Now they begin to show what they really are. Suddenly—although you could not have expected it, they are so fascinating in address, so charming in their manner—suddenly a cloud blacker than was ever woven of midnight or hurricane drops upon some domestic circle. There is agony in the parental bosom that none but the Lord God Almighty can measure—an agony that wishes that the children of the household had been swallowed by the grave, when it would be only a loss of body instead of loss of soul. What is the matter with that household? They have not had the front windows open in six months or a year. The mother's hair has suddenly turned white; the father, hollow-cheeked and bent over prematurely, goes down the street. There has been no death in that family, no loss of property. Has madness seized upon them? No, no! A villain, kid-gloved, patent-leathered, with gold chain and graceful manner, took that cup of domes-