

loveth God love his brother also.' Was it love that invented the rack, and all those diabolical instruments of torment? But I can see that it was His love that sent me to the Inquisition, that I might see how hateful Popery is, stripped of its tinsel and finery."

(To be continued.)

THE PAWNED BIBLE.

Just at twilight on a November day a man about thirty-five years old entered a grocery on Federal street, in the city of —, with a junk bottle in one hand, and a Bible in the other. He stepped up to the counter, and said to the owner of the establishment, "Will you let me have a pint on that? I'll pay it in a few days."

The grocer looked at the back of the book, and saw the words HOLY BIBLE, and knew at a glance that it was worth vastly more than a pint of whisky, and said "Yes." He laid the book behind him on a shelf, and drew the liquor, and the customer departed.

A loafer sitting by the stove said, "Duncan is getting rather hard up if he pawns books for drink."

"He is, indeed," said the proprietor. "He knew he could not get trusted, and still he will have his grog. I am almost sorry I let him have it. Has he a family?"

"Yes; a wife and four children."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of other customers.

The man who brought the Bible in and pawned it was a mechanic. He was very skilful in shoeing horses, and was employed by a firm who owned many teams. He could easily have acquired property, and have been comfortable, if he had abstained from drink. His employers had often threatened to turn him off, but he would promise to do better, and desiring to keep one so skilled in their employment, they had continued him along. Sometimes for days he would not work an hour, and then for weeks he would attend to his work faithfully. Of course he used up all his wages, and his family sometimes suffered for the comforts of life.

The owner of the grocery was a Scotchman by the name of McKey. He left his native place when about twenty-one years of age, and after residing in Canada for a few years, he found his way to —, and commenced the sale of liquor. This was many years ago, when little was said, and less was done on the subject of temperance.

McKey's mind had, however, been led to the consideration of the evils of intemperance. He was a member of a Scotch Presbyterian church, and his pastor frequently alluded to the drinking usages of the day, much to the annoyance of his hearers. Even some of his church session thought he was "wise above what was written."

The evening passed off, and at length he closed his shutters. Before retiring he carelessly took up the Bible and opened it, and on the fly-leaf he read:—

"JENNIE SMART,
from
MARGARET McKEY."