

"Then the door opened and Jack came in with Tom. I heard somebody on the other side whisper, "that's him!" and another and another, and a rustle crept through the place, and then, all at once, such a cheer went up, I can truly say, I never heard in all my life before—no, not even when the troops came home from the war. The people stood up, and the ladies waved their white handkerchiefs.

"The Superintendent tried to speak, and rapped on his little table, but all in vain, until the crowd had had their three times three. And through it all I watched my boy. He looked around him dazed at first by all the tumult: and trying to know what it meant; but wherever he turned his eyes he met a hundred others smiling on him, and a score of hands stretched out to him as he passed, and all at once—he knew!

"O sir, I cannot tell you about it! How they carried him up to the front, though not on to the platform—there he would not go—how they found me and made me sit beside him; how there were speeches and handshakings and laughing and crying.

"And, at last the Superintendent said there was a little child there, and grand-daughter of the President of the road, who had been with her mother on the train that day, and that she had been selected by many grateful friends to present a little token to the man whose faithful courage had saved so many lives.

"Then a beautiful lady, all in soft, rustling silk came up the aisle, leading the loveliest child I ever saw, with a glory of golden hair around her head like the picture of an angel. I felt Jack start, for it was that very child whose face had come to him in that awful moment on the flying engine.

"The little thing let go her mother's hand as she came near, looking up with shy blue eyes, and in her small fingers was a purse of gold. You could see the great coins shining through the silk netting. She held it up to him, and all the room was still as death. I heard one great sob rise in my boy's throat, and then he lifted the child in his arms, and stood up, holding her, straight and tall.

"But he did not take the purse." "No, darling!" he said in a low, tender voice, so clear that everybody heard. Then he kissed her and lifted one curl from her neck.

"This is the only gold I want!" he said, and looked at the child's mother with a question in his eyes.

"The lady nodded, and my boy took a little pair of scissors from his vest pocket and cut the curl off gently, and put it carefully away.

"And sir, if they had cheered before what was it now? The arched ceiling rang, the gas jets flared and flickered, and the very pendants on the chandeliers clashed together.

"He would not take the money—then nor afterwards.

"It is not ours! What can we do with it? We cannot throw it away!" the Superintendent said.

"I'll tell you then, sir," said Jack, at last. "A tradesman, Jim Flaherty, was killed last week. He left a sick wife and six little children." Give the money to them!"

"And so they did.

"Now you know, sir, what the scars on my boy's face mean to me. I read on the red marks, "Faithful and true!" and I would not have them changed for the coat-of-arms of any king on the throne."—*Youth's Companion.*

Our Casket.

JEWELS.

Blessed is he who has found his work.

Innocence is like polished armor, it adorns and defends.—*Dr. South.*

The most perfect manhood was never nurtured in softness. The whole wealth of our manhood has been and must be won by hard work, by hard and austere training.—*Robert Collyer.*

If there is one thing upon this earth that mankind love and admire better than another, it is a brave man—a man who dares to look the devil in the face, and tell him he is a devil.—*Garfield.*

Try to be happy in this present moment, and put not off being so to a time to come, as though that time should be of another make from this, which is already come, and is ours.—*Fuller.*

Your neighbor's boy passed your saloon nineteen times without entering—the twentieth time he went in. He is now a drunkard,

and his mother's heart breaking. Keep your trap set—there are other boys to be ensnared and destroyed.—*Nash. C. Adv.*

Drams of spirituous liquors are liquid fire; and all who manufacture or sell them are poisoners generally. They murder people by wholesale, they drive them to hell like sheep. The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves. Blood—blood is there. The foundation, the floor, the walls, the roofs of their dwellings are stained with blood.—*John Wesley.*

BITS OF TINSEL.

"A little ragged orphan girl who ne'er
Had had a home nor known a parent's care,
And who, with shoeless feet and hatless head,
Newspapers sold to earn her scanty bread,
Was taken from the city far away,
With others of her kind, one summer day,
To look upon the ocean. At the sight
Her thin, sharp face was filled with grave delight,
And some one said: "I wonder what can be
Her thoughts, poor child, about this mighty sea?"
She heard the words, and quickly turned her head,
And in low tones, "I'se thinkin' ma'am," she said,
"I'se glad I comed, because I never sor
Enough of anything at wunst before."

—*Margaret Eytinge, in Young People.*

Has the "tide of events" anything to do with the "current of public opinion?"

The following legend is said to be written in a Leadville church: "Please do not shoot the organist; he is doing his best."

Standing before a clergyman who was about to marry him, a rustic was asked, "Wilt thou have this woman," &c. The man stared in surprise, and replied, "Ay, surely! Whoy, I kummed a puppus!"

A Frenchman is teaching a donkey to talk. What we want in this country is a man who will teach donkeys not to talk.

"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is it as fatal as that?" gasped the patient.

A stump orator exclaimed: "I know no north, no south, no east, no west, fellow citizens!" "Then," said an old farmer in the crowd, "It's time you went to school and larnt jography."

"Yes," said Miss Penn, "I rejected Mr. Hogg. Nice fellow, but I couldn't have the announcement of marriage appear in the papers under the headline, Hogg-Penn."

A traveller who had been in the Far East told a French lady that Hindoo girls are taught to think of marriage as soon as they can talk. She replied, "French girls are not. They don't require teaching."

Little Tommy, taking a walk along a very dusty road: "What becomes of people when they die, mamma?" Mamma: "They turn into dust, dear." Tommy: "What a lot of people there must be on this road then!"

Teacher: "Define the word 'excavate.'" *Scholar:* "It means to hollow out." *Teacher:* "Construct a sentence in which the word is properly used." *Scholar:* "The baby excavates when it gets hurt."

It is difficult for an honest man to make a living in some parts of London. A second-hand clothier in the East-End, was recently heard to moan, "Vhell, vhell! Efery times I tell der truth I lose money, and efery times I lie I lose a customer. How can an honest man make a living?"

"Ma, what is lanker?" inquired a bright child recently. "I'm sure I don't know, my son. When did you hear the word?" "Why, at Sunday school, you know, they sing, "We'll stand the storm—it won't be long; we'll lanker by and by."

As some lady visitors were going through a penitentiary, under the escort of the superintendent, they came to a room in which three women were sewing. "Dear me," one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious-looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?" "Because they have no other home—this is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly answered the superintendent.