

"Is the saloon closed now?"

"Yes, darling."

"Are the shutters up?"

"Yes, dear, they are up."

"O papa! I wish you'd never, never open the saloon again. Mamma, can't you get him to promise me never to open the saloon again?"

"O George! do promise our dying child," sobbed the mother, who had never favored her husband's business.

The strong man shook like a reed. He could not speak for a moment. Then coming and bending over her, he said in a strange and husky voice:

"My Gracie, papa will never open the saloon again."

"O papa, I'm so glad! I'll tell Jesus when I get to heaven that you have closed the saloon. And now, dear papa, you must be good, and He'll let you come to that beautiful home too; and mamma and Alice can come." There was a glad smile on the dying child's face that soon faded out into lines of pain. But all at once, just at the last, her face brightened up with a strange, unearthly brightness, and she cried out joyfully:

"O mamma look, look! the room is full of angels. Papa, don't you see them? They are about you."

There was a hush in the room, for the gates of heaven were thrown open to let the pure spirit pass through.

Only the body of little Gracie was left—the real Gracie had gone to live with Jesus and the angels.

The father never opened the saloon.

The bar-room shutters have never been taken down. The saloon-keeper has not only signed the pledge, but has become a Christian, and expects to follow his Gracie to heaven after awhile.—*Pioneer*.

A COMMON OCCURRENCE.

In the light of the ginshop's glitter and glare
A woman stands gazing with anxious stare,
Watching the doors as they swing to and fro,
Watching the people that come and go;
Sighing and sobbing, and wringing her hands,
Waiting for somebody, still she stands.

The chill March wind numbs her half-shod feet
As it blusters along up the busy street,
And her face, once handsome, is worn with care;
Yet full in the light of that glitter and glare,
Heedless of time as the moments roll on,
The wife still waits for her husband John.

The door swings open, the sounds stream out
Of the ribald song and the drunkard's shout,
The rattle of coin and the glasses' chink,
The voices of men who are calling for drink;
And the wife peers in with her tear-dimmed eyes,
And sees him—and "John, come home!" she cries.

The doors swing to; but the husband remains,
To drug every atom of sense in his brains,
To drown every spark of affectionate care,
To sow bitter seeds of disease and despair;
While the wife, asking help from her Father above,
Still waits for the man she has promised to love.

And there she stands, till the midnight chime
Proclaims it is the ginshop's closing-time;
Then issuing forth comes a motley crowd,
Staggering, reeling, and cursing aloud,
And the husband is singing a snatch of a song,
The drunkenest man in that drunken throng.

The wife runs to him, and begs and entreats
That he will come home, and not roam in the streets;
"John, you are breaking my heart!" she exclaims—
He turns, and he calls her the awfullest names,
And reeling towards her, he thunders: "Go!"
And strikes her a crushing, cowardly blow.

She staggering wildly, falls stunned to the ground;
There's a cry of alarm, and a crowd gathers round;
But 'tis late, and the wayfarers hasten away,
And one to the other they carelessly say,
"It's only a husband beating his wife,
It's a common occurrence in everyday life."

Scenes like to this one are common enough,
Caused by the sale of that maddening stuff
Dealt out by publicans eager to sell,
And driving its victims by thousands to hell.
Oh! let the nation awake to the facts,
And stamp out this curse by its resolute acts!

—J. F. NICHOLLS, in *Temperance Record*.

Our Casket.

BITS OF TINSEL.

"Ah, how do you vote this year, Smith?" "Same as I did last—at the polls." And they passed on.

A gentleman who had been bitten by a dog was asked, "Do you suppose the animal was mad?" "Mad. What right had he to be mad. He wasn't half as mad as I was."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Parvenu—"no; I don't think she is a fine-looking woman at all. She may have nice eyes; but, mercy me, she's got no physie!"

"What is a lake?" asked the teacher. A bright little Irish boy raised his hand. "Well Mikey, what is it?" "Sure, it is a hole in the kittle, mum."

Teacher: "Who reigned after Saul?" *Little Bessie*: "David." "And who came after David?" "Solomon." "And who came after Solomon?" "The Queen of Sheba."

Dealer—"Would you like to have a French clock?" *Mrs. Mulcahy*—"No, indade, I don't want none av yer Frinch clocks. Its a clock that I can understand when it stroiks that I want; so I do."

A locomotive engineer, who had just been discharged for some cause, gave vent to his spite by saying that it was about time he left the company anyhow, for the sake of his life, for "there was nothing left of the track but two streaks of rust and the right of way." *American Reform*.

This very sage advice was given by a aged priest: "Always treat an insult like mud from a passing vehicle. Never brush it off until it is dry."

A happy thought.—Can anybody think why it is so very dangerous to indulge in "just forty winks" when taking a railway journey? Can it really be because the train runs over sleepers?

A teacher in one of the smallest district schools in the smallest State in the Union once proved that it may be embarrassing to use one's own self as an illustration. She was hearing a class in spelling and defining words. The word "orphan" had been correctly spelled, but none of the class seemed to know its meaning. After asking one or two of them she said, encouragingly: "Now, try again. I am an orphan. Now, can't some of you guess what it means?" The blank look upon their faces remained, until one of the duller scholars raised his hand, and said with no intention of being saucy, "It's some one who wants to get married, and can't."

A prison chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town in Scotland. He was a man who greatly magnified his office, and, on entering one of the cells on the first round of inspection, he, with much pomposity, thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it: "Well, sir, do you know who I am?" "No, nor I dinna care!" was the nonchalant reply; but the criminal seemed to be repentant a few minutes afterward, and added, conciliatory: "Well, I hae heard o' ye before." "And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Weel, I heard that the last two kirks ye war in ye preached them baith empty; but ye'il no find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this ane."

In a railroad car on the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railroad the seats were all full, except one, which was occupied by a pleasant-looking Irishman from Wampun, and at Beaver a couple of evidently well-bred and intelligent young ladies came in to procure seats. Seeing none vacant, they were about going into the next car, when Patrick arose hastily and offered them his seat with evident pleasure.

"But you will have no seat for yourself," responded one of the young ladies, with a smile, hesitating with true politeness to accept it.

"Niver mind that!" said the gallant Hibernian, "I'd ride upon a cow-catcher to New York for a smile from such gentlemanly ladies."