

"But it is hard, though," said one of the other women, "to see the young 'uns allus so desperately hungry. Mine used to eat the paste for the boxes until I put Prushin' blue in it to keep 'em from it."

"How many children have you?" asked the minister.

"Four on 'em," she replied, "and never once a full stomach among 'em for the last twelve months."

"I will see they are filled for once," said the minister, "if you send them with these tickets to the Free Children's Dinner at my school-room to-morrow."

This offer was at once accepted; but it brought the whole company begging for tickets. The minister supplied them as far as possible, and again they went upon their way.

From court to alley, from alley to lane, from lane to streets of one-storey houses, where there were always one and sometimes two families in the same apartment, where decency or cleanliness were simply impossible, where prayer and worship were unheard, where need and guilt, sorrow and crime were herded together in most undesirable companionship: in all the pattern, directly or indirectly, strong drink closely interwoven, and though it seems hard to say it, rendering the distribution of the contents of the bag of the visitor one of the hardest possible problems to solve, even to those thoroughly accustomed to labor among the poor.

"If it was not for the drink, the task would be easy," remarked the visitor.

"Exactly so!" replied the minister, as they ended their quest.—*The Welcome.*

A DREAM.

As I slept I dreamed, and seemingly there rose before me a grand and stately building. Beautiful in outline, perfect in proportion; its splendid arches, its noble columns of purest marble glistened in the ruddy sunlight of the summer evening. And, as I gazed in admiration, looking upward, I perceived, with horror, that the building was on fire, and that the flames were already beginning to issue from the open windows. Then, dropping for a moment my eyes, I saw, crowding toward the entrance, a ceaseless procession, sixty thousand strong; onward they advanced with merry laugh and jest, unconscious of the terrible doom before them, and careless that their dancing feet are momentarily nearing the brink of eternal ruin.

One by one they reach the portal of the palace. Young men and maidens, the shining locks of youth, and the hoary head of age—when suddenly, the call is heard, "Fire! fire! Haste to the rescue! Our beautiful building is in flames, and within its burning walls men and women are even now perishing by thousands."

The warning cry is heard, engines come thundering down the street, ropes are brought; ladders are raised to the windows, and the work of salvation is begun. One by one the wretched victims are taken from the building; and scorched, maimed and bleeding are carried to a place of safety. But, faster than the rescue, others continue to crowd through the entrance, and the work of death goes on. When, suddenly, the cry is raised by a bystander, "Why don't you put out the fire? What are these engines and firemen about that they stand idle at such a time as this? Put out the fire, for God's sake, put out the fire! Will ye stand by and see your friends perish before your eyes and lift no hand to save them?"

But the answer comes back upon the evening breeze, "O no, you ask too much. Let every man look out for himself. We can't extinguish this fire; to do so would be subversive of the interests of society. This fire was kindled by men whom we dare not offend—men of wealth and influence—whose patronage we need and whose votes we desire. The building is insured, and we will rescue all the inmates that we are able, but we neither can nor dare extinguish this fire as you wish."

And as I woke I seemed to hear a voice ringing in my ears in thunder tones, saying:

"Woe unto him that buildeth a town with blood and establisheth a city by iniquity."—*H. in Standard Bearer.*

"ONLY A PINT."

Many of you are perhaps aware that a large number of the cities in America were built in an incredibly short space of time. What was one time rough, unsettled land, would in a week or two be a small settlement, in a few months a village, and before many years a large and flourishing city. It was thus with the town in which the following incident happened.

By the side of a beautiful lake, in the far West, a party of emigrants stopped one night to water their horses and to rest. Finding the country all that could be desired, they decided to settle there, and make it their future home. Other emigrants continue to arrive, and in a short time it was quite a thriving village. Shops were opened, a meeting house erected, and at last a whisky shop was started. The population continued to increase, and so did the public-houses. Crime became a common thing, and a prison was built.

