

DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE.

Each pillar of the temple rang,
The trumpetsounded loud and keen,
And every minstrel blithely sang,
With harps and cymbals oft between.
And while those minstrels sang and prayed,
The mystic cloud of glory fell,
The shadowy light, that splendid shade,
In which Jehovah pleased to dwell.

It slowly fell and hovered o'er
The outspread form of cherubim;
The priests could bear the sight no more,
Their eyes with splendor dim:
The king cast off his crown of pride,
And bent him to the ground,
And priest and warrior side by side
Kneel humbly all around.

Deep awe fell down on every soul,
Since God was present there,
And not the slightest breathing stole
Upon the stilly air;
Till he, their prince, with earth-bent eyes,
And head uncrowned and bare,
And hands stretched forth in reverend guise,
To heaven preferred his prayer.

That prayer arose from off the ground
Upon the perfumed breath
Which streaming censens poured around
In many a volumed wreath.
That prayer was heard, and heavenly fire
Upon the altar played,
And burnt the sacrificial pyre
Beneath the victim laid

And thrice resplendent from above
The cloud of glory beamed,
And with unmingled awe and love
Each beating bosom teemed.
They bowed them on the spacious floor,
With heaven-averted eye,
And blessed His name who deigned to pour
His presence from on high.

—H. Rogers.

THE HONEST GOLD DOLLAR.

HERE'S your evenin' paper, all
about the money panic!"

It was a dark winter
night; the keen winds
whistled and howled through the naked
limbs of the trees, and the snowflakes,
driven about by the capricious breeze,
piled up in huge drifts in the Boston
streets.

Under a lamp-post, clad in not the
thickest or fashionable clothing, stood
little Jimmy Graham, stamping his
feet to keep them warm, and crying
between his alternate attempts to
warm his fingers with his breath:

"Here's your evenin' paper, all
about the money panic; las' one I
got!"

The door of a large, brilliantly-
lighted dry goods house just opposite
where Jimmy stood, opened, and a
voice called out:

"Here, boy!"

Jimmy hastened over with alacrity,
and, handing in the paper, took the
penny in his red, cold hand, and hurried
off to join his more fortunate com-
panions, who had disposed of their
papers, and stood congregated under
an archway close by.

"All out, Jimmy?" said one of the
largest boys, as Jimmy came up brush-
ing the snow from his cap and clothes.

"Yes, I'm out—everyone gone!"
answered Jimmy, cheerfully.

Jimmy took out his well-worn purse
to count his money. He drew his last
deposit from his pocket and was about
to put it in his purse when an excla-
mation of surprise escaped his lips.

"What is it, Jimmy?" the boys
said, simultaneously, gathering about
him.

"Why, it's a gold dollar, instead of
a cent!" answered Jimmy.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed one of the
boys. "That's good luck, Jimmy.
Let's have oysters on that."

"No," interposed another boy, pat-
ting Jimmy affectionately on the
shoulder, "we'll all go the theatre."

The archway, while furnishing pro-
tection from the storm, also served as
a short cut for pedestrians who lived
in that section. On this particular
night, travel was unusually lively, but
the boys, as they stood under the dim
gas-light looking at the gold piece, paid
no heed to the passers-by.

Jimmy was silent for a moment.
He turned the glittering coin over and
over in his hand, the boys still per-
suading him. The temptation was
great.

"Now, come, Jimmy, we can have
a grand time to night. Nobody will
ever question you about where you got
the extra money," persisted one of the
boys.

"See here, boys," persistently spoke
up Jimmy. "I'm not goin' to buy
oysters, nor I'm not goin' to the
theatre. I'm goin' to take this money
back."

"Listen at the little idiot!" rudi-
culed one of the boys. "Why, Jimmy,
you don't where you got him!"

"Oh, but I do, though," was
Jimmy's positive answer. "I got it
from the man in the store where I
sold the last paper."

"An' you ain't a goin' to treat on
your luck?" asked Ned Anderson.

"Not much; mammy told me never
to keep a cent when I knowed who it
belonged to, an' I ain't a goin' to do it.
It's not honest!"

And before any of his companions
could reply, Jimmy had disappeared
in the dark, blinding storm and was
soon at home, where he told his mother
all about his adventure.

His mother commended him for his
noble action, and instructed him how
to conduct himself when he entered
the store to return the money.

The next morning found him up
early, and he impatiently waited the
hour at which he supposed the prop-
rietor would be in.

As he entered the store, he ad-
dressed one of the clerks in a pleasant
manner.

"Why, my little man," said the
clerk pleasantly, "you can not see
Mr. —; he's busy in his office."

"But I have something for him,
an' I ought to see him," persisted
Jimmy respectfully.

"Well, I'll report to him," said the
clerk, entering the private apartment.

Presently he came to the door and
beckoned to Jimmy, saying that he
was permitted to enter.

Jimmy was somewhat confused, as
he stood in the presence of the old
gentleman, who eyed him curiously
from over his spectacles.

"Well, what's your business?"
came the gruff demand.

"Why, sir," said Jimmy, with
diffidence, "last night I sold you a
paper, an' you give me this dollar for
a cent."

And he put the gold piece on the
desk.

"Did I? Let me see," and the old
gentleman, fumbling in his pockets,
drew forth a penny.

"Well, well, so I did. But who
told you to bring it back?"

"Mammy sir. She always told me
never to keep a penny, nor any money
I got, if I knowed who it belonged to."

