

Tales and Sketches.

Our Caske'.

"ONLY AN OUTCAST."

"Only an outcast!" a low voice said,
With the curl of the lip and a toss of the head,
As she haughtily pas-ed her by.
"Only an outcast! She's nothing on earth
Fit neither to live nor die."

"Only an outcast!" and night has come;
She is wending her way to her desolate home,
To the rude cot over the stream.
And colder the stars seem to shine than of yore,
And colder the pathway than ever before,
And fainter the moon's pale beam.

"Only an outcast!" Poor soul she goes,
With her eyes full of tears and heart full of woes
Alone in the fading night.
Not a person to give her a cheerful word,
And no faithful Christian's heart is stirr'd
To show her the path of right.

"Only an outcast!" an orphan child—
A wanderer sad on a desert wild,
Without either hope or faith.
Once a mother's joy and a father's pride—
Now hurried along in a fearful tide
That only can end in death.

"Only an outcast!" in that dim eye
Can be read that she fears—yet wishes—to die,
And pass from beneath sin's blight.
The past brings her nothing but sorrow and pain
The present affords no relief from the stain,
The future is black as night.

"Only an outcast!" what made her so?
'Twas whiskey that struck the first hard blow
And made her an orphan child,
And she toiled alone amid want and shade,
Till she fell in the trap wicked men had laid,
And alas! she is now defiled.

"Only an outcast!" a Magdalene,
An object of pity, unclean, unclean,
Polluted without and within;
Forsaken by all, by the pure and the true,
Do you wonder that she should bid virtue adieu
And travel the path of sin?

"Only an outcast!" rum led the way,
And has brought her to what she is to-day—
And it was legally sold.
The license was paid, he'd a right (?) to sell
The dark and delusive essence of hell
And barter virtue for gold!

"Only an outcast!" Society's bane—
And naught can efface the indelible stain,
Her sorrows she must endure.
While those who effected her ruin and fall
Are accepted and seen in society's hall
As one with the good and the pure.

"Only an outcast!" Ah! who shall bear
The weight of her sin and shame up there
Before the Judge's face!
The Lord well knows who caused the blight,
Made the sun of a young life set in night,
And we know the great Judge will do right
And assign to each his place.

—Bible Banner.

BITS OF TINSEL.

The sluggard is told to go the ant, but in nine case out of ten he goes to the "uncle."

A little girl suffering with the mumps declared she "felt as though a headache had slipped down into her neck."

"Physic," says an old surgeon, "is the art of amusing the patient while Nature cures the disease."

"Mamma," said Polly on hearing a donkey bray. "I like the donkey, but I don't like to hear him *donk*."

Grace seeing her aunt write a message on a postal-card, called for a nvelope, saying, "I'm going to write a letter, too, Aunt Jane; but I don't want it to go *bareheaded like yours*."

"How old are you, my little man?" asked a gentleman of a tot who was less than four years of age. "I'm not *old*," was the indignant reply; "I am *almost new*."

"Paddy, do you know how to drive?" said a traveller to the Jehu of a jaunting-car. "Sure I do," was the answer. "Wasn't it I that upset yer honor in a ditch two years ago?"

"Will you please give me an almanac, sir?" asked a six-year-old at the door of a grocer's shop. "Does your mother buy her tea here?" was the proprietor's cautious reply. No, sir, but she sometimes borrows your handcart!"

"Professor," said a student in pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals, "why does a cat while eating turn its head first one way then another?" "For the reason," replied the Professor, "that she cannot turn it both ways at once."

An Irish judge had the habit of begging pardon on every occasion. One day as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him that he had not passed sentence of death on a prisoner as he had intended. "Dear me!" said his lordship, "I beg his pardon—bring him up."

"I'm sair fashed wi' a singing in my head, John," said one man to another. "Do ye ken the reason o' that?" asked the other. "No." "Weel, it's because it's empty," said the first man. Are ye ne'er fashed wi' a singing in your ain head, John?" "No, never," answered John. "And do ye no ken the reason o' that? It's because it's crackit."

A little boy in New Jersey was climbing an apple tree, and fell to the ground. He was picked up in an insensible condition. After watching by his bedside for some time, his mother perceived signs of returning consciousness. Leaning over him she asked him if there was anything she could do for him now that he began to feel better. Should she bathe his forehead, or change his pillow, or fan him? Was there anything he wanted. Opening his eyes languidly, and looking at her, the little sufferer said: "I'd like a pair of pants with a pocket behind."

It is related of a wealthy Philadelphian, who has been dead many years, that a man came to him one day and asked him for help in business.

"Do you drink?" inquired the millionaire.

"Occasionally."

"Stop it! stop it for one year, and then come and see me."

The young man broke off the habit at once, and at the end of a year again presented himself

"Do you smoke?" asked the great man.

"Yes, now and then."

"Stop it for a year then come."

The young man cut loose from the habit, and after another year once more faced the philanthropist.

"Do you chew?"

"Stop it for one year and then come."

But the man never called. He said:

"Didn't I know what he was driving at? He'd have told me that as I had stopped chewing, drinking and smoking I mus' have saved enough money to start myself in business."—*Christian Leader*.