# YOUNG FOLKS' STORY BOOK.

EDITED BY
PANSY.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY,
BOSTON.

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*WITH NEARLY ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS*

BOSTON
D. LOTHROP COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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## COLUMBUS.

OCTOBER 11, 1492, there came to this country the first missionary. See that picture of this remarkable man and his companions, when they landed at San Salvador, on their knees thanking God for bringing them safely over the dreadful ocean to this new and wonderful America. He did not come to preach the Gospel just exactly as missionaries now go to India or Africa to do it. He was a sort of John the Baptist, going on before to prepare the way.

You will now hear much of this missionary, discoverer and grand man, for it is four hundred years ago since he undertook his great work, and this discovery is to be celebrated in a magnificent way, especially in Chicago. So it is none too soon to begin to think about it.

Now you should read a good history of this man and of Spain, and her king and queen — Ferdinand and Isabella — who helped Columbus when he wanted to go on his voyage of discovery, and needed ships and men and money — as missionaries do nowadays — and everybody called him a mad man, as missionaries like Bishop Taylor, now in Africa, are often called, and nobody would aid him. Yes; you must learn all about this nation and her rulers, and about ships and navigation at that time — four hundred years ago. Then it would do you good to step upon one of the great Cunarders, and try to compare it with Columbus's ship.

COLUMBUS'S FIRST LANDING.

A good history of Spain is Arthur Gilman's.

Another excellent history is Prescott's.

Don't let another day go by without beginning to think and read and talk about Columbus.

C. M. L.

## WHO WAS HE?

PUT on your thinking or reading cap, and see if you can guess who he was.

He was one of the very first foreign missionaries. He didn't have to go more than two hundred miles to get there. Nor did he have to sail. He did not go of his own accord. He was not ordained, as missionaries are nowadays. He was not married when he started. Afterward he married one of the natives. She was a high-caste lady. Her name began with A. He had two sons. Their names began with M. and E.

Within an hour he was the poorest man in the country and the richest, the greatest slave and the greatest freeman, the feeblest and the strongest, a great criminal, a greater judge, the tenderest, and yet to some the most terrible of men. No man in all that region could see so far down into the future as could this missionary.

One of the strangest things about it all was, he never went back home — as missionaries nowadays do every ten years — but his home — his father and old friends and neighbors — came to him to hear him preach and dine with him and buy wheat of him and receive great favors. Indeed, many of them just broke up housekeeping and went where he lived and settled near him.

If it hadn't been for him, it looks as though the whole world would have starved to death.

How much often depends upon one man or woman or child.

How much may this day hang upon what you say or say not!

So it was with this strange missionary. How little the society that sent him out thought what would come of it all! Truth to tell, they did not like him overmuch, and sent him on a mission to get rid of him. It was so strange; in a few years every member of that society paid him a visit, several, indeed, and the last one lasted years and years and years.

And all this happened years and years ago, and miles and miles and miles away.

Suppose now you read this puzzle over three times to grandma, and then with a wise look say, "I know. It was ——." C. M. L.

## MISSIONARY WORK OF TWO KINDS.

A GENTLEMAN who has traveled in Africa says that one Sunday at the diamond mines he counted over three hundred natives, all drunk. A funeral occasion there, it is said, is something horrible, for hundreds of dollars are often spent for rum for the celebration. So this missionary work is going on all the while with that of the churches, for all this intoxicating liquor comes from so-called "Christian" countries, and a very large amount of it from our own. Look on the map and find little Sierra Leone, and think that into that country alone were shipped last year about two hundred million gallons, or much over a billion drinks, which is a very much larger number than could be counted in a year, working twelve hours a day. Every ship that carries missionaries, carries liquor enough to counteract the work of a thousand missionaries.

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HOW should you like to go to Samoa and be treated to a drink of kava? You don't know what that is?

Why, it is a root that belongs to the pepper family of plants, and when properly prepared, makes a drink of which the Samoans are very fond, and which they are sure to offer to their guests. Perhaps you would like to know how it is made? The belle of the village is always chosen to prepare it. The first thing she does, is to carefully wash out her mouth! Then she fills it with bits of root, and chews and chews; by and by she removes the mass from her mouth, places it in a great wooden bowl at her side, fills her mouth again and chews. When enough of the root has been made into pulp by this human machine, water is poured on it, and the young lady, having first washed her hands carefully, dives them into the bowl and mixes pulp and water vigorously; then, when strained, it is ready to drink. If you care to hear more about these curious people and their ways, get the Century for May, which has a long article, and many pictures describing them.

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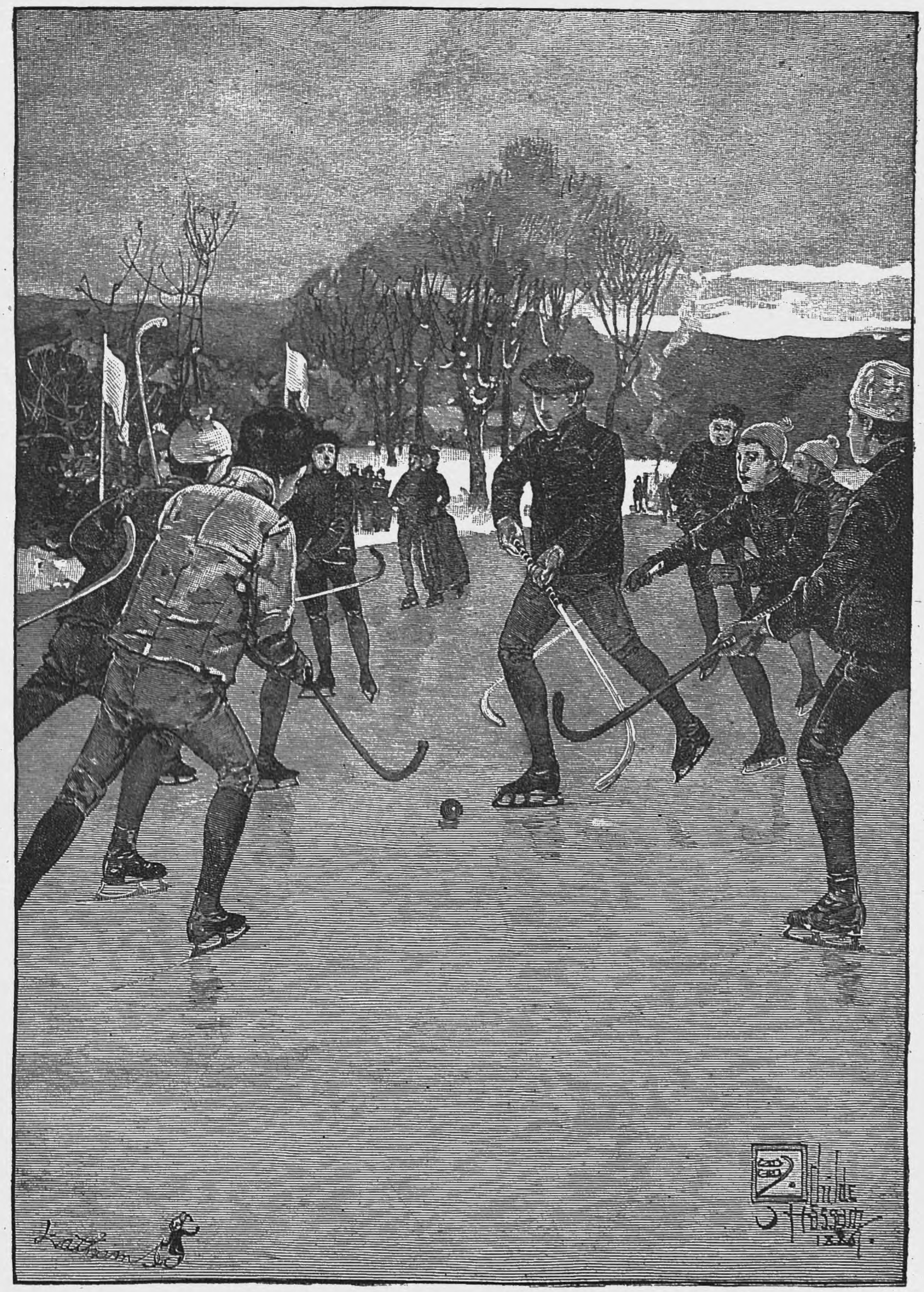
IN Tokio it is estimated that there are 500 persons added to Christianity every month.



WHICH SIDE ?

## THE DIFFERENCE.

IN every Mohammedan country it is more fun to be a boy than to be a girl. When a boy is born everybody rejoices; when a girl is born everybody is disappointed, even disgusted. The father pets and fondles his son; he will not speak of his daughter. If he is compelled to mention his having a daughter he begs your pardon for introducing the subject.

As the boy grows up he is sent to school. He learns to read and write, and studies the Koran — the Arab's Bible — and is taught the duties of his religion. Not many years ago a Mohammedan said to Dr. Jessup of Beirut, when the missionary suggested that his daughter should be sent to school, "Educate a girl! You might as well educate a cat!

The difference between the treatment of a boy and girl is continued until the boy is prepared to take his place as a man among men and the girl becomes the slave of some man.

In Beirut and other places where the Gospel of Christ is getting hold of the hearts and minds of this people a change is coming; girls are being educated.

REV. J. H. DULLER, *in Forward.*

## A MODEL BOY.

ONE of our boys told us in the children's meeting how he had been tempted. He went to the ranch to visit his parents. Just as he entered the house he saw his step-father pushing the bottles of liquor under the bed. The next week he went again and found them drinking. They tried to persuade him to taste the whiskey, offering him a dollar if he would; finally they offered him three dollars if he would but taste. But he said he would not touch it if they would give him three hundred dollars; that he had taken a pledge never to taste it, and that he would stand true to his promise; he would not lie for any one.

MRS. AUSTIN (of Alaska) *in the Interior.*

THE Sultan has given authority to construct and to maintain for seventy-one years a railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem.

## THE JUDGE'S ENTERTAINMENT.

### I.

THE Judge was a goat, the property, if the term may be applied to so intelligent an animal, of Ralph Seymour and his brother Phil. He was a goat whose grave and reverend demeanor had won him his name. The truth is, he bore a slight resemblance to the genuine judge who at stated intervals dealt justice in the same town with his namesake.

The Judge (meaning my hero) had a remarkable appetite, which covered a very wide range of objects. He was not particular whether he was eating grass, straw or newspapers, or even articles of wearing apparel, as some of his fellow towns-people discovered to their sorrow. His only occupations were eating and deliberating, and as the latter process did not necessarily interrupt the former, they were usually carried on simultaneously. Tom Smith said he had seen the Judge eat a flat-iron with a leather strip tied to it, but the Judge and I both agree that Tom Smith's testimony is not reliable.

At the time when my story begins there were two missionaries in town. One was a real, genuine missionary — from a place with a dreadful name off in Hindoostan — who was trying to raise money to buy the little Hindoostanee children little Hindoostanee books. He had spoken in all the Sunday-schools, and the boys and girls, Ralph and Phil Seymour among them, were very much interested in raising money to help this missionary.

The other missionary was just as genuine, only he didn't call himself one. Nobody called him one. They called him a book-agent. He didn't speak in the Sunday-schools; he didn't even go around bothering the Sunday-school children's fathers and mothers. He sold the stores a great many books, and the stores sold them to the people. There were Detective Stories, with very cheap covers, and delightful pictures of big men with pistols. There were "Lord Lynne's Choice," and "A Fatal Secret," and "The Terrible Temptation." There were beautiful story papers, called the "Firelight

Companion." And all these things were so cheap and interesting, that the people in town, and especially the boys and girls in town, read a great many of them.

Ralph and Phil Seymour's papa and mamma did not believe in these books, and taught their children to believe that they were doing a

A YOUNG ARAB.

great deal of harm. And it was in this way, strangely enough, that Ralph and Phil came to think of a way for raising some money for Mr. Bradley, the first missionary. I don't know whether it was the Judge who inspired them with the thought, or not, as he meditatively chewed a Tribune which had floated out to the fence-corner. It was Ralph who suggested it, and Phil thought it was a very nice plan indeed.

"Let's go and get him," said Phil. He meant the Judge.

"All right," said Ralph.

"He must be at the Wailing Place," said Phil.

And there they found him, smacking his lips over the last corner of a "Firelight Companion." The Judge, like some wiser sages, I fear, was not to be relied upon in a taste for literature.

The Wailing Place was the rear of Mr. Smith's barn, which was very high, and had no expression on its face at all. Here the Judge, with some other goats in town — all very much less respectable than he — used sometimes to congregate, with their heads to the wall, and such a mournful expression on their faces, that Ralph had once declared they looked exactly like the Jews at the Wailing Place in Jerusalem! After that the spot came to be called the Wailing Place, and there the Judge was pretty sure to be, when he had so far forgotten his superior education and station as to wander far away from the Seymour place.

Ralph and Phil brought him home, and having thought a little longer, went in to tell the plan to Papa Seymour, who helped them and improved it, as he always did.

Thus it came to pass that the next week there was posted in the Square (sometimes called the Green, probably because it was neither square nor green) the following announcement:

MISSIONARY ENTERTAINMENT

AT MR. SEYMOUR'S WOODSHED

FRIDAY NIGHT.

*For the Benefit of Mr. Bradley's Missionary Fund,*
*Under the auspices of the Judge.*

**ADMITTANCE: "FIRELIGHT COMPANION."**

PARANETE.

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## "THAT LITTLE ELLEN SHULER."

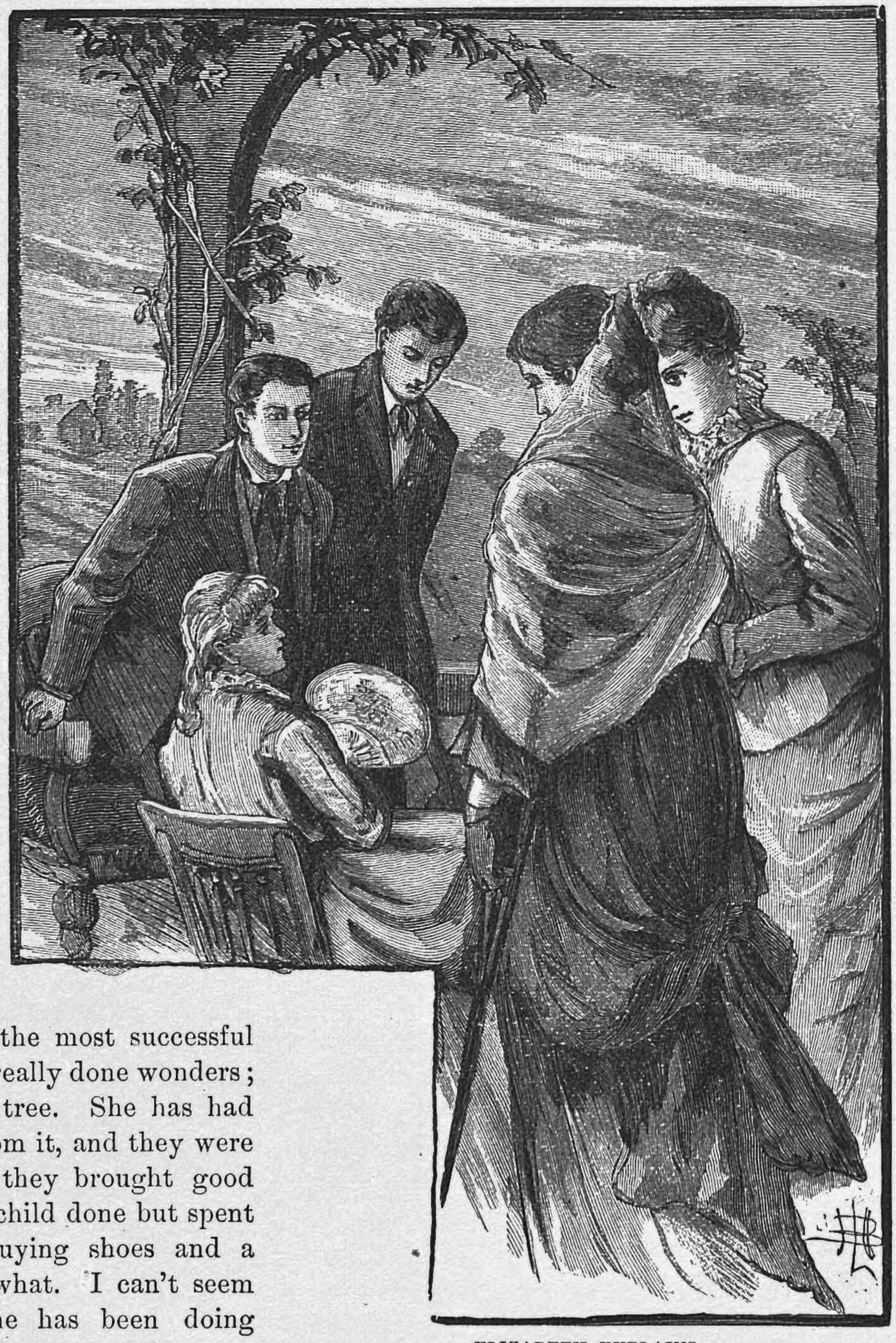
ELIZABETH was in the garden explaining something to the boys with a troubled air. Henry was listening gravely, and Raynor with an amused smile on his face.

"Come here," he said, beckoning to his mother and aunt, who were coming slowly down the lawn. "Come and listen to Elizabeth going into high tragedy over the depravity of the human race."

"What is it, Elizabeth?" Mrs. Chapin asked, as she paused by the young girl's chair.

Elizabeth turned toward her.

"Why, mamma, it is those seeds, you know, which I bought and started for the class. Before I went away last spring I explained to them that the plants were bought with my missionary money, and therefore did not belong to me, but were the Lord's. I was very solemn and careful about the explanation, and they seemed to understand. They were to raise flowers to sell at the hotels so that they might have money to put in the home and foreign mission boxes; you know the little things never have anything to give. I told them if they took care of the plants and watered them, that the flowers would be their gift to the Lord. That is, that they would honestly earn the money for him, and he would accept it as their gift. Well, that little Ellen Shuler seems to have been the most successful of them all; her plant has really done wonders; it has grown into almost a tree. She has had any number of blossoms from it, and they were so large and perfect that they brought good prices; now what has the child done but spent every penny on herself, buying shoes and a bonnet, and I don't know what. I can't seem to make her feel that she has been doing wrong, yet it is just the same as stealing, you know, and I'm discouraged."



ELIZABETH EXPLAINS.

Raynor laughed, though his mother and aunt looked sober enough, and Mrs. Chapin said,—

"Poor little ignorant thing! One cannot but be sorry for her. I suppose she was really in need of shoes, and bonnet, and such things."

"O, yes, mamma! They are poor enough, but that doesn't alter the fact that she has taken what did not in the least belong to her. It is so discouraging to teach and teach, and find that you have accomplished no more than that. Why, Auntie, I've had that child in my class for nearly two years, and see how well I've succeeded in training her."

"It is a distressing proof of the depravity of the human heart, just as I said," declared Raynor. "Who would suppose that in the breast of little children would lurk such wickedness?"

There was an air of gay mockery in his tone, and Elizabeth turned toward him in grave inquiry.

"Raynor, what makes you treat it in this way? Don't you really think that the child has been guilty of dishonesty?"

"Why, of course," he said, still laughing, "she is the most thieving of mortals; but then, I don't know that we ought to be surprised or disappointed, in a sense; think how the child has been brought up, and what is the probable standard of her father in regard to all questions of honesty. You couldn't expect to undo in two years the tendencies that were born with her, and the teachings of a life-time. I'm not surprised in the least."

"We can hardly realize what a temptation it must have been to the child," said Mrs. Chapin gently. "Think how little she sees of money, and what a trial it must be to her not to be dressed like other children whom she sees; and how little she really knows or cares about missions or benevolence. I think as Raynor says, you ought not to be surprised."

"Well, but, mamma, she stoutly declares that she has done nothing wrong; that I gave her the plant for her own, and told her what she earned would be her very own, and that she had a right to do what she liked with it after that; and she brought me a miserable little penny which she said she had saved to give to the missionary box."

Elizabeth could not keep from smiling at the thought, though the tears were very near the surface. As for Raynor, he shouted.

"She's willing to divide the spoils, is she?" he said, between the bursts of laughter. "Come, now, I think that's encouraging. Cheer up, Elizabeth, you will make a saint of the little Shuler girl yet."

Then Henry, who had not spoken since his mother joined them, and whose face was grave, even sorrowful, said slowly, —

"Surely, Elizabeth, though you may be sad about this, you cannot be surprised. Is there so much honesty with the Lord's possessions in these days that any personal appropriation should astonish us?"

"Why," said Elizabeth, hesitating, "there is a great deal of selfishness, it is true, but people don't as a rule deliberately take that which belongs to God to use on themselves. Do they?"

"It seems to me they are doing it all the time, everywhere; don't you think so, mamma? Doing it with things which are much more important than money; and it is not confined to those who, like poor little Ellen Shuler, have had no teaching, but is found in homes where the highest idea of honesty might be expected."

"When it comes to that," said Raynor, with more gravity than he had used before, "I think you are too sweeping altogether. The world is far from perfect, but most of us can with justice lay claim to common honesty, I think. We don't deliberately use what doesn't belong to us. I've a case in point myself" — with a little good-humored laugh — "Uncle Horace sent me a gold piece at Christmas, you know, half to be used as I liked, and half for benevolence; now, though I've been bankrupt for two weeks and have cast longing looks at the box where the half of that gold piece reposes waiting for an especially interesting object on which to bestow it, I declare to you that no thought of spending it on myself has been entertained for a moment. If I'm so virtuous, my good brother, may you not hope to find honesty more general than you seem to suppose? By the way, I believe I'll spend that money on the little Shuler Pharisee. I'm getting interested in my fellow sinner."

"I was not thinking of money," said Henry, in a grave voice. "'Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price.' I was thinking of that verse, Raynor, and of valuable lives which ought to be spent in His service, being used in other ways. What, after all, is one poor little plant in Ellen Shuler's window, the only one ever given to her, beside our entire garden given to us to cultivate on purpose to raise flowers and fruit for Christ? And we raise lovely flowers of character, and give promise of good fruit, which we are bent on using for our own delight, without a thought of the

directions. Isn't that so, Raynor?" and he laid his hand tenderly on his young brother's shoulder.

"There's no need for your entering the theological seminary," said Raynor, with an attempt at another laugh, "you can preach now, and make a text out of poor little Ellen Shuler and me. So she and I are on a level, after all, as regards honesty. I didn't think it, but perhaps it is so. Elizabeth, you take Ellen in hand, and Henry will take me, and between you see what you can accomplish."

Then, as he was about to move away, he laid his hand on Henry's arm, adding gravely, "I'll say this for your argument, my boy, I wish with all my heart I was half as honest and good as you are." PANSY.

## MWEPO AND DULANGA.

MISSIONARY ARNOT of Africa, speaking of a band of slaves, says: "Among them were two girls, Mwepo and Dulanga, fast friends, but the rough hands of Msidi's soldiers now separated them. Three years after I was talking with Msidi, when some slaves were brought in. The youngest was a girl of nine, suffering from ulcers on her feet.

Msidi gave away the healthy ones, and then asked if I could do anything with this one. I took her to my cottage and nursed her till she recovered.

I happened again to be sitting beside Msidi, breakfasting with him. A little girl entered and threw herself at his feet, and did obeisance by rubbing dust on her forehead and arms. She had run away from her mistress because of a severe beating. She had traveled all night, six or eight miles. Some of Msidi's breakfast lay by me, which I handed in pity to the poor thing. In a short time I left. Looking back I saw the child following me, Msidi saying if she was afraid of beating, she would better follow the white man.

So on she came with me to my cottage. I handed her over to the care of the other little girl, Mwepo, when, to my astonishment, they flew into each other's arms, embracing one another and weeping. The two Luba free-born children had met again, in my cottage, after each had passed through her own three years of unmixed sorrow and hardship. It was days before I could do anything with them, so continually did they hang round each other's neck."

## SHE WAS PERSECUTED.

WHEN I was seven years old I first went to a public school. Brother wanted to go to Tokio to school. Father would not permit him. My brother was very sorry, and asked him over and over again. At last they quarreled about it, but he did not go. So he waited God's time. The next year father died; then he asked mother to go to Tokio. So the next year he went there and entered the seminary. While he was there he sent Christian books to mother. One summer when he came home on his vacation she went to church. When she heard the preaching she felt she was a great sinner. The next year she became a Christian. I also went to church with her. The next year I was baptized. From that time I went to church every Sunday and heard preaching, and was taught at Sunday-school, and was very happy, but there was one sorrow for me. After I became a Christian, I was teased by the boys at school. They threw stones at me or struck me. The teacher also teased me, saying, "Jesus, Jesus." At first I was sad and cried, but my mother said I must not be angry about such things; Jesus was teased sneered at, crucified and killed by his enemies.

SADA HAYASHI, *in The Interior.*

THERE has recently died, in the South Sea Islands, Queen Pomare, of Tahiti and Moarea, seventy years old. Let us see how much work may be done in a lifetime. When she was born there was not a native Christian in that region. When she died, more than three hundred islands had been entirely Christianized. Over in Madagascar, twenty-five years ago, the missionaries had seven little schools, with less than four hundred scholars. Three years ago they reported more than a thousand schools, and nearly three hundred thousand scholars.


A STORY THAT TELLS ITSELF.

## CHRISTMAS EVE.

IN the snow the lights are gleaming,
From above the stars are beaming
Through the cold;
And the year sighs in the blowing,
And weeps softly in the snowing;
He is old.

Merry music now is speeding,
Now advancing, now receding,
Through the air,
And a sound of Christmas pleasure
Fills each joyful, thoughtful measure—
Half a prayer.

And the youth and brown-eyed maiden
With their gifts of gladness laden,
Soft and slow
Tell the wondrous, ancient story
Of the first great Christmas glory,
Long ago!

For o'er mountain, mist and meadows,
Through the centuries' gold-lined shadows,
Shines the Star!
Through the sighing and the sobbing
Comes the music's joyous throbbing
From afar.

And the angels seem a-whispering,
'Mid the stars' pale, silvery glistening,
In the frost,
Of the good-will and the glory
Coming down from dead years hoary—
Heavenly host!

Is there wonder that all nations,
From their wide-set signal stations
All along
The great track of pain and sadness,
Catch a glimpse of breaking gladness,
Raise their song,

On this night when vows were plighted
'Twixt the heavens and earth, united
By one Love,
And the skies, with joy o'erflowing,
Sent their clear-toned heralds glowing,
From above?

As around the earth doth hover,
And its stains lightly o'ercover,
The fair snow,
With its purity and beauty
(The frost-angels' happy duty),
Even so

Let the good news of the morrow
Cover o'er the old-time sorrow
Near and far!
Let the clouds break into lightness!
Let our lives shine with the brightness
Of the Star!

Let the bells be set a-chiming,
As, the sunrise steeps up-climbing,
Breaks the day!
For the Saviour of the sages
Is the Saviour of the ages,
And alway!

R. M. ALDEN.

## HOW PAPA KNEW.

A LITTLE girl of nine summers came to ask her pastor about joining the church. The pastor said,—

"Nellie, does your father think you are a Christian?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you told him?"

"No, sir."

"How, then, does he know?"

"He sees."

"How does he see that?"

"Sees that I am a better girl."

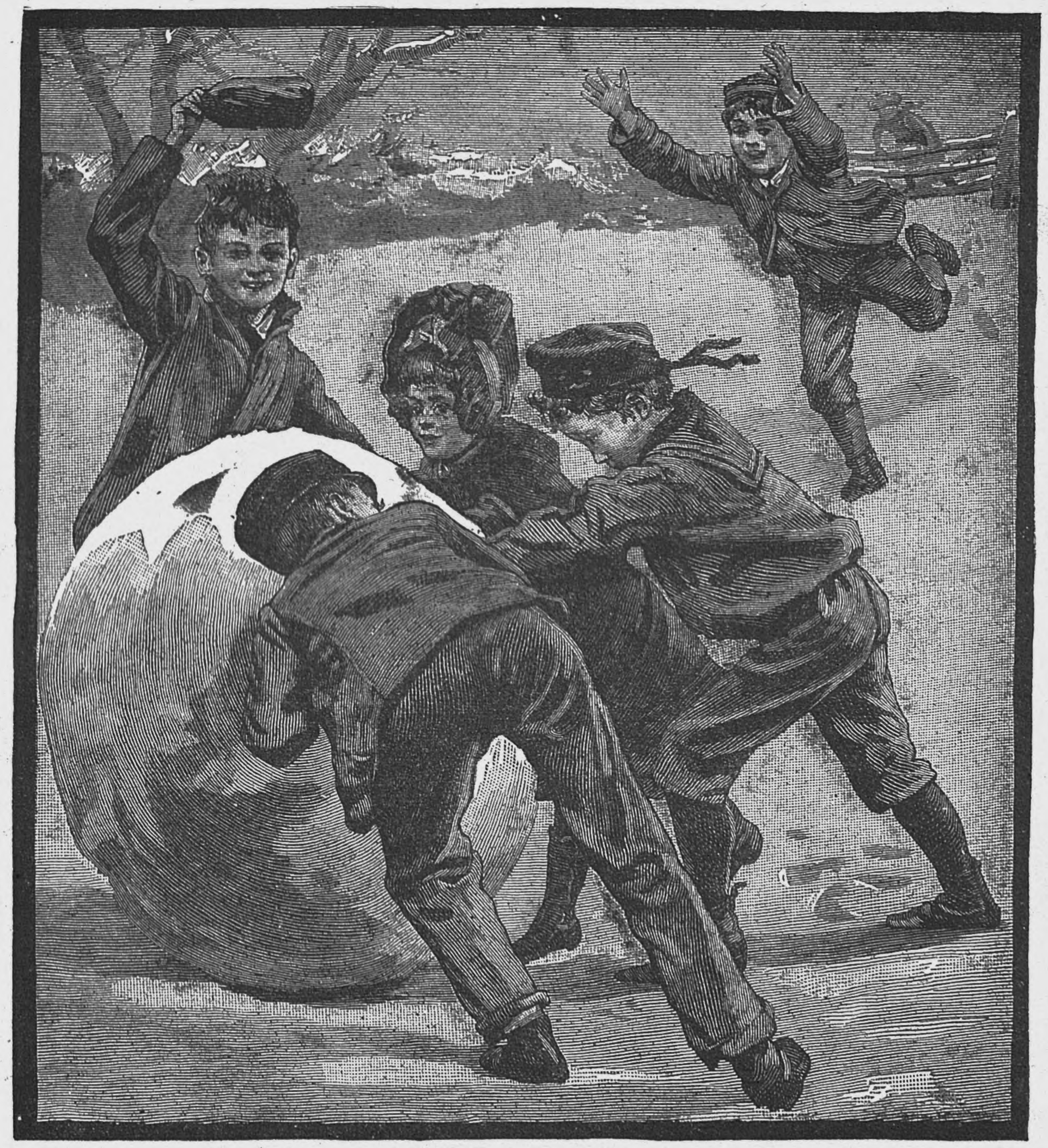
"What else does he see?"

