

THE PRECIOUS TOKENS.

I have something Jesus gave me
For my own!
It is something which he sent me
From his throne.

I do not seek for hidden gold,
In earth's ground,
Nor give my wealth to gain the pearl
Which I found.

It is something which I carry
Near my heart:
It is safe till Jesus bids me
From it part.

In itself it has no value
More than tears,
Though I'm weary as I bear it,
I've no fears.

It is precious as a token
From my Lord,
That His heart thought is as loving
As His word!

Like His presence, it doth bring me
Peace divine;
'Tis His sweet and tender whisper,
"Thou art mine."

What is the gift I clasp so closely,
Wouldst thou see?
'Tis a cross, which Christ my Master,
Sent to me.

If my human hand had found it,
I should grieve,
But my Jesus laid it on me,
I believe!

Oh, how sweet it is to bear it
As His gift,
While the burden of my treasure
Christ doth lift!

—Congregationalist.

A JEWEL LOST.

BY EARNEST GILMORE.

"Lost—somewhere—a golden hour
Of this glowing autumn day;
Since the sunrise, ere the sun set,
I have lost it on my way."

Fanny Randolph sat in a darkened room brooding over her trials. It did seem as if no one in the whole world was as burdened as she was. She wished she could fly away somewhere and be at rest. "Such an unsympathetic set of children as ours I never heard of," she wailed, and then following the wail came a burst of hot tears.

"What's the trouble, Fannie dear?" asked a cheery voice, as the door opened softly and a sunshiny face peeped in. "Seems as if I heard the sound of sobbing. Where are you anyway? It's as dark as a pocket here," and Susie Holloway stumbled over an inconvenient hassock before she reached her friend's side. The sobbing had ceased. Fannie laughed as she answered, "I'm here, having just been enjoying the luxury of a good cry. The fact is, I'm completely weary of housekeeping and the care of children; it is monotonous and wearsome beyond endurance."

"Have you been in here enjoying the luxury ever since you closed the blinds?" asked Susie, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Yes, ever since; it does not seem long though. Did you see me close the blinds?"

"Yes, I am sorry you lost a jewel, Fannie."

"Why, Sue, I have lost nothing, it was Laura Don; she lost the ruby out of her finger ring, but her father says she can have another as soon as they go to the city."

"But, Fannie, you, too, have lost a jewel, and your father will never replace it," Susie said soberly.

"What do you mean, Sue?"

"I mean you have lost this hour brooding. Let me recite you a couple of verses from the 'Link of Gold.'"

"For my hour was a jewel,
And wild rays shined upon set;
But of each minute six seconds
Made the radiance brighter yet."

"Oh, has anybody seen it?"

"No, my friend, as hour of gold
We ought to buy another,
But its treasures are not sold."

Fannie was crying again, but this time the tears were not angry ones, but those of repentance.

"I'm so sorry, Sue, that I have been so wicked; I who profess to follow our Master. Let me tell you my troubles, Sue, and you

will help me. I do not want to lose any more links of gold."

"Tell on, dear, I'm listening."

"It is hard to be both sister and mother."

"So it is, Fannie."

"And it is hard to have so poor a servant as Biddy is; she almost distracts me."

"Then get some one to take her place as soon as you can. In the meantime make the best of her. What are her principal faults?"

"She is a wretched cook, and is very untidy; such a looking table as she sets, everything on askew. Father don't enjoy his meals much."

"Can't you teach her better?"

"No; I have tried a good many times."

"Couldn't you help for awhile—assist in the cooking and set the table? I do."

"I suppose I could, but I don't like puttering around the kitchen."

"I would not putter, whatever that may be, I would work," Sue answered, smiling.

"But Biddy is not the worst of my trouble. Albert is so trying. I believe he tears his pants purposely to make me mend them, and Carl is forever cutting chips and littering up the house, and as for Janie, I don't know as there ever comes a day that her demands upon one are not 'outrageous.'"

"Fannie, my dear, you are blue and no mistake. Come out of this dark room. I want you over to my house a little while, and when you return I will give you a recipe that was once given to me to use."

"A recipe for what?"

"To bring sunshine out of darkness." Fannie went with Sue, remained a half hour, and then returned with a slip of folded paper in her hand. She opened and read, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." And then underneath were the pencilled words: "Please use the recipe in your own family first, dear friend."

