

TINY TOKENS.

The murmur of a waterfall
A mile away,
The rustle when a robin lights
Upon a spray,

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than gold is a thinking mind
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the frigid charities come;

From the Hovel to Heaven.

How many babes born amid
earthly vice and misery have
made that happy exchange!

Yesterday morning some people
living on Macomb Street entered
a house to find father and mother
bestly drunk on the floor;

Father and mother lay down
at dark the evening before, and
people passing by heard the child
crying and wailing.

"It's dark, mother,—it's dark!"
the neighbors heard him wail;
but no one went in to comfort
him and to drive the shadows
away.

By-and-by the ragged blanket
was gently pulled away and the
child opened his eyes and saw a
great light in the room.

"Is it morning?" he whispered;
but the drunkards on the floor
slept on.

Sweet, tender music came to
the child's ear, and the light had
driven every shadow away. He
was no longer afraid.

"Mother! Mother! hear the
music!" he cried; and from out
the soft white light came an an-
gel.

"I am thy mother!" she said.
He was not afraid. He had
never seen her before, but she
looked so good and beautiful that
he held up his wasted hands, and
said,—

"I will go with you."
The music grew softer, and the
melody was so sad and tender,
and yet so full of love and rejoic-
ing, that the drunkards on the
floor moved a little and muttered
broken words.

Other angels came, and the
light fell upon the boy's face in a
blazing shower, turning his curls
to threads of gold. He held up
his arms and laughed for joy.

"Heaven wants you!" the an-
gel whispered. "Earth has no
more sorrow,—no further misery.
Come!"

And he floated away with them,
leaving the sleepers lying as if
dead. The golden light faded
out, the music died away, and
the old house was again filled
with the grim, threatening shad-
ows, which sat around the sleep-
ers and touched their bloated
faces with their gaunt skeleton
fingers, and laughed horribly
when the drunkards groaned in
uneasy slumber.

When people came in the shad-
ows went out. The sleepers still
slept their sodden sleep, and no
one minded them. Men and wo-
men bent low over the child,
smoothed back his curls, and
whispered,—

"Poor, dead boy!"
They knew not that he had
seen the angels, and that they
had borne him to heaven's gate.

Not long ago in Detroit
an old man lay upon his dying
bed, just ready to step over into
the other world. He called to
his side his two sons who were
Christian men and said to them,
"In my long life God has strewed
my pathway with blessings—
riches, honor, and success in ma-
ny things, and I thank him for
them all, but in this last hour of
my life I want to tell you that
all of these things do not give
me any joy compared to the
thought that I have for many
years done my best as a Sunday
School teacher, to lead children
to Christ. Some of them are
now waiting for me on the other
side." Blessed testimony!

A good story is told of an old
farmer, whose son had for a long
time been ostensibly studying
Latin in a popular academy.
The farmer not being perfectly
satisfied with the course and con-
duct of the young hopeful, recall-
ed him from school, and plac-
ing him by the side of a cart one
day, thus addressed him: "Now,
Joseph, here is a fork, and there
is a heap of manure and a cart;
what do you call them in Latin?"
"Fordibus, cartibus et manuri-
bus," said Joseph. "Well, now,"
said the old man, "if you don't
take that fordibus pretty quicki-
bus, and pitch that manuribus
into that cartibus, I'll break your
lazy backibus." Joseph went to
work forthwith.

Only a Stimulant.

A warning to good people who
are not sufficiently careful how
they recommend ardent spirits as
a drink in any case, is furnished
by an incident related by a gen-
tlemen in Edinburg a few years
ago.

A religious lady at Edinburg
was sent to visit a woman who
was dying in consequence of dis-
ease brought on by habits of im-
temperance. The woman had
formerly been in the habit of
washing in this lady's family, and
when she came to the dying wo-
man she remonstrated with her
on the folly and wickedness of
her conduct, in giving way to so
dreadful a sin as intemperance.
The dying woman said,—
"You have been the author of
my intemperance."