"Sees I love to read my Bible and love to pray."

"Then you think he sees you are a Christian, do you?"

"I know he does; he can't help it," was Nellie's quick reply. And with a modest, happy boldness she was sure her father knew she was a Christian because he could not help seeing it in her life.

Is not such the privilege of God's people to be sure that others see they are following Christ?— *Selected.*



A THANKSGIVING SHOUT.

## ROSSIE'S EDUCATION.

IT began years ago when he was three years old. Oh! I don't mean that, of course; in point of fact his education really began nearly three years before that time; but I mean he was three years old on the Christmas morning of which I am about to tell you. And he looked very much like the picture I have given you. They had buttoned his father's coat about him over his own little cloth sack, stuffed out Uncle Dick's hat with handkerchiefs and mufflers until it would stay on the child's curly head, and then trimmed him up to their hearts' content, until with shouts of glee he was pronounced ready for his ride.

"Not in that rig!" Yes, in exactly that rig — dolls and shovels, and clocks, and drums, and books, and balls, and every conceivable thing stuffed into his pockets, into his hat, hung on his buttons, wound about his neck, pinned to his sash; everywhere that toys and handkerchiefs, and books and boxes and all the rest could be put, you may be sure they were put.

YEARS AGO.

Besides all this, in one hand he held the reins attached to a fierce-looking team piled high with toys, and flourished a riding-whip in the other to use, on occasion, over the heads

of a still wilder-looking "rig" at his right. It was some trouble to get this remarkable human bundle bundled into the sleigh at the door, and the real horses attached to it tossed their heads and pawed the snow somewhat doubtfully, over all the noise that was made during the packing, but at last they were off — Papa, Auntie Dell, Laurie and Rossie. Christmas morning calls — such was their business.

They drove down one of the main avenues "Just for fun," Laurie said, then turned down a back street and began stopping almost at every house. Sometimes the people who lived in the houses came to the sidewalk to receive their call, and sometimes the odd little bundle was lifted out and went inside. Wherever there was a sick person, or an old person, or one too lame, or too young to come to the sleigh, Rossie was carried in to see them; and at every home he left some of his load — a ball and doll, or a cup and knife at this one, a handkerchief and a muffler, and a toy sled and a bag of candies at that, and sometimes from the large basket piled in behind a pie, or a chicken, or some delicacy of that sort; at one place a fat little turkey all ready to cook was left by the red-cheeked baby in whose name all the gifts were marked. That was for Auntie Perkins, who lived alone and had the rheumatism; she had a good, hard-working son, who with his wife and three children always tried to get away from the big house where the father and mother worked, to spend Christmas with "mother." Rossie on these occasions always furnished the turkey — at least this was the third time he had done it.

Well, it was a grand frolic. No one enjoyed it better than the baby, who understood only a part of what was going on. I don't know how early in life he began to remember scenes like these, but I know he considers them as much a part of Christmas as the snow is, and he has never yet seen a Christmas without snow on the ground.

As I told you, this one which the picture describes took place a good while ago. Rossie is fourteen now, and is called by his friends "Roswell," and by his professors in school "Chester," and he writes his name "Roswell B. Chester, Jr.," with many a handsome flourish thereto, but a Christmas frolic of some sort, modeled after this one, he always contrives to have. He is not given quite as much help about it in these days as when he was younger. Much of the planning he has to do for himself, as well as some of the sacrificing with a view to carrying out his plans.

His father is a rich man, but a wise one, and Roswell has his allowance, as well as a certain income which he earns; but he also has many wants, and it requires planning and sacrificing to have his Christmas "frolic." But on the whole he succeeds very well.

It is not Christmas yet, it is true, and Roswell B. Chester's plans are still an immense secret from certain of his friends; but as I am sure you will never tell until after the secret is out, I mean to share it with you.

Auntie Perkins still lives in the little house where she did when the fat turkey was carried to her, but the good son is gone, and two of the children, and the daughter-in-law with her one boy, lives with Auntie Perkins. The boy is sick. Something is the matter with his spine which the doctors fear cannot be cured, and poor Joe, only thirteen years old, has to lie all the days and nights in a certain position, and suffer at times a good deal of pain. "The nights are bad enough," he said one day to Roswell, "but the days are worse. I do get so tired! If I could only write, or make figures, it would be such a help; you know I was fond of writing, and lots of queer things go slipping through my mind that I'd like to put on paper if I could, just for the fun of it; sometimes I think they might come to more than fun, some day. Then, if I could figure, I could go on with my arithmetic, and I was good at that, you know, but I can't." The sentence ended with a weary sigh.

"Why can't you?" asked Roswell, deeply interested. What if Jo should write books and be a great author, and earn ever so much money! He had heard of such things.

"Why," said Jo, with a queer little attempt at a laugh, "I can't move myself the least bit, and I can't somehow twist my hand around to make the quirls to the letters — I never knew, before I was hurt, that it took so much twisting to make letters. I hurt myself trying to

write the other day, and the doctor said I mustn't do it again. I don't suppose I should care to, either, for I couldn't make the letters plain enough for me to tell myself what they were an hour afterwards." And again Jo tried to smile. Roswell went away very thoughtful.

That was some time in August, but his Christmas plans were already being considered. Out of this talk grew so large a plan that it needed much considering, and indeed it looked to the resolute boy for quite a while as though the thing was really too large for him to do alone, but he has done it. He doesn't think I know how many things he has gone without in order to accomplish it, and I'll never tell, only this: on Christmas morning by nine o'clock, I know there will stand on a neat little frame contrived expressly for it, and fitting like a footstool into Jo's bed, a Century Type-writer, weighing only three pounds, easily lifted from bed to chair, or table, or floor, and with the raised plate at such an angle that Jo's eyes can see all the letters and figures, and with so ingenious a contrivance for making the "twists" in the letters that Jo need have no further fear about not being able to read his work, for it will be in print.

Isn't that an outgrowth of "Christmas frolics" worth telling? To be sure the machine, which stands at this moment on one corner of Roswell's study table, has cost him thirty dollars, and the Kodac camera on which he had supposed he had set his heart must retire into the background for another year; but he looks at the neat little maple case which incloses the machine always with a smile, and I know that on Christmas morning, 1889, there will be two happy boys, namely: Joseph Perkins, and Roswell B. Chester, Jr. PANSY.

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THE inventor of a safety elevator invited several to witness a test of his invention. Three men got on the elevator, and it was confidently expected that when the elevator was cut loose it would easily and safely descend a distance of some sixty-five feet, owing to certain safety appliances. Instead, however, when it was cut loose, it descended with awful velocity, and when the door was opened the three men were found lying on the bottom of the car insensible, and frightfully bruised and mangled.

There is a similar danger in spiritual things. Many, trusting in some brilliant theory or false reasoning, have gone down to death, in spite of all their confidence in their system. There is only one thing that has stood the test of the centuries, and trusting in it not one has ever been disappointed, and that is the simple religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. — *The Treasury.*

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## THE ROYAL TENS.

I'VE something beautiful to tell —
  Perhaps you all have heard;
But if you have I'll tell it,
  I'll add one happy word.
'Tis all about the royal tens
  Fast mustering in the land;
For sweet and loving service,
  Each ten a joyous band.

Each unit wears a silver cross
  To show it is a part,
Stamped with the kingly "I. H. N."
  Above each loyal heart,
Held by a purple ribbon —
  Purple, the royal hue —
And royal is the labor
  These workers find to do.

They are the King's own daughters,
  And each one "lends a hand"
To help in every lovely way
  The helpless of the land.
Some do grand work and noble,
  Some wait on little needs.
There's always for the weakest one
  Some little loving deeds.

They work as worked their Sovereign
  To bring upon the earth
The reign of love and blessing
  Begun at Jesus' birth.
Come, then, ye little maidens,
  Your loving service bring;
Come all and join the royal tens,
  Ye daughters of the King.

EMILY BAKER SMALLE.

CAUGHT.

# BABY'S CORNER.

## THE DOG THAT WENT TO CHURCH.

CAPTAIN is a big black dog with a shaggy coat. He is very wise. He knows almost as much as some men. His name for short is Cap.

Cap's master lives a mile from town. On Sundays he takes his family to church.

Cap likes to go to church too. He likes it best in winter, because there is no dust, and there is a soft white cover on the ground.

After breakfast the big sleigh dashes up to the door. All the children get in and cuddle

CAPTAIN.

down in the warm robes. Then the horses prance off; the bells jingle, and Cap trots along behind, a very happy dog.

Cap used to follow the family into church and lie down at his master's feet. Sometimes he fell asleep — Cap, not his master — and he snored so loud everybody heard him. It made Bobby laugh right out.

After that his master said he must be left at home on Sundays. So they tried to slip off while Cap lay by the fire and not let him know. But they could not cheat Cap. He always came scampering after them as hard as he could run, and looked up at them with his big brown eyes as if to say, "Why did you go off and leave me?"

One night his master said, "To-morrow Cap must be shut up. He must not go to church any more."

So in the morning Bobby and his father took Cap out to the barn. Then they went out quick and shut the door.

Poor Cap had a long, lonely day. He scratched on the door and cried, but nobody heard him. The church-bells were ringing and the sun was shining — it shone through a knot-hole in the barn — he wanted to go to church so much! But he had to give it up. Poor Cap!

Next Sunday morning after breakfast they went to get Cap to shut him up again, but doggie was not to be found. They looked up-stairs and downstairs, and outdoors and everywhere, but no Cap. So they started for church.

When they had got almost there, what did they see but Cap sitting in a corner of a fence waiting for them!

He was glad to see them. He jumped up and wagged his tail and trotted after the sleigh.

Cap was a wise old fellow. After that he seemed to know when Sunday came. When the nine o'clock bell rang Cap was up and off. Sometimes he would get to church first, and when they came, there he would sit in a corner of the pew. Even Bobby's father could not help laughing then.

But Cap snored so badly one Sunday that his master had to put him out right in the midst of the sermon. Cap went out with his head down and his tail down, very much ashamed.

After meeting his master told the minister how much Cap loved to go to church.

The minister said, "Poor old fellow, let him come, I will find a place for him."

So the next Sunday the minister took Cap up into his nice warm study and let him lie by the fire and sleep while the folks were in church.

And now Cap is a very happy dog once more. He goes to church every Sunday when the others go, and does not have to run away.

MRS. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

## ADA'S TREASURE BOX.

IT was on a Sunday afternoon just a year ago that Ada sat all alone in her room, book in hand, but looking into space. She had been studying her Sunday-school lesson, and had been interested in it, but something troubled her.

The door opened quietly, and Edgar came in. Edgar was nearly always quiet in his movements, so different from Ada.

"But then, he is a grown-up man," Ada used to say, "and I am only a little girl."

The fact was, that Edgar was not yet nineteen, but he seemed "grown-up" to his little sister.

"Had a happy time?" he asked cheerfully. That was another thing about Edgar, he was nearly always cheerful.

"Why—yes," Ada said, drawing the words out in the way we do when, after all, we feel a little uncertain about the answer we are making. "Only, Edgar"—

"Yes; that is my name."

"I wish I had a very new way of reading the Bible."

"A very new way—what do you want of that? Have you used up the old way?"

"Not used it up, but then, I'm sort of tired of it. I don't mean that, either; I mean that it doesn't seem to help me as much as it might—I forget, you see; I like a verse very much, and have a nice pleasant thought about it, and think I'll keep it always to belong to that verse, but I don't. The next time I read the verse, or the story, I try to think what it was, and I can't. All I remember is, that once when I read this before there was something nice in it, which won't come back to me."

"I understand. How would it do to write a neat little word, now and then, on the margin of your Bible? Something that students call 'catch words,' with which to refresh your memory?"

"Aunt Laura won't let me do that. She says it makes a Bible look badly, all marked up

LOOKING INTO SPACE.

with pencil, and that it would look dreadful in my Bible, because I am such a poor writer. I do write badly," added Ada humbly.

Edgar privately thought that when he had the management of a little girl she should mark her Bible as much as she pleased, provided she did it intelligently, and as well as she could.

But he had too much sense to criticise Aunt Laura, who stood in place of mother to this little sister.

"That's the trouble, is it?" he said cheerily. "Well, you must hurry and grow up, and learn to write beautifully, because 'grown-up Bibles' look better marked than they do left blank. Meantime, let us see if we cannot think of a plan to help us. You know I go away to-morrow?"

"O, yes!" said Ada quickly, "I know that," and she drew a long, long sigh.

"Well, suppose during the year that I am away you and I read over the Sabbath-school lesson once every day, and write on a slip of paper one thought which we have found, something to comfort us, or warn us, or in some way help us? We will each have a little box to keep them in — I will furnish them — just alike for you and me; each shall have a tiny key which we will wear. I'll put mine on my watch chain, and yours can be fastened on a ribbon and tucked out of sight around your neck if you choose. We will call them our treasure-boxes, and none but us shall see the inside of them. On Monday of each week we will mail their contents to each other. Then, on the following Sunday you will have my thoughts, and I will have yours, and we will read them over and enjoy them; then we will each kneel down and ask God to help us through the week to live by them. Then next New Year's day I hope to be at home again, you know, and on Sunday I will bring my treasure box to this room filled with your helpful thoughts, and you shall bring yours here filled with mine, and we will dip into them and enjoy them together. Will not that be a help?"

"A lovely help," said Ada, and she smiled more cheerfully than she had been able to since she had known that Edgar was going out West to his uncle's for a "whole year."

So now you know how Ada filled her treasure box for the year 1889. It has almost closed, with her. "Next Sunday," she says to herself gleefully, as she sits alone on the last Sabbath of the old year, and she turns the pretty little key and peeps into the beloved "treasure box," well filled now with small cards, each having a thought printed on it in Edgar's round, plain hand. How many treasures she has, and what a delightful hour she and Edgar will spend over them.

The question is, my Blossoms, could not you each start a "treasure box" of your own?

PANSY.

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## "THOU GOD SEEST ME."

HERE is a copy of a "sermon" which a little girl preached years ago to her playmates. She is a young lady now, and an earnest Christian worker. She sent me a copy of her "sermon" to show me how little people sometimes think of the truths they have learned. She says it did not seem to occur to her that she had based her right-doing on very low ground, and that it was several years afterwards before she saw how poor her motive was, after all.

Read the little sermon carefully, and see if you understand what the lady means by her criticism.

"A little boy and a little girl were sent to carry a basket of cake to their grandmother. The boy was going to eat one, when the little girl said, 'Thou God seest me.' The little boy did not eat the cake after that; he did not want to do wrong if God saw him."

We must try to do right, for if we do wrong God sees us and he will surely punish us. Mary was a little girl who lived with her mother. They were very poor. The mother did washing and ironing, and Mary carried the clothes around to the houses where they belonged.

One day she found a silver half-dollar in one of the pockets. She was going to keep it, when our text came into her mind; she thought that God would punish her if she did, so she gave it back. When she had given it back she felt very much happier than if she had kept it.

We must try to remember that God sees us all the time.

"God sees us all the time,
No matter what we do.
He sees us when we tell a lie,
And when we tell what's true."

E. E. C.

A NEW YEAR'S BREAKFAST.

# BABY'S CORNER.

## A STOCKING FULL.

IT was almost Christmas time, and Uncle Ben was in a big ship on the ocean. He was in a hurry to get home, because he had something nice to put in a little girl's stocking. Her name was Nellie. Her eyes were blue. Her hair was yellow and curly, and she had a little pink mouth round as an *o*.

What was Uncle Ben going to bring her? Something in a cage.

Was it a canary bird? No, it was not. But it was something very nice that he had brought from a country far away over the seas.

Well, the big ship got there at last. Christmas morning came, and Nellie's stocking hung in the chimney corner. Uncle Ben was there, too, walking up and down the room. Mamma was there sitting by the fire talking to him.

NELLIE AND POLLY

At last the door opened and Nellie ran in. She had her new blue dress on. "Halloo, little bluebird," said Uncle Ben; "fly over to me and give me a kiss, and then let us see what is in the stocking."

Just then a funny little voice said, "Merry Christmas, Nellie!"

Nellie looked all about to see who spoke. What did she see? A little green head with bright eyes was poking itself out of her stocking. It was a Poll parrot!

"Take me out, take me out," Polly screamed, so Uncle Ben took her out.

What a beauty she was! Her feathers were blue and green and red and pink and yellow.

Nellie clapped her hands and said, "Isn't she pretty?"

"Pretty Polly," said the parrot. That made Nellie laugh. Then Polly laughed. She opened her mouth wide and said "Ha! ha! ha!"

Then everybody laughed, and Poll screamed out "Ha! ha! ha!" again, and laughed till she almost tumbled over.

Nellie tried to take hold of her, but Poll ran away and turned her head on one side and said, "Take care there! What are you at?"

The next thing Polly did was to hop up on a chair and look at herself in the glass.

She bobbed her head up and down and said, "How do you do? Glad to meet you."

Then she got down and walked about, and looked at things. When Nellie called out "Pretty Polly," Poll would put her head on one side and look very wise, and say in her little cracked voice, "Pretty Nellie!"

At last Poll said in a cross voice, "I'm hungry. Is breakfast ready?" and screamed out,

"Polly put the kettle on,
We'll all take tea."

"Sure enough," said Nellie's mamma, "I think we must all be hungry." When they went out to breakfast, Poll said, "O, my stars!"

After breakfast Nellie fell and hurt her a little. She began to cry, but Poll came and stood up before her in such a funny way and said,—

"Now, cry-baby, cry-baby, cry-baby!" that she had to stop crying and laugh.

At bedtime Nellie said, "Good-night, Polly."

"Good-night, Nellie," Poll said, "sweet dreams, my dear."

Nellie thinks that Poll is the very best Christmas present she ever had.

All parrots cannot talk as much as this one. Uncle Ben spent a long time teaching her.

MRS. C. M. LIVINGSTON.


HERE is a little baby of to-day being pointed to the Star while mamma tries to tell a little of the "old, old story." How old it is!

Did you ever hear of an old man named Alexander, who lived about seventeen hundred years ago? Did you ever hear of a place called the Catacombs? Look up that word, will you, in the Encyclopædia and see what you can learn about it.

Then think of a company of Christians gathered in the place which it describes, talking about the star which not two hundred years before

pointed the way to the Saviour. It is Christmas night, and some of them have met in this hiding-place of theirs to celebrate it. Yes, they had to hide. The emperor hated all who loved the name of Jesus, and was trying to find them out and put them to death.

One old man, Alexander, on that Christmas evening so long ago, spoke words like these, pointing upward with his hand as he spoke: "This roof of stone hides the stars, but they shine; and they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars of heaven. I know that when this feast day passes in the city, I shall be given to the beasts; but the hosts of the righteous shall increase, shining in their beauty, and Bethlehem's Star shall never set."

He was right. They hunted him out, before long, and his name is on the list of the Christian martyrs of that day. He has been for sixteen hundred years with the Saviour whose birth he celebrated that night. And Bethlehem's Star shines on.

PANSY.

## THE JUDGE'S ENTERTAINMENT.

### II.

NOW the Judge was very well known about town, and no little curiosity was excited by this connection of his with missionary interests. It was, therefore, quite a good-sized company which gathered in Mr. Seymour's woodshed when Friday evening arrived, and seated itself on a varied assortment of chairs, to hear, or see, the entertainment. Possibly the peculiar nature of the admittance fee had something to do, also, with the size of the audience.

They had not long to wait before the goat — I mean the Judge — walked slowly across what took the place of the stage, bearing a placard which announced the first number of the programme: "Overture, Missionary Chorus." Some thought that a dish of beans in plain sight of the Judge, as he entered from the opposite opening, had to do with his prompt progress across the stage; however, he did his part in a graceful and dignified manner. Nothing short of a fight could induce him to hurry.

This "Missionary Chorus" was set to the tune of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," because that proved to be the only one which Ralph, Phil and Susie Seymour could sing together with any adequate regard for harmony and time. So much difficulty there was in finding any suitable words for this tune, that I strongly suspect that Papa Seymour himself is responsible for those which finally were rendered. The first verse, if I remember rightly, ran as follows: —

"Far across the ocean many little children dwell,
They have no books, they have no schools, no ringing Sabbath bell;
Then help to send them what they need, and help us, too, to swell
Our missionary song."

The chorus, in which the audience were invited to join, of course contained some reference to "marching on," and the last time it was repeated the trio marched out demurely, followed by the Judge, who, queerly enough, had appeared just in time.

Before the next item on the programme there was some little delay, but at last the goat ambled in again, this time with little Phil on his back. Phil often used to ride him, and with him the Judge was always perfectly gentle.

Phil was dressed in the costume of a Chinese boy, partly obtained from Chee Fung, the laundry-man, and partly made with the aid of gorgeous pictures in the Seymour library. Phil was beating the goat very hard, and although this did not seem to hurt very much, probably owing to the board under the saddle-cloth, on which the beating was done, it seemed to surprise the Judge a great deal, and he looked rather injured. This arrangement was doubtless intended by the youthful managers to typify the uncivilized cruelty of the Celestial mind. The Chinese boy carried a fan bearing some pictures of his own people, and an inscription in his own tongue made by the aforesaid laundry-man — probably Mrs. Seymour's washing bill — which Ralph (very truthfully) explained to the audience the bearer couldn't read, as he was very ignorant indeed, although the missionaries were trying to educate him.

The next scene was of a little Hindoo boy,

which Ralph and Phil had taken especial pains with, inasmuch as Hindoostan was Mr. Bradley's especial field of labor. That gentleman had furnished the costume Phil wore, although it appeared from the aforementioned book of pictures that not much costume was needed for a small Hindoo boy. Phil's face presented a most ghastly appearance, having been covered with burnt cork, which had been rubbed off in a few places. Ralph explained to the audience this time that the reason the Hindoo had so many clothes on was because he had been to school to the missionaries, and had learned to wear them. At this juncture, however, he was interrupted by the Hindoo himself, who whispered loudly, in surprisingly good English, —

"Why, Ralph, you know it was because mamma wouldn't let me go the way the boy in the picture looked."

The audience seemed much delighted with this small difference of opinion, which exposed Mr. Seymour's innocent explanation, which he had suggested to Ralph.

In the Hindoo scene, which was further graced by several ornaments and mats from India, furnished by Mr. Bradley, the goat was very well treated, Ralph further explaining that the redeeming feature of Hindoo barbarism was the kind treatment granted animals. But the Judge appeared so much excited by the applause he elicited, that it was thought best to remove him, and the curtain, metaphorically speaking, fell.

The next number, doubtless owing to the equal appropriateness of the burnt cork, was a representation of a view in the South Sea Islands, and here the Judge appeared with a garland of leaves around his picturesque head, led along rather savagely by Phil, who carried a fierce-looking sickle, stained with beet-juice. This seemed rather exciting, and the expositor explained to the audience that this South Sea Islander, in the depravity of ignorance and superstition, was about to sacrifice the goat by throwing it into a volcano which had for some time been in a state of eruption, to appease the anger of its god. The Judge looked appropriately discouraged, and the reality was still more heightened by the explosion of a few fire-crackers behind the scenes, to represent the thunderings of the volcano. At this the victim was so disturbed that he disappeared from view with a little less dignity than usual.

It seemed, a few moments later, that he had been rescued from his terrible fate, for he was observed calmly grazing in a pastoral scene, near a tent where an Arab family were resting peacefully, in white turbans and long robes. A boy in a peculiarly arranged night-shirt was diligently beating a large sack against a post. Ralph this time explained, somewhat to the surprise of the audience, that the goat appearing in the background had recently been milked, since the Arabs used goats' milk altogether, and that the person with the sack (who was seen to have a few streaks of burnt cork remaining on his face) was churning the butter to be made from the milk. He further showed that the sack was the skin of another goat, which, on being removed, was turned inside out, without washing, and the milk poured in. I fear that none of those present, if they shall ever travel to Syria, will partake of Arab butter with genuine enjoyment.

But my notes of this remarkable entertainment are becoming too long, and I must hasten on. At the close of the dramatic part of the programme, Susie Seymour appeared to recite for the Judge his address to his audience, which he had felt unable to deliver. I may say that in this case it is suspected that Mamma Seymour may be held responsible for what followed.

If my hasty notes are correct, this was the address:

"Dear friends: you have listened with gravest attention
To the facts which to you we have ventured to mention.
The kindness you've shown is really relieving,
But as we're about through we must soon say good-evening.
I am sure you have all been delighted to note
How much interest in missions I take, for a goat.
If you all do as well, in your several stations,
I am sure you'll have heeded our just exhortations.
Of the poor l ttle children of whom you have heard,
Since you've seen now so much, I shall not say a word;
No doubt they all have your sincerest affection,
And therefore it is I take up a collection.
To help them your money is needed most surely —
To reach them, to teach them, to house them securely.
I am positive, friends, as a goat often can be,
You'll assist these poor people to read Hindoostanee.
And to those who are asking for teachers so sadly,
The money'll be carried by good Mr. Bradley.
I repeat it: I'm sure you're delighted to note
How much interest in missions I have, for a goat.
Your dimes, like your presence, you'll surely not grudge,
But give gladly and freely. Yours truly, The Judge."

This address was received with earnest applause, as was its pretended author, who appeared with a basket fastened on his back, and walked down the aisle, chewing a handful of greens which had been given him to calm him. From every hand pennies, dimes and quarters were dropped into his basket, so that he moved all too rapidly to receive them, which is a fault collectors are not usually accused of.

There was no interruption save by the irrepressible Tom Smith, who tried to excite the Judge by too close attentions, but as a punishment for his misdemeanor he was seized by his companions, and made to give three times as much money as he had any intention of doing.

The collection taken, the goat again appeared on the stage, and Mr. Seymour arose and said that the closing exercises were held for two reasons: first, because it was thought that the Judge, who had so meritoriously conducted the entertainment, should receive some substantial reward, although the kind donation of the audience he doubtless regarded as sufficient remuneration; and second, because the entertainment was held in the interests of good literature, and it was thought fitting to recognize the fact by the destruction of some of an exactly opposite character.

These sentiments the company applauded, when Mr. Seymour produced the bundle of "Firelight Companions" which had been taken in at the door, and handing them over to the Judge, that worthy rapidly and entirely consumed a large portion, and smacked his lips over the remembrance.

It is safe to say that no item of the programme produced more enthusiastic admiration among the audience than this. They shouted and cheered so vigorously that if he had not, so to speak, been too full for utterance, I think the goat would have shown no little alarm.

The company dispersed, the goat lay down to sweet slumbers, and the little Seymours, with tired hands and brains, counted over the pile of money the entertainment had brought.

"Didn't the Judge do splendidly?" said Ralph.

"Yes," said little Phil gravely, "I think we all did."

And I, as a humble reporter of the evening, must add that I think so too.

PARANETE.


DRINKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

## THE DEMON THAT LURKS IN THE BOTTLE.

WE want your help, my noble boys,
An army of you, to throttle
The powerful demon of all unrest,
Who lurks in a black glass bottle.
Sometimes 'tisn't black, but it usually is,
And you may not see him lurk,
But you can't turn to left, or right, or front,
Without seeing some of his work.

He's the grandest ally old Satan has,
Cunning as well as strong,
And he works by night as well as day,
And hides his work with a song.
'Tis only to stifle his victim's cries
That he hides his work with mirth,
For the greatest woe is the demon's own,
That is known in all the earth,

And the world wants you who are growing men
To help in this coming fight.
The race before you have battled long,
But have failed to make things right.
So gird yourselves, it will need you all,
All, on the righteous side,
To put your feet on the demon's neck,
And his terrible power outride.

But oh! beware, lest he conquer you,
"For the end thereof is death"—
Death to the body and death to the soul
Is dealt by his deadly breath.
So come, even now we want you all
To save the world to-day;
Your strong young arms, and courage high,
To cast the curse away.

The cry goes up from the anguished earth,
"How long, O, Lord! how long?"
'Mid the din of midnight revelry
And the victim's drunken song.
So move to your places in the ranks,
And give all your strength to throttle
Him who is peopling the under world—
The demon that lurks in the bottle. E. B. S.

