

"Nellie," he said, to his bright eldest girl "go into my workshop and open my tool chest. You will see there a box with a slit in it. Bring it."

The daughter soon returned, evidently weighed down by a burden. She placed the box on the table. The mother looked at it wonderingly. Soon it was opened by the hammer and screw-driver, which her husband had at hand. He turned the box carefully over, and out rolled a large number of coppers and silver.

"Count it, wife. That is the money I should have spent in drink during the last twelve months. *That is all ours, not the publican's. It is ours.* We are all that better off for my signing the pledge."

The wife tremblingly counted the many coins, each one bearing upon it the invisible stamp of self-conquest. When all was told, there appeared in many copper and silver pillars the sum of fourteen pounds! This was a large sum to them, and to the wife it was more than a large fortune. Her eyes—moistened with tears of joy, and yet kindled with love and trust—met those of her husband. "Thank God," she said, for all His mercies. 'Tis not for the money I praise Him, but for giving my dear husband such strength of will, and me such peace and gladness."—*Canadian Band of Hope.*

Our Casket.

BITS OF TINSEL.

There is not much difference between spending money on a lottery and a lot o' rye.

A Meadville girl who has fallen in love with a journalist refers to him as her papier maché.

A man says his wife is only half like a telescope. He can draw her out but he can't shut her up.

An illiterate soldier contrived to spell the word "usage" without using a letter properly belonging to it. He wrote it "yowzitch."

What is the difference between photography and the whooping cough? One makes fac-similes, and the other sick families.

A little girl spending the summer in the country wrote to her father: "Please bring me a new tooth brush. Mine is molting."

"How do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?" asked the teacher of the dunce of the class. The boy replied: "It depends a good deal whether the word refers to a person or a bee."

It is said of Cartwright that when a certain woman who had more tongue than religion, at a class-meeting said, if she had more feather she could fly to heaven, he prayed: "Lord, stick in the feather and let her go."

A wise Quakeress used to say, in her sermons, that there were three follies of men which always amazed her. The first was their climbing trees to shake fruit down, when, if they only waited a little it would fall of its own accord; the second was that they should go to war to kill each other, when if they but waited, they would all die naturally; and the third was that they should run after women, which, if they would not do, the women would be sure to run after them.

THE WATERED LILIES.

2 Cor. iv, 7.

The Master stood in His garden,
Among the lilies fair,
Which His own right hand had planted,
And trained with tenderest care.

He looked at their snowy blossoms,
—And marked with observant eye,
That his flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and dry.

"My lilies need to be watered,"
The heavenly Master said;
"Wherein shall I draw it for them,
And raise each drooping head?"

Close to His feet on the pathway,
Empty and frail and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
Which seemed of no use at all.

But the Master saw, and raised it,
From the dust in which it lay,
And smiled, as He gently whispered,
"This shall do My work to-day."

"It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to me;
It is small, but it is empty—
That is all it needs to be."

So to the fountain He took it,
And filled it full to the brim,
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of some use to Him.

He poured forth the living water
Over His lilies fair,
Until the vessel was empty;
And again He filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies
Until they revived again:
And the Master saw with pleasure
That His labor had not been vain.

His own hand had drawn the water
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers;
But He used the earthen vessel
To convey the living showers.

And to itself it whispered,
As He laid it aside once more,
"Still will I lie in His pathway,
Just where I did before."

Close would I keep to the Master,
Empty would I remain,
And perhaps some day He may use me
To water His flowers again.

—E. R. V. in Watchman.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A traveler through a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade, at evening time, to breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought: 'twas old and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.
The thought was small; its issue great; a watchfire on the hill;
It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,—a transitory breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of life! O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.

—Charles Mackay.