"What did you say?" exclam-
ed the lady, with pious horror.
"I the author of your intemper-
ance?"

"Yes, ma'am; I never drank
whiskey until I came to wash in
your family. You gave me some,
saying it would do me good. I
felt invigorated and you gave me
some more. When I was at oth-
er houses not so hospitable as
yours, I purchased a little, and
by-and-by I found my way to the
drum-shop, thinking a little
stimulant was necessary to carry
me through my hard work. And
so by degrees I became what you
now see me."

Conceive what this lady felt.

Fountain of Death.

We can more easily believe
the following than the wild tales
once told of the venomous upas-
tree, that "poisoned the air so
that flying birds dropped dead."

A writer in a California news-
paper says: "About half a mile
over a mountain from Bartlett
Springs, there is what is called
the Gas springs. This is probably
the greatest curiosity of the
mountains. The water is ice-cold,
but bubbling and foaming as if
it boiled, and the greatest wonder
is the inevitable destruction of
life produced by inhaling the gas.
No living thing is to be found
within a circle of one hundred
yards of the springs. The very
birds, if they happen to fly over
it, drop dead.

"We experimented with a lizard
on its destructive properties, by
holding it a few feet above the
water. It stretched dead in two
minutes. It will kill a human
being in twenty minutes. We
stood over it about five minutes,
when a dull, heavy, aching sen-
sation crept over us, and our eyes
began to swim. The gas which
escapes here is of the rankest
kind of carbonic, hence its sure
destruction of life; also of quench-
ing of flames instantaneously."

SORROW.—Sorrow sobers us
and makes the mind genial. And
in sorrow we love and trust our
friends more tenderly, and the
dead become dearer to us. And
just as the stars shine out in the
night, so there are blessed faces
that look at us in their grief,
though before their features were
faded from our recollection.—
Suffering? Let no man dread it
too much, because it is better for
him, and will help him to make
sure of being immortal. It is not
in the bright, happy days, but
only in the solemn night, that the
other worlds are to be seen shin-
ing in the long, long distance.
And it is in sorrow—the night of
the soul—that we see the farthest,
and know ourselves natives of
infinity and sons and daughters
of the Most High!

Hearing the Sermon.

A little girl used to go to church.
She was only between four and
five years of age—quite a little
girl. But she listened to her min-
ister. She knew that he would
tell her good things, and she want-
ed to learn. Once when she
reached home from church, she
said to her mother:

"Mother, I can tell you a little
of Mr. H.'s sermon. He said:
'Touch not the unclean things.'"

That mother wished to know
whether her dear little daughter
understood the meaning of these
words. So she replied:

"Then, my dear child, if Mr.
H. said so, I hope you will take
care in the future not to touch
things that are dirty."

The little girl smiled, and an-
swered:

"O mother, I know very well
what he meant."

"What did he mean?" said the
mother.

"He meant sin," said the child;
"and it is all the same as if Mr.
H. had said, 'You must not tel-
lies, nor do what your mother
forbids you to do, nor play on
Sunday, nor be cross, nor do
things that are bad or wrong.'
The Bible means that a sinful
thing is an unclean thing."

I hope that little girl tried after
that always to shun all kinds of
bad things. What will my little
friends do? Say, little boys and
girls, what will you do?—S. S.
Herald.

A BEAUTIFUL WISH.—A poor
Irish woman applied to a lady
for a flower to put into the hand
of her dead infant, and when a
handsome bouquet was handed her,
she offered to pay for it, which of
course was declined, when, with
a look of gratitude she exclaimed:
"May the Lord Jesus meet you
at the gate of heaven with a crown
of roses."—Nothing could be more
touchingly beautiful as well as
poetical.

God did not take up the three
Hebrews out of the furnace of
fire, but he came down and waked
with them in it. He did not
move Daniel from the den of
lions; he sent his angel to close
the mouths of the beasts. He
did not, in answer to the prayer of
Paul, remove the thorn in the
flesh; but he gave him a suffi-
ciency of grace to sustain him.

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