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A FINE Newfoundland dog and a mastiff had a quarrel. They were fighting on a bridge, and being blind with rage, as is often the case, over they went into the water.

The banks were so high that they were forced to swim some distance before they came to a landing-place. It was very easy for the Newfoundland dog; he was as much at home in the water as a seal. But not so with poor Bruce. He struggled and tried his best to swim, but made little headway.

Old Bravo, the Newfoundland, had reached the land, and turned to look at his old enemy. He saw plainly that his strength was fast failing, and that he was likely to drown. So what should he do but plunge in, seize him gently by the collar, and, keeping his nose above water, tow him safely into port.

It was curious to see the dogs look at each other as soon as they shook their wet coats. Their glances said plainly as words, "We will never quarrel any more." — *Selected.*

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## A DAY'S JOURNEY.

ON the way to Wonderland;
Maidens three, all dressed so grand!
Bonnets, boots and basket,
Umbrellas, bundle, casket,
Book to write the wonders in;
Each one bound the prize to win.
Oh! 'twas queer to see each maiden,
With her baggage heavy laden,
On her way; each bound to stand,

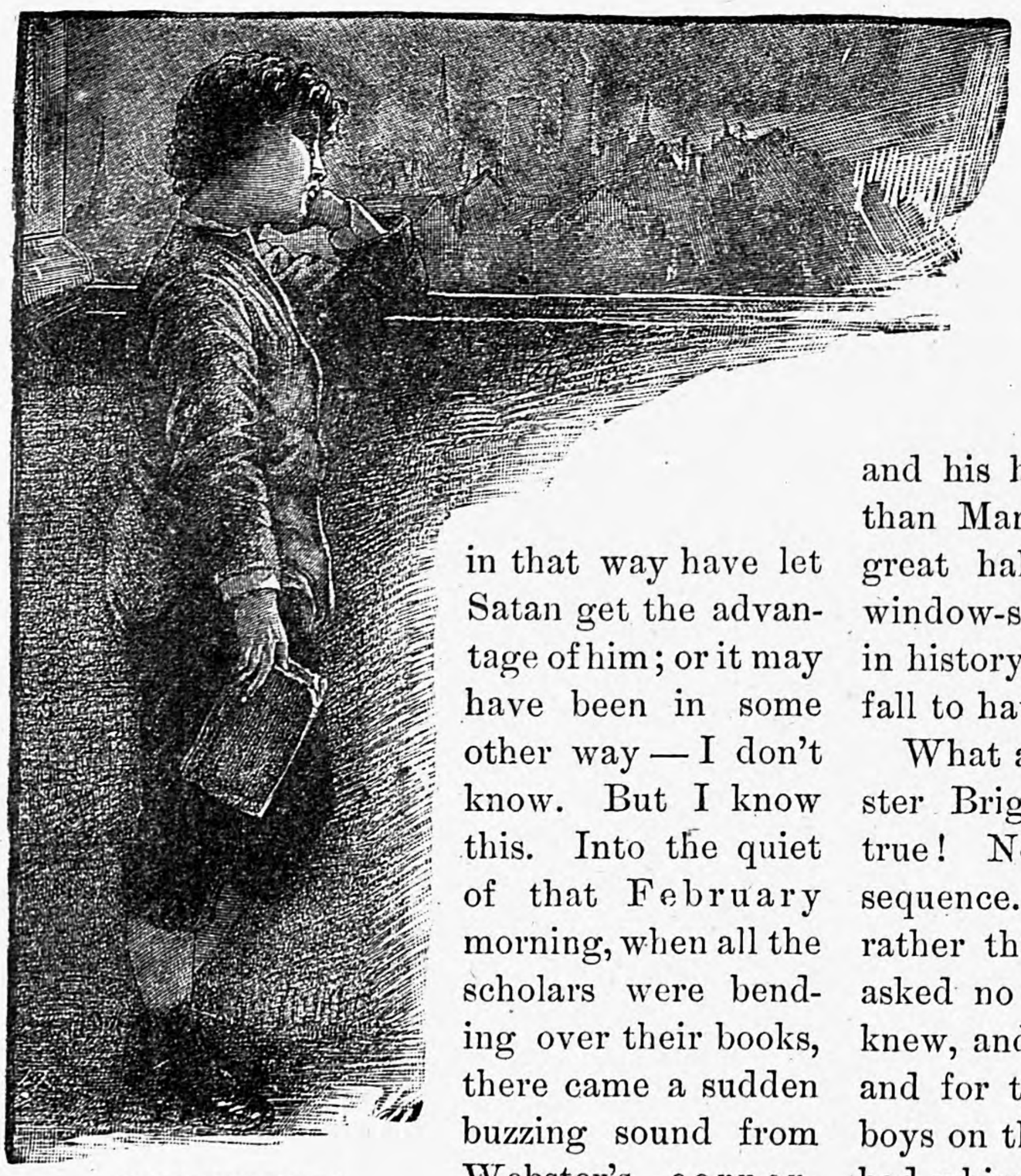
ON THE WAY TO WONDERLAND.

That same day, in Wonderland.
On they went, with right good-will,
Fast as farmers to the mill.
But, alas! What did they see?
Nought but bird, and bush, and tree,
Hop-toad, mouse, and Granny Cricket,
Hiding low within the thicket.
Then, home they scampered, one, two, three,
Just as fast as fast could be. A. G. R.

PARENTAL ANXIETY.

# WEBSTER'S VALENTINES.

I DON'T know how it happened. It certainly wasn't like Webster; as a rule he was one of the most trustworthy boys in school. Why such a terrible temptation should have overtaken him that day and been yielded to, perhaps his own conscience can tell, I'm sure I cannot. Of course I can "guess" that he may have been growing careless; may have thought that of course he would be a good boy, and may not have asked for special help that morning, and in that way have let Satan get the advantage of him; or it may have been in some other way — I don't know. But I know this. Into the quiet of that February morning, when all the scholars were bending over their books, there came a sudden buzzing sound from Webster's corner.



POOR WEBSTER!

The teacher had been much tried with whisperers, and had made, a short time before, a pretty severe threat having to do with the next one who whispered. It looked as though Webster was that one.

The teacher was surprised and grieved. He was one of her favorites. "Webster, did you whisper just now?" she asked, and Webster said, promptly and distinctly, "No, ma'am."

Up to that moment he had had the sympathy of every girl and boy in the room; but along with that distinct "No, ma'am," came, almost in the same breath, a subdued murmur of "O-h-h!" from his classmates. You know how they make that long-drawn-out undertone which expresses astonishment, and dissent, and strong disapproval?

Mamie Howell, who was Webster's very special friend, looked down on her slate and said not a word, but her cheeks grew scarlet, and a mist very like tears came into her eyes. At recess, instead of going out to play, she sat down by herself on the teacher's platform in front of the large window, and by turns watched the snow-birds outside, or, with her finger in her history to keep the place, looked at nothing in particular, and thought her sorrowful thoughts. She was so disappointed in Webster. Who would have supposed that he could tell a lie? She knew he had whispered; she had even heard what he said.

Poor Webster! he knew it too, and his heart was even heavier at this minute than Mamie's. He too was alone, out in the great hall, leaning against one of the high window-seats, his finger also keeping the place in history, but his mind too busy over his downfall to have room for more ancient history.

What an extraordinary thing that he, Webster Briggs, should have said what was not true! Nothing dreadful had happened in consequence. The teacher had looked relieved rather than otherwise at his answer, and had asked no more questions. But then Webster knew, and he knew that Mamie Howell knew, and for the matter of that, all the girls and boys on the west side knew that it was he who had whispered. What was to be done?

What was done was certainly very disagreeable. Not a boy or a girl spoke to Webster during that long recess. The girls gathered in groups and talked about him, and the boys voted with one consent that he was a "muff," and let him alone. Mamie neither talked about him nor to him, but she cried once or twice and her eyes were red.

It may be surprising, but none of these things helped Webster. When he asked Clay Peterson for his jack-knife, and Clay answered only

by a low whistle, Webster's face grew scarlet, and he muttered that for his part he didn't think it was any worse to whisper than it was to whistle, and that if Miss Parkhurst hadn't been out of the room a minute, Clay wouldn't have dared to whistle.

Then Clay answered that that might all be true, but if Miss Parkhurst asked him when she came back whether he had whistled he should certainly say Yes.

At that moment Miss Parkhurst returned, but as it was an hour when the scholars had a right to ask each other questions in low tones about whatever they needed to know, she did not inquire as to what had been going on while she was gone.

The disagreeable day was over at last, and Webster went home feeling cross and fierce. What business had the scholars to treat him so? He had not meant to tell a lie. He had meant to say in the next second that it was a mistake, that he did not think what he was saying when he said that "No, ma'am." He would have done it, too, before recess, if they hadn't acted so mean. What business was it of theirs?

Webster was not on the road to happiness.

It was a busy evening to several of his schoolmates. Clay Peterson and his small friend Hugh Borland spent the evening together. Hugh was the school artist. Small as he was, he could make very comical pictures, and had a dangerous talent for sketching likenesses. It had dawned upon both of these boys that the next would be Valentine's Day, and they had decided to send Webster Briggs a valentine. So Hugh made a very ridiculous picture of him, with a very large mouth out of which was issuing a very large "No, ma'am!" and Clay added a doggerel in rhyme beginning: —

"This is the boy all shaven and shorn,
Who sat in the schoolroom one winter morn,
And created a sigh,
And made Mamie cry,
And made all the scholars say 'Oh! why
Will a good little boy ever tell a lie?'"

There were four verses, all equally poetic and helpful. What a blessed thing it was that other valentines were being written that evening. It was Helen Borland, Hugh's sister, who thought out her plan and went to her mother's writing-table to carry it out. It was a very highly ornamented valentine on which she wrote:

DEAR WEBSTER:

We, the undersigned, are sorry you did not tell the truth. If you will say you are sorry, and won't do so any more, we will all forgive you and treat you good; because we do bad things too, sometimes, and you don't hardly ever, and we must forgive one another.

ARTIST AND POET AT WORK.

Helen's own name was signed to this, and it was her plan to try to get every girl and boy in the room to follow her example. She began with her brother Hugh.

"Huh!" he said, "I can't sign that thing; it won't match." Then he giggled over the thought of the caricature which was already in the post-office. Yet he signed the paper, after all. "I am sorry for him," he said to himself; "I only made that picture for fun."

But Clay Peterson wouldn't sign it; he wanted to be "consistent," he said.

Three valentines for Webster Briggs. Of course he opened the largest first. It was the picture and the poem. Have you any idea how angry the boy was? He almost choked in his effort to talk fast enough. He called all his schoolmates a mean, horrid set, and declared

"WE, THE UNDERSIGNED."

he would never speak to any of them again. Then he cried, poor fellow — hot, angry tears. He had been excused from school that morning — his mother thought he didn't seem well — so there was plenty of time to read his valentines. He didn't open the next one for half an hour. When he did, and saw the long list of names — twenty-eight of them; only one missing — he cried again, but this time the tears were not so bitter, and his heart was growing softer. They were his friends, after all, and he hadn't deserved that they should be; he had done a mean thing; what was the use of pretending it wasn't?

With these thoughts coming thick and fast into his heart he opened the third valentine. A wee white note with a picture of a white dove in the corner, and these words carefully written:

DEAR WEBSTER:

I love you, but you will not be happy any more, nor shall I, until you ask Jesus and Miss Parkhurst to forgive you. I know that is so, for when I do wrong it is the only way to get back the happy. Dear Webster, I know you will do it.

MAMIE.

Then Webster buried his curly head in his hands and cried hard for five minutes; then he went in search of his mother. An hour afterwards he went to school, taking an excuse from his mother for tardiness. Just before recess Miss Parkhurst announced that one of the scholars had something he wished to say. Up came Webster Briggs, his face quite pale, and his voice low but steady. He wanted to say that he had told a lie the day before; it was he who had whispered; he had not meant to say "No, ma'am," when Miss Parkhurst asked him; he did not know why he had, but he felt almost certain that he would never say such a thing again. Would Miss Parkhurst forgive him and give him the punishment now that he ought to have had yesterday?

What was the matter with Miss Parkhurst? She was brushing a tear away from her eyes. What she did, was to ask all the scholars who believed that Webster Briggs had received punishment enough and wanted to have him forgiven, to rise. Up came every scholar, as though they were connected by electric wires!

The moment recess was announced, Clay Peterson bounded over the top of his desk and reached Webster's side. "Look here," he said, "I want to sign that valentine you got this morning. My name belongs there, and I want the other one to burn up; I do, honest. We only did it for fun, but it was mean. Helen had the best fun, I think. And look here, I'll lend you my jack-knife — two of 'em if you want them."

PANSY.


SO DISAPPOINTED IN WEBSTER.


ONE OF MY CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

## CASSIE'S ENEMIES.

ROY hovered about his mother, watching her work, handing her spool, her scissors, even threading her needle once or twice. Roy was very fond of his mother.

"I've settled on my verse for the term," he said presently. "It took me some time to decide between three; but at last I chose 'That we may be saved from our enemies.' A boy has so many enemies, you know."

"I know," his mother said, smiling up at him fondly, her heart very glad over Roy's manly fight against his enemies.

Cassie listened doubtfully. "I don't see what enemies you could have, Roy," she said, "everybody likes you."

Roy laughed. "That is just what is the matter sometimes," he said. But Cassie did not understand.

"I can't take that for my verse, any way," she said, with a satisfied air. "I haven't an enemy in the world."

Roy looked at his mother and smiled.

"I've seen an enemy of yours," he said, "and one who is on the watch to do you harm, too."

"Who is it?" Cassie asked quickly. "I most know you are mistaken. Faye Bennet was my enemy, but we've made up, and now there isn't anybody."

"Mother, don't you know one who is very anxious to get Cassie into trouble?" asked Roy.

"I am sorry to say that I do. And I've seen traces of his influence this very day," was the mother's answer.

"I don't know what you mean," declared Cassie, and her tone was almost fretful.

Roy and his mother often talked in a way that she did not understand.

"I'll tell you what," said Roy; "I'll keep watch of this enemy of yours all day to-morrow. There's no school, you know, and I'll keep a list of the number of times he undertakes to do you harm, and show it to you in the afternoon — shall I?"

"You may keep all the watch you want to," Cassie said loftily; "I know you won't find anybody who is trying to make any trouble for me. How can they, and I not know anything about it?"

Nevertheless, the plan was agreed upon, and for the remainder of the evening Cassie had a good deal to say about it, but the next day she forgot it.

Not so Roy.

"Cassie," called her mother, from the dining-room, "bring me the scissors from my work-table."

"In a minute, mamma; I just want to get these flowers in the vase," and she continued to arrange the dried grasses and leaves for a winter bouquet.

"Cassie," said her father, an hour afterwards, "run up to my dressing-room and bring me my slippers."

Cassie went, but was so long that Roy went in search of her. He found her at the head of the stairs, trying to make Rover carry the slippers down in his mouth.

"Father is waiting," he said reproachfully.

"Well, I'm coming. I'm only trying to teach Rover how to be useful."

If Cassie hadn't forgotten, she would have noticed that Roy, frequently during the day, had occasion to write something in his note-book.

It was late in the afternoon, however, before the crowning record of the day was made. Cassie was dressed and ready for the parlor, where a very interesting thing was about to happen.

Almira, the second girl, who had been in the family for three years, and was an orphan with no home of her own, was to be married at four o'clock, in the back parlor. It had been beautifully trimmed for the occasion with evergreens and bright red berries. In fact, Cassie's mother had been busy all day making various preparations, and Cassie believed herself to have been very helpful. She was a good deal excited.

It so happened that she had never had the pleasure of attending a wedding, so it was a great event to her.

The hour for the ceremony was drawing near, and Almira's friends who had been invited were beginning to arrive, when Cassie was sent

to her mother's room for a handkerchief and fan which lay on the bureau. "Make haste, Cassie," her mother had said, "I shall want them in a few minutes, everything is ready now."

And Cassie had fully intended to make haste, but on the sofa, flung hastily aside, was a handsome silk wrapper of her mother's, which was so rarely worn that a sight of it was a treat to the beauty-loving little girl.

"Oh! that pretty dress," she said. "I wish wrappers were nice to wear to weddings; I'd like to see mamma in it. S'pose I was a tall lady, and this wasn't a wrapper, but a dress for a bride, and I was putting it on, and was going to be married in a few minutes; I wonder how I would feel? I hope they will wear great long trains when I'm married, and that my dress will be bright pink satin, with gold-colored ribbons, and be as long for me as this is."

By this time the "lovely" wrapper was thrown around the little girl, and was being trailed grandly across the room, the feather fan for which she had been sent carried in one hand, and swayed gracefully now and then.

"Come, Alice," said Cassie's father downstairs, speaking to his wife, "you are being waited for. The bride is ready to enter the room."

"Where can Cassie be?" said Mrs. Bennet, coming in haste across the hall.

"She is still upstairs," said her father gravely. "No, don't call her," as Roy made a movement toward the stairs. "The child has not done anything promptly to-day. She must have her lesson in some form, perhaps this is as well as any."

So they went into the parlor and closed the doors.

Five minutes afterwards Cassie came flying down the stairs, only to find those folding-doors that led into the parlors tightly closed.

"Remember," her father had said, "to be tardy at a wedding is unpardonable. If you young ones are not down until after the doors are closed, it will be a signal that you are too late; don't presume to open them."

Poor Cassie, when she had heard this, had smiled to herself and thought, "The idea of being late to-day! I'll be there a half-hour before time." Yet for the pleasure of parading about the room in her mother's flowered wrapper, she had lost the marriage ceremony.

"I didn't see her until after she was all married, and I couldn't see her then, because I had cried so hard that my eyes were red, and my nose was all swollen, and mamma had to make me over, hair and all."

This was the way Cassie told her trouble to Roy as she cuddled on the sofa beside him that evening.

Roy's arm was about her, and his sympathy for her disappointment had been hearty and loving, but at this point he said, "It was all the fault of that enemy of yours, Cassie dear. Don't you remember mamma and I warned you against him?"

"Who?" asked Cassie, going slowly over in her mind the talk of the evening before. "There hasn't anybody been near me all day only just our own folks, and Almira's wedding friends; none of them hindered me. I don't know what you mean. What is my enemy's name?"

"He has a good many nicknames," said Roy gravely, "and I've noticed that you generally speak of him by one of them. 'By-and-by,' 'Pretty Soon,' 'In a Minute,' he answers to all of these, but his real name is 'Procrastination,' and he is a thief."

MYRA SPAFFORD.

## HOW HIS CHARIOT MOVES.

TO-DAY thirty-four missionary societies work in Africa, and all its two hundred million souls are within reach of Christian missions; thirty-three societies in China, and its three hundred and fifty million may be visited with the Gospel message (unless the Government drives these societies out); fifty societies in India, and the light is dawning upon its two hundred and fifty million. Turkey, Persia and Japan are filling with mission churches and schools. The world is opening. The greatest day for the Kingdom of God earth has ever seen, has dawned. — *Selected.*

# RACHEL'S FRIEND.

## PART I.

IT was one cold November morning that a little girl stood beside the teacher's desk in one of the city schools waiting for a seat to be given her.

Rachel Ford was a new scholar, and felt shy and strange as she looked down the long room at rows of boys and girls who stared coldly at her. She felt uncomfortable when she remembered that her elbows were patched, and that her shoes were coarse and clumsy beside the trim boots of the girl who sat nearest her.

Rachel's little pale face, with dark locks falling about it, seemed to grow paler, and her black eyes sadder as she cast a wistful look at a girl whose blue cashmere dress and dainty scrap of a white apron made of muslin and lace, set off her pink and white face and golden hair to advantage.

"How pretty she is," thought Rachel. "How happy she must be to wear such a nice dress and shoes every day." Then she looked down at her own faded brown dress and old shoes again and sighed.

Lina Brooks, the pretty girl, was studying her grammar lesson and the new scholar at the same time. Mixed up in her mind with verbs and pronouns were remarks to herself like this:

"What a faded dress! Patched! What horrid boots! Her hair and eyes are awful black; maybe she's a Jew," whereupon she turned to the girl who sat behind her and whispered, nodding at Rachel, "I guess she's a Jew."

Lina had just learned a long column where she found that the feminine of Jew was Jewess, and her lesson at Sabbath-school yesterday had been on the duty of showing kindness to others. Apparently she had forgotten both lessons now.

Sarah Rogers, who had caught only the last word of Lina's remark, stared a moment at Rachel and then whispered to her seat-mate, as she motioned toward the new scholar, "She's a Jew." Then all three girls stared in concert.

Rachel heard them, and looking up suddenly met their scornful eyes. Her own flashed in return. She felt as if she should cry that very minute. She had a great notion to run out of the door and never come back.

But just then the teacher came and gave her a seat not far from Lina Brooks, and then all three girls made eyes at each other, and Rachel saw it and knew it was about her. Then Sarah Rogers in a loud whisper informed a girl across the aisle that the new scholar was a Jew; her name was Rachel, and that was a real Jew name.

"No it isn't either," whispered a stout girl. "My grandmother's name was Rachel, and she isn't any Jew."

"It's in the Bible, anyway," Sarah declared. "She was Abraham's wife, and he was a Jew."

"Oh! that is too good," said an older girl. "Abraham's wife's name was Sarah. Now, Sarah Rogers, what have you got to say?"

This caused a general giggle, and the teacher announced demerits for all four girls, so order was restored.

Poor Rachel tried to put her thoughts on the lesson Miss Hall had given her to learn, but it was hard work; the tears would come and blind her eyes so that she could scarcely see.

Rachel's life had been a happy one until her father's death. He was a minister, and had preached in a pleasant little town. They had a nice snug home, with everything they needed, and Rachel attended a good school where all the girls were her friends. Now all was so changed. They were very poor, and had no friends in the city. Mrs. Ford had removed there because she thought she could find a place to teach, but so far she had failed in that, and was obliged to take in sewing. She could not earn much at that, so could not buy all the shoes and dresses she would have liked for her little daughter.

Rachel was glad when that first dreary day of school was over and she could go. Her home was in a poor part of the city in a back room of the fourth story. She was thinking as she went slowly up the last flight of stairs that she never could stand it to go to school with all those "hateful girls."

Her mother sat by the one window bending over her sewing, but she dropped it and held out her arms to Rachel. "I'm so glad you are home, dear," she said, "and how did school go?"

MRS. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

"S'POSE I WAS."

# RACHEL'S FRIEND.

## PART II.

RACHEL had resolved, like a wise little woman, as she came along, that she would not tell her trouble lest it would grieve her mother. But mother had seen it in her eyes as soon as she opened the door. "What is it, dear?" she asked. "Were the lessons too hard? Tell mother all about it, Rachie."

Rachel's good resolutions all vanished. She hid her head in her mother's neck, and the tears she had held back all day fell fast.

"O, mother!" she sobbed out, "I can't stand it. There are some bad, hateful girls. They looked at me so! They've got pretty clothes, and they whispered about me. One said I looked like the Jews. O, dear! I never can go to that horrid school again. What makes me look like a Jew? Do I? They said Rachel was a Jew name. What was I named that for, anyway?" and Rachel, with overwrought nerves, nearly screamed out the last words.

Her mother did not say anything for a few minutes. She kissed her forehead and softly smoothed her hair, and let her have the cry out, then she asked, "Did you find the lessons hard, dear?"

"Not a bit," said Rachel, "and the teacher was nice to me; but do I look like a Jew girl?"

"No, my dear, you do not; some ignorant little girl must have said that. Jews have black hair and eyes, and yours are unusually dark; they have noses, too — everybody who owns a nose is not a Jew on that account. Your eyes and hair are like dear papa's, Rachie; I would not have them different for anything. But you must not think in that way of the Jews. There are good and bad people among them just as in our nation. They are deceived, and do not believe the truth about Jesus, but some day they will come to the light and know Him as He is. The Lord Jesus himself was a Jew, you remember. And now my darling must try to be a brave girl and rise above these things. You are making a character now, and these trials have to do in forming it. The way you bear them will mould you into a Christ-like woman or one who is bitter and hard. You want to be God's dear, patient daughter, don't you, dear?"

"Yes, I do," said Rachel softly, the fire all gone from her eyes.

"Well, then, do as He would tell you to do if He were here. Treat those girls kindly. Pray for them, and you will feel kinder. Now let us go and see what we can get up for a nice supper."

It would seem as if it were easy to be kind and pleasant, surrounded by as many nice things as Lina Brooks had in her home, but strangely enough those who have every wish gratified are apt to be most selfish.

One evening the Brooks family were gathered in their pleasant sitting-room, Lina with a basket of bright wools and pretty ribbons was making Christmas presents, while her mother was giving an account of her visits among the poor that afternoon.

"And who do you think I found?" she said to her husband, "away up in a dingy fourth-story back room but my old friend Mary Roberts! I was so glad to see her. She married a minister by the name of Ford, but he died about a year ago. Mary is trying to earn her living at sewing, but she can never do it. She is finely educated, and is an excellent teacher. We must try to find a good position for her. She has one child, a little girl with lovely great eyes. She is a sensitive little creature, and has been made very unhappy in school by some rude girls who looked down upon her because she was poorly dressed, I suppose. I hope no child of mine will be guilty of such actions," she said, looking at Lina. "I do trust I have taught them better. Why, she must be in your school, Lina, for they live in this ward. Have you seen a little girl by the name of Rachel Ford?"

Lina, while she bent over her basket, said in some confusion she believed she had heard that name.

Her mother did not notice that her face grew quite red, and she went on charging her to find out the little girl and be friendly to her.

"Mrs. Ford was one of my dear friends when I was a schoolgirl," she said, "and I love her very much."

Lina soon lost all interest in her work. What would her mother say if she knew all? A vision of poor little Rachel bending over her books, patient and sad, kept coming up before her. For three whole weeks she had sat across the aisle from her and had not given her a kind word or look, although she knew she was lonely and neglected.

Lina went early to bed and tried to go to sleep and forget her disagreeable thoughts, but sleep ran away from her. She was tormented with the thought that she was deceiving her mother. She had not been the sort of girl in school that her mother supposed she was. Lying there in the darkness and quiet she felt condemned in the sight of Jesus, her Saviour, for she had promised to live to please Him. It is so good that when we have done wrong we do not need to go away above the clouds to find Him. Just a whisper in the darkness — He hears and forgives.

But Lina could not rest until she called her mother in and confessed everything to her.

The next morning Rachel, who had come early to school, was in her seat before the bell rang studying her arithmetic lesson. She felt a hand laid on her shoulder and looking up saw, to her surprise, Lina Brooks. Lina's cheeks were pinker than ever as she said in a low tone, "I was hateful and wicked to you; will you forgive me? My mamma went to see your mamma yesterday, and they are old friends. Let us be friends too."

Rachel was too much surprised to speak for a minute, then her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh! will you like me just a little? I'm so glad!" she said eagerly.

The girls opened their eyes wide at recess when Lina Brooks asked Rachel to come and play with them. Whatever Lina did, though, was considered by the other girls the thing to do, and as they followed her example in being rude to Rachel they now followed it in being friendly, so the forlorn little girl seemed to have plenty of friends by the end of another week.

The night before Christmas, just as Rachel and her mother had drawn up to the fire to have a little talk, there came a knock at the door, and a man appeared with a good-sized box, which he said he was ordered to leave there.

Mrs. Ford thought there must be some mistake, but there was her name on a card, so Rachel ran for the hammer and the box was soon opened. On the top was a slip of paper which said, "For Rachel, from Santa Claus." It seemed as if Santa Claus had not forgotten anything that a girl needed. There was a brown dress and a scarlet dress, prettily made. There was a long brown cloak — "warm as toast," Mrs. Ford said — and a little brown hat with a scarlet wing and a white one. There were soft, thick stockings of red and blue and brown, and a pair of boots, and a pair of gloves.

Rachel laughed and danced, and cried at last, for joy, and her mother cried with her. The first thing in the morning the postman brought a letter. That was an invitation for Mrs. Ford and Rachel to take their Christmas dinner with Mrs. Brooks. In fact, it seemed as if there were no end of surprises that day, for Mr. Brooks told Mrs. Ford while they were at dinner that he could secure a position for her to teach in the same school that Rachel attended.

Lina and Rachel grew to love each other dearly, and are fast friends this very minute.

MRS. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

## HARD TEXT.

(*Matt.* vi. 19–21.)

THE Bible requires us to work, and working we make money, and we must not throw that money away, but take care of it, "lay it up" for the winter, a "rainy day," for old age, for a time of need. Neglecting to do this many people suffer, some starve or freeze. They must not expect our Father in Heaven to do for them what He expects them to do for themselves.

But this verse warns against laying up treasures, not so much as something to be used in time of need, but as treasures for the heart to be set upon: *i. e.*, to steal away one's affection from Christ: *i. e.*, to become one's god! The Kingdom of Heaven, not that of dollars, must be within us — in the heart.

