

HOME & SCHOOL

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Beautiful Things.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show
Like crystal panes where heart-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts 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 hidden fountains but few may guess.

We Never Drink.

ON the stage were seven or eight
soldiers from the Eighth Maine Reg-
iment. While at the stage house in
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 ad-
vanced and said:

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

I waited with interest for the reply.
It came:



NIAGARA FALLS IN WINTER.

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
Ceaseless 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
Eighth Regiment. I have a son in
that regiment."

"What is his name?"

"John——"

"Oh yes, we know him well. He

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,
saying:

"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
drink."

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.*