

leaving a letter behind, in which he arraigned the world as blind to his real worth, and God as unjust to him.

How many other young men and women are rushing into authorship, seeking to take the position of teachers of mankind, while as yet they have accumulated no resources of thought or of knowledge, have seen nothing of the world, and have not even learned how to work! The end for them may not be as tragic as in this case. But it will assuredly be disappointment, bitter and enduring.

"Do not," said Jerrold, to such an ambitious lad, "take down the shutters until you have something to put in the windows."—*Exchange*.

THE CHILDREN'S PLEADINGS.

BY E. C. A. ALLEN.

Get a number of cards about eight inches square, and have printed upon each one letter in bold large type. Attach a ribbon to each card, all of equal length. Enlist the services of thirteen little girls as near in height as can be got. These may remain in an ante-room, or may be seated at the back row of the seats on the platform. Each girl must have one of the cards hanging suspended by the ribbon from the neck. Each letter on the cards will be the same as the first letter of the verse the girl has to recite. Do not let the girls, if they have to be on the platform, sit in the order they have to recite, because that would inform the audience what was coming, and greater interest is excited if they do not know this. The girl with the card bearing the letter S comes first forward, placing herself at the right hand of the chairman, and, looking full in front of the audience, recites the first verse. The girl with I upon her card next comes and stands in a line with the first girl; the next with the letter G in the same order, and so with the letter N, etc.

"SIGN THE PLEDGE."

Enter First Girl.

See the little ones are coming
Forward in the temperance fight;
Hear our little voices pleading,
Oh! give up the drink to-night.

Second Girl.

In our songs and recitations
This grand end we have in view.
We ourselves are stanch abstainers;
Such we want to make you too.

Third Girl.

Gazing on us as we stand here,
Young and fair, from drink-chains free,
Which of us would you be willing
In the drunkard's ranks to see?

Fourth Girl.

"None!" we think we hear you saying.
But, O fathers, mothers, dear!
If we follow your examples,
Shall we shun or like the beer?

Fifth Girl.

Treading in your foot steps shall we
Sober, temperate, happy grow?
Will you not for our sakes banish
That which causes sin and woe?

Sixth Girl.

Hearken how the widows' wailings,
How the orphans' cries ascend!
Drink-made widows, drink-made orphans,
Will you still the drink defend?

Seventh Girl.

Earnestly your children ask you,
Join our noble temperance band!
Help to chase the fearful monster
From our devoted land.

Eighth Girl.

Put your names to our grand pledge-roll;
Vow you'll never taste again
That which fills sad hearts with anguish,
Homes with weeping, graves with slain.

Ninth Girl.

Let our pleadings be successful
As we earnestly beseech
All who hear us to consider
The great lesson we would teach.

Tenth Girl.

Every drunkard that we pity
As we meet him in the street
Once, like us, was young and happy
Till sin snared his heedless feet.

Eleventh Girl.

Dreadful truth! he did as you do—
You who take your little drop—
Drank at first in moderation,
Till he knew not where to stop.

Twelfth Girl.

God save us from ever tasting!
God help you, dear friends, to see
That alone in total abstinence
There can total safety be.

Thirteenth Girl.

Each has brought her letter with her;
Heed, oh! heed these words of light.
Drink with us heaven's sparkling water;

[*All Exclaim.*]

Sign, oh! sign the pledge to-night.

Youth's Temperance Banner.

Our Casket.

BITS OF TINSEL.

"I drop into poetry occasionally," as the office boy remarked when he tumbled into the waste basket.

An advertisement in a contemporary reads: "Wanted—A girl to cook."

A careless printer made a dancing master's card read: "I offer my respectful shanks to all who have honored me with their patronage."

"I don't see the bell," said a handsome woman at the front door of a house, to an Irishman shoveling coal. "Faith, ma'am, an' ye wud though av ye were to luk in the glass."

"Whe-e-w!" yelled the man, as the dentist jerked his tooth out. "I thought you extracted teeth without pain." "So I do—without pain to me."

"All our our vacant rooms are taken," wrote a Dublin hotel manager, "and the accommodations we offer cannot be had." This is a Texas steer instead of an Irish bull.

"Why, Sammy," said a father to his little son the other day, "I didn't know that your teacher whipped you last Friday. "I guess," he replied, "If you'd been in my trousers you'd knowed it."

Some of the men who carry the most expensive watches never know when it is time to go home.

A new publication of recipes gives prominence to an "anti-sprece mixture," and tells people how to "relieve drunkenness."

"Oh, for a thousand tongues!" sang a little urchin who had crawled inside a huge sugar hoghead.

"Now, children," said the teacher, "What do you call the meal that you eat in the morning?" "Oat meal!" promptly replied a member of the class.

There is one thing about a house that seldom falls, but never hurts the occupant when it does. That is the rent.

An Irish lover remarked: "It's a very great pleasure to be alone, especially when your sweetheart is wid ye."