

## DIARY OF A RUMSELLER.

*Monday.*—Took Ragged Bill's last dime for whiskey.

*Tuesday.*—Had a visit from Charlie Piper, who swore off three months ago and signed the pledge; gave him three drinks on tick.

*Wednesday.*—That poor fool Dick Plaster, who gets wild and nervous after one drink, came in to-day; sold him a quart.

P. S. Hear he killed his wife in a drunken rage.

*Thursday.*—Johnnie Slogan's wife begged me never to sell another drop to him. She cried till I promised.

P. S. Sold him enough this very day to make him smash furniture and beat his children. Ha! ha! ha! Business is business.

*Friday.*—Phil Carter had no money; took his wife's wedding-ring and silk dress for an old bill; sent him home gloriously drunk.

*Saturday.*—Young Sam Chap took his third drink to-day. I know he likes it and will speedily make a drunkard, but I gave him the value of his money. His father implored me to help break up the practice before it became a habit, but I told him if I didn't sell it to him some one else would.

*Sunday.*—Pretended to keep the Sunday law to-day, but kept open my back door. Sold beer and wine to some boys, but they'll be ashamed to tell of it. Bet my till is fuller to-night than the church-baskets are.

N. B. My business must be respectable, for real gentlemen patronize my bar. And yet I guess I won't keep a diary, for these facts look very queer on paper.  
*St. Louis Pres.*

## LITTLE WIDOWS.

Two little girls in India attended a school taught by English ladies. The school was supported by the children of a Sunday-school in Cambridge, England. One of these little girls was eleven and the other was five years old. But, will you believe it? they were both married. They

lived at home, each with her parents, and know nothing about the husbands they were expected to go to some future day. Both these husbands died the same year. The girls were taken away from school, and their lives became perfect blanks. Their people think that they are so very wicked that the gods took away their husbands to punish them. As soon as they are sixteen, they will have to fast every eleven days, as all widows in India do. On a fast day they can have no food and no water. If a widow were dying on a fast day, no one would give her water if she begged for it ever so hard. These poor little widows are cruelly treated. They have but one meal a day, have to wear plain clothes, put away their jewels, and eat the poorest food. Are we as glad and grateful as we ought to be that our own dear little girls were born in Bible lands, where everybody knows better than to treat them so?

## WATT'S FIRST HYMN.

Watts was but a youth when he wrote his first hymn. He was visiting his father, and had worshipped one Sabbath morning at the little Independent chapel at Southampton. Oh his way home he complained of the crude, uncouth psalms they had to sing, "Don't complain unless you can write better ones," said a deacon. "If I can write better will you sing them?" A promise was made, and the next Sabbath they sang from manuscript

"Behold the glories of the Lamb  
Amid his Father's throne;  
Prepare new honors for His name,  
And songs before unknown."

Other hymns were soon prepared, and these "songs before unknown" awakened new interest and infused new life into the psalmody of the churches. Mr. Watts sent copies of the hymns to Dr. Cotton Mather, and in 1741 the book was published in America. Watts wrote six hundred and ninety-seven hymns. He wrote two-fifths of the hymns used by the English-speaking world.—*The Standard.*