

I'm glad I saw and took him home
Before he got to school,
To show to all who saw him there
His father was a fool.

The boy was drunk ; on cider, too ;
I smelt it in his breath,
I laid him on his mother's bed,
And oh ! he looked like death.

A fool and blind I've been for years
To make the wretched stuff,
I'll make no more, God helping me ;
It's cursed us long enough.

My boys ! what can I do for them ?
'Twas said in days of yore,
" 'Tis useless, when the horse is gone,
To lock the stable-door."

I'll lock it, then, for other boys,
Lest they to ruin go ;
I'll labor night and day for Fred,
My boy ; I've loved him so.

God help me win him back again
To soberness and truth,
And grant my Harry may not be
A drunkard in his youth. — *Y. T. Banner.*

THE SALOON KEEPER'S GAIN.

" I have made a thousand dollars during the last three months," said a saloon keeper, boastfully, to a crowd of his townsmen.

" You have made more than that," quietly remarked a listener.

" What is that ?" was the quick response.

" You have made wretched homes—women and children poor, sick, and weary of life. You have made my two sons drunkards," continued the speaker, with trembling earnestness, " you made the younger of the two so drunk that he fell and injured himself for life. You have made their mother a broken-hearted woman. Oh, yes ; you have made much—more than I can reckon up, but you'll get the full amount some day."—*Ex.*

INDEPENDENCE.

I said to a young man : " Why won't you sign the pledge ?" He said : " I won't sign the pledge because I won't sign away my liberty." " What liberty ?" " Liberty to do as I please." Young man, is that liberty ? Any man that does as he pleases, independent of physical, moral and divine law, is a mean, miserable slave. There is not so pitiful a slave that crawls the face of this earth as a man that is a slave of evil habits and evil passions. Therefore, what is it to be free ? To be capable of self-government is to be free. To abandon every habit that you consider wrong is to be free. To fight against that which holds you in bondage is to be free. I tell you a man that overcomes an evil habit is a hero. I knew a man who said he would give up the use of tobacco. He used to chew. He took a plug of tobacco out of his pocket and threw it away, and said : " That is the end of my job." But it was the beginning. How he did want it ! He chewed gentian and chewed chamomile flowers and chewed anything to keep his jaws going. Nothing satisfied him. He said the very tip of his tongue clamored for the stimulant. He said : " I will go and get another. I will buy another plug and when I want it awfully, then I will take a little." And he did want it awfully, and took his knife and piece of tobacco, and then he said he thought it was God's spirit striving with him. He held it in his hand, and said : " I love you, and I want you. Are you my master, or am I yours ? That is a question I am going to settle. You are a weed and I am a man. You are a fiend and I am a man. You black Devil, I will master you if I die for it. It never shall be said of me again. There is a man mastered by a thing. I want you, but I will fight you right through." He said it was over six months before he could get over the desire for that tobacco ; but he fought it right through. That man was a hero. A hero has to battle against an enemy. Cocks can fight and dogs can fight ; but for a man to battle against himself, to conquer every evil desire and wicked passion in the sacred name of duty, that is to be noble and that is to be brave.—*John B. Gough.*

Our Gasket.

JEWELS.

As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit.

The readiest and surest way to get rid of censure is to correct yourself.

Any man may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of their temperament.

The best part of health is fine disposition. It is more essential than talent, even in the works of talent. Nothing will supply the want of sunshine to peaches, and, to make knowledge valuable, you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom.

BITS OF TINSEL.

A bad clerk is the wrong man in the write place.

" That prisoner has a very smooth countenance," said the judge to the sheriff. " Yes ; he was ironed just before he was brought in," said the sheriff.

" Lands are measured in rods, leagues and so forth," said the teacher. " Now what is a surveyor ?" " A land leagurer!" shouted one of the boys.

" Walk slower, papa," cried the little girl, whose short steps were no match for the strides of her masculine progenitor, " can't you go nice and slow like a policeman ?"

" Here, waiter, bring me some grammatical and typographical errors." Waiter—" Sir we haven't any—just out, sir. Anything else, sir ?" Guest—" Then, sir, why do you have them in the bill of fare ?"

A Scotch witness, somewhat given to prevarication, was severely handled by a cross-examining counsel. " How far is it between the two farms ?" said the counsel. " By the road it's twa mile." " Yes, but on your oath, how far is it as the crow flies ?" " I dinna ken ; I never was a crow."

" Why do you mutter that way when you read ?" asked a man of an old negro who sat mumbling over a newspaper. " How ought I read, sah !" " Why, read without moving your lips." " What good would dat sorter readin do me, sah ? I couldn't heah it ! When I reads I wanter read so I can heah what I'se readin' about."

A sick little child, on whom his mother had just placed a poultice, was lying in bed. He followed with his eyes the clouds that were playing hide-and-seek in the heavens. Suddenly the moon disappeared behind a nebulous mass. " Look," said the child, " they have a poultice on the moon."

WHITTY SAYINGS.—A mediocre writer, employed on the same subject as Douglas Jerrold, says, " You and I are rowing in the same boat."

" Yes," replies the wit, " but not with the same sculls."

Another inferior artist is eating soup at the Garrick Club. He praises it to Jerrold, and tells him it was calf-tail soup. " Aye," says Jerrold, " extremes meet."

These are strong specimens, but take milder ones ; still the character is there.

Pecuniary calamity overtook a friend of Mr. Edmund Burke. Another friend went to console him, and, like Job's comforters, told him it was all his own fault. " How could you be so unfeeling ?" said Mr. Burke when he heard of it.

" Unfeeling, sir !" says the other. " Why, I went to him directly and poured oil into his wounds."

" Oil of vitriol," says the statesman.

Of course I need not say that a thousand examples of the kind are to be found in literature.

A young lady walking in her garden with Sydney Smith, pointed out to him an everlasting pea, reported to blossom beautifully, " but," she said, " we have never been able to bring it to perfection." " Then," said the kindly wit, " let me bring Perfection to the pea," and so led her by the hand to a closer inspection of the flower.

Coulon, a famous mimic of Louis XV's time, took off the king as well as his subjects. The king heard of it, and insisted on seeing the imitation. He was not offended at it, and gave Coulon a fine diamond pin, and says : " Coming to me this ought to be paste ; but coming from Your Majesty, it is naturally a diamond." Is the element of wit extinguished here by the good nature ? I trow not.