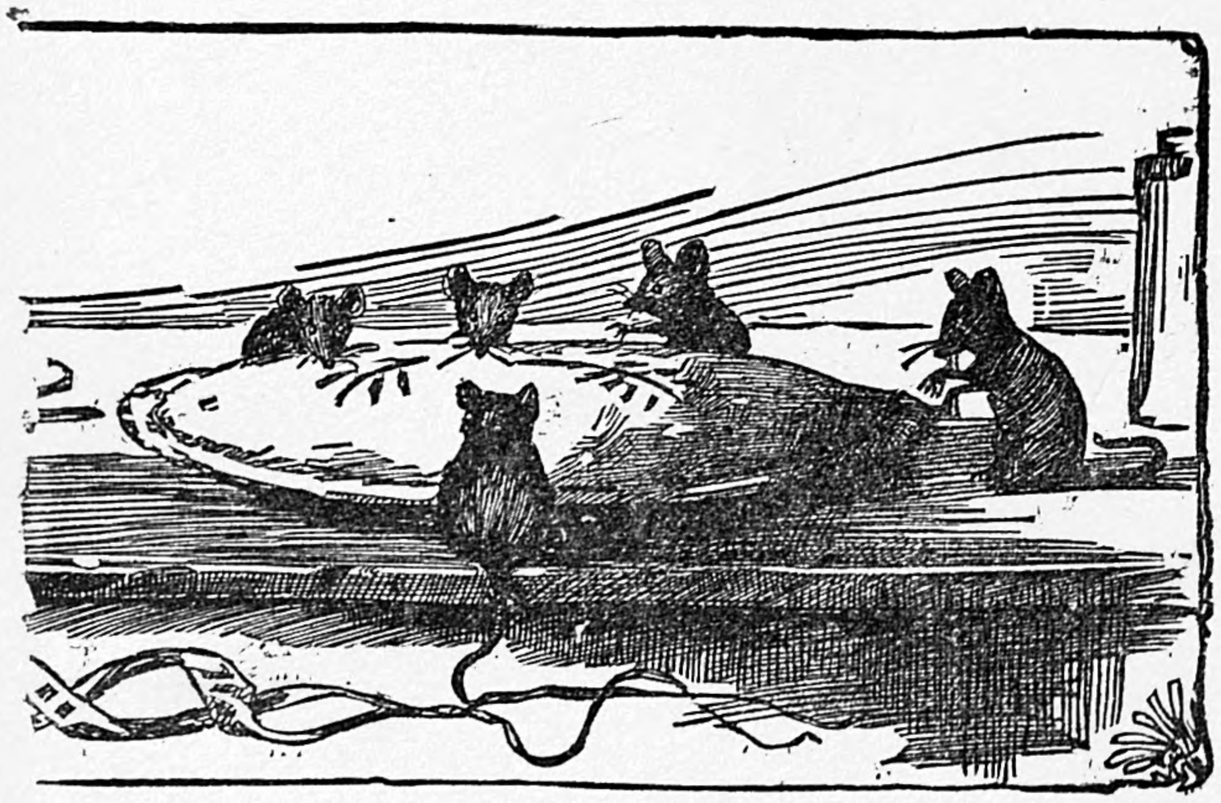
# BABY'S CORNER.

## A BAD SUPPER.

ONE day Ann was in the pantry making mince pies. She put raisins and spice and sugar in them. She made little stars and ferns on the crust. They were very nice pies.

Two bright eyes were watching Ann while she worked. They were the eyes of a little gray mouse. He was hiding behind a can on the shelf. He said to himself:

"U-h, um! What a good smell. We shall see if I don't have some of those pies. Just wait till to-night when all the folks are sound asleep." So Mouse crept back into his hole and took a long nap. Then he came out and looked out of the pantry window. "Yes," he said, "night has come, I know, because the sun has gone and the stars are in the sky. I guess the folks have gone to bed. Now I will look for the pies."



AT THE FEAST.

He knew the shelf where the pies were kept. "Here they are," he said. "Hi! how good they do smell. What a feast I shall have! I think I will invite some of my friends to supper." So he ran around to the neighbors in the woodshed and asked them. They were very glad to come. One, two, three, four more mice. They hurried back and they all got around a nice big pie. They had taken just one little nibble when the pantry door opened and Ann came in with a light in her hand. When she saw a lot of mice standing around one of her best pies she just opened her mouth and screamed.

"O-w! oh!" she said.

How those mice did scamper! The woodshed mice went home, and the pantry mouse went back into his hole.

Ann took every one of those pies and carried them down cellar. Then she got a trap. She put a nice little fresh piece of cheese in it and set it on the shelf. After that she went out and shut the door.

Mousey waited a long time. At last the house was still. "I shall go by myself this time," said this selfish little mouse. "I can't be troubled running after the others."

Everybody was fast asleep. He slipped softly out. The pantry was dark as a pocket. Mousey thought the pies were on the shelf yet, so he went sniffing about trying to find them.

"I believe I smell cheese," he said. "Cheese goes first-rate with pie." He came a little nearer to the trap.

"Yes, here it is, cheese! How nice!" He put his head softly through the little hole of the trap. Snap! went the spring, and there he was fast.

Poor Mousey! No more mince pie, no more cheese for him.

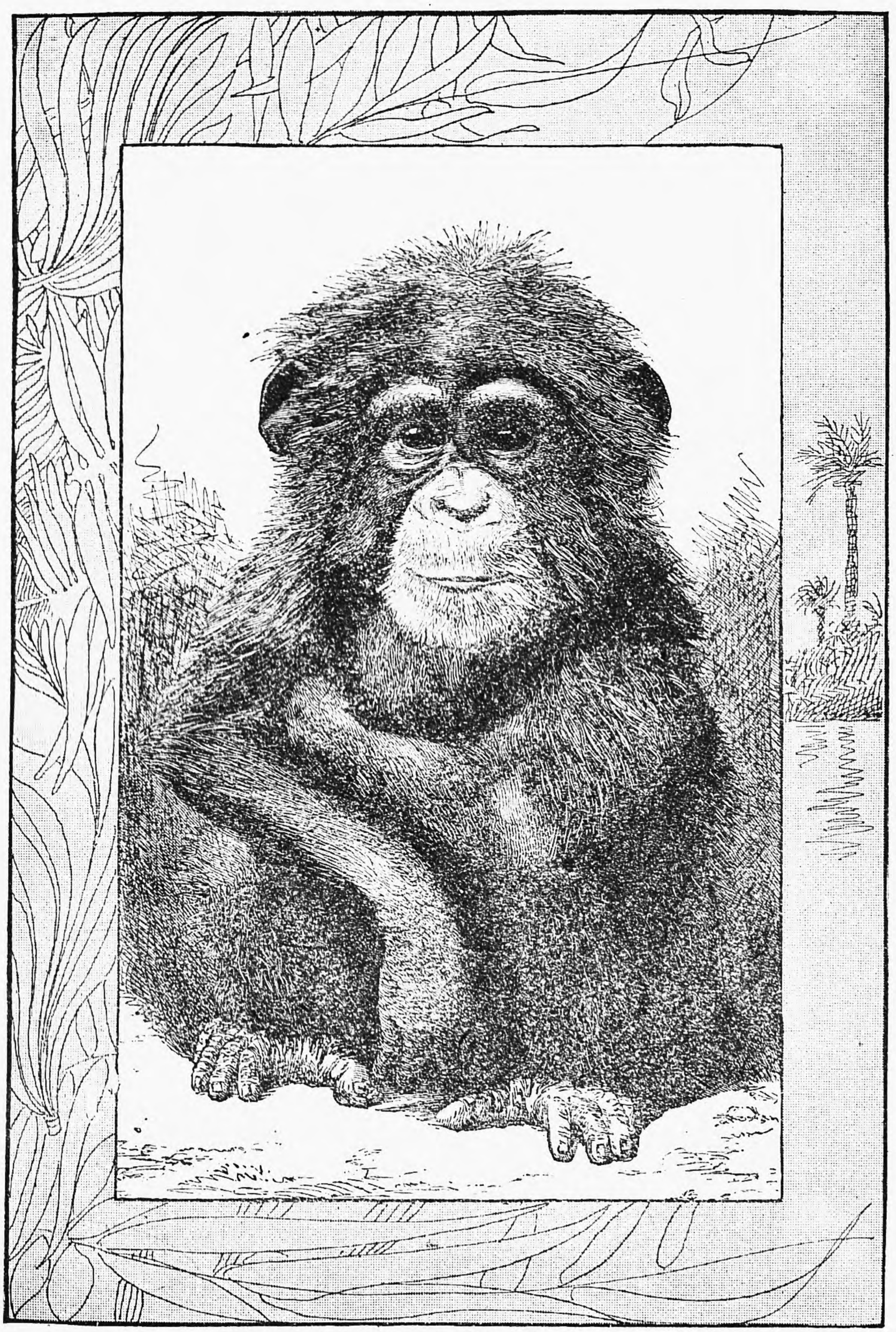
In the morning Ann said, when she opened the pantry door —

"There, that little scamp is caught, and I am glad of it!"

She took the trap out and opened it, and Mousey fell into a pail of water.

And that is the bad end to which a little mouse came who tried to steal mince pies.

MRS. C. M. LIVINGSTON.



WHAT I SAW AT THE MUSEUM.

## SCALES AND SQUASH.

FANNY TALBOT'S face was nearly always bright, but on this Christmas morning there was an unusual sparkle of pleasure in her eye as she tied on the great work-apron which was so long for her that it had to be tucked into the belt to save her from falling on it. Fanny was a dumpy little thing, I shall have to confess — "Almost as broad as she was long," Aunt Ermina said, and Fanny was silly enough to shed some tears over it. Besides, she looked younger than she really was, which was also a source of grief to her. "Nobody would suppose to look at the child that she was in her thirteenth year." This was also an opinion of Aunt Ermina's, spoken in a tone of strong disapproval; yet despite it all, as I say, Fanny was happy. She had been away from home for more than a year; not with Aunt Ermina, but with dear "Auntie Beth," who lived in a town where there was an excellent school — better, Auntie Beth thought, than any other in the world, and therefore the very place for her precious niece, Fanny. "She is very young to send away from home," Fanny's mother had said, with a weary sigh, "and I don't know what I shall do without her," and then, with the unselfishness of all mothers, because she lived in a mining town, where there was no good school for her darling, went quietly to work to get her ready. That was in November. Fanny was surely to come home in June, but the way was long, and her uncle's plans for taking the journey fell through, and Fanny could not go alone, and the summer slipped away while they were waiting; and, to make a long, weary waiting into a short story, it was not till the day before Christmas that Fanny saw home again.


"SKATE, INDEED!"

"A whole year!" she said, drawing a long

breath of mingled sadness and delight — dismay over the past, and satisfaction that the long separation was over, and that she was at home. An escort had been hastily found for her at last, because her mother was sick, and father felt sure she could not get well very fast until her little daughter was with her. Fanny found her just creeping back to health, her cheeks still pale and her eyes weary-looking, but "so much better," she had said cheerfully, when the tears came into Fanny's eyes, and then she had kissed her, and assured her that she would certainly get well fast now. But on this Christmas morning the mother had looked troubled, and had sighed once or twice before she said, —

"I am sorry we cannot have a better Christmas dinner, my darling, in honor of your home-coming, than Susan can manage. She doesn't know how to cook anything, not even a potato; your father has had dreadful times all alone in the dining-room, trying to eat such meals as she has prepared. I would have tried to get out to direct her about dinner, but your father says it will not do."

"No, indeed," said Fanny; "but you are to come to the table, you know; that will be dinner enough for father and me. Susan is good-natured, I think."

"Oh! she is good-natured, and has been as faithful as possible all through my sickness. The only trouble with the girl is, she doesn't know how to do things; no one has ever taught her. Your father doesn't say much, and has pnt as good a face as possible on the matter, all through, but I know by the slops the poor thing has brought to me, and the way they have been served, how miserable everything must be in the kitchen. In fact, I knew how ignorant she was before I was taken sick, but she was the best we could get," and the sentence ended with another sigh.

Fanny's face did not look sympathetic — it was even bright — though she said "poor mother" in as comforting a tone as she could, but in the next breath said, "What is she to get for dinner?"

"Why, I told your father I thought with my direction she could manage to stew a chicken. He wanted to have a turkey, but of course that was not to be thought of, and I'm afraid the chicken will not be fit to eat, though I gave her most careful directions. The trouble is, the girl is not used to giving heed to directions, and she listens good-naturedly, and then does any way it happens. You and father must get your Christmas out of one another this time, and be as comfortable as you can. Mother will soon be well enough to look after things, I hope."

She could not help sighing a little as she finished. She felt very weak, and the thought of the dinner Susan would serve made her feel weaker. "I was hoping that your Aunt Ermina would get home in time to look after things a little for us," she said.

But Fanny's eyes were fairly dazzling as she answered, "I don't want to see Aunt Ermina to-day. Don't worry about dinner; father and I will do nicely, see if we don't." Then she kissed this precious mother several times, and asked her if she was sure she would not be lonely if she left her all the morning, as she had something very particular to do. And mother smiled on her and assured her that she would do nicely alone until dinner-time, and she hoped her daughter would go out and have a good skate with the girls.

"Skate indeed!" said Fanny to herself, as she tied on that big apron of her mother's, her face all in a glow of pleasure. "I guess all the skating I'll do to-day" — And then she laughed, and ran in search of the good-natured, slatternly Susan.

The truth was, that Fanny, though not yet thirteen, and not tall enough to suit her Aunt Ermina, had a wonderful secret which had been stored up for ten long months, in order to surprise her father and mother.

"It is so splendid that it should happen on Christmas day," she told herself, her eyes shining the while. "If I had known it would have happened like that, I guess maybe I wouldn't have grumbled so much about having to wait." Certainly Fanny was happy; she was by no means glad that her mother was sick and not able to attend to the dinner, but since such was the case, how very splendid it was to think that the dinner, at least, need not suffer.

"Stewed chickens," she repeated, with her

gleeful laugh, as she waited in the kitchen for Susan's slow, clamping feet to ascend the cellar stairs. "If there is anything I can do to perfection it is to stew chickens. If it had been turkey I might have been a little bit nervous over the first one done all alone, but chickens — dear me!"

Now the secret is out. Fanny, short and round as she was, had learned to cook.

Not merely to make a gingerbread, or a custard, or some simple dish of that character; she had been regularly every afternoon for two hours to a first-class cooking-school, and listened, and studied, and experimented, to her heart's content. "She is a born genius," had Aunt Beth said, more than once, looking on in astonished admiration as the child's deft fingers concocted some dainty dish; but Fanny herself knew better.

"I have a kind of a knack for it," she explained gravely, "my teacher says so; but it is because she has tried so hard to teach me and I have tried so hard to learn that I know how, after all; and, Aunt Beth, you know I can't play the scales as the other girls can."

Aunt Beth laughed. "No," she said cheerfully, "you are not a musician, and I suppose your Aunt Ermina will be disappointed, but I think you will play very pleasantly for your friends, for all that; and as for the time you have taken from practice to learn this new accomplishment, I believe your mother and father will be delighted."

"I know they will," Fanny had answered confidently. "Father thinks a young lady who doesn't know how to cook is a disgrace."

For all that, she had not expected the honor of managing the Christmas dinner.

She felt safe about that, but the question was, could she manage Susan?

By the time that slattern appeared, she had resolved on her method of attack.

"Susan, I've come to help; you don't want to work all alone on Christmas day, I know, and I can do ever so many things. What are you going to have besides chicken? O, Susan! let us have squash; that goes so nicely with chicken, and I know how to season it, and squeeze it, and all those things; and mashed potatoes, Susan. I have the loveliest new masher, which makes the potatoes come out all in little rings. Won't it be fun?"

Susan looked at the glowing face and the big apron, and plump hands and shining eyes, and "allowed" that it would.

Self-sacrificing she was, too. She had felt in a hurry, and had meant to get the dinner out of the way as soon as possible, without the trouble of mashed potatoes, or squash, or any such nonsense; what was the use, when the mistress was sick? But this was kind of a lonesome Christmas to the little girl with her mother sick, and if she wanted to play help, and muss around the kitchen, what if it did make lots more work? "It's all in a lifetime," said Susan to herself. Smothering the little sigh over the extra hour or two which she was going up, she declared with great heartiness they two would "git all the fun out of that there dinner which it was possible to find in it."

And the work began. Before one o'clock Fanny was tired but triumphant, and Susan had learned several things. "Don't let's put so much water on them at first," she had begged, when Susan was preparing to drown the chickens; "we can add a little from time to time if it boils off, but I don't believe it will if we keep them carefully covered, and they will taste so much richer, you know."

Susan really did not know whether to laugh or be respectful before so much knowledge, but she compromised with a broad grin and a good-natured "All right; have 'em jest according to your notion, and let's see how it will come out."

By the time the great, juicy quarters of the Spitzenberg apples came out whole with the juice looking like maple syrup, and the squash was almost as dry as flour, and seasoned to a nicety, and the gravy for the chicken was thickened without a lump, and the lightest and smallest of cream biscuits were broken in two and laid in rows about the platter ready for the stewed chicken, and the potatoes curled themselves in lovely brown waves over the bright dish in which they were taken from the oven, and the little sponge-cake cups of Charlotte Russe sat in tempting rows, waiting to be served for dessert, Susan had decided the question which had puzzled her at first, and was almost lost in respectful admiration.

She was even betrayed once into the use of a title of respect. "For the land's sake, Miss Fanny, what don't you know?" This was after Fanny had said, "Let me set the table, Susan; I can leave these chickens now, and you are tired; and I know exactly how to do it."

She had judged from the appearance of the breakfast table that Susan knew exactly how not to do it.

At last everything was complete, and the triumphant, weary little maiden went to summon her mother to the dining-room. "How rosy your cheeks are!" the mother said admiringly. "Have you been skating, dear?"

"Not exactly, ma'am," and Fanny's face sparkled with fun. "Motherie, how pretty you look in that wrapper. Won't you please to hurry just a little bit? Father has come in, and there is something for your dinner which will spoil by standing."

What fun it was! How utterly astonished both father and mother looked at the sight of the gracefully laid table, with squares of carefully cut bread placed in the fold of each fresh napkin. What a marvel of perfection the oyster stew was! How delicious mother said the bit of breast of chicken tasted! How heartily father ate, and how lavish was the praise bestowed upon the rosy-cheeked little fairy who had "evolved" all this comfort. For of course it came out — had to be told in answer to the eager questions poured upon her — all the story of that busy winter, and the sacrifice of chromatic scales to the proper seasoning of chicken and squash.

"Scales!" said the hungry father, helping himself to another spoonful of the mashed potato; "don't mention them, if you please, in comparison with this dinner; at least not to a man who has been served for five weeks by Susan Barker."

Fanny laughed merrily. "But Susan is real good-natured," she said quickly; "and, mother, I think she will let me teach her a good many things."

"I think she will," the mother said complacently. "Judging from this effort, my little daughter has learned not only how to do things, but how to pleasantly show others. It is a very great comfort, daughter; and as for the scales, there is time enough for them."

PANSY.

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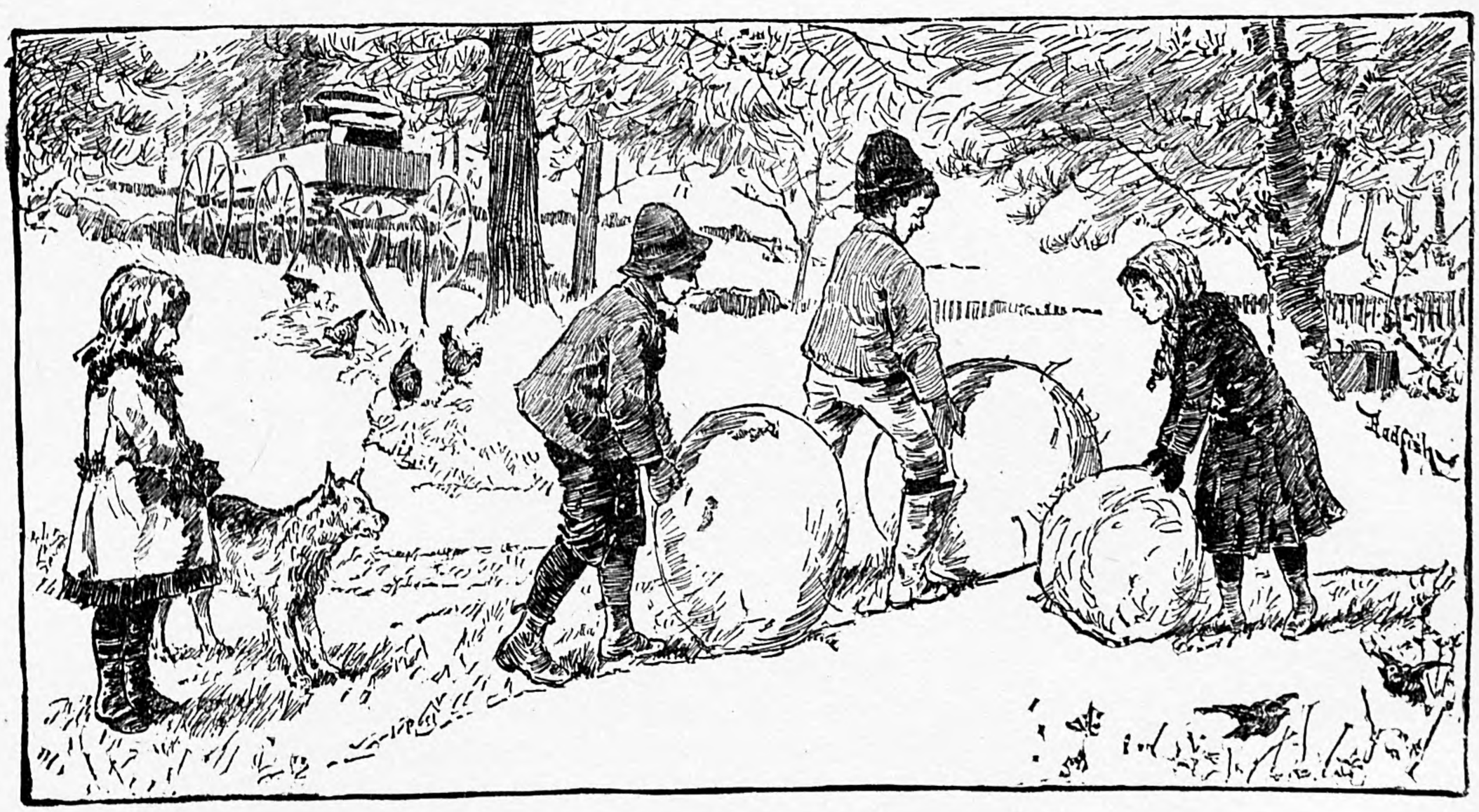

CHRISTMAS SPORT.

## BARBADOES.

SOME of you have not yet learned where that is. Let us find it. Look on the map for the Caribbean Islands. Find St. Vincent, which for some reason always seems to be the easiest one to find, then let your eye travel eastward until it reaches Barbadoes. What do we know about that island? Not much, I imagine. First, the name. What does it mean, and why was it chosen? Hard to answer. Probably it is the Spanish word for a certain vine whose branches run down and strike into the earth again.

When did the history of Barbadoes begin? The first we really know about it is in 1605, when a company of Englishmen from the good ship Olive Blossom landed there, set up a cross in honor of their visit, and cut the name of "James, King of England," on the bark of a tree. Since then, if we had kept careful watch, we might have known a good deal about the island.

Why am I calling your attention to it? Because I want to tell you about a little negro boy in one of its Sunday-schools. He is only eight years old. One day he said to his teacher, pointing to a new scholar with a look of astonishment, not to say indignation, "Massa this boy say he don't believe in any resurrection!"

"Poor fellow!" said the teacher. "But, my boy, why do you believe in a resurrection?"

"'Cause the Bible say so."

"Are you sure of that?"

"O, yes, massa! Job say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.' And David say, 'I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness.' And Jesus say, 'He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.'"

"My boy," said the teacher, surprised at the little fellow's judgment and memory, "can you show those words to your friend — in the Bible?"

Instantly the child seized his Bible and turned rapidly to Job, to the Psalms, to John, and pointed out the verses he had repeated.

The question for the Pansies is, How many eight-year-old scholars in our Sunday-schools in this country could do as well?

## POOR, YET MAKING MANY RICH.

THAT little mite of a creature, a little larger than a spool of thread as she appears in this picture, is worrying her bit of a head and heart about poverty and wealth. You see the room is very plain, very little furniture, very little finery in that house, but our small Primrose never would have thought of their not being just as "well off" as others. But this bit of a miss was one day invited out to tea to a grand house, and her sharp eyes saw the difference at a glance, and now her wee heart is heavy, and she "wonders if they'll ever be rich."

But she grew and she grew, her heart much faster than her eyes — so fast that one day she read about the poor benighted heathen who never knew of Christ, and her heart in a moment almost opened a wide door and took them all in, millions and millions of them, took them in in their sin and misery. And when she was nearly or quite a young woman, what think you? Our little Primrose, no longer a wee thing as you see her there, woe-begone, leaning against her mother, but tall, beautiful, educated, our Primrose sets sail from New York to be a missionary among the heathen to make them rich as sons and daughters of the King of Glory. "Primrose wonders no more if she will ever be rich." C. M. L.

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IN the land of Moab, which, you remember, was the home of Ruth before she left it to go with her mother-in-law, there is living a missionary from London, whose work it is to sell Bibles to the people. They do not use money to buy with, but flour. One morning the missionary counted over his Bibles, and found that he had fifty-four. But at evening of that same day not a Bible was left, and every spare dish in his house was full of flour.

The people of Moab know more about the true God than they did when Ruth's mother-in-law went there to live. Do you suppose, when they get their new Bibles, they sit down as soon as they can and read the story of Ruth? Perhaps you do not know that story yourselves? You will find it very interesting.

PATIENT WAITING.

## ONE OF YOUR SISTERS.

KITA MATSUDA is her name.

Queer name for an American girl, did you say?

But she is not American, although her eyes are as bright, her feet as swift and her tongue as nimble as any of yours.

Kita was not using her tongue though, that bright October afternoon. She was sitting in a hammock under the shade of a large tree, with a book in her hand.

The tree is in her father's garden. The garden is in Osaka. Osaka is in Japan. And the book? Guess.

It was the identical story some of you read — perhaps that same October afternoon — "Christie's Christmas." And she liked it just as much as you did. She laughed when she came to something funny, her eyes grew earnest at the sober parts, and she almost held her breath when Christie was on the cars all Christmas day, and was so glad when she got safely home to her nice supper.

No, the book is not printed in Japanese characters. Kita can read English almost as well as you can yourself.

Kita attends the mission school. Her teacher is an American lady, and she takes great pains to teach her pupils to read English. She buys the "Pansy" books and reads aloud to them, and sometimes lets them read by themselves when they have learned their lessons well.

The Japanese girls think American girls are queer, and their teacher has to answer a great many questions about your dress and your manners and way of speaking.

But Kita knows one thing exactly as you know it. She has learned about the Father in heaven, and that he sent his Son to save us. She reads the same Bible, sings the same hymns, and loves the same Saviour.

Kita's father has become a true Christian too. He has family worship, but besides that he takes little Kita upstairs every morning and prays with her alone. He prays that she may have a clear mind and learn her lessons well that day, and that she may be kept from thinking bad thoughts or speaking rude, cross words. Perhaps that is the reason Kita is growing to be one of the sweetest girls in school, and why she is so bright at her books.

One morning Kita was in a hurry. She wished to get to school very early that morning to give a flower to her teacher before school opened, and because she was in a hurry, she wished her father would not pray with her that morning. So she thought she would slip off to school and he would not find her. She picked her flower, and away she went as fast as her feet could carry her. But something seemed to whisper right in her heart, "Kita, Kita, what are you doing?"

She turned about quickly, and ran back as fast as she went. The tears of sorrow and shame were on her cheeks when she met her father in the door.

"Why, what is the matter with my dear child?" he said, wiping away her tears.

Then Kita told him how naughty she had been.

Her father took her in his arms and kissed her and said, "I forgive you, dear child, and just so the Heavenly Father will take you in his arms when you come to him and are sorry for your sin."

Then he took her by the hand and they went upstairs to pray, her father saying as he went, "You see, my Kita cannot do well when she runs away from God, not even one little, small moment."

MRS. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

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## THE HARD TEXT.

(*Matt.* vi. 25.)

IT cannot be that God would give us thinking powers and then command us not to use them.

"Take no thought," etc.

Suppose mother should not think about bread-making, would the bread come miraculously? No, no. One must think about these things, and there is no wrong about that, but the wrong comes in when we begin to doubt our Heavenly Father, as we do when we "take anxious thought," for that is the real meaning of the word "thought" in the text.

OUR LITTLE PRIMROSE.

# HARD QUESTIONS.

THE kitchen was large and neat, and Miss Helen was always kind. Gustave liked to be sent there with an armful of wood, especially when Miss Helen was at work, as she was this May morning.

Gustave lingered to watch the skillful knife go around the apple she was pealing, at least that was what he was apparently lingering for, but Miss Helen, who understood him pretty well, as she glanced at his wistful face, was sure that he wanted to ask a question.

"Sit down, Gustave," she said, "and let us have a little visit. You are not in haste?"

"No, ma'am," said Gustave; "I am pretty near done with what Mr. Williams left me to do, and after that he said I might whistle till he got back."

"Then suppose instead of whistling you talk to me. How are you getting on nowadays?"

"Pretty well, ma'am," said Gustave; but he spoke slowly, and the wistful look was still on his face. He sat down on the edge of his chair and waited for Miss Helen to say more. She always seemed to know just what to say.

"Do you find it easy to be a soldier?"

"Not so very, ma'am — not in school. The boys don't always like to have me around, you know, and I don't know what to do with myself. Sometimes I'm mad about it," said Gustave frankly.

"Don't like to have you around?" said Miss Helen. "Why is that? Don't you get on well with the boys?"

"Not always. Sometimes they call me names and make me feel mad inside, and I have to run, or maybe I should knock them."

"O, I hope not! That would be the wrong kind of fighting for a soldier under your Captain, you know. What names do they call you?"

Gustave looked down, and the tears twinkled in his big blue eyes. "You know, ma'am," he said faintly.

