

pare the table, I will wake our young temperance orator, and I think another will be inclined to excuse this one departure from established rules."

In a few moments the happy two were seated around their entertainment. Charley was mute with pleasure and surprise. He sat and looked first at one parent and then the other; now a smile, and then a tear.

"Come, Charley," said Mr. Edgar, "don't set mother to weeping; but, as you say, they are not sorry tears this time. Well, Charley, you don't think that your father is quite at the bottom of the trap," said Mr. Edgar, with a smile.

"No, father, and I don't think you will ever get there, if you will just take your lunches at home with mother and me. If I had only known we were to eat with you, I would have put up more. But, father, what is to be done about these places when they are making so many drunkards? Why, I could not keep from crying when I just looked on and saw the poor flies getting caught, and then trying to get away, and after struggling a little while they would sink, and others drop right in at the same place. Now, I know it is a great deal worse to kill folks than flies. Father, what can be done about it?"

"Why, my son," said Mr. Edgar, "I don't see as anything can be done while persons continue to place themselves in such danger."

"But mother said the Legislature can help it," said the child, with much earnestness; "but they don't begin right. They act just as Biddy did with my sore finger; you know how much salve she put on, and never tried to get out the splinter. Now, father, I wish you would just speak to the legislature about it, and tell them about my finger, and how it was cured at last."

"Yes, yes, my son, your father will speak to the legislature; and that sore finger, with Biddy's failure, must be reported, and we must all work till we get out the splinter."

"Now, Charley," said Mrs. Edgar, "we have all had our lunch, and you have talked Temperance and State Reform enough for one evening. Now kiss good night, and slip back into your little bed again."
—*Christian Herald.*

A Prison Sketch.

BY PAUL BROTHERHOOD.

It is a wet, stormy day. Masons cannot work, cabmen are at a premium, and beggars finding their gains rather small, sink into gin-shops and spend their last penny. Walking along a narrow street we see a pretty little girl in a shocking plight. Her feet are covered with mud, her hair drenched with wet, her fair neck exposed to the biting blast, and her tiny frock is dragged and torn.

"Sally, love, what brings you here?"

"I cannot get into the house, sir."

"Why not, Sally?"

"Father is in prison, sir. He got drunk, and struck a woman, and was locked up for two months."

"And how long have you been shut out into the streets?"

"Two days and nights, sir."

"Poor Sally! Come away with me!"

We walked up a street inhabited by thieves, bad

women, dog-fighters, Jewish clothemans, and cobblers, and soon arrived at the Ragged School. There I left my little street-bird, and wended my way to the prison. It was an immense building. Many an acre of ground does it cover, and within its sweeping walls there chafe and sigh many a score of wretched men. Having come beneath the shadow of its lofty iron-bound gate, I knocked. A very smart young turnkey opened a small door, I passed through it into the court-yard, bolts, chains, and keys jingled and clashed behind us, and then the guardian of the gate said:

"What is it, sir?"

"Be so kind as give this note to the governor."

"Yes, sir."

In a few minutes after a fine, self-possessed, gentle, observant man, with a military bearing, came towards me. It was the governor, Colonel C—n. He glanced at me from the uppermost region of my hat to the toes of my boots. Nothing escaped him. In that glance he 'reckoned me up.' He saw that I was well-dressed, wore gloves, and carried a yellow walking stick. He noted that I was wiry in body, and had a long, pale, thoughtful face. He observed that I fearlessly bore gaze, and was not afraid to endure cross-examination. It soon began:—

"This is your letter."

"It is, sir."

"You want to see John Smith?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"I wish to save his child from destitution."

He turned round and said to the smart young turnkey, "Let this gentleman see John Smith." The turnkey touched his hat, and the Colonel went away. "Wonderful man that!" said the turnkey in a confidential tone. "Have you read his life? Wonderful man! Needs be. Queer place this. Needs clever men. Plenty of people here to look after. Never forgets anything. Wouldn't do if he did. Wonder'ul man! He is. No mistake. Read his life? You read that, sir. Wonderful man—he is." A loud knock at the gate, the rattle of wheels and clang of horses' feet, having brought the smart young turnkey to his senses, he marched to his post, and threw open the door through which I had entered. Three huge dark-painted police-vans stood ready to disgorge their wretched inmates. Here they come! Mexican sailors, beggars, a long Irishman, a greasy butcher, a bare-headed fellow dressed in a blue flannel shirt and red handkerchief looking like a vexed bear, an insolent cabman, a thief, several lads, and an old man whose gray hairs are bedabbled with black mud and red gore. Through iron gates, up stone stairs, and along echoing passages they go, and we see them no more.

"Here is John Smith, sir," cries the smart young turnkey. There he is, sure enough. Prison cap, prison clothes, prison number, prison badge, and worse than all—prison look. Two iron-barred gates separate us, and a sour turnkey stands between them to hear and watch us.

"Well, John, how are you?"

"Bad, sir, bad. Can't be worse."

"I have come to talk about Sally."

"Thank you, sir—thank you." The poor fellow sobbed.

"What brought you here, John?"