

than his customers are used to getting. The services he has rendered our fraternity deserve at least some recompense, though he might have aided us more if he had not been hurried away from the work so soon."

Terrified beyond description, the Doctor had listened to the remarks of the dreadful fiend. The darkness above and around him was as pitchy as ever, and he expected every moment to be precipitated among the fiends below. Suddenly a yell more fierce and terrible than any he had before heard pierced the waves of darkness, and the dark domain shook to its very centre.

Trembling with fear, the Doctor awoke; but so deep was the darkness in his office, and so vivid to his mind the scenes through which he had just passed, that he had some difficulty in collecting his scattered senses sufficiently to remember where he was.

When he became thoroughly awake, he arose, left his office, and proceeded slowly homeward. The vision he had seen was not calculated to allay the fears that had previously disturbed his mind. The words, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken also," floated through his mind with a new and solemn meaning.

The question, "What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his own soul?" seemed sounding to him from another world. "What, indeed, shall it profit me?" he repeated, and he shuddered as he again thought of the awful woe pronounced upon the man who should hold the poison cup to the lips of his fellow.