"Why, Gustave, no, I'm sure I don't. I thought you were good friends with the boys in your school. What names can they call you? Don't you want to tell me?"

"It is about father, you know," said Gustave, blushing violently. "He sells whiskey, you see, and the boys don't like it; and I don't either, I'm sure, but it is not my fault nor mother's, and they call him 'Old Rummie,' and they say I'm the rum-seller's boy. I am, I know, but I don't like to be told of it. My father is not a drunkard, if he is a rum-seller, but the boys say he will be. They say all rum-sellers go to drinking after a while. Do you think that is so, Miss Helen?"

Poor Gustave! his teacher's heart ached for him.

"Not all of them, Gustave," she said gently. "I am sorry the boys are so thoughtlessly unkind. It is not your fault, as you say, and your father may become acquainted with Jesus one of these days and be a soldier too; then you will have nothing to worry about."

But Gustave did not look encouraged.

"I don't know," he said sorrowfully, "father does not seem to care about Jesus. I'm afraid he will not be a soldier; he does not like to hear about him. He asks me questions about the day school, and likes to have me know my lessons, but when I try to tell him the Sunday lesson he gets cross and says, 'No matter about that.' Miss Helen, what do you think is the reason why people do not all like to know Jesus and follow him? You said it was the only sure and happy way. Don't they all like to be safe and happy? One day I asked my father why, and he told me to be off and not bother him with questions; and I saw he did not like to be talked to about it, but I don't understand why."

"Gustave, have you studied your lesson for next Sunday?"

"A little, ma'am. I read the story and learned two verses, and found where the place is on the map. That's as far as I've got yet."

"And do you remember the verse which says, 'They forsook all and followed Him'?"

"Yes, ma'am; that's one of the verses I learned."

"Well, I think it answers your question better perhaps than any words of mine could. People do not like to 'forsake all' to follow Jesus, and many think they would have to do it, so they are held back."

"But, ma'am," said Gustave eagerly, "that is not true, is it? You said He did not want

people to leave one thing that is good; that He liked to have them glad and happy, and would help them to be happier than before."

"Which is all true, Gustave, every word. He doesn't want them to forsake any good thing. But sometimes people make money out of bad things, and they like to make money and are not willing to stop, though they know that Jesus asks them to. Such people do not want to hear about him, and try to make themselves think they do not believe what he says."

Gustave was silent, and looked more troubled than ever. After a while he asked timidly,—

"What business is bad and ought to be given up, Miss Helen?"

"Think, Gustave. Don't you know of any business that makes people poor and cross and stupid, and the more they have to do with it the worse they get?"

"Do you mean selling liquor, Miss Helen?"

"Have I described a part of what liquor does for people?"

"Yes'm, I think you have. Some people are made so by drinking it."

"Then can it be right to drink it?"

"O, no, ma'am! but my father doesn't drink hardly any. Sometimes he doesn't drink a bit, and he never staggers like old Pete Smith."

"No, he doesn't drink enough for that; but, Gustave, can it be right for him to give others what will make them cross and ugly?"

"But, ma'am, he doesn't make them drink it. They come to him and want it and pay him for getting it for them."

"True; does that make it right, Gustave? Suppose I should give you a knife, with which you went home and killed your mother, knowing when I gave it that you would be likely to use it for some such purpose?"

"O, Miss Helen! you wouldn't do that!"

"But suppose I should? People do wicked things, sometimes. For the sake of our argument, suppose I should sell you a knife for such a purpose — would that make it right?"

"No, ma'am, it wouldn't, and I see what you mean. Then you think it is wicked for my father to sell beer?"

"The question is, Gustave, not what I think but what you think."

Gustave was silent for a few moments; then he drew a long sigh and produced another argument. "But, Miss Helen, people would sell it if he didn't, so what difference does it make?"

"Other people would steal Mr. Proctor's chickens to-night — some people did last night — wouldn't it make any difference whether Gustave Smicht did it? Could you be a soldier of Jesus and do anything that you knew was making sin in the world, no matter how many others were doing it?"

"No," said Gustave, after a few troubled moments. In his distress he forgot to say "No, ma'am." Evidently he understood just whither his own conclusions were leading him.

"Then you see where a great deal of the trouble lies. I don't think, my boy, that your father will ever be a soldier of Jesus so long as he has his present business. You know about conscience, Gustave? The consciences of people tell them that Jesus does not approve of such a business, and really honest people shrink from hearing anything about him while they are doing what he does not want done."

Silence, then another question:

"Miss Helen, then why do people who are soldiers of Jesus buy beer of father, and help along his business, and why do they rent him a store to do such business in, and why do they sign his papers and help him to get started?"

"I don't know," said Helen, pealing apples very fast, the glow on her face growing deeper. "You must ask them if you want to find out, for I really cannot tell you why it is so."

Gustave waited, his anxious eyes studying his oracle's face. Was it possible that she had no explanation of this painful puzzle? Nothing that would give him a hint by which to reach his father?

The glow on her cheeks did not fade, but there came, presently, a softer light in her eyes, and she looked up at the waiting boy and smiled.

"Some things are hard to understand, Gustave," she said, "but you and I know two things — the Lord Jesus Christ is the king of this world, and we are his servants; and some day he will reign here in all hearts, and right all wrongs, and explain all puzzles. Suppose you and I trust him, and work hard to bring his kingdom in?"

PANSY.

## WICKED BIRDS.

ARE you acquainted with a family of birds named Barn Martins? I have heard of a wicked bit of work of theirs —so wicked, I can hardly believe it; yet the gentleman who tells the story can be depended upon as speaking the truth.

It seems that a young couple not long ago selected a certain barn in the State of Pennsylvania in which to build their house. They built a lovely home, with a door in the side, that, for try as they would the Barn Martins could not get him out of their house.

They used every means at their command and failed. Had the story stopped here, what sympathy we could have had for the Barn Martins. But I am sorry to tell you that, smarting under a sense of wrong, their evil passions entirely got the better of them; they brought mud and plastered it over the little door in the side of the house, working with such speed that before the sparrow realized what was going on, he was a prisoner for life, walled in

according to their usual habit, but before they had set up housekeeping an English sparrow deliberately moved in while they were away one afternoon, and refused to come out. I say nothing for the English sparrow; it was a clear case of glaring dishonesty on his part, of course, and the boldest kind of dishonesty at to the home he had stolen. Terrible, isn't it? Wouldn't you suppose their happiness for life would be destroyed — that is, if they have consciences. Who knows? All I am sure of is, that they have set to work exactly next door to the walled-up house and built again, and are living there in apparent happiness. PANSY.


SOME FOREIGN NEIGHBORS.

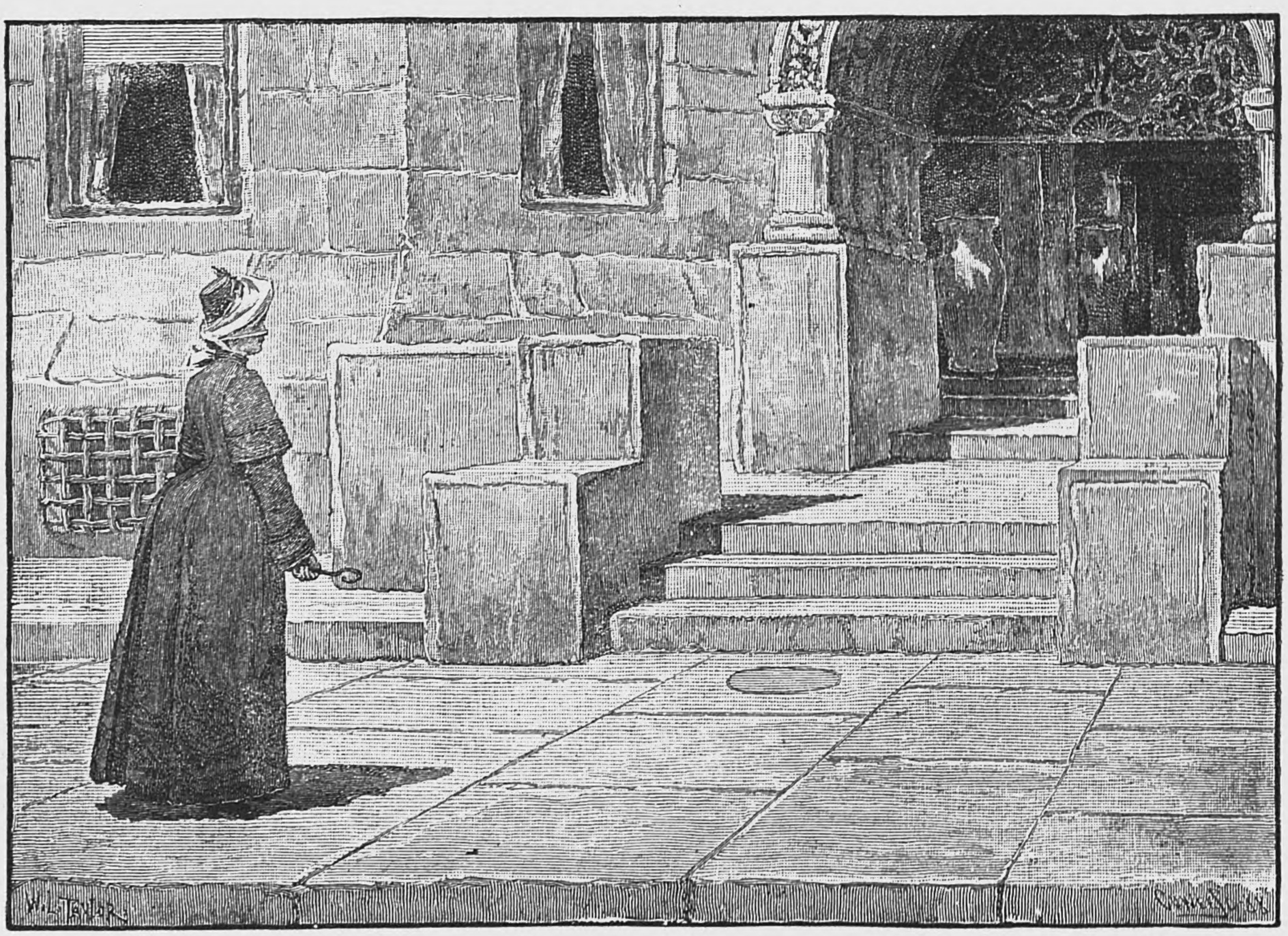
## THE VOICE OF POWER.

IT was a lovely home. Miss Ellis thought this, as she had many times before. She slackened her pace as she neared the house, and went slowly up the broad stone steps; she dreaded to be shown in. She wondered what words there were to fit the hour.

A heavy sorrow had shut down on the home since she last visited it. Her favorite scholar in Sabbath-school, Ellie Westwood, lived here, but Miss Ellis knew that at this moment in a closed and darkened room, Ellie's father lay in his coffin, waiting to be taken to his resting place, in the hillside cemetery.

Poor Ellie! she loved her father even more than girls of her age often do; and as she threw herself into her teacher's arms, and gave way to a fresh burst of grief, it seemed to her for a moment, that her heart must break.

"O, Miss Ellis!" she said at last, between the sobs, "I tried to get some help this afternoon out of the Bible. I have often heard Grandma say that there was comfort in the Bible for every sorrow, but it made mine all the worse. Don't you think the book opened of itself, papa's Bible! to the story of the young man being carried to the grave, and Jesus met them and stopped the procession and said, 'Young man, I say unto thee arise.' Oh! if he were only here now, he could just speak papa's name and he would answer right away! The young man did, you know; sat up and began to speak. Papa loved Jesus, and would have obeyed his voice. O, Miss Ellis! how can I bear it?" And once more Ellie buried her face in her hands in a flood of tears.



AS SHE NEARED THE HOUSE.

"Dear Ellie," Miss Ellis said, in a low, soothing voice, after waiting a few moments for the poor girl to grow more quiet; "you forget; you spoke as though that dear Friend was far away, when he is close beside you, and knows all about it. Do you realize that he has spoken to your papa, called him by name, and directed him to come home to the place which has been long waiting? He wanted him in heaven, Ellie dear, not on earth any more.

Your papa heard his voice, and was too glad to obey."

"Oh! but," said Ellie, sobbing still, though more quietly, "it is so different. He gave the young man back to his mother, and she heard his voice again, and I suppose he walked home by her side and took care of her, and mamma has no one now."

"I know He did, dear; for some good reason known to Him, He wanted that young man to live longer on the earth — perhaps he was not ready for heaven. But He wanted your father to go to his inheritance. I suppose He has some blessed work for him to do there, before it is time for mamma to go. He certainly knows all about it, dear, and has planned it in the best way possible, both for papa and you; cannot you trust Him?"

The sobs which had shaken the young girl's form grew less and less violent, and at last, though she cried still, it was in a quiet way. The passionate outburst of grief was evidently over for the time.

Miss Ellis had drawn the brown head to her shoulder, and while she held her with one arm, with the other hand she gently smoothed back the disordered waves of hair from her forehead. After a few moments of silence she spoke again.

"Ellie dear, papa is safe at home, where nothing can ever trouble him any more; do you think you could turn your thoughts from him to one who is not safe, and not happy, and needs oh! so much to hear the voice of Jesus calling to him to 'arise'?"

"You mean Bert," said Ellie. "O, Miss Ellis! if something could be done for Bert."

"There can be," said Miss Ellis firmly. "Perhaps, Ellie, God called your papa home just at this time in order to help your brother to hear the voice that is calling him. Papa doesn't need your prayers any more, Ellie, but Bert is in great need. Can't you help him, can't you carry him on your heart to this Jesus who is as ready to-day as he was when he met the young man by the gates of Nain, and beg him to speak to your brother in such a way that he will hear? And is there nothing else that you can do to help your brother at this time?"

"I'll try, Miss Ellis," said the little girl, raising herself up to kiss her teacher's cheek. "You have helped me so much! I did not think of papa as at home in heaven; I could only think of him as dead, and it almost seemed to me as though Jesus were dead, too. I'll try as hard as I can to help Bert."

Miss Ellis walked away from the grand house, a little more hopeful than she had been when she entered it. Perhaps she had been able to do some good; if her words had helped Ellie any she was thankful. But her heart was heavy over the "only son" of this widow. Young, handsome, well-educated, and getting to be what people called "wild," getting more and more under the influence of the elegant up-town saloon, with its high license, and its elegant bar, and costly wines. Would he listen to the voice of power before it was too late?

Miss Ellis dreaded the funeral; dreaded to meet Ellie again, and listen to her outbursts of sorrow, but she need not have been afraid, Ellie was very quiet. She cried a good deal of the time, it is true, but always softly, and held her little sister's hand, and looked after her with almost a mother's care, and once she actually smiled on Miss Ellis when she caught her eye; such a brave, pitiful little smile, it was sad, almost more pathetic than tears; but after all it encouraged Miss Ellis. Jesus had evidently helped to comfort this little girl.

Later, on that same trying day, the teacher went to try to make the desolateness of the house a little less hard to bear. Ellie met her in the hall, and from behind the tears shone a smile. "O, dear Miss Ellis!" she said, "I have something to tell you; something which ought to make me happy, even to-day. Don't you think Bert has heard His voice! We have been having a long talk, and he says he promised papa he would be a different man from this time, and that he went down on his knees beside papa's coffin and promised Jesus that he would serve him forever. Miss Ellis, don't you think papa is glad about it in heaven?"

"I am sure of it," said Miss Ellis, kissing her. "You see, Ellie darling, it is the same Voice still, and has proved its power once more."

PANSY.

# BABY'S CORNER.

### A PIECE OF BABY'S MIND.

MAMMA calls everybody to see my two pretty pink feet. She kisses them and says they are sweet little footsie tootsies; and then she goes and covers them up with little ugly woolly things she calls socks.

I don't like socks. My feet are pretty; I do think my ten toes are real cunning. I like to play with them, and I do not want them bundled up in socks. I made up my mind at first that I would not wear socks. I told mamma so, but she doesn't seem to know what I mean.

It does seem as if all the folks in this house, mamma and grandma and auntie and nurse, just live on purpose to keep my socks on. Everybody who takes me up goes to fumbling after my feet the first thing. They always find my socks off, and they always put them on again.

Foolish people! They don't know that I just rub my feet together hard and give them a little toss, and off come the old socks quick as a wink, the minute after they have tied them on. I am glad I wear long dresses. It is very hard work kicking them off so much. I am tired out some days, they keep me so busy. Then I get cross and they think I have a pain.

Grandma is the worst one. She is always after my feet. She feels of them and says, "Mary, this child's feet are cold as ice"—Mary is my mamma. Then she toasts them at the fire.

It doesn't feel good to me, but I have to lie and take it. I wonder if Grandma would like to have her bare feet turned up to some live coals?

One day nurse tied my socks very tight. I could not get them off. They hurt me, and I cried all day. Mamma thought I was sick. She gave me some catnip tea, and then she sent for the doctor. He left some funny little pills. He told them to give me two every hour. They were good, but my feet hurt just the same.

I did not feel easy until they took off those hateful socks. Then mamma said, "That medicine is doing the darling good." It is queer how much big folks don't know.

My socks don't get tied tight any more. Grandma saw the bright red streaks the strings made on my feet that day, and she 'tends to it now.

But we just go on, they putting the socks on, and I kicking them off, and I suppose it will always be so till I grow up. Then I'm sure I shall go barefoot.

MRS. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

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## APRIL.

HARK! the hours are softly calling,
Bidding spring arise,
To listen to the rain drops falling
From the cloudy skies;
To listen to earth's weary voices,
Louder every day,
Bidding her no longer linger
On her charmed way,
But hasten to her task of beauty
Scarcely yet begun.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

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ON many a green branch swinging,
Little birdlets singing,
Warble sweet notes in the air.
Flowers fair there I found,
Green spread, the meadow all around.

—*From "Spring Song" of Germany.*

ALFONSO XIII., THE LITTLE KING OF SPAIN.

## A "MAGIC BOOK."

A WRITER in the St. Nicholas tells the story of a narrow escape of Stanley's in Africa. He was one day making notes in his book, when a company of savages came down the river in their canoes, long spears in their hands, and with fierce looks and savage mutterings approached Mr. Stanley.

The moment he saw them he spoke the word "Sen-nen-neh!" which in their language means "peace." But they looked fierce and angry. At last the chief spoke for them: "If white man wishes peace, why does he try to bewitch us?"

Stanley assured them that he had not such a thought; that he and his men had laid down their swords and wanted to be treated as guests, and to be friends. But the chief spoke again: "The stranger's words are not straight! Did we not see him making spells of witchcraft against us, and drawing them on the magic charm that he carries with him?"

In an instant, Stanley understood that it was his note-book which had made them angry. The chief assured him that if he meant to be "fair" with them he must throw his magic work into the fire near by, then they would treat him as a brother. This was hard for Mr. Stanley. His notes were very important; he had spent long, weary months and years in gathering the knowledge written there. Suddenly a bright thought came to him. He had a pocket volume of Shakespeare which looked much like the offending note-book. He drew it out, asking if that was the charm they wished him to burn. A hundred voices answered it was, and the chief once more assured him that if he would burn it, before their eyes, he and his men should have food and be cared for.

There was a blazing fire close at hand, into which Mr. Stanley at once flung the book. The savages watched it burn in silence for a moment, then broke into a yell of delight. The thing they feared was gone. They rushed forward to welcome their "white brother," and brought fruit and fish and all the dainties of the island for him.

Mr. Stanley lost his volume of Shakespeare, but his precious notes were saved, and given to the world.

PANSY.

## HE WAS WELCOME.

MANY men have trusty watch-dogs, but the banker represented in the *Pall Mall Gazette* seems to possess a canine curiosity that is faithful almost to the verge of being morbidly conscientious: —

"An Austrian banker lately went to Vienna on business. He arrived in the evening, traveling with a large, handsome dog. The two put up at a hotel, and next morning the gentleman went out, bidding care to be taken that his dog did not stray from the house. The chamber-maid went to make up the banker's room. Bruno was very pleased to see her, wagged his huge tail, licked her hand, and made friends thoroughly until, her business being done, she was about to leave. Not so. Bruno calmly stretched himself full length before the door. He explained, as perfectly as possible, that 'he knew his duty.' No one should leave his master's room in his absence. When the girl tried to pull the door open sufficiently, he growled, showed his teeth, and finally held her fast.

"The woman's screams brought another maid, and yet another, and then in succession all the waiters. Bruno was glad to let them all in, but he allowed no one to go out. The room became pretty well crowded, and every bell in the house, meantime, rang, while the walls echoed cries of 'Waiter! waiter!' Finally the lady who kept the hotel appeared, and pushed her way irately into the room, asking angrily, as she walked in, what sort of picnic they were all holding here. Bruno let her in, too, but not out again — O, no! When the lady's husband appeared, she called him loudly, telling him to keep outside, to send messengers scouring the city for the banker, and meantime to endeavor to pacify the angry customers downstairs.

"That Austrian banker was a welcome man when he arrived." — *Selected.*

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IN point of population the sexes are about equal in the United States, but in church membership two thirds are females, and of sixty thousand penitentiary inmates fifty-five thousand are men.

# BABY'S CORNER.

## HEN-PEN.

IT was a warm, pleasant spring morning. A little hen that lived in a big barn on the hill thought she would take a walk all by herself. The barn-door stood wide open, so she stepped out.

First she went into the orchard and picked about in the fresh grass. She found some new bugs and worms. Then she flew up on the fence and looked down the road.

"That's a nice little path in the grass by the roadside," Hen-pen said to herself. "I wonder what is at the foot of the hill? I mean to find out."

She looked behind her to see if anybody was coming, then down she flew. What a nice smooth path! Hen-pen was very happy walking along in the sweet air singing a little song.

Pretty soon Hen-pen came to a brook. She saw two boys sitting on a green bank, fishing, but she did not stop; she took a drink and went on.

By and by she got to the foot of the hill, and there she saw a wee house among the trees. Hen-pen was tired. She thought she would go and rest in the shade a few minutes, so she

HEN-PEN.

slipped under the fence. She went around to the back of the house. The woodshed door stood open; Hen-pen stepped softly in.

She spied a round basket in the corner half-full of chips.

"What a pretty nest that would make!" said Hen-pen, and into the basket she got and sat down.

A poor old woman lived alone in this little house. She was lame, and had to walk with a cane. She got up late that morning, because she did not sleep well.

MRS. KIP'S TEAKETTLE.

When she was dressed she went to the wood shed to get some chips to boil her teakettle.

Hen-pen had gone home half an hour ago. But what was in Mrs. Kip's chip basket? A pretty white warm egg!

Now Mrs. Kip had nothing in the house for breakfast but some dry bread and butter. She was just wishing she had a nice fresh egg, and here it was.

She was very glad. She boiled it and ate it, and it was good.

"If I ever find out whose hen it is," said good Mother Kip, "I will pay them for that egg."

Hen-pen came every day for a long time after that and left an egg in the pretty basket for Mrs. Kip's breakfast.

MRS. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

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A NEW pair of shoes came home for little five-year-old. He tried them on, and finding that his feet were in very close quarters, exclaimed: "O, my! they are so tight I can't wink my toes."

## FROM SIVAS, ASIA MINOR.

WE went out to some cold springs not far from here one summer and I saw a long pile of stones that some folks said was the grave of a very big man who used to sit on the top of a steep hill with his feet reaching to a pond in the valley. One day a woman was bathing in the water and she began to drown, when he without leaving his high seat reached down his hand and rescued her, and after doing many other great performances like this they say he died and was folded up seven times and buried, and yet his grave was fifteen feet long. Some of the Turks that go there tie rags on the bushes near the grave to cure their diseases. One day I saw some men come and put stones on the grave, so it becomes longer and higher every year.

One winter in the city not long ago papa was returning from school with a magnet in his hand when he met the Secretary of the Board of Education of Sivas, who is a Turk. Papa took his knife and rubbed it on the magnet a few times, and showed him that it would pick up a needle. A few days afterwards, the Secretary meeting a Greek who had just received a large invoice of knives, the following dialogue took place:

*Turk.* Any of your knives English?

*Greek.* O, yes! most all of them.

*Turk.* Bring us some needles; let's try them.

*Greek.* What do needles have to do with them?

*Turk.* Why, of course if it's genuine English it will pick up needles.

*Greek.* No knife will pick up needles.

*Turk.* It won't, eh? look at mine. You haven't got a single English knife among your whole lot.

Saying this the Turk left in apparently great disgust. A few days afterwards he happened around again at the store and found the Greek still in great distress.

"Secretary Effendim," he said, "those English at Constantinople haven't even the shadow of a conscience. I paid an extra high price to get knives warranted English. Now here I have more than twenty liras worth of this bogus trash that nobody wants to buy. Where will I find bread for my wife and children this year? There's no end to the woes of a merchant in Turkey."

The Secretary had to confess immediately, and the Greek was changed for a while into the happiest man in this city of fifty thousand people.

Last year I got thirty-seven people to sign the temperance pledge, all but one of whom signed the tobacco pledge too.

I send my love to you.

Your loving reader,

RAY S. HUBBARD.

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## TEMPTATION.

(1 *Corinthians* x. 13.)

THAT God is faithful, well I know,
Since all my life has proven so;

And never have I suffered more
Than He could know whom I adore.

Temptation oft has been my foe,
But such as common is below;

While God the Father has not let
Me perish in my sufferings yet.

For my escape, His kindly way
Deserves my gratitude each day.

So in this, His own holy morn,
I bless His name, whose Son was born

To cleanse me from my guilt and sin,
My soul unto Himself to win.

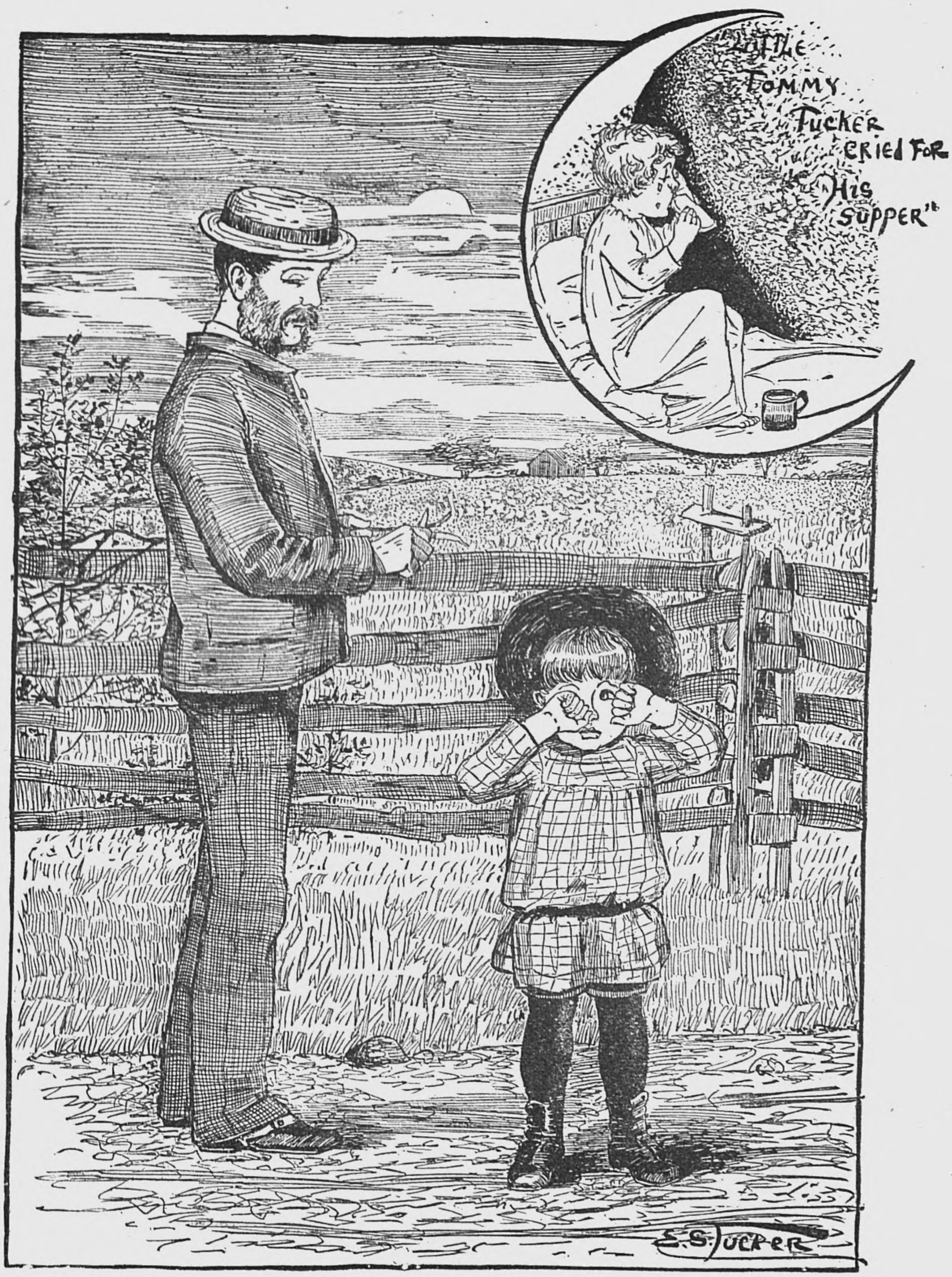
Be unto God my whole intent,
My life with him forever spent.

A special note of praise I sing
While here His help remembering.

And may His love possess my soul,
So that I be in His control

Until within the realms of light
I gain new voice, new song, new might.

