

Our Casket.

GEMS AND TRINKETS.

WAIT AND SEE.

When my boy, with eager question,
Asking how, and where, and when,
Taxes all my store of wisdom,
Asking, o'er and o'er again,
Questions oft to which the answers
Give to others still the key,
I have said, to teach him patience,
"Wait, my little boy, and see."

And the words I taught my darling,
Taught to me a lesson sweet;
Once when all the world seemed darkened,
And the storm about to beat,
In the "children's room" I heard him,
With a child's sweet mimicry,
To the baby-brother's questions,
Saying wisely, "Wait and See."

Like an angel's tender chiding,
Came the darling's words to me,
Though my Father's ways were hidden,
Bidding me still wait and see.
What are we but restless children,
Ever asking what shall be!
And the Father, in His wisdom,
Gently bids us "Wait and see."

—*Mothers' Magazine.*

A poor little newsboy, while attempting to jump from a city car the other afternoon, fell beneath the car and was fearfully mangled. As soon as he could speak he called piteously for his mother, and a messenger was sent to bring her to him. When the bereaved woman arrived, she hung over the dying boy in an agony of grief. "Mother," whispered he with a painful effort, "I sold four newspapers, and the money is in my pocket." With the hand of death upon his brow, the last thought of the suffering child was for the poor, hard working mother, whose burdens he was striving to lighten when he lost his life.—*Am. Paper*

USE OF BEREAVEMENT.—"See, father," said a lad, who was walking with his father, "they are knocking away the props from under the bridge; what are they doing that for? Won't the bridge fall?" "They are knocking them away," said the father, "that the timbers may rest more firmly upon the stone piers, which are now finished." God only takes away our earthly props that we may rest firmly upon Him.—*Ez.*

REVOLUTIONS NEVER GO BACKWARD.—Temperance reform, aye, prohibition, will come despite political chicanery, duplicity and cowardice. The people will not rest quiet while the liquor traffic ulcer is doing its work of death. Shift the question as you may, it will not down. Sooner or later, if it is not met by Legislatures and parties as it should be and solved in the interest of the welfare and happiness of the people, an avalanche of righteous indignation will sweep the curse from the land, together with all its advocates. Possibly it may be necessary to cut out the ulcer, but out it must come.—*Liberty Herald.*

INSTITUTIONS.—You might as well go to the catacombs of Egypt and scrape up the dust of the mummies, and knead it into loaves, and bake them in your oven, and call such things men, and present them, as citizens and teachers, for our regard, as to bring old, time-worn institutions to serve the growth and the living wants of today.—*H. W. Beecher.*

THE TREE OF THE NINTH COMMANDMENT.—An American authoress, in a work on Hindostan, relates a little incident of heathen superstition which is rather suggestive to those who call themselves better than heathen.

At Ulwar, the British Agent wished to plant an avenue of trees on either side of the road, in front of the shops, for the purpose of shade. He chose Peepul trees, as they are considered sacred by the Hindoos. But so soon as the natives shop-keepers heard of his

selection, they all declared that if these trees were planted they would not occupy the shops. When asked the reason, they replied that it was because *they could not tell untruths or swear falsely under a Peepul tree*; "and how," said they, "can we carry on business otherwise?"

It would be well for some shop-keepers nearer home to have that Tree of the Ninth Commandment spread over them.—*Monthly Cabinet.*

BITS OF TINSEL.

"How can I expand my chest?" asked a stingy fellow of a physician. "By carrying a larger heart in it," was the reply.

A good old quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarns of a person as long as her patience would allow, said to him: "Friend, what a pity it is a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary to thy happiness?"

"Wordsworth" says Charles Lamb, "one day told me that he considered Shakespeare greatly over-rated." There is an immensity of trick in all Shakespeare wrote, said he, "and people are taken in by it. Now if I had a mind, I could write exactly like Shakespeare." "So you see," proceeds Lamb, "it was *only the mind* that was wanting."

It was Sheridan that said to the tailor who asked him for at least the interest of his bill. "It is not my interest to pay the principal, nor my principle to pay the interest."

It was Sheridan too who said to his guests one day, "Now Gentlemen let us understand each other. Are we going to drink like men or like beasts?" A little indignantly some of the guests replied: "Like men of course." "Then," said S, "we are going to get jolly drunk, for brutes never drink more than they want." He might have added, "Nor anything intoxicating either."

A greenhorn went to a menagerie to examine the wild beasts. Some gentlemen present expressed the opinion that the ourang-outang was a lower order of the human species. Hodge did not like the idea, and expressed his contempt for it thus: "Pooh! he's no more human species than I be!"

A German at a hotel in this city the other day had some Limberger cheese sent to him. A little boy who sat beside him turned to his mother and exclaimed: "Mamma, how I wish I was deaf and dumb in my nose."

"George," said Mrs. Goodwin to her nephew, "how are you getting on with Susan?" "Not very well, aunt. You see I suspect she powders, and I don't like that sort of thing." "Oh, that's nothing," replied Aunt Goodwin, laughing. "A nice soldier you would make, now, wouldn't you? If you can't face powder, how can you expect ever to get into an engagement?"

Dublin (or maybe it was Chicago) once boasted of a magistrate, one Justice O'Malley, whose eloquence and erudition made him the pride and delight of the city. "So sorr," he thundered at an old offender who had often escaped what the judge always spoke of as "the butt end of the law," "y'arre about to incurr the pinalty of your malefactions. Justice, sorr, may purshue wid a leaden heel, but she smites"—here the quotation eluded him—"she smites"—triumphantly—"she smites wid a cast iron toe."

"How many horse power has this engine?" asked a stranger of a colored man who was inspecting the new engine that runs the *Siftings* press. The colored man to whom the question was addressed scratched his head under his hat, and replied: "I dunno, boss, how many hoss power hit's got, but I heerd hit tuck six mules and a truck to fotch hit from the depot."

For Girls and Boys.

GEORGE'S FIRST-FRUITS.

Three youths had undertaken to do a piece of work for which, when completed, they were to receive a certain sum; not a very large one, but a great deal to them, inasmuch as it would be the first money any one of them had earned by his own exertions.