

Vol. III.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 31, 1885.

[No. 3.

Beautifu Things. BRAUTIFUI, faces are those that wear— It matters little if dark or fair— Whole-souled honesty printed thore.

Beautiful eyes are those that show Like crystal pancs where heart-fires glow, Beautiful shoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words Leap from the heart like songs of birds, Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful lives are those that bless Silent rivers of happiness, Whose bidden fountains but few may guess.

We Never Drink.

On the stage were seven or eight soldiers from the Eighth Maine Reg-While at the stage house in iment. Lincoln, there came to the office a poor blind man-stone blind, slowly feeling

was a sergeant in our company. We always liked him." "Where is he now?"

"He is a lieutenant in a coloured regiment, and a prisoner at Charleston." For, a moment the old man ventured

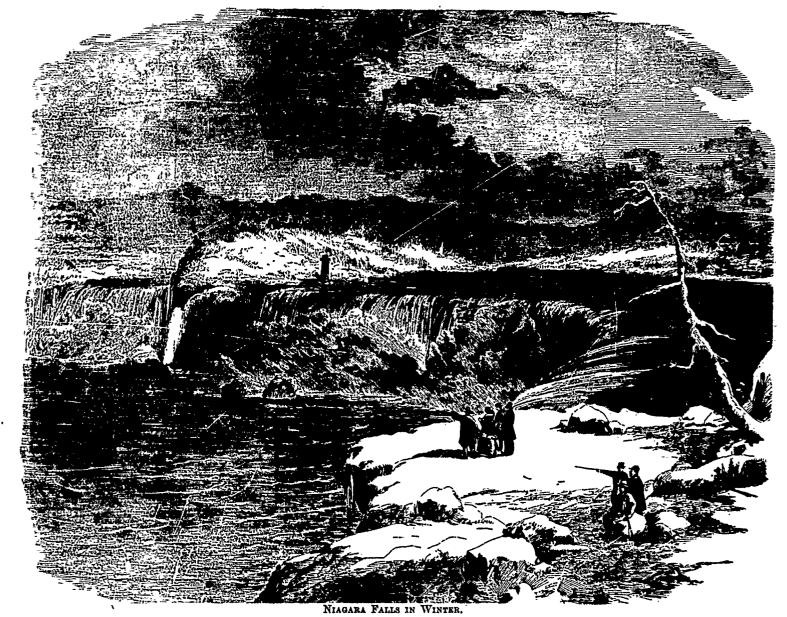
not to reply, but at last sadly and slowly he said: "I feared as much. I have not

heard from him for a long time."

But mark what followed. Another individual in the room, who had looked on the scene as I had, with feelings of pride in our soldiers, immediately advanced and said :

"Boys, this is a handsome thing, and I want you to drink with me. stand treat for the company."

I waited with interest for the reply. It came :



Beautiful hands are those that do Work that is earnest, brave and true, Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go On kindly ministries to and fro-Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear Coaseless burdens of homely care, With patient grace and daily prayer.

his way with his cane. He approached the soldiers and said in the gentlest tone:

"Boys, I hear you belong to the ighth Regiment. I have a son in Eighth Regiment. that regiment." "What is his name?"

"John-

"Oh yes, we know him well.

They did not wait for another word ; but these soldiers took from their wallets a sum of money, nearly twenty dollars, and offered it to the old man,

a in saving:
"If our whole company was here we would give you a hundred dollars. The old man said, "Boys, you must put it in my wallet, for I am blind."

"No sir; we thank you kindly; we

appreciate your offer—but we never drak." The scene was perfect; the first noble and generous; the last was grand. How many such soldiers under the same temptation would have spoiled a singularly good deed in taking thanks for it out of a whiskey-glass.-Ex.