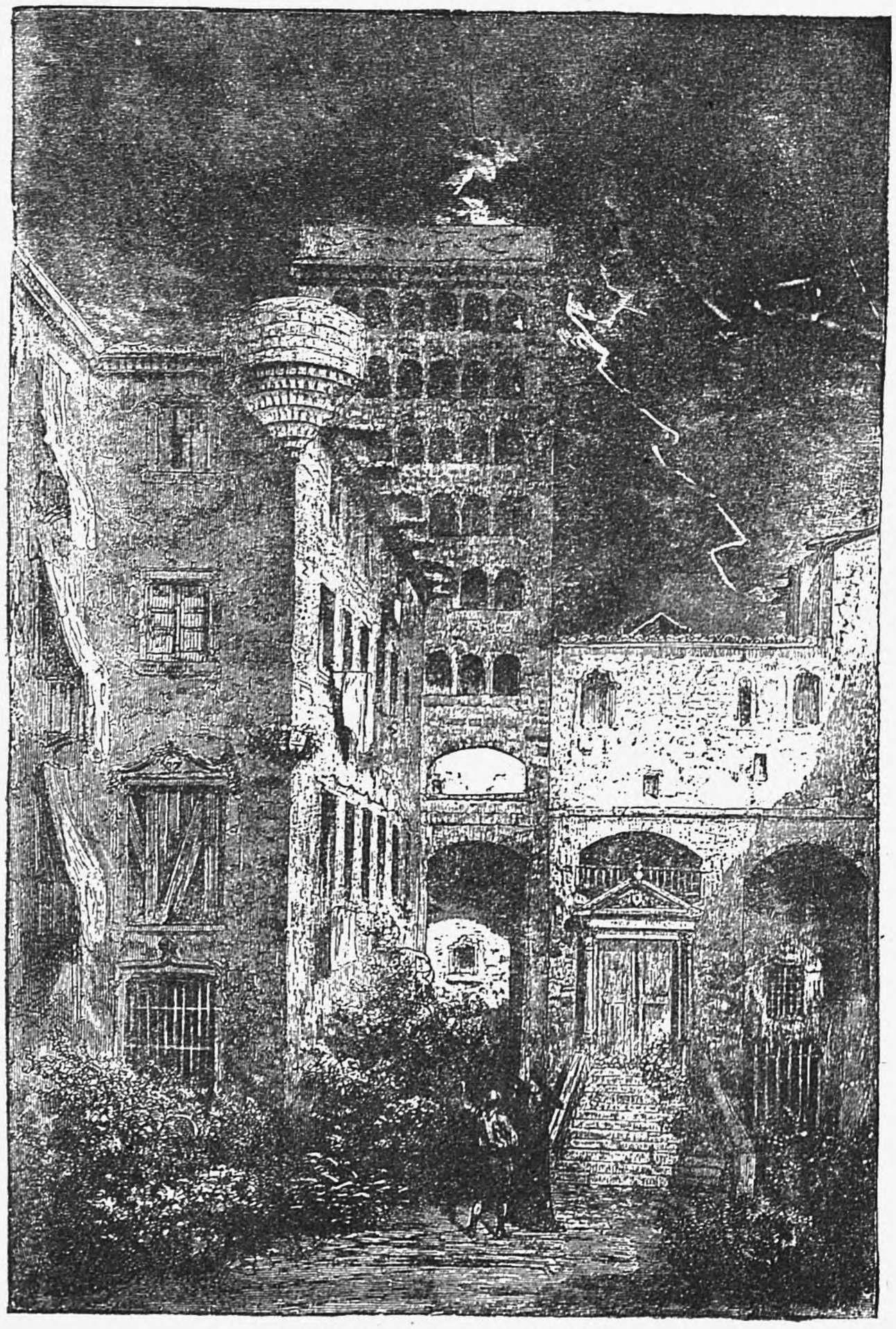
HAZEL WYLDE, *in Home Guardian.*




AN OLD STORY IN A NEW DRESS.

## A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

A CHINAMAN who has become a Christian asked one of the missionaries how many ministers there were in his country. The missionary, curious to know what his judgment would be, told him the number of people who lived in his country (the missionary was from England), and asked him to guess.



PRISON OF THE INQUISITION.

"Well," said the Chinaman, "it is a little country; I guess there are fifteen hundred."

"No," said the missionary, "you are wrong. There are twenty-three thousand."

The reply was, "Why, you can afford a thousand missionaries for China, as well as not."

## THE DAY DAWNS.

THIS picture carries us back into the dark days of persecution and pain in Spain. What tears were shed and what groans were heard within those prison walls — tears and groans of Christians — no living person knows. Ah! if those walls, those dungeons, could speak, what a sad story they would tell. "Why did those children of God suffer such torture on the rack?" Because they would not give up their faith for that of their enemies. "They loved not their lives unto the death." (*Rev.* xii. 11.)

They laid down their best gift "for Jesus' sake." That was their Whisper Motto, to which they were so true when the trying hour came. What that you prize so highly, are you ready to give up for his dear sake?

But those dark days of persecution and death are about gone from the earth, and most people may now worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. I don't think we need fear that our faithfulness to Jesus will ever cost us our lives.

And in heathen lands, whither our missionaries are going and preaching "On earth peace, good-will to man, and glory to God in the highest," wars and cruelty are passing away.

Husbands are not selling their wives into slavery, fathers are not delivering up their children to shame and pain as once. And when, oh! when the heathenism of the saloon and strong drink passes away — as it surely will "in the good time coming" — what a song of angels there'll be, and rejoicing on the earth. What are you and I doing to bring it about? C.

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A Christian is a man who is restoring God's likeness to his character. — *Robertson.*

A QUIET PUPIL.

## THE HARD TEXT.

(*Matt.* vi. 22, 23.)

SINGLE," fixed steadily upon one object, as when the rope-dancer fixes his eye, not upon the confusing people, but upon some object on the wall. So one must look steadily to Jesus.

The eye is the body's guide. Suppose it be unsteady or diseased or blind, what a calamity to the poor body.

CHAMOIS OVERTAKEN BY AN AVALANCHE.

So the soul is for our light; what if it be wicked or not steadily fixed upon Jesus — upon Bible truth? How much more mischief this would bring than mere eye blindness.

Let us pray Jesus, who is the Light of the world, to lead us into all truth, to lead us to think, speak, do and feel right.

Are you aiming to have a conscience void of offense toward God and man? C. M. L.

## NATURE GROANING.

CAN'T you see something more in those pictures of nature than beauty and wonder? Can't you hear groans and wails, not only of those frightened, suffering animals, but of very Nature herself? the very hills and valleys sighing, moaning as if some terrible thing had torn them apart, as tears the eagle the lamb, leaving wide wounds gaping and gushing with their own gore! When they crucified Jesus the very rocks rent, and so the storms, the earthquakes, the rumbling thunder, the cyclones, with the earth and sea roaring; altogether, is not creation groaning over something that has happened — is going on now —

"The loss of Eden
And all its woe"?

In other words, sin has wrecked creation, and like a once beautiful and noble ship, it now lies among the rocks, the wild waves dashing against and over it.

But the time is near, we hope, when the Master will speak as he once spoke to stormy Galilee — "Peace, be still" — and there will be a great calm the wide world over, and wildness, wickedness and wars will cease. Then "the lion and the lamb will lie down together and a young child shall lead them." Instead of the opening picture it will be more like the one last shown you.

When the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our Lord and his Church, creation's groans will cease — rather will be a mighty hallelujah of praise to our God.

Toward all this our missionary work moves. How much are we pushing? C. M. L.

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IT is the little things that make the world's history and fix the destiny for eternity.

## REBECCA AND ISAAC.

FIFTY years ago — more or less — there lived in the State of Vermont a wee girl whom we will call Rebecca.

One day her sister came home from the primary Sunday-school class with a missionary paper, and handed it to Rebecca to see the pictures. They were pictures of heathen people in Africa. And there were interesting stories about these heathen — telling how ignorant they were of God and Jesus, the Saviour. And one of the stories ended with the question, "What Sunday-school child will make ready to go to teach these blind people about God's love in sending his dear Son to die for them?"

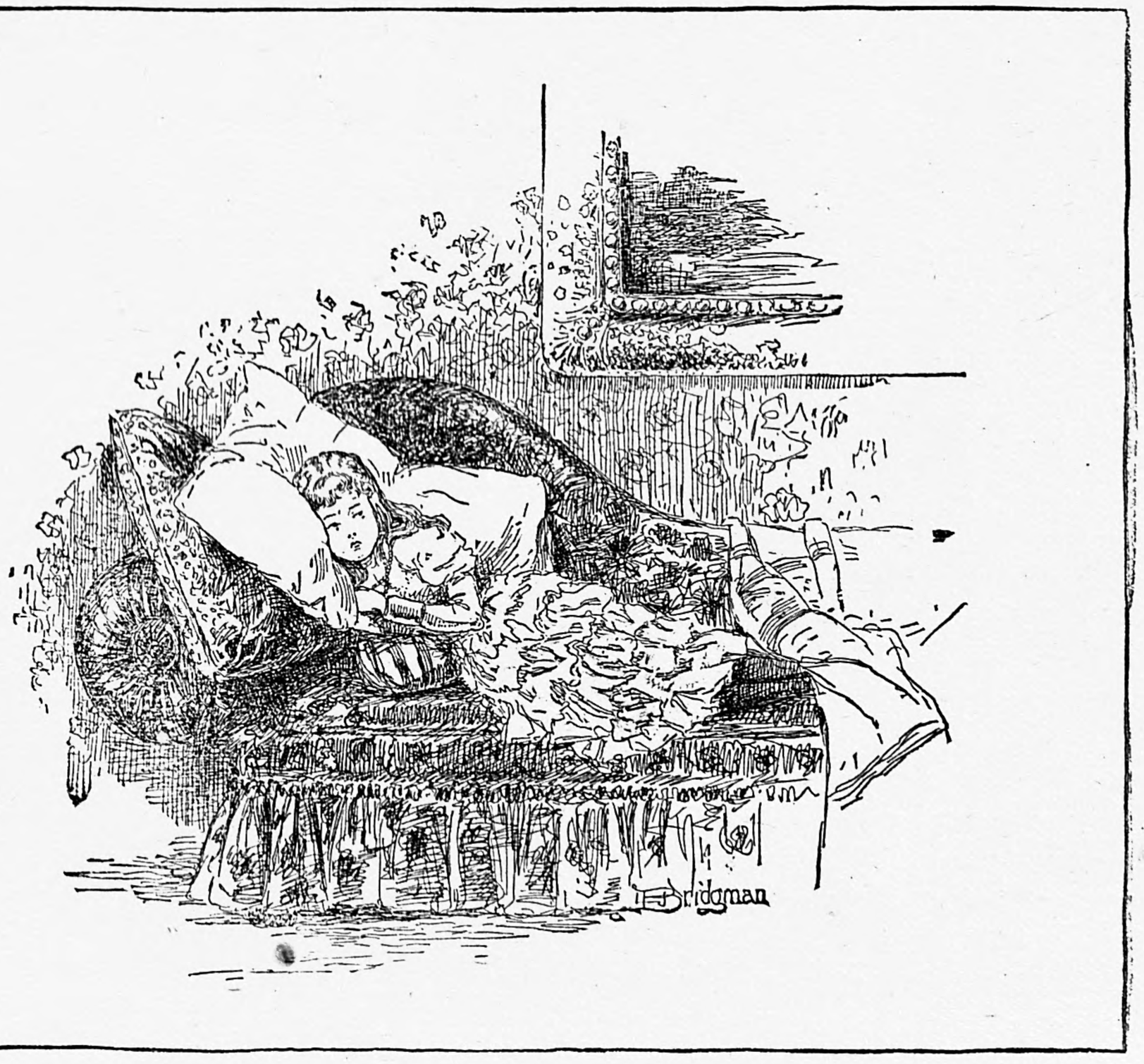
Now these pictures and stories set Rebecca to thinking, and that question seemed to look her right in the face for an answer.

But she said to herself, "What can I do for those far-away, awful folks? I'm only a child," she reasoned — "only a girl — and sick besides in bed."

So she cast the question away, thinking it was not for her to answer.

But some days after, when she was up and dressed, the same little question came and stood before her and said, "Here I am. Can't you do something with me? I've been waiting about for you to speak to me."

So Rebecca fell to thinking again what she should say to this questioner. She said not a word, but just kept on thinking till her tired head sank upon the lounge, and she fell fast asleep.




REBECCA.

Here she is, you see.

As she slept, she dreamed of —

> "The heathen in their blindness
> Bow down to wood and stone."

Again she thought the queer bit of a ques-

tioner stood there, saying, "Who will go, and whom shall I send?"

And while she wondered she almost thought she heard:

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?"

Awaking from the strange dream, she sought her mother and told it all, and her mother hid it away in her heart, wondering if, like dear Samuel, her darling had been called of the Lord to a great work.

On and on rushed the years. Rebecca was now a young woman, and in her heart was Jesus, and one day she said to him, "Here am I, send me."

Now there had lived in her neighborhood a dear boy, whom we will call Isaac. They had met often at school and played together, and once and again Isaac had walked home with Rebecca to assist her through the snow, and as they walked on they talked, and once Rebecca told Isaac her queer dream, and about the heathen. This set Isaac to thinking; and so, though it was cold, they stopped and thought.

Now they were both grown up. Isaac came home from the theological seminary for his vacation. And his minister had him preach for him that Sabbath, and as he preached all that were in the house saw that his heart was set upon being a missionary.

The next year he finished his studies in the seminary and came home, and—he and Rebecca went away off among the Zulus of Africa as missionaries. But they were now Mr. and Mrs. Isaac ——.

Every one said, "Poor Rebecca, she is so frail and sickly, she'll soon die in that bad climate."

"Did she die?"

Not till after she had done so much for the blind heathen, leading many of them into the Light of God; not till she had been many, many years the brightest, dearest companion of Isaac as he preached and taught this people from house to house; not until she saw her own darling sons and daughters growing up to take her place.

After that—only two years ago—she fell asleep again—in the arms of Jesus.

A few days ago I saw dear "Isaac" and one of the lovely daughters here in Florida at Winter Park, and I heard him preach a wonderful sermon about these Zulus, and the daughter played, and sang in the Zulu language.

And now while I write they are sitting near the seashore or on the bank of the Indian River at Rock Ledge, Fla., thinking of Zululand, and wishing to go back there again.

And "Isaac" is really and truly Rev. Dr. Tyler. When you read this, they will be in St. Johnsbury, Vt. C. M. L.

## DO YOU THINK TO PRAY?

ERE you left your room this morning,
Did you think to pray?
In the name of Christ our Saviour,
Did you sue for loving favor
As a shield to-day?

When you meet with great temptations,
Do you think to pray?
By His dying love and merit,
Do you claim His Holy Spirit
As your guide and stay?

When your heart was filled with anger,
Did you think to pray?
Did you plead for grace, my brother,
That you might forgive another
Who had crossed your way?

When sore trials came upon you,
Did you think to pray?
When your soul was bowed with sorrow,
Balm of Gilead did you borrow
At the gates of day? — *Selected.*

As the word of God, well studied, will help us to understand his providences, so the providence of God, well observed, will help us to understand his Word, for God is every day fulfilling the Scripture.

KATIE.

## THE BOASTER.

HAVE you read the story of the little boy who boasted that he could learn any verse in the Bible in five minutes? The New York Christian Advocate tells about him.

It seems he won a prize in Sunday-school for learning the greatest number of verses in a certain length of time. He showed so much vanity about it that the pastor concluded to give him a little lesson. After he had proudly declared that he could learn any verse in the Bible in five minutes, he was given a verse and sent into a corner by himself to learn it, the minister engaging to time him.

The following is the verse:

"Then were the king's scribes called at that time in the third month, that is, the month Sivan, on the three and twentieth day thereof; and it was written according to all that Mordecai commanded unto the Jews, and to the lieutenants, and the deputies, and rulers of the provinces which are from India unto Ethiopia, an hundred and twenty-seven provinces, unto every province according to the writing thereof, and unto every people after their language, and to the Jews according to their writing, and according to their language."

It is said that the poor vain boy after one hour's effort failed in reciting the verse correctly.

I suppose it helped to teach him a much-needed lesson; still, after all, do you think it was quite fair?

Moreover, if he had only known how to study, and had had a reasonably good memory, even a verse of that kind need not have taken an hour. Try it, Pansies, and see how long it will take you to memorize it, after you have carefully analyzed it.

What do I mean by that? Why, try what shape you can get it into, which will aid your memory. What does the verse say? What facts does it give you? How many facts are there in it? This for a hint; you do the rest.

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Do thy little, or do thy much,
For the Maker loveth such.

## CHEERING WORDS.

FROM Africa, the home of the first civilized nation of the world—the Egyptians—comes cheering words. Explorers, travelers and navigators have made valuable contributions to the geography and history of this country, but to the zealous, earnest worker in the Master's cause, has been given the blessed opportunity of promoting a greater work than was ever before undertaken. And this not in one benighted land. Wherever the need is manifest thither are the sturdy ones going. An exchange says:

"Nothing was known of the interior of the Dark Continent until within a few years; now Africa is girded with Christian missions. Thirty-four missionary societies are at work, and all its 200,000,000 souls are practically within the reach of Christian ministers. Thirty-three societies have begun work in China, and all its 350,000,000 souls may be visited with the message of the Gospel. More than fifty societies have entered India, and the light is dawning on its 250,000,000. Turkey and Persia and Japan are filling with mission churches and schools. Practically, the whole world is open, and the grandest day of opportunity for the kingdom of God that the earth has ever seen has fully dawned."

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AT the end of 1887 there were 38 missionary societies represented in China by 1,030 missionaries, of whom 489 were men and 221 were single ladies. There were 175 native ordained ministers and 1,316 unordained helpers, 31,290 communicants, 13,777 pupils in schools, and the contributions by native Christians amounted to $38,136.70. The increase over the preceding year was, of missionaries including men and women, 111, or over 11 per cent.; of communicants, 4,268, or over 12½ per cent.; and of contributions, $19,862.14, or over 100 per cent.

Last year the Chinese Christians, in their extreme poverty, doubled their contributions to every benevolent work. Do not they set a noble example to their brethren in this more favored land?—*Missionary Review.*

# BABY'S CORNER.

## AUNT MARY'S PET.

AN old bird was teaching her children to fly, one day.

"We will go to the top of that barn," said mother-bird. "Now all ready!" and away they went.

One poor birdie, as he stood on the edge of the nest, fell down. Aunt Mary found him on the ground under an orange-tree. She took him into the house and got a little basket, and made a nice bed in it for birdie, and put him into it. Then she brought a bottle of liniment and some rags

TIP.

and did up his hurt leg. After that she gave him some supper, and birdie soon fell asleep.

In the morning he felt better, but he could not move his leg. He had to lie on his bed a long time. But Aunt Mary was kind to him. She spread a clean white sheet upon his bed every day, and fed him bread and milk and sweet berries, and she gave him a name, too; she called him Tip.

One morning when Tip woke up the sun was shining on him. He felt so well and happy he hopped right out of his bed, and when Aunt Mary came down he was walking about the floor!

And now Tip follows Aunt Mary all about the house. When she works in the kitchen he stands on the window sill and sings to her, for he has learned to sing pretty songs now.

Sometimes he is a naughty little rogue. When they are eating breakfast he flies upon the table and steals the biggest strawberry, then he takes a drink out of the cream pitcher. He likes tea, too, and drinks from Aunt Mary's cup.

When she eats an orange he stands on the arm of her chair and takes bites.

He likes bread and milk, and eats it every morning for breakfast. Sometimes he does not come quickly when Aunt Mary calls him, but if she holds out to him a spoonful of milk he will run to her as fast as he can.

But what do you think Tip loves best of anything to eat? A cricket! When Aunt Mary says "See here! see here!" then Tip knows she has a cricket for him, and he runs to get it.

He goes out-of-doors and walks about sometimes, but he does not fly away. I think he never will, because he loves Aunt Mary.

MRS. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

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## BUTTON, BUTTON!

WHO has the button? Who, O, who?
Tell me quickly, true, O, true!
"I've dot some on my little shoe."
"And I have some on my dress, too!"
"I have seven of 'em on my sack."
"I've a whole row up and down my back."
"We've all got buttons, buttons plenty,
Some have seven, and some have twenty.
And you ask us all 'Who has the button?'
As well ask a sheep has she got some mutton!"

ROSSENBERG.

[NOTE: — The above arranges prettily for a dialogue between very little people and an older one. The line "We've all got buttons," and the one following, may be recited in concert by the wee ones; and the last two by a clear little voice capable of throwing into it considerable sarcasm. — THE EDITORS.]

## WHY?

"WHY do people laugh when anybody says that some house or store, or some building about which they have been talking is made of paper?"

This was the question which I heard one boy ask of another older than himself.

"Do they laugh?" asked the older boy.

"Why, of course they do. Didn't you ever hear them? Only yesterday father was talking with those men who are boarding at the Beck House, about a village down South; they told about the hotel in the village, and the schoolhouse, and the depot, and oh! I don't know, ever so many other buildings—churches, and handsome private houses—all built up in a little while, where there used to be only pine woods; and when the man turned away, Mr. Brockton said to father, 'I think those buildings are made of paper, don't you?' and father laughed, and said, 'Yes; churches and depots and all.' I meant to ask him what he meant, but I didn't think of it when I had a chance."

"Oh!" said the older boy, "I know what they meant. It is a town they are trying to boom. They make maps of the town, and have pictures drawn of churches and schoolhouses, private houses, stores, banks, and all sorts of buildings, such as they mean to have some day, or want to have, and then they scatter those maps over the country and call them pictures of the place, before a single building is put up, perhaps; so you see they are really made of paper."

"Ho!" said boy number one, "I shouldn't call that honest, should you?"

The older one laughed. "Well," he said, "I shouldn't like to buy a house unless I was sure it was built of something more substantial than paper, that is a fact."

All this is true, and the boy's conclusions were also true; and yet paper is getting to be known as a very substantial thing indeed. The time is fast coming when people will have to get some other sentence than that one "made of paper" with which to express their distrust of a story, because at this present time there has been finished in the city of Hamburg a very large hotel, the front of which is built entirely of paper! More than that, the paper has been made fire-proof; and it is said that rain and sunshine, and cold and frost have no effect on it, so that it is better for buildings than brick, or stone, or wood.

It certainly does seem strange to think of an actual house in which people live built of paper, but when we remember that we have paper wash-bowls and pitchers, and pails, and tubs, car-wheels, and I know not what else, we need not be surprised that houses are growing out of the same material. The truth is, there is by no means so much chance to laugh over that phrase "made of paper" as there used to be.

PANSY.

## "DAN."

A WRITER in the Boston Post tells a story about a horse, which leads to the wonderment as to how much these animals know. The gentleman says he went to a large livery stable one afternoon just as a number of men who had left their horses there for safe keeping were driving from the yard. Among them was a man with a large gray horse, who looked about him with an air that seemed to say "I know a great deal about several things; I know more than you have an idea of." He had broken into a little trot, and was evidently intent upon getting home as soon as possible.

Suddenly a man who had been watching him called out: "Dan, don't you want a piece of cake?" Instantly the horse stopped, pricked up his ears, looked about him eagerly and uttered that peculiar "whinny," which says as plainly as words can, "Where is the man who spoke just then? He is an old friend of mine."

No urging from his owner could get the horse to move an inch. The one who had made the disturbance came forward laughing, and explained. He recognized the horse as one which he had owned several years before.

The animal's name at that time was Dan, and though it had since been changed, he remembered it instantly, and also that he was very fond of cake, and was in the habit of receiving a piece from the man whose voice he heard once more after the lapse of years.

Did not "Dan" prove that he had a memory?

NINA AMONG THE POPPIES.

## BABY'S CORNER.

### A NEW TOOTH.

DOR-O-THE-A—that was Baby's name. Dor-o-the-a was good and sweet when she felt well, but that day she had a toothache. Her little hands were dry and hot, her mouth was sore, and she did not want her dinner. She cried a good deal, too.

Brother Bobby played all his funny pranks, but she would not laugh. She only shut her four little white teeth tight and wrinkled up her forehead, and said "Ugh—um!"

"I will tell you what must be done," said papa at last, "we will take this baby to the country."

Then the little brothers all clapped their hands and shouted:

"Goody, goody, good!"

So one morning mamma put Baby's white dresses and bibs and blankets and shirts and skirts and socks into a big trunk.

Then a carriage came to the door and they all got in—mamma and papa and Baby and Fred and Frank and Bobby. The trunk was put on behind, the driver cracked his whip, and away they all went.

How hot and dusty the big city was; they were all glad to be going out of it.

Pretty soon the carriage came down to the lake, and there was the steamboat. Quick as a wink they jumped out of the carriage and got on to the boat, because it was time for it to start.

The big bell was going—"Clang! ding, dong!" and the captain was shouting—"All aboard!" So they sailed away over the beautiful blue water.

UNDER THE TREES.

So swiftly and so smoothly they went along, that Baby thought the boat must be a big cradle.

It was quite dark when they stopped. They

all went to bed and to sleep as fast as they could.

But in the morning what did they see and hear?

They saw beautiful big trees and pretty flowers, and oh! such grass. Baby thought there was a green carpet spread over all the world when she first looked out.

And how the birds did sing: "Hark, hark!"

"THEIR FEET KEEP STEP."

said Baby, in a very cautious tone of voice.

They had a nice breakfast of fresh eggs and new milk, and strawberries just from the garden.

Then little brothers took Baby out and put her in the hammock under the trees. They swung her and picked flowers for her. The soft sweet air fanned her, and the bees hummed a pretty song: Buzz, buzz, buzz-z—z! Soon Baby was asleep. When she woke up she felt better.

And now little Dor-o-the-a is quite well again. Her new tooth has come, and she laughs and frolics all day long.

MRS. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

## "UNITED, WE STAND."

SUSIE and Mary and baby,
Baby and Mary and Sue;
As happy, as happy as may be,
Each loving and gentle and true.

Their feet keep step, keep step,
And their hands hold tight, hold tight,
And their eyes — because they have slept —
Are speaking and sparkling and bright.

May they walk, ever walk, the good way;
May their feet, little feet, never stray,
But be kept, O, be kept to the end!
Good Shepherd, our darlings defend.

A. G. ROSSENBERG.

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A LITTLE boy, becoming tired of the silence of a Quaker meeting, got up on the seat, and, folding his arms over his breast, said, "I do wish the Lord would make us all gooder and gooder and gooder, till there is no bad left."

## "EVERY CREATURE."

THAT dog in the picture, if dressed up, would look almost as wise as his masters there. Study their faces; how heathenish! how earthly! What, such creatures some day look like Jesus and wear robes of light and sing the everlasting


SOME OF THE PEASANTS MISSIONARIES MEET.

song? you ask. And my answer is this: —

May be. "Preach the Gospel to every creature," says our Book. As though God, who first made man from the very dust, could not convert such men — simply change him after he is made!

And yet some good people once said strange things about such matters. Only one hundred years ago Dr. Carey, the pioneer of English missions, was laughed at in a conference of pastors at Northampton, England, because he urged missions among such people.

Ten years later in the Scotch Assembly such an undertaking was called "fanciful and laughable!" In 1810 Mr. Judson and some other pious students of Andover Seminary asked the Congregational Association of Massachusetts if their thoughts of going among the heathen to preach the Gospel were "visionary and impracticable?"

About forty years ago it is said that these words were written over a church door in Cape Colony: "Dogs and Hottentots not admitted."

The French governor of the island of Bourbon called out to the first missionary to Madagascar, "So you will make the Malagasy Christians? Impossible! they are mere brutes. They have no more sense than cattle!"

Were these doubters and ridiculers right, or was God right when he made man in his own image, and knew he could make every such man more precious than gold? Was Jesus right when he said, "Preach the Gospel to every creature?" Are they not being converted?