The afternoon had nearly passed away when Albert and Carl returned from school. They burst into the sitting-room like young hurricanes, but were struck dumb with surprise, when instead of the expected, "Do stop your everlasting noise!" from Fannie, she said, "Your coat is all mended nicely; Albert; it lies on your bed, and you'll find something you wanted in the pocket," adding to Carl as Albert ran up the stairs, "I have cleared out the big closet for you, Carl, so as you can whittle all you want to. I shouldn't wonder if you would be a famous carver some day."

Carl said nothing but went to explore "the big closet," coming back just as Albert was kissing Fannie. He heard him say, "Oh, Fan, how good of you to give me your red silk handkerchief. I've begged for it so often that I didn't deserve it, but I'll make it all right though. I know where some royal cat-tails grow, and I'll bring you some of the finest you ever saw before I'm an hour older."

Albert could not say any more, for Carl pushed him aside to take Fannie's smiling face between his hands. He kissed it tenderly saying huskily, "I've been a mean fellow, Fan, chipping all over the house just to be hateful, but you've punished me now, heaping coals on my head. Oh, what a cute little workroom that closet makes, so light, too, with the big, clean window. Oh, Fan, I'll make you some of the prettiest things you ever saw—Swiss cottages and a clock and a double bracket." And then an hour later, when Mr. Randolph and his children gathered at the supper table, a gleam of light broke over all the faces. And why? Because the table was laid so neatly, with the vase of beautiful flowers in the centre, and the egg-toast was so delicious and the flaky brown potatoes done to a turn. "You are improving wonderfully, Biddy," Mr. Randolph said, as the girl brought in the tea. "Shure, sir, it's Miss Fannie needs all the praise, fer 'tis her that's done it all. Bless her, but I'm afther thryin' to larn, an' I will larn, too." Then Biddy went into the kitchen and Mr. Randolph looked at his daughter. That look she never forgot; it took deep root in her heart, and with it went the last vestige of darkness. She rejoiced that she was the possessor of a wonderful recipe. The recipe is free too. Are you using it?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

NEVER CUT LAMP WICKS, but wipe them off, as this gives a more even flame than cutting. It is poor economy to use a wick after it becomes stiff and discolored; remember it strains all the oil, and it is still poorer economy to burn cheap oil. The odor is almost unbearable, and very unhealthy, causing sore throat and eyes, while dim flame is all that can be obtained from it.

WHICH?

BY IRENE WIDDEMER HARTT.

Frank Barton bounded up the dark, rickety stairs of the tenement where he lived in a few rooms with his mother. He burst open the door of their apartments, crying:

"At last, mother, at last!"

"What, Frank?"

She was looking unusually pleased about something, but he was too impatient to tell his own good news to hear hers.

"A situation, of course, and at seven dollars a week."

"Why, Frank?"

"You may well be astonished. I could scarcely believe my own ears. It came in such a strange way, too. I stopped in a hardware store to ask if they wanted a boy. The man said he did not, very crossly, and ordered me to go about my business, when another man who was in there stepped up to me as I was going out and said that he wanted a boy in his store, that he liked my looks, and would take me. I told him I was out of employment because my last employer failed, and that I had good recommendations. That was all right, he said; he didn't care so much for what my last employer thought; he would judge for himself. He's a nice man, mother. He has such a winning, kind way."

"When do you begin?"

"To-morrow morning. So our starvation days are over. I knew that something would come. I went into his store with him. It's a perfect palace, I can tell you."

"Why, what kind of store is it?"

"That's it, mother. I have been afraid you wouldn't approve of it; it's a liquor-store."

"You promised to come, did you?" she asked simply.

"What else could I do! It was that or starve."

"You were small when your father died," she said; "you do not remember what caused his death."

"Yes, I do. He was killed when he was," he could not add "drunk." "But you need never fear that I will learn to drink. I hate it as much as you do. Think of seven dollars a week! Why, we'll live like kings."

"I, too, heard of a situation for you," she returned.

"It never rains but it pours. What is yours?"

"A very different one. You were just gone this morning when a man called. He said that he had heard that you wanted a situation, that all the neighbors spoke well of you, and that he wanted such a boy. He is a shoemaker. He wants an apprentice, and offers fifty cents a week beside board and clothes, which is unusual. He is a Christian man, and he will help you to walk in the straight and narrow path."