Among the first settlers in the place was a blacksmith named William, big and powerful, but as gentle as a child. He was a favorite with all. Being a hard and skillful worker he found constant employment. When his day's work was over he would adjourn to the village inn to get a pint of

beer. Here he would stay for an hour or two, and talk with others who were in the habit of frequenting the place; but in spite of all persuasion William could not be induced to take more than his customary pint. Although William drank so little, still he was always a welcome guest. Being in pretty comfortable circumstances, and a regular attendant at the meeting-house, his presence gave the place a more respectable name than it could, perhaps, otherwise have boasted.

When the public-houses had increased to such an extent that drunkenness and crime had become a common occurrence, a few true-hearted men determined to start a temperance society. Several of them, including the minister, tried to induce William to join them. But his reply was, "It's only a pint that I take, so there is no need for me to join."

About this time the prison authorities decided on erecting a gallows. William, amongst others, put in a bid for the contract, and obtained it. In due time the work was finished, and he received the amount of money agreed upon. That night, as usual, he went to the inn for his pint. The gallows that he had just completed became the topic of conversation, and as he had received payment for it, he thought he could not do less than treat the company. According to custom it was necessary that he should drink with them, so he called for and drank his second pint. As a rule William was not a boastful man, but with more than his customary amount of drink in him, he commenced to boast of his workmanship, and said "he would like to see the man, no matter how big or heavy, that that gallows would not hang." A third pint had by this time followed the second, and others soon followed it. All the men by this time were more or less under the influence of drink. Arguments arose, and a quarrel ensued; two or three of them set on the blacksmith. Unconscious of his own strength, he struck one of them a blow which laid him dead at his feet. He was arrested, tried and found guilty of murder. Every effort was made to save him, but in vain, and within two months he was the first man hanged on the gallows he had made himself.

It was "Only a Pint" that did it.—*Charles Evans in Temp. Record.*

Our Casket.

BITS OF TINSEL.

The ship that everybody likes—Good fellowship.

Somnambulism is believed to be an unconscious tranceaction.

The Rev. Mr. Ship married four couples in fifteen minutes, which is at the rate of sixteen knots per hour for that Ship.

The English alphabet is tolerably virtuous. Twenty of the letters have never been in prison. Yes, but look what a lot of them are now in penitentiary.

An advertisement to invest in certain new lines is with awkward honesty headed, "Purchase of railway snares."

The boy who bit into a green apple remarked with a wry face. "Twas ever thus in childhood—sour."

One of George III.'s first acts was to knight a gentleman named Day. "Now," said he "I know that I am king, because I have turned Day into knight."

"Did you ever think what you would do if you had Rothschild's income?" said Seedy to Harduppe. "No, but I have often wondered what Rothschild would do if he had my income."

Little Nell—"Mamma, what is color-blind?" *Mamma*—"Inability to tell one color from another, dear." *Little Nell*—"Then I dess the man that made my g'ography is color-blind." *Mamma*—"And why pet?" *Little Nell*—"Tause he got Greenland painted yellow."

"Well, madame, how's your husband to-day?" "Why, doctor, he's no better." "Did you get the leeches?" "Yes, but he only took three of them raw—I had to fry the rest."

"Come, John, be lively now, break the bones in Mr. Samson's chops, and put Mr. Smith's ribs into his basket." "All right, sir, just as soon as I've saved off Mrs. Murphy's leg," said the butcher.

A traveller who had just read on the guide-post—"Dublin, two miles," thought to make game of a passing Irishman by asking—"If it's two miles to Dublin, Pat, how long will it take to get there?" "Faith," returned Pat, "and if your heels be as slow as yer wit, ye'll get there about Christmas."

An Irish crier at Ballinasloe, being ordered to clear the court, did so by this announcement: "Now, then, all ye blackguards that isn't lawyers must leave the court."

Does it pay to have a dozen intelligent young men turned into thieves and vagabonds, that one man may get a living by "selling them rum?"