C. M. L.

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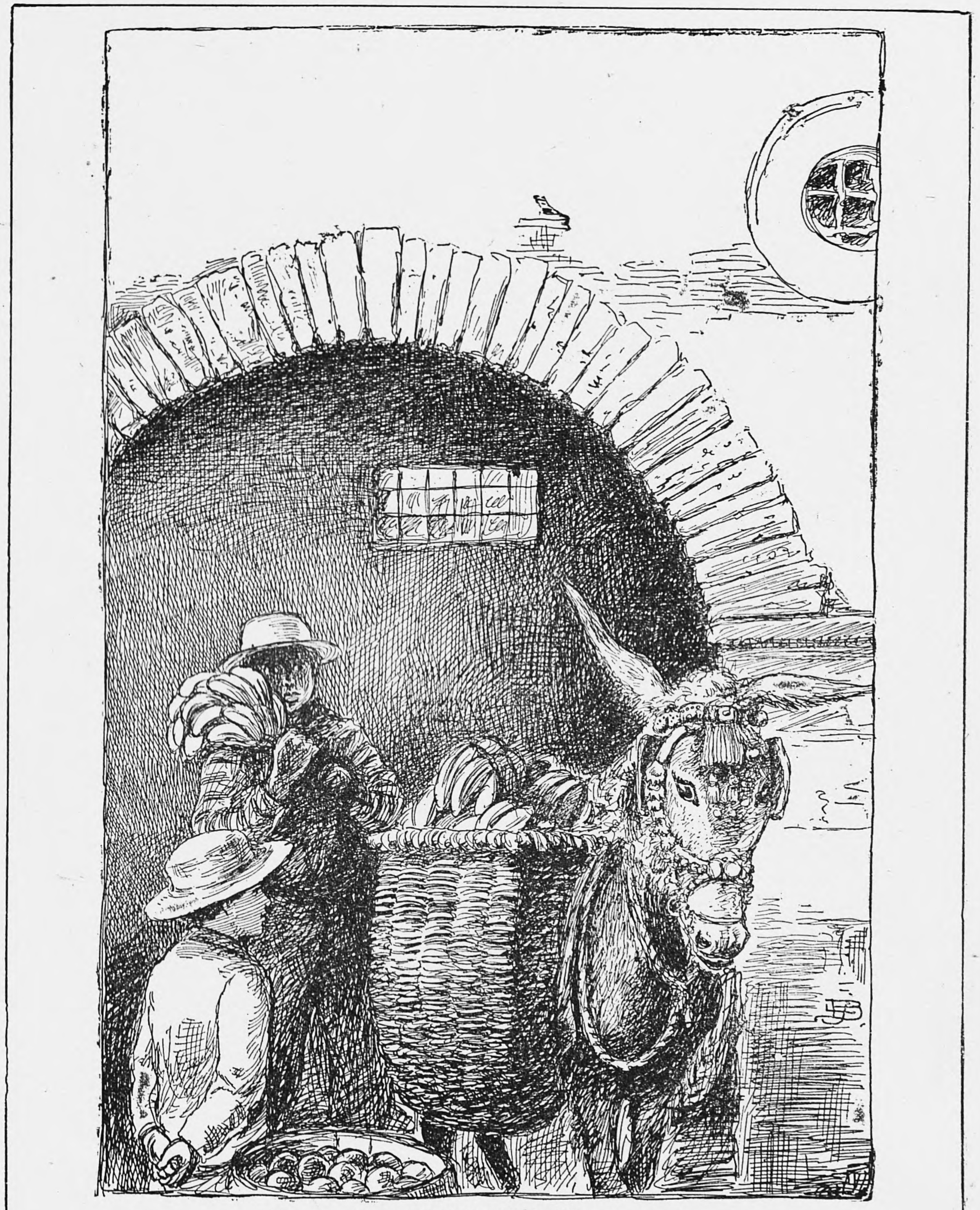
"'SERVING' Christ means serving him personally, just the same as 'serving' is applied to a fellow-creature. Serving Christ means to labor with nerve and muscle, with voice and hands and feet. It likewise means to get physically tired, and then be at work again as earnestly as before. That is, to give personal service to a personal Saviour. That is what it means to be a Christian."

— *Selected.*



A SOUTHERN MERCHANT.

# CHILDREN'S DAY EXERCISE.

*(The following selections, arranged for recitation, can be made very effective by a little care in the management of details. The opening verses are for an older scholar, and care should be taken to train the speaker to recite well the somewhat difficult measure.*

*A profusion of flowers should be displayed, especially in the hands of those who recite flower verses.*

*Of course the recitation beginning,*

"I think that an angel, maybe,"

*is intended for a very little child.*

*Some of the Bible responses could be given by a class trained to good concert recitation, others by single voices.*

*The whole should be interspersed with appropriate singing, some of it done by a choir of children.*

*I notice in a book entitled "Wondrous Love,"* a most appropriate song for an opening to such an exercise. It is on page* 48, *title: "Sweet Flowers are Blooming." We quote the first verse:*

"When summer outpours her wealth untold,
And meadows are decked with green and gold,
There cometh an hour to praise and pray —
We call it the Children's Day.

CHORUS: Sweet flowers are blooming everywhere,
Sweet perfume filling all the air,
While carroling birds their voices raise,
And join in our songs of praise."

*The exquisite anthem entitled "Consider the Lilies," would be most appropriate rendered as a solo by some good singer in the church.*

*In short, we have purposely left much to the individual taste in filling out this exercise, and yet have grouped recitations which we believe cannot fail to please, if the right committees take them in hand to work up their surroundings.*

*The exercise should close by the recitation of George MacDonald's "Consider the Ravens," which will be found on another page of this magazine.)*

* Published by the John Church Company, Cincinnati.

*Number One:*

O, come and woo the spring!
Listen to the birds that sing.
Pluck the violets, pluck the daisies —
Sing their praises.
See the birds together
In this splendid weather,
Worship God, for He is God
Of birds, as well as men.
And each feathered neighbor
Enters on his labor —
Sparrow, swallow, robin,
The linnet and the wren.
Worship the God of nature in your childhood.
Worship Him in the flowers,
Amid their leafy bowers.
Pluck the buttercups and raise
Your voices in His praise.
Worship Him in your work with best endeavor,
Worship Him in your play,
Worship Him forever.

EDWARD YOUL.

*Number Two:*

"The flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come." — 2 *Samuel* ii. 12.

*Number Three:*

*(Recitation. Single voice. Little girl with a bouquet of flowers of many varieties.)*

"I think that an angel, maybe, don't you?
With a window pushed up very high,
Let some of the seeds of the flowers fall through
From the gardens they have in the sky.
For they couldn't think, here, of lilies so white,
And such beautiful flowers, you know.
But I wonder, when falling from such a height,
That the dear little things could grow."

*Number Four:*

"And God saw everything that He had made, and behold, it was very good." — *Gen.* i. 31.

"He hath made everything beautiful in His time. No man can find out the work that God maketh, from the beginning to the end."

*Number Five:*

*(Recitation. By another little girl.)*

"They ask not your planting,
They need not your care,
They grow
Dropped down in the valley,

The field, anywhere.
They grow in their beauty, arrayed in pure white,
They grow clothed in glory by heaven's own light—
Sweetly grow."

*Number Six:*

"Something round which it may twine
God gives every little vine.

Some little nook or sunny bower,
God gives every little flower."

*Number Seven:*

"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you."—1 *Peter* v. 7.

"Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."—*Luke* xii. 27.

"If then God so clothe the grass of the field, how much more will he clothe you?"—*Luke* xii. 28.

*Number Eight:*

"Then leave it with Him;
The lilies all do,
And they grow;
They grow in the rain,
And they grow in the dew—
Grow and grow!
They grow in the darkness, all hid by the night;
They grow in the sunshine, revealed in the light—
Still they grow."

*Number Nine:*

"Out on the hills in mild spring weather;
So early, only the bluebirds knew;
Thousands of little flowers grew together;
Purple and pink, and white and blue;
While the March storm raged and fretted, and wept,
And froze its song in the bluebird's throat;
'Neath mottled-leaf blankets they softly slept,
Close wrapped in their soft fur overcoats.

Now the sun shines warm, and under our feet
They nod and smile in the sweet spring air;
So daintily hued, and faintly sweet—
What flowers of the garden are half so fair?
And the sweet old sermon is preached again
Of life from death, for the doubter's need,
Of rest, after struggle, and grief, and pain—
The text: 'The Lord is risen again.'"

*Number Ten:*

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, be strong, fear not: behold your God will come."—*Isa.* xxxv. 1, 2, 4.

*Number Eleven:*

"'Twas a bluebird told the story,
On his way from heaven this morn.
It was starlight soft and tender,
Yet the East was flushed with rose,
And the weary world was waking
From the calm of its repose.
This the message, sweet and holy,
'Tired souls, forget your pain.
Christ the Lord for you is risen—
Joy! dear hearts, He comes to reign.'"

*Number Twelve:*

"The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the field be joyful, and all that is therein; then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord; for He cometh, He cometh to judge the earth; He shall judge the world with righteousness and the people with his truth.—*Ps.* xcvi. 11–13; xcvii. 1.

*Number Thirteen:*

"Do you think that the sermons men preach us in words, are worth any more than the sermons of birds?"

*Number Fourteen:*

"Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them."

*Number Fifteen:*

A wee little nest you could hold in your hand,
Lightly lashed to the topmost mast of a tree!
Why so high, so dizzy a height was chosen,
Is just the question that puzzles me.

JANET HAY.

*Number Sixteen:*

Oh! I think that the mother-bird wanted to hold
  Her own little cares close up to God's eye,
High up in the limbs, as we would a prayer,
  And that is the very reason why

She builded her nest in the high tree-top.
  Not knowing He's everywhere, over the land,
And holdeth the stars, and the lives of men,
  And her own wee nest in the palm of His hand.

JANET HAY.

*Number Seventeen:*

"Some green bough or mossy sward,
God gives every little bird."

*Number Eighteen:*

"The sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself. — *Ps.* lxxxiv. 3.

*Number Nineteen:*

"A sparrow was twittering at my feet,
  With its beautiful auburn head,
And looked at me with dark, mild eyes,
  As it picked up crumbs of bread;
And said to me in words as plain as
  The words of a bird could be:
I am only a little sparrow,
  A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
  But the dear Lord cares for me.
I know there are many sparrows —
  All over the world we are found —
But our Heavenly Father knoweth
  When one of us falls to the ground."

*Number Twenty:*

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." — *Matt.* x. 29, 31.

*Number Twenty-one:*

I saw some birdies once, white and brown,
Gay and beautiful, lighting down
With a cheery twitter upon the snow.

Where do the little snowbirds go
for something to eat when the fields are bare,
And the frost has bitten the wintry air?

MARY E. ATKINSON.

*Number Twenty-two:*

Oh! you know that the Lord takes care
Of His little tender birds of the air,
And the snowbird's life is as safe and gay
As the robin's is on this sweet June day.

MARY E. ATKINSON.

*Number Twenty-three:*

"Consider the ravens, for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barns; and God feedeth them."

*Number Twenty-four:*

"The grasses are clothed
  And the ravens are fed
    From His store;
And you who are loved
  And guarded and led,
    How much more
Will He clothe you and feed you
And give you His care?
  Then leave it with Him, He is everywhere."

*Number Twenty-five:*

"Oh wise little birds, how do you know
The way to go
Southward and Northward to and fro?"
Far up in the ether piped they:
"We but obey
One that calleth us, far away.
He calleth, and calleth, year by year —
Now there, now here;
Even He maketh the way appear."
"Dear little birds, He calleth me
Who calleth thee.
Would that I might as trusting be."

*Number Twenty-six:*

"As birds flying, so will the Lord of hosts defend Jerusalem; defending also He will deliver it; and passing over, He will preserve it." — *Isa.* xxxi. 5.

"Great is the Lord and of great power." — *Ps.* cxlvii. 5.

"Remember His marvellous works that He hath done." — *Ps.* cv. 1.

"Make known His deeds among the people." — *Ps.* cv. 1.

PANSY.

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As certainly as your Master's love is in you, his work will be upon you. — *Bushnell.*

AMONG THE FLOWERS.

## AN INDIGNANT MOTHER.

"SHE is very sick," said Dr. Robbie Proctor, in his grandfather's hat and his uncle's coat, with Aunt Katie's glasses seated astride his nose, "very sick indeed!" and he laid his hand with professional skill on the kitten's paw. "If you do not follow my directions she will die, and there's no help for it. She has the small-pox, and cholera, and yellow fever, all mixed up together. It would be hard for anybody but me to tell you so much, but I can tell."

"O, dear, dear me!" said the frightened little mother, "I will be sure to follow your directions. To think that my child should have so many sicknesses all at once."

"Yes, it is very sad; and she must have a pint of brandy every ten minutes for the next fifty-five hours, or she will die, certain true, black and blue."

Up rose the little mother, her face all in a glow of indignation. Gathering the precious child in the skirt of her dress with true womanly dignity, she spoke in freezing tones.

"She never will, Dr. Robbie, and you need not think it. I wonder at you for saying such words in my mother's house, when you know she never lets a drop of brandy come into it, and does not believe in using it for anything! The idea that I would let my kitten play take brandy! I'm ashamed of you, Robbie Proctor, and don't want to have anything more to do with you."

So saying, she walked across the room and out at the door.

"Well," said Dr. Robbie in great indignation, "if you won't do as the doctor says, how can you expect him to help you?"

"I don't expect it," came from the hall in freezing tones. "I never will expect help from a doctor who uses such dreadful medicines as that."

There was a sound of clapping of hands which came from the library, and papa's voice said:

"Three cheers for the little mother, who has the 'courage of her convictions,'" though what he meant by such long words as that, you must ask your father.

MYRA SPAFFORD.

## A MISSIONARY OF LONG AGO.

OVER two thousand years ago there lived a man who was one of God's missionaries. That is, he was sent to do a certain work for God — for the word missionary means one who is sent. He was sent to the people of his own nation. He was a shepherd, and God sent a message to all the shepherds to let the people know that they had been doing wickedly, and that He was displeased with them.

The whole story of this man's mission work is written in a book, and the book is called "The words of ——." I am not going to tell you his name, because I want you to see if you can find out what it was. This book, though not printed in quite the same form as most of our books, yet has a title-page just like any other book. After giving the name of the book, it goes on to tell who this man was, and gives the time of the writing of the book. It says that this man was one of the herdmen of Tekoa, and that the words written in the book are "concerning" a certain country or people, and that the story happened in the time of two kings whom it names, and "two years before the earthquake."

Now I am going to tell you a little about what this man said would happen to the people, and then I want you to see if you can tell the name of this man, the name of the nation to whom he was sent, and the names of the two kings who were ruling in two countries at that time.

It seems that this man started out by preaching a sermon to the people, just as missionaries do nowadays. You see God had chosen him because he was of their number — a herdsman or shepherd just like the rest of them — and he knew just how to talk to the people to make them understand.

All missionaries usually take texts for their sermons, and so this missionary took his text, and it was this: "The Lord will roar from Zion, and utter his voice from Jerusalem; and the habitations of the shepherds shall mourn, and the top of Carmel shall wither."

Then the people all listened, and were ready to be very angry with this man for saying all

this, but before they had time to say to one another, "What is all this that he is saying? What does it mean?" this missionary went on. Without waiting for them to grow angry at what he had said was going to happen to them, he went on to speak about some other wicked nations who were their enemies. He told of dreadful things that were to happen to them in punishment for all their sins, and the people listened and said to themselves, "That is all right. That is just what ought to happen to them; they are very wicked people indeed. And this man must know what he is talking about."

The missionary goes on naming nation after nation, and telling of the terrible things that are coming to them, and the people grow more and more excited, until he names the nation which they hate the most and think the wickedest. They begin to see that the man is in earnest, and they are in sympathy with all that he has said, and think it right that a dreadful judgment should fall upon all those wicked people, when suddenly the man looks straight at them and says, "And not only to all these nations is this terrible punishment coming, but to you, too, will the Lord bring judgment," and he reminds them of all their sins before the Lord.

The people stand there listening, and know that it is true. This missionary has introduced himself to them, and they all understand just what he has come for, now. He asks them some plain questions, which they do not seem to have answered except in their own hearts: questions that help them to understand what a great wrong they have done, and how surely God is going to bring judgment upon them. He tells them that they are empty of all that is right. He calls upon them to let the nations round about them who do not believe in and profess to love God, come in and testify against them and see if they will not say that it is all true.

The people are filled with solemnity as he tells them that they will be utterly destroyed. And then he tells them who has sent this word to them: —

"'For lo, he that formeth the mountains, and createth the wind, and declareth unto man what is his thought, that maketh the morning darkness, and treadeth upon the high places of the earth, the Lord the God of Hosts is his name,' he is the One that sends this word to you."

The missionary's first sermon is ended, and he goes away and leaves the people to think about the terrible truths he has declared unto them.

The next day, or the next week, or the next month, or possibly not until the next year, we do not know just when, he comes back and preaches another sermon to them.

He tries to rouse them up to see what they are doing. He says, "You hate the people who tell you you are doing wrong, and you abhor those who speak the truth. You are stealing from the poor and treading them down; you have built beautiful houses, but you shall not live in them; you have planted pleasant vineyards, but you shall not enjoy them. For I know your sins; how you afflict people, and take bribes, and will not let the poor people have their rights. Some of you know better than all this, but you are afraid to say anything about it; some of you think you are sorry and are repenting, but you are deceiving yourselves, for you are merely afraid that something terrible may happen to you. Some of you think that you will offer sacrifices, and then the Lord will not send trouble upon you, but that will not make any difference. The terrible day is surely coming, and it will be such an awful time that a few of the wicked ones who may escape will say to those around them, 'Hush! do not attract God's attention to us.'"

And so ends the missionary's second sermon, and the people are left thinking with terror and dread.

When the missionary comes to preach his third sermon, those people have become angry, and though the preacher has chosen a very interesting way of preaching this time, by telling stories, and the people have to listen for a little while, still, right in the middle of his sermon there rises up a man and sends word to the king that this thing must be stopped; that "the land is not able to bear all the words" of the preacher. Then the king sends word to the

missionary that he must stop preaching; but the missionary has been sent to his work by God, and not by the king, so he goes right on just the same and preaches to the people all that the Lord has told him to do. He preaches sermon after sermon, telling them his dreams and stories to help them understand.

But he gives them a blessed hope. He tells them that there shall be a very few of them — all those who are truly repentant — that shall be saved from this terrible judgment, and he closes up his mission by reciting for them some beautiful promises that God has sent for that precious "remnant," as he calls them, of his people.

And he says, "They shall be restored, and they shall no more be pulled up out of their land which I have given them, saith the Lord thy God."

Now who were all these people, and did this terrible judgment that the missionary told about ever come to pass?

GRACE LIVINGSTON.

## FROM INDIA.

THE work in the schools has its ups and downs. I do wish the Hindoos and Mohammedans would get through their wedding festivities in one day, or two at most. Each wedding requires weeks, in which the little girls take no active part, but it keeps them out of school.

To-morrow will be a day of great rejoicing, though none of the children can tell why. It is the festival of Holi, when they throw over each other a magenta colored powder mixed with water. Men dress up in skirts and dance, singing obscene songs.

We always close our Hindoo schools and warn our Christian women to keep away from the city.

We cannot make you realize what filth of all kinds we must wade through to reach the women and girls. But in spite of it all, I often come home from teaching these little ones feeling that there is hope. They are wonderfully nice girls, in spite of their surroundings.

MRS. KELSO.

## HOME MISSIONS AND PEANUTS.

JAMIE STUART was the crossest boy in the village, at least I hope there was none crosser. It was Sunday, too, which is certainly a poor day in which to be cross, if there is any difference in the days which we may choose for that accomplishment.

He was cross to his sister Delia. On the way home from Sunday-school he gave her what he called a "piece of his mind."

"Of all the silly girls I ever heard of, I think you are the silliest."

This was the way he began.

"What ever possessed you to put in such a lot of pennies in the box? I was looking at you when you dropped them in, and there must have been nine or ten."

"Seven," said Delia promptly.

"Well, then, seven. You are rich, seems to me, if you can afford to give so much money at once."

"Why, it was 'foreign missionary day,' you know," explained Delia, "and we always give just as much as we can on that day, to help support Miss Colburn."

"Poh!" said Jamie; "as if your seven pennies would do much toward supporting Miss Colburn! What if mother had to depend on them to help support us, how much would they do?"

"Why, they would help," said Delia meekly, "and it was all I had, you know."

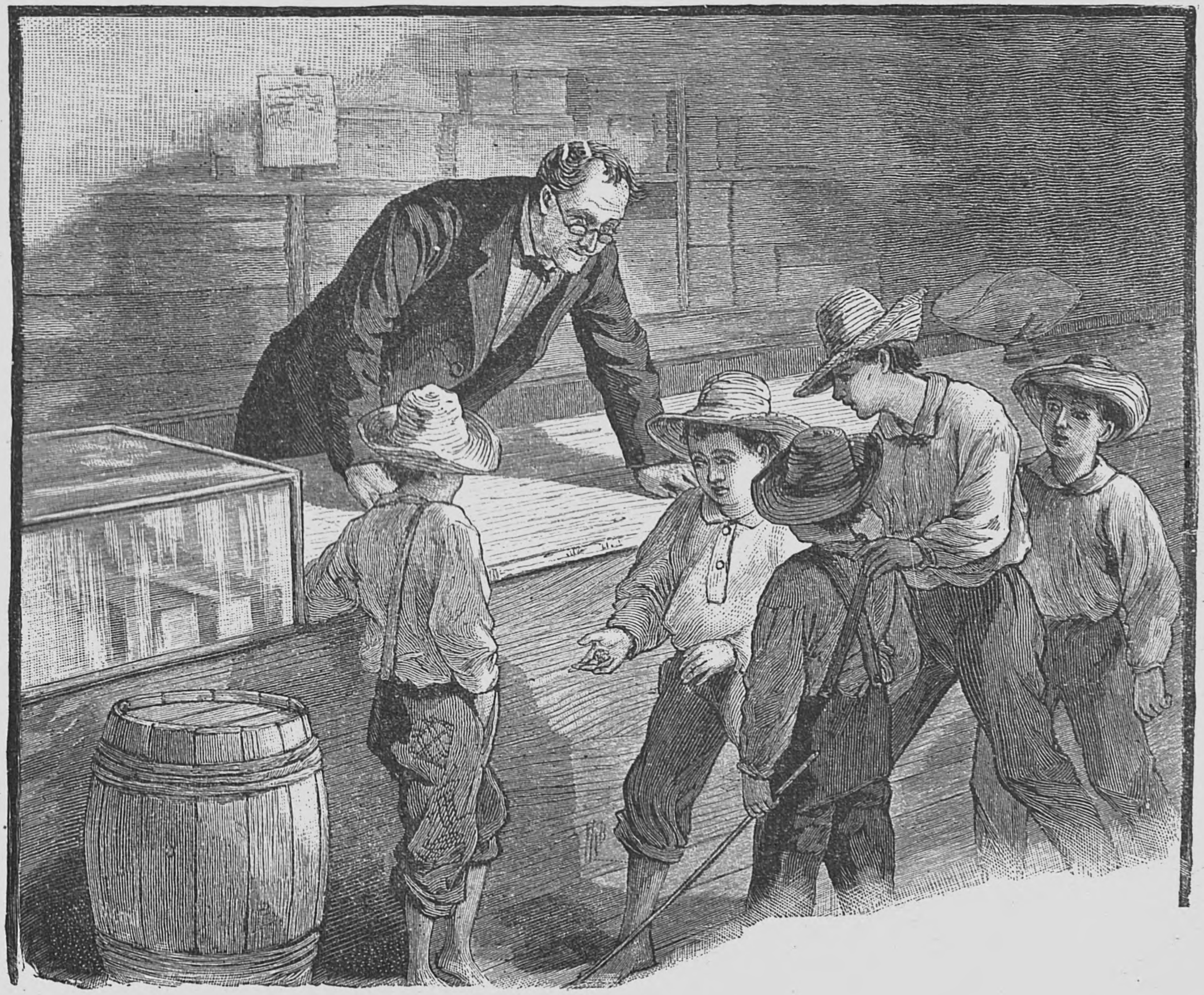
"Yes; that's the silliness of it," said Jamie, growing more wrathful as he thought of it; "the idea of giving every cent you had to foreign missions! For my part, I think it was downright selfish. What is to become of home missions if that is the way people do?"

"Why, I give to that when the time comes," said poor bewildered Delia, who was two years younger than Jamie, and could not always keep track of his logic.

"The time comes all the time for that," said Jamie, in an oracular tone. "There's always something at home that needs doing; needs it a great deal worse than the old heathen do. Just think of poor old Mr. Oswald, poking away in his little store on that back street, try-

ing as hard as he can to support a family. Only yesterday, when I went in there with a lot of boys who didn't all of them together spend three cents, he said to me, 'What has become of that nice little sister of yours who used to buy so many peanuts of me? I haven't seen her in more than a week.' I wish I had thought, and I'd have told him you were so guess he only keeps peanuts to accommodate the children."

"That's just where you are mistaken, Miss Missionary; he lets that lame Phil Oswald have all the money he can make from peanuts and gum and such things, and he's trying as hard as ever he can to get money enough to buy him a wheeled chair so he can go around the



IN MR. OSWALD'S STORE.

busy supporting the heathen out in China, or somewhere, you couldn't think of your neighbors."

"But, Jamie," said Delia, much disturbed, "Mr. Oswald surely doesn't have to support his family on peanuts? he keeps lots of useful things, and men and women buy of him. I

streets and do errands and such things. It is real missionary work to buy peanuts — enough sight more important than the old heathen, I think."

This was news indeed! Delia was so much interested that she forgot to answer Jamie, and kept on thinking of the lame Oswald boy, and

of how nice it would be if he could have a wheeled chair, and how nice it would be if she could help him, until Jamie, finding that she had nothing to say, and having expressed his mind pretty freely, fell back to walk with Dick Watson, and left her to her own thoughts.

Less than a week afterwards Jamie Stuart was cross again — crosser than before, so his sister thought.

"You are the biggest goose in all this world, I do believe!" he said to the gentle little Delia. As well acquainted as she was with her brother, this made the little girl open her eyes, for it seemed to her that in view of his last Sunday's talk she certainly must have pleased him now.

This is what she had done. There had unexpectedly fallen into her hands a whole ten-cent piece, which she was at liberty to spend just as she pleased. She had pleased to go at once to Mr. Oswald's store and asked for two cents worth of peanuts, handing out her ten cents for payment; but the amazing part of it was, that when Phil, who was himself waiting on her, turned to the drawer for change, she said sweetly, "Never mind the change, please; I want you to put it with your fund for the wheeled chair. I hope you will very soon get enough."

How glad she was to tell Jamie the story. He had wanted Phil helped so much. How pleased he would be! His answer had been those words which I told you.

"Why," said Delia bewildered, "I don't know what to think of you, Jamie Stuart. I thought you would like it so much. Don't you see that he has a great many peanuts left to sell to other people, and eight whole cents to go into his fund? I'd have given him the ten cents without any peanuts, only I thought perhaps he wouldn't like that."

"Of course he wouldn't," answered Jamie; "he isn't a beggar. I dare say he did not like it to have you give him the eight cents; he would a great deal rather have given you peanuts for them."

"Oh! you are mistaken," declared Delia; "he thanked me beautifully, and said he would remember how kind I had been, and that his fund did not grow very fast; that selling peanuts enough to raise twenty dollars was slow work, and I think it must be. I was as glad as I could be that I could help, and I thought you would like it ever so much."

"I thought you were a ninny!" said cross Jamie, "and I know you are, and Phil Oswald is another."

Then he flounced off with the two cents worth of peanuts in his pocket.

Delia looked after him in grave anxiety. "Jamie must have missed in his arithmetic again, I'm afraid, and that is what makes him cross," she said to himself.

But it wasn't. I, understanding Jamie Stuart better than his sister did, will tell you something. He liked peanuts very much indeed, and Delia liked them very little. So when she bought them, which she often did just for his sake, he was sure to get the most of them, which was the entire secret of his deep interest in "home missions."

I have sorrowful reason to think that there are a great many people, some of them older than Jamie Stuart, whose interest in home missions is just about as deep-seated as his.

MYRA SPAFFORD.

## HOW MARY HELPS MISSIONS.

1. She sees she has something to do about them.
2. She has decided to do something.
3. She is trying to do what she can.
4. She has picked out her missionary.
5. She is learning all she can about him — his history, his family, his field, where it is, and just what it is; everything about it, you see, so that she can talk about and talk to this family as if they were across the street.
6. She writes to them: this month to the missionary father, the next month to the mother, then to his little daughter Kittie, then to Marjorie, and so on; once a month to some one of them. Of course Mary gets good long letters back. Some of them she shows to her pastor. He reads them in the monthly meetings. Sometimes they are printed in the village paper. Everybody reads the village paper. Mattie

Missildine always reads it. Her heart is now being stirred, and she is hunting about to find her missionary to write to. All this keeps Mary's heart very warm, so—

7. She prays for her missionary. You'd be surprised to know how hard it is for Mary to stop praying for her missionary and his family when she begins. I wish I had room to print one of her long, particular, earnest prayers—though of course she does not know that often and often her mother, in the next room, hears them word for word.

8. She has set herself to finding ways to raise money for her missionary and his family. She doesn't spend a cent any more foolishly, as once. She sees now that she would have just forty dollars to send to her missionary if she had not wasted the money given her the last four years. So Mary is helping—Mary's teeth and stomach as well as—her missionary. And somehow other girls in her Sunday-school are hearing of her ways of economy and self-sacrifice and are thinking of doing likewise; the next thing will be a wide-awake missionary society of these girls. Of course the other girls will insist upon Mary's being the president.

9. She is preparing a paper on her missionary and his field. Her pastor insists upon it. She said at first she did not want to. He said she could do it "for Jesus' sake." So she is working at it. I would like to be in the monthly meeting when it is read. Of course Mary's parents will be there. They do not usually attend this meeting. C. M. L.

## FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

OH! what shall I give to the Saviour
For what He hath given to me?
I'll give Him the gift of an earnest life,
Of a heart that is loving and free from strife,
As He hath given for me.

And what shall I do for the Saviour
For what He hath done for me?
I'll pray for the sick and the evil doer;
I'll make my friends among the poor
As He hath done for me.

— *Selected.*

## FROM BOGOTA, SOUTH AMERICA.

THIS is Holy Week. If you could see the sights we have seen, you would know how much this dark land needs the pure Gospel.

I must tell you about the procession: A large number of soldiers came first, then masked men, carrying a platform on which stood a figure representing our Saviour after He had been scourged. This figure was covered with red paint to make it look as if it were bleeding.

The many Saints are carried in the same way by masked men.

The procession of to-day—which is Good Friday—is one of the saddest sights in Colombia. Think of their having the funeral of our Saviour!

The figure representing the body of Christ is taken down from the cross. After this it is laid in a handsome coffin, then, with a great many Saints from the Cathedral, it is carried to another church, where it is left till Sabbath morning.

The Virgin Mary is also borne on a platform. She is as large as life, and wears a fine black velvet dress with a long train, which is carried by an angel. This platform is covered with lovely flowers.

