

was his appetite, that, even then, at the sight of liquor running from a cask in a store, he immediately left the place as fast as possible, whether his errand was done or not. His safety was only in flying. So it is in regard to temptation. The best way to overcome sin is to flee its approach. He who tampers with a temptation is already under its power. The lion will frequently let its victim move, and will play with it before he crushes it.—*Dr. John Todd.*

BITS OF TINSEL.

Any young man is made better by a sister's love. It is not necessary that the sister be his own.

"Our Messenger" is responsible for a definition, which will match that of Horace Greely who is credited with defining a cigar as a roll of tobacco with a fire at one end, and a fool at the other. Here it is;

"Vassar has one smart girl who will in the hereafter be heard of. She describes "straw" as a hollow thing with a ten cent man at one end of it and a twenty cent drink on the other end."—*Rescue.*

A very accurate Chicago physician sent in a certificate of death the other day with his name signed in the space for "cause of death."

"Is this the way to Ryde?" said a traveller who was as ignorant of horsemanship as of the place he was inquiring for. "Na, na!" said the rustic addressed, "Na, na! mon, thee turns out thee toas too much."

A married couple resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions but punishing any one who comes between them.

Why are ladies the greatest thieves in existence? Because they steal their petticoats, bone their stays, hook their eyes and crib their babies.

Why is a pretty girl like a first-rate mirror? Because she is a good-looking-lass.

THE PEOPLE OF THE PEN.

Editors have their share of vanity, and budding poets should not forget it, if they wish to see their productions in print. The man who wrote the follo wing effusion struck it rich in the right vein to get in.

O, the people of the pen, The people of the pen — The brightest of our women, And the bravest of our men! On the picket-lines of progress They are keeping watch and ward, Where the reaper swings the sickle, And the soldier wields the sword: Their snowy scrolls are fluttering Like doves around the globe— They're folding all the lands of God Within one starry robe: On all the bleak and sunless hills They build the beacon fires, And set the danger signals out On all the tallest spires: The fiery-footed coursers Of the lightning they have caught, And made them message bearers In the parliament of thought: They're a mighty army moving, And they muster thousands ten, And pull the world behind them, The people of the pen.	They slumber with the Bedouin, They sit beneath the vine Upon the Guadalquivir And along the banks of Rhine: The Argonauts of every clime, They wander far and free, They scale the highest mountain, And sail the wildest sea: The pilgrims of Bohemia, There's naught escapes their ken— The painters of the universe, The people of the pen.
O, the people of the pen, The people of the pen! Wherever human foot has trod Some strolling scribe has been. Ye'll find them in the frigid North, Beyond the lone Jeannette In the desert lands of Siber, Where the cheerless exiles fret. You'll find them on the Congo, You'll meet them on the Nile, You'll hear them in the jungle Of the snake and crocodile:	O, the people of the pen, The people of the pen! They're toiling in the palace And in the poor man's den: They tell us of the glory Of the times long past. Of the splendors of antiquity Too marvellous to last; In the looms of busy genius They're weaving day and night, The visions of the dreamers Into pages black and white, Into golden blocks of wisdom They're chiselling their hearts, And we buy their very life-blood For a penny in the marts: They're scholars ripe and ready, They're poets blithe and young, Whose happy fancies twinkle Into music on the tongue: They carol like the mock-bird, They twitter like the wren, And the world is in the fingers Of the people of the pen.

—*Printers' Circular.*

For Girls and Boys.

WHAT THE DIMBOES DID.

There were a great many Dimboes, including Young Dimboe, who sang in the choir and taught in Sunday-school, "that Polly Dimboe," whom nobody ever mentioned without a very "demonstrative" adjective, the Dimboe boys, and the twins. There were seven Dimboe boys; it is unnecessary perhaps, to state the number of the twins. Over this modest family presided Aunt Phœbe Dimboe, who spent an anxious existence in constant but futile efforts at keeping the boys' trousers in repair, and making a house-keeper out of Polly. With regard to the trousers, Miss Phœbe admitted the absurdity of her attempt, but Polly—Polly was becoming tractable—she could be trusted with the family darning, and took entire charge of the children at meal-time, when neither Mr. Dimboe nor Aunt Phœbe could very well be present. Considering her thirteen years, and her constantly interfered with artistic propensities, I think you will agree with me that this wasn't so bad for Polly.

It was the Sunday after Christmas, and she was walking meditatively home from Sunday-school. Since she had been transferred to Mr. Foote's class, meditation after Sunday-school became almost necessary to Polly. In the last class it had been different. There didn't seem to be anything to think about but the number of buttons on Miss Thorn's "tan" kid gloves, and the extraordinary length of time that intervened between the opening hymn and the closing one. So Polly's relief was almost as great as Miss Thorn's when, at that lady's request, the superintendent handed her over to Mr. Foote for "treatment."

In the little familiar chat he had with his girls that day—for a wonder there were five minutes to spare!—they had discussed Christmas-giving, and that's what Polly was meditating about.

"Let's see! What did I give anyway? There was Fred's watch-pocket, and the twins' Noah's ark, and the lamp-mat I made Aunt Phœbe, — wasn't she pleased though!—and a set of carpet-balls for the boys—they took the last cent, and I saved for three months! Not a thing, Polly Dimboe, not a thing outside your own family! Oh yes! I beg your pardon, you did paint a wooden plaque for your very particular friend Madge Mayberry, because she gave you something last year! Fine motive!" continued Polly ironically to herself. "Aren't you proud of it, Miss Dimboe! And now, when somebody has been good enough to suggest a better one, here's Christmas gone, and me bankrupt!"

You see Polly's meditations weren't strictly grammatical, but they always resulted in something practical, which is more than can be said of a good many people's.

This time, however, she reached her own garden gate in just as perplexed a state of mind as ever. What she could do, and how she could do it, didn't appear; but one thing she resolved upon, and that was to look out for opportunities.

"Phœbe," said Mr. Dimboe to his sister, as she poured out his tea, and young Dimboe's, at seven o'clock next evening, "this tribe of ours have rousing appetites—ten pounds of butter a week! It's a good thing to pay for though—considerably better than physic."

Polly stood at a side table, looking for her geography. She turned quickly.

"How much is it a pound, papa?"

"From twenty-five to thirty cents usually, Polly. Are you thinking of starting a dairy?" And her father's eyes twinkled as he looked over at his daughter's interested face.

"Well, no, papa, not until I learn to be a better milker," laughed Polly, with a vivid remembrance of some holiday experiences in the country. "I only wanted to know. Oh! here's my 'Campbell's,'" and off she went to the "back room," where the Dimboes congregated nightly for lessons, fun and consultation.

Miss Phœbe looked sagaciously over her spectacles at her brother.

"Polly's improving—certainly improving. She isn't nearly so flighty as she used to be, John. Think of it now—the price of butter!"

The use Polly had made of her newly acquired information did not transpire, however, until next morning at breakfast, when the Dimboes, one and all, declined butter. Dinner-time came, and Aunt Phœbe's nice beef-steak and mashed potatoes and "poor man's pudding" made them forget to feel heroic when the butter-plate came around. And that night they had raspberries for tea, so nobody said a word but Jack, who couldn't help exclaiming at the unchanged condition of the butter-plate as it went out for the third time.