"Good advice—excellent advice, my
boy. And now you may not only
keep the dollar, but come around here
to-morrow, and I'll see if I can not

find you something better than selling
papers."

Jimmy hurried home to tell his
mother all about it, and the next day
he was installed as errand boy, and so
diligently and faithfully did he attend
to his duty that he was elevated as he
grew older and soon became one of the
foremost and trusted clerks in the
great Boston dry goods establishment.

Jimmy kept his dollar, and it was
known among his former associates as
the "Honest Gold Dollar."—*Youth's
Examiner.*

"T'WAS THE KIND WORD YOU
SPOKE THAT SAVED ME."

ROSA! look at that horrid
drunken man, on the curb-
stone; do come across the
street, for I won't pass him
for anything."

And Mary ran away as fast as she
could. Now Rosa was afraid too; but
the song she had been learning that
day was still fresh in her memory.
"Speak a kind word when you can,"
she had been singing, and the man
before her, with his head bent on his
hands, looked so forlorn and wretched,
so sadly in need of a kind word, that
she went a little nearer, and said
timidly, "Poor man, I am sorry for
you. Can I do any thing to help
you?"

He raised his head, and looked at
her in surprise, and his haggard face
and despairing eyes almost caused her
to cry for pity.

"Little girl, your kind words have
helped me already. I never expect to
hear any again, for I am without a
friend on earth."

"But God will be your friend, if
you will ask him," said Rosa softly,
going still nearer, while Mary beck-
oned anxiously for her to come away.

"Did you ever ask him?" con-
tinued Rosa.

"No; I have been sinning against
him all my life," groaned the man.

"Poor man, let God be your friend.
He can do everything for you. I am
your friend, but I can't do anything
but speak a kind word."

"Darling little girl, that kind word
has saved me, good-by." And he held
out his shaking hand.

Rosa was not afraid now, and she
placed her plump little hand in his,
and as he bent down and kissed it, two
hot tears fell upon it. Then he went
away, and Rosa rejoined her com-
panion.

"O you queer creature! How
could you let that awful-looking man
take hold of your hand? I thought
he was going to eat you when he bent
down his head," was Mary's greeting.

"I was afraid at first, Mary, but I
am so glad I spoke to him. Only
think; he says my kind words saved
him."

"Well, he never could have been
saved if it had depended on my kind
words," replied Mary.

Years after, a stranger, a noble,
silver-haired old man, was addressing
the Sunday-school, and telling the
scholars always to be kind to the
friendless, and distressed ones, especi-
ally the drunkard; "for when I was
friendless, and sinful, and wretched,"
said he, "God sent a dear child to
speak a kind word that saved me."

When the school closed, a young
girl held out her hand to him, and with
tears in her eyes, asked, "Sir, do you
know me?"

He looked at her long and earnestly,
and taking both hands in his, he said
slowly and solemnly, "Yes, dear child,
'twas the kind word you spoke that
saved me! Rosa wept for gladness.—
Youth's Examiner.

FOR WANT OF A LATCH.

AN old step-ladder lesson, setting
forth the sad import of little
neglects, is worth a thousand
repetitions:

"For want of a nail the shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe the horse was lost;
For want of a horse the rider was lost—
And all for the want of a horse-shoe nail."

This is said to be originally taken
from actual history—of a certain aide-
de-camp whose horse fell lame on a
retreat and delayed him until the
enemy overtook and killed him.

Another actual case, embodying the
same lesson against the lazy and shift-
less habit of "letting things go," is
related by the French political econ-
omist, M. Say:

"Once, at a farm in the country,
there was a gate, enclosing the cattle
and poultry, which was constantly
swinging open for the want of a proper
latch. The expenditure of a penny or
two, and a few minutes' time, would
have made all right. It was on the
swing every time any person went out,
and not being in a state to shut readily,
many of the poultry were from time
to time lost.

"One day a fine young porker made
his escape, and the whole family, with
the gardener, cock, and milkmaid,
turned out in quest of the fugitive.
The gardener was the first to discover
the pig, and in leaping a ditch to cut
off his escape he got a sprain which
laid him up for a fortnight.

"The cook, on returning to the
farmhouse, found the linen burned
that she had hung up before the fire
to dry; and the milkmaid, having for-
gotten in her haste to tie up the cattle
in the cow-house, found that one of
the loose cows had broken the leg of a
colt that happened to be kept in the
same shed.

"The linen burned, and the gardener's
work lost, were worth fully twenty-
five dollars, and the colt was at least
worth double that money; so that
there was a loss in a few minutes of a
large sum, purely for want of a little
latch which might have been supplied
for a few cents."

MISERY BY THE GALLON.

AT a temperance meeting in
Weldon, North Carolina, one
old colored man said: "When
I sees a man going home wid a gallon
o' whiskey and a half a pound o' meat,
dat's temperance lecture 'nuff fo' me.
And I sees it ebery day. I knows
dat ebery thing in his house is on de
same scale—a gallon of misery to every
half pound of comfort."

It is probable that as much misery
can be carried home in a gallon
whiskey-jug as in any other vessel of
the same size.—*Selected.*

THE maelstrom attracts more notice
than the quiet fountain, a comet draws
more attention than the steady star;
but it is better to be the fountain than
the maelstrom, and star than comet,
following out the sphere and orbit of
quiet usefulness in which God places
us.