

wounded spirit. They are truly heaven's messengers, sent to us in our darkest moments, like angels of light and mercy, and in moments of pleasure, right glad are we to treasure them. And why should we not cultivate a stock in the garden of our hearts, or why not rather cultivate the soil there?

Heaven's teachings would foster and cherish them, "growing with our growth, and strengthening with our strength;" sincere would they be, those kind words! It has been thought that kindness of heart and manner belong most appropriately to woman's gentle sphere; she is called a "ministering angel," and not underrivally. But cannot man, "head of the woman," also let words of kindness dwell on his tongue? Oh, if he but only would! How many a trusting woman's heart would respond, "for sweet are such tones from lips we love." Would not each domestic circle become a little paradise under the influence of kind words? Let each member thereof suppress the angry retort, smooth the unamiable frown, look cheerily, answer softly—would it be wonderful if happiness entered there, and took up her willing abode? Husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, all knit together by sweet ties of affection; their hopes, their interests, all undivided, their cares lightened, their hearts gladdened, and all by the influence of kind words!

And this spirit, as the circle gradually widens, would permeate through society. A simple thing is a kind word, yet how important!—Young folks, let your words as well as deeds be kind, always kind. If nature has not graced you with personal beauty, she will fully compensate, if you, like the fairy in the fable, let only pearls and diamonds drop from your lips. Will you try it, by rule and cultivation? You will, you must succeed. One day, your hearts will be full of light, and you will suddenly find yourselves winged angels, and God will whisper, "Faithful servants, come up higher!"

#### A BLIND GIRL FEELING FOR A SUNBEAM.

The sun has just burst out of the clouds, and a heavy golden beam comes in at our window. How bright and cheerful! It comes in so silently, yet it speaks to the heart. Thank a kind God for sunshine! Ages on ages it has illuminated and gladdened a world, yet we hardly think of the great fountain of light and beauty. Writing of sunshine brings to mind a touching incident which came under our observation as

we were travelling in the cars. Opposite us was seated a family of four, consisting of a man and his wife, and two children—boy and girl—twins, and totally blind. Two lovelier children we never saw. The family were from the South. A southern sun had given each cheek a rich olive complexion relieved by a beautiful bloom upon the children's countenances. The boy was lightly built, and finely chiselled features, and hair of a dark brown, clustering in rich curls around his neck. The girl was yet more slender, and fragile as a leaf, and of the same spiritualized beauty. Her habit was dark. Her hair was black as night, its heavy glossy tresses confined by a golden band which glittered brightly upon the dark back-ground. They both seemed happy, conversing with an intelligence beyond their years. The train stopped for a moment on the route. The windows were all raised, and the children leaning out as if to see. The little girl heaved a long sigh, and then leaned back in the seat, exclaiming, "O mother, I cannot see anything." A tear trembled in her eye, and her voice was so sad and low, that it went to the heart of every passenger who heard the beautiful and unfortunate creature.

"Neither can I see, Bell; but I know everything is beautiful," said her brother, as the light winds lifted the thin lock. "You're beautiful, are you not, Bell?"

Just then a flood of sunshine gushed from the white clouds in the west like a flash, and fell full and warm upon the cheek of the sad girl, and upon the tears in her eyes.

Quick as thought she put up her hand, and attempted to grasp the golden pencils that were playing through her thick braids upon her neck and cheek. Eagerly she shut her hand upon vacancy, and a shadow fell upon her countenance as she failed to touch the sunshine. "Mother, I cannot feel it; has it fled out of the window?"

"What, Bell?"

"The sunshine, mother. It touched my cheek, but I cannot touch that."

The mother's eyes swam in tears, as did those of nearly all in the car. A blind girl feeling for a sunbeam upon her cheek! That beam was radiant with beauty, yet she could not behold it. It gleamed upon a world, but was night to her. Its silver bursting in the east, or its golden fading in the west, followed as day followed day; but it fell not upon her vision nor faded at the decline of day. It glowed in the sky, upon forest and field, lake and river; but not in the blue orbs of the sightless girl. By a

singular coincidence, the boy tried to feel of the breeze that came cool upon the cheek as the cars sped swiftly on. The breeze swept over the yellow fields and meadows, coquetted with the locks of the blind boy, but his footsteps were unseen by him. We involuntarily thanked God that we could look upon the beautiful world He has made, and dropped a tear over the hapless children who must grope their way to the grave through a long night. May the light of bliss burst upon them. Long shall we remember the two blind children.—*Baltimore Dispatch.*

#### DANGERS OF TIPLING.

This is a time when every well-wisher of humanity should admonish the young to beware of the evil of strong drink. I am alarmed to see the prevalence that there is of intemperance. You have known cases in which a fire broke out in a building, and engines came and poured their streams upon it, until at last the flames were subdued, and the great clouds of smoke rolled up, and one by one the engines were taken away, and the policemen set to watch the place; and by and by the flames broke out again here and there, so that it was necessary to again invoke the engines, although the fire had seemed to be extinguished.

Now, the human heart is so inflammable, the passions are so temptable, that it is necessary to keep playing upon them all the time—and for that matter, in this particular sin, with cold water. For there is a recurring liability, in every generation, to lapse into intemperance. And there is this about it; that the temptations are most insidious! the appearances are most specious; the risks are terrible; and the expectations are exactly contrary to the probable results. Men do not expect to be drunkards. Men do not become drunkards suddenly. The work of their degradation is gradual. At first they take a social glass, they take a glass for social reasons, not dreaming that the time will come when their appetite for strong drink will be irresistible; and with more and more frequent indulgence, the habit increases, and at last carries them beyond their own control. They sip and sip, always declaring that they could stop well enough if they wanted to; but they never stop. They slide down step by step, till their life is bought. Their noble powers are wasted. They have lost the errand of life. And even if men at a late period do reform, still their life is gone. It seems the most fatal thing in the world—