The broad road looked more attractive just then.

The small shoemaker-shop where he must peg away day after day, and be only a shoemaker when he had learned; no company but this man, whoever he was; on the other side, almost a palace to spend his time, plenty of talking and fun, and jovial companions? He remembered how pleasantly all who were in the saloon greeted him. To be sure, they laughed when he refused to drink, but they would get over that when they found how determined he was not to drink.

"Why," he burst out, "I would have to leave home if I were apprenticed, and what would become of you?"

"Mrs. Armstrong, who brought him in, offers to board me for two dollars a week. I make three now by sewing, and then would make more, as I would have no housework to do."

"We'd have no home."

"Mrs. Armstrong proposes that you come to her house to dinner every Sunday, and the shoemaker kindly asked me to tea with you one week."

"I prefer to keep our own home. If I take the other we can do so; and he said something about raising my wages if I suit, which I will."

"O Lord! save my boy," prayed the mother's heart.

Little was said during the frugal supper. They did not speak again of either of the situations during the evening. They retired early. Mrs. Barton spent the hours in prayer. Frank, tossing on his hard bed, hungry from his slight supper, determined

to accept the situation in the liquor-store. He and his mother then could live in their own home and have plenty to eat, he argued. With the shoemaker it would be years before he could get more than the pittance of fifty cents a week; maybe the liquor-dealer would raise his wages in a few weeks, and from that he would go right up. He would work hard to please him, and by the time he was grown up he might be taken into partnership or have a store of his own. The road to fortune was easy there, for every one who sold rum made money, and who ever knew a shoemaker to accumulate wealth? He remembered what his mother said about this shoemaker being a Christian, and helping him—as if he needed any help! He could and would be a Christian, even in the liquor-store. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink!"

Then he saw himself, as he saw the half-pint bartender that day (only no need to be sober, he thought), giving glasses half full, and sometimes full, of whiskey to his neighbor.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink!" He could think of nothing but those words. They seemed spoken in his ears.

He heard the rough voices, profane language, which he shrank from now. He would grow accustomed to it after a while. He knew too well that he would; and there would come a time when he would laugh at their low jests from which he turned now in horror. He would grow used to seeing men intoxicated; he would give drink to men who were bartering everything, even their souls, for it. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink!" He saw himself sinking lower day by day, and when he had sunk and was debased in soul, what was there to keep him from being debased in body? There was the Lord. His mother had taught him to ask strength of the Lord to keep from sin; but how could he do so when he disobeyed His commands, and how could he keep pure of his own strength?

Suppose he went to the shoemaker, what would he ever amount to, and how would he ever make any money? All his life he would be a poor workman, while there was not a doubt of making a great deal of money in liquor. He wished that he would not remember that the solemn question had been asked, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" He wished that the Bible did not use such language that there was no mistaking its meaning. He sat up in his bed. Why was it so particular, anyway, if men would buy liquor what difference would it make if he sold it to them? He wished he could forget that the Bible has said, "Woe unto him," if he did.

He decided one thing, and that was that he could not be a Christian and enter that saloon. If he went there he must give up God and go down, down. He was a wise boy for his years, and he had striven to lead a Christian life; so he looked it in the face. Give up God, and for what? A few paltry dollars. Not only give Him up, but by his example lead others from Him. "O Lord!" he prayed, "lead me not into temptation."

"Mother," he called at her door a little later, "are you awake?"

"Yes, my son," answered the mother.

"I have decided. I will go to the shoemaker."—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

ARE YOU SAFE?

Two little girls were playing with their dolls in a corner of the nursery, and singing, as they played,

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'er-shaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Mother was busy writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little ones' talk unobserved by them.

"Sister, how do you know you are safe?" asked Nellie, the younger of the two.

"Because I am holding Jesus with both my two hands—tight!" promptly replied sister.

"Ah! that's not safe," said the other child. "Suppose Satan came along and cut your two hands off!"

Little sister looked very troubled for a few moments, dropped poor dolly, and thought deeply. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out:

"Oh, I forgot! I forgot! Jesus is holding me with His two hands, and Satan can't cut His hands off; so I am safe!"—*Baptist Teacher.*