

Mr. —, How many souls have you ruined? I wondered if he had ruined 15,000. When a noted millionaire was about to die, he said: "Friends I have but few, and no wonder, for all my life, in order to build myself up, I tramped others down. Oh, what an experience for a man to acknowledge at the end of his life! What an example to leave behind! Music is a sweet thing, but what music is there in a man who, while hanging to an iron post, at eleven o'clock at night, is trying to sing, "I'll not go home till morning?" He ought to have been home long ago rocking the baby and singing sweet melodies to his wife. If wives would lock the door at ten there would be less drunken husbands, but, alas! it often happens that the wives are out too, and have taken the key with them. If so, and they chance to meet on the street, I'd rather you were there than I.