Do you wonder that our hearts are sad when we see such things? Pray for Colombia and its few workers.

Mr. Touzeau sells a little book, "The Life and Death of our Saviour." It sells rapidly this week. It may speak where we cannot.

MRS. TOUZEAU.

## PENITENTES.

IN New Mexico is the Order of Penitent Brothers. During Lent they inflict dreadful torture upon their bodies, professing to imitate Christ's suffering.

You remember that Jesus was scourged. So one of these Penitentes will scourge the bare back of another till he is covered with blood, and in this horrible state the bleeding one will attempt to carry a very heavy cross. All this and much more in our own country!

## WHY SOME ROSES ARE RED.

*A Flower Legend.*

ALL roses were white, in the long ago,
According to flower lore;
But one day an angel passed by that way
As a message of love he bore

To a sorrowful soul bowed down by woe,
And weary with ceaseless pain,
And as he noticed the fragrant white flowers,
He poised on the wing amain,

And quickly approaching those roses sweet,
A beautiful bud to pick,
He whispered, "I'll take it with word of love
I bear to the lonely sick."

But as he plucked the beauteous flower,
Whose soft cheek was pale as death,
He said, "As my errand this time brings life—
I will warm it with my breath."

So he kissed the cheek of the fair white rose,
Which 'neath his thrilling touch blushed,
And with message of love, and pink rose of hope,
The sighs of the sick one he hushed.

And ever since then, when a rose is red,
Or blushes with delicate tint,
A kiss, from some angel of love and life,
On its cheek has left its imprint.

LYDIA HOYT FARMER.

## A MOTHER'S LOVE.

IN December, 1821, a man with his wife and child were riding in a sleigh over the mountains of Vermont. At last the horse refused to proceed. The man set off to look for help, but soon he perished in the cold. The mother set off to look for him, with her baby in her arms, but she was found dead near the sleigh, next morning. The babe, however, was living, for that mother had wrapped it in her shawl. There is a sweet poem written about it. This proves to you the deep love that wells up in the mother's heart. Any mother would have done the same for her child.

How earnestly should every child strive to love and please his dear parents. RINGWOOD.

## WANTED—THE MOON.

THE Moon rose early, and Baby Ned
Was rather late in going to bed.
Not two years old, this dear little fellow,
With head so round, and bright, and yellow,

With his eyes so brown, and mouth so sweet,
His fair little hands, and dainty feet—
Wee feet, that have barely learned to walk—
And his wise, quaint, broken, baby talk.

He was perched that night on grandma's knee,
The place where the small king loved to be.
Where the wise brown eyes saw something new
Through the window, up there in the blue.

Over the top of the tallest hill,
Round and silvery, fair, and still,
God's grand old moon! that for ages past
Has held its way in the night-sky vast.

And Neddie wanted that shining ball
To hold in his hands so soft and small,
And nobody went and took it down.
He wrinkled his face to a little frown;

Red lips quivered—he wanted it soon;
Then—*one more baby cried for the moon!*
But mamma brought him his milk and bread,
And patted his dear little curly head.

Then quickly he smiled and forgot the moon,
And laughed at his face in his silver spoon.
O happy Neddie! so easy to smile;
Your life will be glad, if all the while
As the years go on you can turn away
From all that you want when God says "Nay,"
And laugh, and thank Him for what He may give—
That is the way for His child to live.

O manly boys, and sweet little girls!
With all your colors of eyes and curls,
If you would have life like a summer day,
Be content with the things that are in your way.

Seek ever the things that are pure and high,
As planets that move in the evening sky,
But if you can't have the shining moon,
Be glad when God offers the silver spoon.

EMILY BAKER SMALLE.

PRINCESS WILHELMINE. — THE FUTURE QUEEN OF THE HOLLANDERS.

LESTER.

## LITTLE BEN.

NEARLY two hundred years ago there lived in Boston a Mr. Josiah Franklin. He had a family of seventeen children.

"Whew!"

"Whew" if you will, yet it's true. Moreover, he must needs house, warm, clothe and feed them all from the simple business of candle and soap making.

However, as "many hands make light work," and as each of the thirty-eight hands in Mr. Franklin's house did what it could to bring in "bread and butter," the Franklin family got on quite prosperously, though a fat turkey was not always on hand for Thanksgiving, or stockings full of toys for the holidays.

Don't they seem comfortable in the picture?

The boys are preparing their kite; little Ben, with back toward you, with the bunch of kite-string in his right hand, is looking on and doing a big amount of thinking, which some day will astonish all the world.

There sits father, dozing awhile, and Moll, fast asleep, by his side.

They have watched the work of the boys on the kite till it is all done but the tail, and Tommy, with scissors and bits of paper, and a smile of triumph, is putting on the final touches.

But we must let the kite-flying go — and the kite, too. It went off into the clouds or into the top of a tree, and that was the end of it; but not the end of our little Ben. He lived to be eighty-four years old, and for something higher than kites.

He did not fancy his father's greasy shop, cutting candle wicks and running on errands, so one day he quietly informed the Franklin family that he had made up his mind to go to sea!

But as it was quite necessary that some more of the family should be of the same mind before he could "set sail," and as none was, that scheme was abandoned by our young Benjamin. Instead, his father bound him out to his brother James, to be a printer.

That proved just to his mind; for, besides type-setting, he found books to read. Not one escaped his sharp eye. He would read nearly all night long.

Meanwhile he mastered the printing business. But he and James could not get on smoothly.

One morning, when he was seventeen, he slipped away from James on board a vessel, and was soon in New York, and from there, partly by water and partly on foot, he pushed on to Philadelphia. There a year in a printing-office, then to London; another year with type; back again; married to Deborah Read; in 1729 editing a paper, "The Pennsylvania Gazette," all his own. All this our little Ben.

It would take a big book to tell the half about Ben. One of the great things was his signing the Declaration of Independence with the self-same hand that holds that bunch of kite-string, another, his catching — lightning!

You see he became a man of science as well as a great writer and statesman.

Among other things his mind got to running about electricity. "What is it?" he would ask himself. At last he thought it out. It is the same as lightning.

How should he prove it? He thought that out, too. He made a kite, and he did it without Tommy's aid. He slipped away from home with this kite and his son. No one else knew anything about it, so that if he failed to prove that electricity and lightning were one and the same, nobody could laugh at him and say, "I told you so."

The sky was dark; thunder was rolling; rain was falling. Up, higher, higher, went Ben's kite among the clouds. Soon there came a "shock." It was proved. You must read about it. God raised Benjamin Franklin up for a great good. What are you for? C. M. L.

## FLOSSY'S DATES.

"DREAMING!" The exclamation, partly an interrogation, was Uncle Hube s, as he reined up by the roadside and saw just over the fence his niece Flossy, lying under the big apple-tree, her elbow in the grass and her cheek resting upon her hand.

"Say, Floss, are you dreaming?" he said again. At this second call the little girl started up and came to the fence, swinging her hat by the band.

"Little one, do you want to ride?"

"Indeed, I do."

"Very well; I'll drive down to the gate, and you can run in and tell mamma."

"Now we are off," he said, a few moments later, as he tucked the afghan about Flossy and gave the signal for starting.

"Well, Flossy, what were you puzzling over there under the old apple-tree?"

"I was just saying over my dates."

"Your dates! What are those?"

"The dates for August. Our class in history are hunting up remarkable events for every day in the year. We have got as far as August."

"And can you find remarkable events enough to cover the whole year?" asked Uncle Hube.

"Sometimes we have to hunt a long time, and sometimes there does not seem to be anything worth remembering."

"I wish I had taken you with me this morning," said Uncle Hube. "I drove out to a place where there was a battle fought on the sixth of August, a long time ago."

"I wish I could have gone; you mean out to Oriskany, I suppose?"

"Do you know about that?"

"Yes; that is one of my dates."

"I went out to see the monument that has been erected on the hill just east of the ravine where the ambush occurred. It is supposed that General Herkimer received the wound which cost him his life, down there in the valley. The spot where he sat after he was wounded, leaning against a tree giving orders to his men, is pointed out. What do you know about that battle, Flossy?"

"I know that in 1777 General St. Leger was sent by way of Oswego at the head of a band of Tories and Indians to take Fort Schuyler, where Rome now is; and that General Herkimer gathered an army and was going as fast as possible to relieve the fort, when they met the enemy near Oriskany, and General Herkimer was wounded."

"Yes; St. Leger had been warned of Herkimer's approach, and he sent forward the Tories and Indians, who made an ambuscade, and as Herkimer's men were marching along, not thinking of danger, they found themselves in deadly peril. The fight lasted five hours, but though more than two hundred of the patriots were killed, the enemy fled at last. The importance of this battle seems not to have been fully appreciated by early historians. The plan of the British was to invade New York with the main army under Burgoyne by way of Lake Champlain, while St. Leger should march down the Mohawk Valley and unite with Burgoyne at Albany. With the control of the Hudson and Lake Champlain, and with the fertile Mohawk Valley from which to draw their supplies, they could cut New England off from the rest of the Colonies; and Governor Dorsheimer said in his address at the dedication of the monument, that it is now seen that the success of this scheme depended upon the success with which St. Leger should carry out his part of the plan, and that Burgoyne afterwards intimated that he would have succeeded if he had been aided as he expected by St. Leger. So it appears that this battle over there in the ravine and upon the thickly wooded slopes was a most decisive one."

"There is something about the name of the fort which I do not understand," said Flossy. "Sometimes it is called Fort Stanwix, and sometimes Fort Schuyler. Which is correct?"

"The fort was built during the French and Indian War, and named Fort Stanwix, but fell into ruin, and was rebuilt in 1776, and after that time called Fort Schuyler, in honor of General Philip Schuyler."

"Are your dates confined to American history?" asked Uncle Hube, as they rode along.

"O, no! we can go all over the world, and, as Miss Blake says, 'all through the ages.' You see, we took it up last fall when we began United States History, and we got interested, and now we can't let it alone. We have a club that meets every Friday through vacation, and we compare our lists and ask and answer questions."

"I don't know about girls studying through vacation," said Uncle Hube doubtfully.

"Oh! it isn't study, it is play. Miss Blake says it is better than getting books from the loan library, as the girls do who do not belong to the club."

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Uncle Hube.

FAYE HUNTINGTON.

MAY-DAY STUDIES.

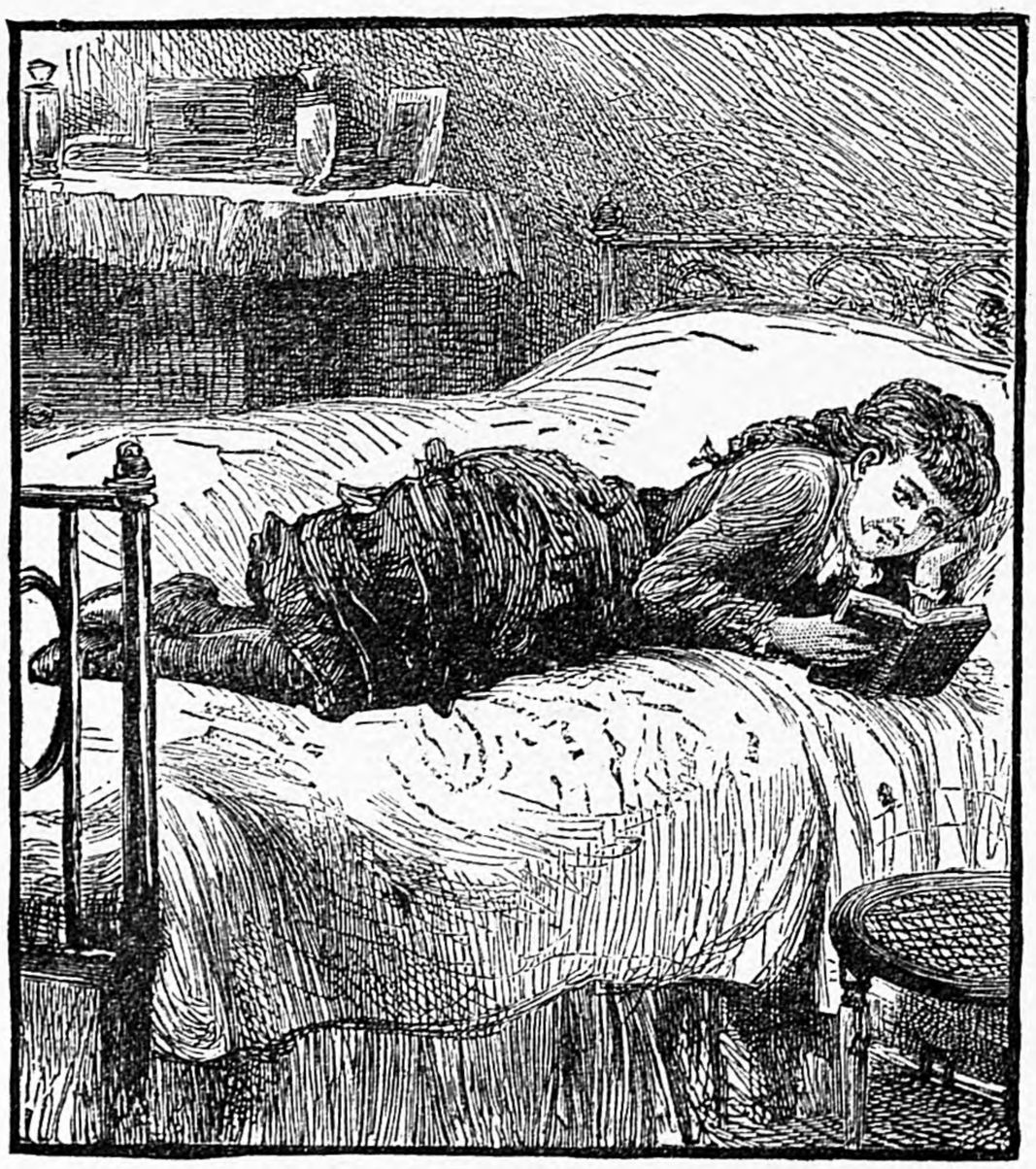
## WHO WAS TO BLAME?

MR. FOSTER was in the hall gathering his letters and papers into a convenient package as he spoke.

"Be sure you are ready, Katie, when I come. I can't tell when it will be, but I shall be certain to be in a hurry, and have no time for waiting; so remember, if you want to go you must be on the watch."

"I will, papa," Katie said positively; "you needn't be afraid. I shall get ready this morning, and be looking out for you all the while."

Mr. Foster smiled on his young daughter, kissed her, then sprang down the piazza stairs three steps at a time, to catch a passing car. He was a very busy man, and was nearly always in a hurry. On this particular day business was calling him to the large city, which was only thirty miles away from the small one where he lived. Katie was very fond of going to the city with her papa, partly because she had a friend living there who was always glad to see her and did everything imaginable to make her have a good time, and partly because papa was such a busy man he rarely had time to take her with him. So when she returned her father's kiss and assured him for the second time she would be sure to be ready, nobody could have been more certain than Katie Foster that she was speaking the truth.



"I'LL BE READY," SAID KATIE.

An hour afterward Mrs. Bennett, the housekeeper, called out to her on the piazza where she sat teasing the cat, "I should think you would go and get ready, Katie. How do you know but what your papa will come soon?"

"I'm going in a minute," said Katie, "but papa will be sure not to come this morning; he can't get away from the office in time for a morning train."

Ten minutes more and Irish Kate looked out of the window and spoke good-humoredly:

"My name is Kate, and I've more sense than some people of that name that I know of. If a certain Kate of my acquaintance was going to the city some time to-day you'd see her brushing her hair and putting on her best dress in a hurry."

Katie laughed.

"It doesn't take me so long to prink as it does you, Kate," she said; "I'll be ready in good time; don't you be afraid. Papa is always later than he has any idea he will be."

Another half-hour and Katie had really made her way upstairs and laid out the dress and ribbons she meant to wear, and begun to brush her hair. Then she espied the Sunday-school book she had been reading the afternoon before.

"I declare," she said, stopping short in her work, "I forgot all about that book. I wonder what became of Norm Decker? I do hope he got to be somebody. I'll just read a few pages; there will be plenty of time to dress, after that; papa is sure not to come before the two o'clock train. I know as well as I want to, that we shall not get back to-night. I'll put up my night things in a bag and have them all ready, and papa's, too, so he can be comfortable if he has to stay. but first I'll read just a little bit."

So saying she plumped herself on to the white bed which Irish Kate had made up nicely for the day, and in two minutes more was so absorbed in the fortunes of Susie and Nettie Decker, to say nothing of Norm and Jerry,

that all thought of dressing or of packing was forgotten. One more warning she had. Her cousin Edna, who was a young lady and had charge of her uncle's house, looked in and said, "Why, Katie, you ought to be dressed, dear. I heard Uncle tell you he might come at any moment, and it is nearly lunch time."

"I'll be ready," said Katie dreamily; "papa is sure to be late."

"But it is late already, child; the lunch bell will ring in fifteen minutes."

"Well, it doesn't take me fifteen minutes to dress, and papa won't go before the two o'clock train, I feel sure. Edna, you ought to read this book; it is real exciting."

"I'm afraid you will be excited in another way before long," was Edna's last warning, but she shut the door and went on with her work.

Five, ten minutes more, and a faint tinkle of a bell about to ring made Katie realize that her few minutes had been many, and that the morning was gone. She raised herself slowly to a sitting posture, still with her eyes on her book. If she could only find out whether the General was Jerry's father she would be content to wait for the rest. Suddenly she threw the book from her with such force that it landed on the floor, kicked off her slippers and began to button her shoes with anxious haste. She was thoroughly aroused. It was not the bell, but her father's voice sounding distinctly through the hall:

"Where is Katie? Tell her to come quick, there is not a moment to lose. I want to catch the 1:15 train. Never mind lunch; we will lunch in town. No, the two o'clock train will not do; I must get to the lower bank before it closes. Isn't Katie ready? Where is she?"

"Papa, I'm coming," sounded a tremulous voice. "I'll be ready in five minutes."

"There is not five minutes to wait, daughter. I had just time to rush home for you. I must be going this instant. I'm sorry, daughter; you must wait until next time. Good-by!" and Mr. Foster was gone.

Poor Katie! Do you wonder that she buried her head in her pillow and sobbed? But really, do you think anybody was to blame for her disappointment but her own silly self?

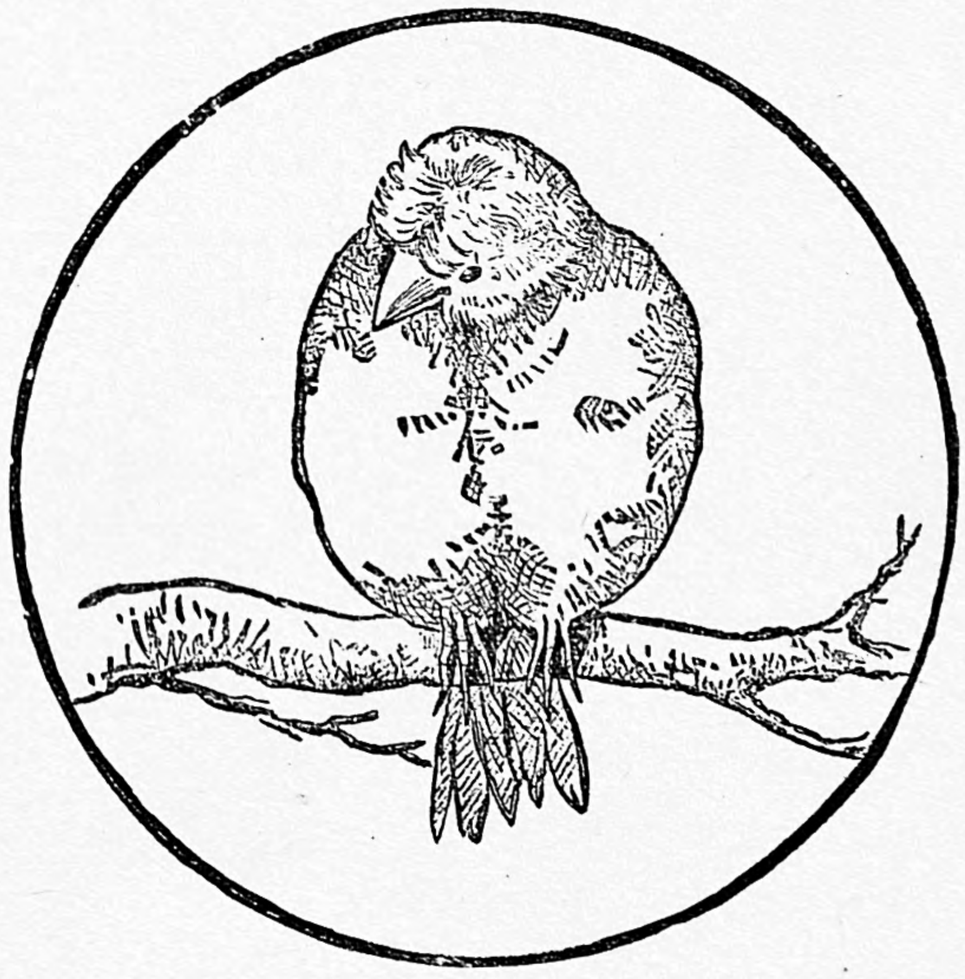
MYRA SPAFFORD.

## PAINTER.

ONCE there was a boy. His name was Mark. Mark had a cage. The cage had a bird. The bird had a face. The face had eyes, nose and mouth, only the nose and mouth were about the same thing; but that didn't matter so long as this "thing" answered the same purpose.

Now just as the eyes and nose happened to feel and fix themselves, so the bird looked.

Mark went daily to see his bird; indeed, often each hour, sometimes. Looking sharply



MARK'S BIRD.

at it with the eye of a student, he would have known it from a hundred others.

But it had a way of being a different bird every time; that is to say, it put on a different face. It was as if it had a great store, and the store had great shelves, and each shelf was full of faces, and each was unlike the other, and the bird put on one as often as it felt like it. Now it seemed handsome, now ugly; this hour wise, the next a dunce. On Monday like a rose; Tuesday, as a brier; Wednesday, happy as a harp; Thursday, sour as a pickle; Friday, cross as a cat; Saturday, pretty as a peach; Sabbath, bright as a star.

So Mark called his bird "Painter," because it made faces; and he set himself daily to find out where Painter got his paint, since he was

pink or blue or green or black or scarlet, or whatever he would.

One day, as he stood watching, Painter opened his throat wide enough almost to split it, and poured forth one of the sweetest songs he had ever heard.

"Oh!" said Mark, "I see; Painter's paint-pots must be away down there."

Then came a scolding blast from Painter. Now he would smile upon the neighbor bird that came to spend the afternoon with him, and now fly at him as though he would tear him to pieces.

"Yes, yes," went on Mark, "paint of all colors, and no end to it down in that little stomach; good, bad and indifferent. Dear, dear! I wish Painter would use only the good, and so his face would always seem beautiful."

Just what Mark's mother wished of him!

"My Mark's heart is full of thoughts, good, bad and indifferent. Sometimes this one, sometimes that, sits upon his face and paints it handsome or ugly. Oh! if he would use the good thoughts only."

Did you ever ask Jesus to cleanse your heart from evil thoughts?

UNCLE CHARLES.

## HIS FOLD.

(*St. John* viii. 27.)

ONE Shepherd leads and guides the flock aright,
Keeping it ever tenderly in sight;
His voice is true, and in all places heard,
So follow on the sheep at His dear Word.

"I know my sheep!" the gracious Shepherd saith;
"Naught in the world their hearing hindereth,
For when I call they gather, far and near,
Nor know, with my protection, any fear."

One fold, one Shepherd, happy is the way
That leads to life, nor will the loved ones stray
While ever onward in His steps they tread,
Glad to be owned and guided, as is said.

HAZEL WYLDE, in *Home Guardian*.

## HOW ABIJAH "MUSTERED" IN 1796.

ABIJAH TERRY was my great-grandfather's friend—as good and brave a little lad as ever wore homespun flax and wool garments. He came from good old Puritan stock who fought for liberty and freedom.

"'Bijah" helped tend the farm. There was always a call for 'Bijah to do this, and 'Bijah to do that—chores in the house and out—he was so "willin' an' handy," Mother Terry said.

Don't you know of a little tanned, freckle-faced boy who goes barefoot in summer, and is a real mother boy? I do.

Well, 'Bijah was going to the "muster" on training-day. It was to be on the Boston Commons. His father was a captain, and could flourish his bright sword beautifully, and mother kept his uniform done up in a clean linen cloth, perfumed with bergamot and lemon thyme.

'Bijah's mother sometimes went about with red eyes. She did not like the "musters" very well, though she always helped her husband to "fix" up. It wasn't long before 'Bijah began to see that a beautiful gold and glass bottle and cup that came out from its honored place, the parlor mantel, had something to do with her sadness.

When the friends came in of evenings the lovely bottle was brought out, and the dainty drinking-glass filled, and often a drink brewed from roast apples, lemons, loaf sugar, and a little from the bottle poured in it. 'Bijah always hoped they would leave a little in the bottom of the cup, but they always drained it.

"What's in it, mother?" he asked, as she dusted it one morning.

"Headache, 'Bijah, ruin and misery, is in this bottle." Mrs. Terry wept, and the boy said no more.

"Trainin' day to-morrow, on the Green, an' it'll be a grand sight to see the soldiers. Brother Abe is one of them. How many six-pences you got for gingerbread and cider, Bige?" A warm, dirty little hand was thrust through a knot-hole in the tight fence, and two new silver sixpences glittered there. It was Neighbor Hildred's Richard.

"Why-ee, Richard, who gave you all that

money?" said 'Bijah, round-eyed with wonder at such wealth in a little boy's hand.

"Brother Abe gave 'em to me. Our apples turned out poor, an' he means me to have, oh! — a lot of cider, because it's muster."

"I'll go to trainin' if mother goes, but mother doesn't drink cider or the stuff that's in our lovely bottle — I've watched her. She says there's a headache an' misery in it. Have you a drinkin' bottle at your house?"

"Of course we have; an' mother keeps real Vera Cruz in it, an' sets it out for company."

'Bijah sat upon the flat stone step at sunset with his bowl of blueberries and creamy milk. Mother was rubbing up the brass buttons on father's uniform, but she sighed all the time.

Muster morning dawned clear and bright. Father looked grand indeed in his military suit. He called 'Bijah to him and gave him silver. "It's for the gingerbread horses you'll want," he said. "You must come and watch us train, my boy. No cowards or mush-and-milk boys do I want about me," and Mr. Terry at the drum signalling, hurried away to be in time.

He was straight and handsome, and the plume in his cap waved jauntily. Last muster he did not come back looking as he went. The fine blue uniform was soiled and dusted, his step was unsteady, his face scarlet and swollen, and the plume broken and drooping. It took mother a long time to clean the pretty suit. Why was it?

"Will father spoil his nice clothes again, mother?" 'Bijah asked.

"I fear so, dear," was the low reply.

"Isn't father a good man?" he added.

"Yes, yes, darling; why do you ask?"

"Is it the — what's in our glass bottle, mother, that makes him do so?"

"Yes, dear, it is; O, my son!" and the mother held her boy close, wishing she could ever keep him innocent and loving. Then, kissing him, and folding him closer still, she combed out the yellow curls, dressed him in a new suit of linen, and gave him his straw hat plaited by her own fingers.

The "trainers" marched right by their door. 'Bijah sat on the flat steps and saw the gay crowds pass. He cheered when he saw the tall form of the captain, as he led his men. Richard called for him, but he did not leave his seat.

"Don't you want to go?" asked his mother.

"No, mother, I'd rather not."

"Why not, 'Bijah?" she continued.

Climbing into mother's lap, he said, with his lips close to her ear, "I don't want to see father get so he staggers and can't talk plain; it makes me cry. And, mother, I'm never going to drink from that bottle."

How proud that mother was of her boy. After their talk she made him a whole family of animals from sugar gingerbread, and a delicious raspberry jam shortcake. Then she told him stories of the Revolutionary War, and they had a very happy time together.

And better than all, 'Bijah kept his word, too. The handsome bottle is in the family to-day, but it holds nothing more dangerous than arnica — to heal wounds, instead of causing sore and grievous ones.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

## HOW TO BE HAPPY.

ARE you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment
If anything can —
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awfully tired
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world —
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain
Of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine
In your soul, little man —
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass
Overhead, little girl,
And the walk like a well-heated brick;
And are earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl?
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

— *Selected.*

## FLUFF'S FRIEND.

"WELL, my dears," said an old Mother Bird to her children, one fine day, "it is time we were starting South."

"O, no! not yet," said Fluff; "I want to stay longer."

"No, indeed!" said Mother Bird; "we must go. The cold winter will soon be here."

So they started. But naughty little Fluff did not go with them. He hid in the pine-tree till they were gone.

The next day it was very cold. The sky was dark. The trees were bare, and little snowflakes were flying about.

Poor little Fluff sat on the fence alone. His feathers stuck out, and his feet were blue and cold. He felt sad and lonely. He wished he had gone with the others. He had wanted his own way, and now that he had it it wasn't nice a bit.

Oh! how cold the wind was. How black the clouds were!

"Chee! chee! chee!" said Fluff, "I'm so hungry. I can't find any supper. O, dear! what shall I do?"

Just then a little girl named Daisy came and looked out of the window.

"Oh! do see that poor little bird," she said. "He looks so cold. I guess he is hungry."

She went to the kitchen and got some bread. She threw some crumbs on the stones and said, "There, dear birdie, come and eat your supper."

Fluff looked at her with bright eyes. He wanted some supper, but he was afraid.

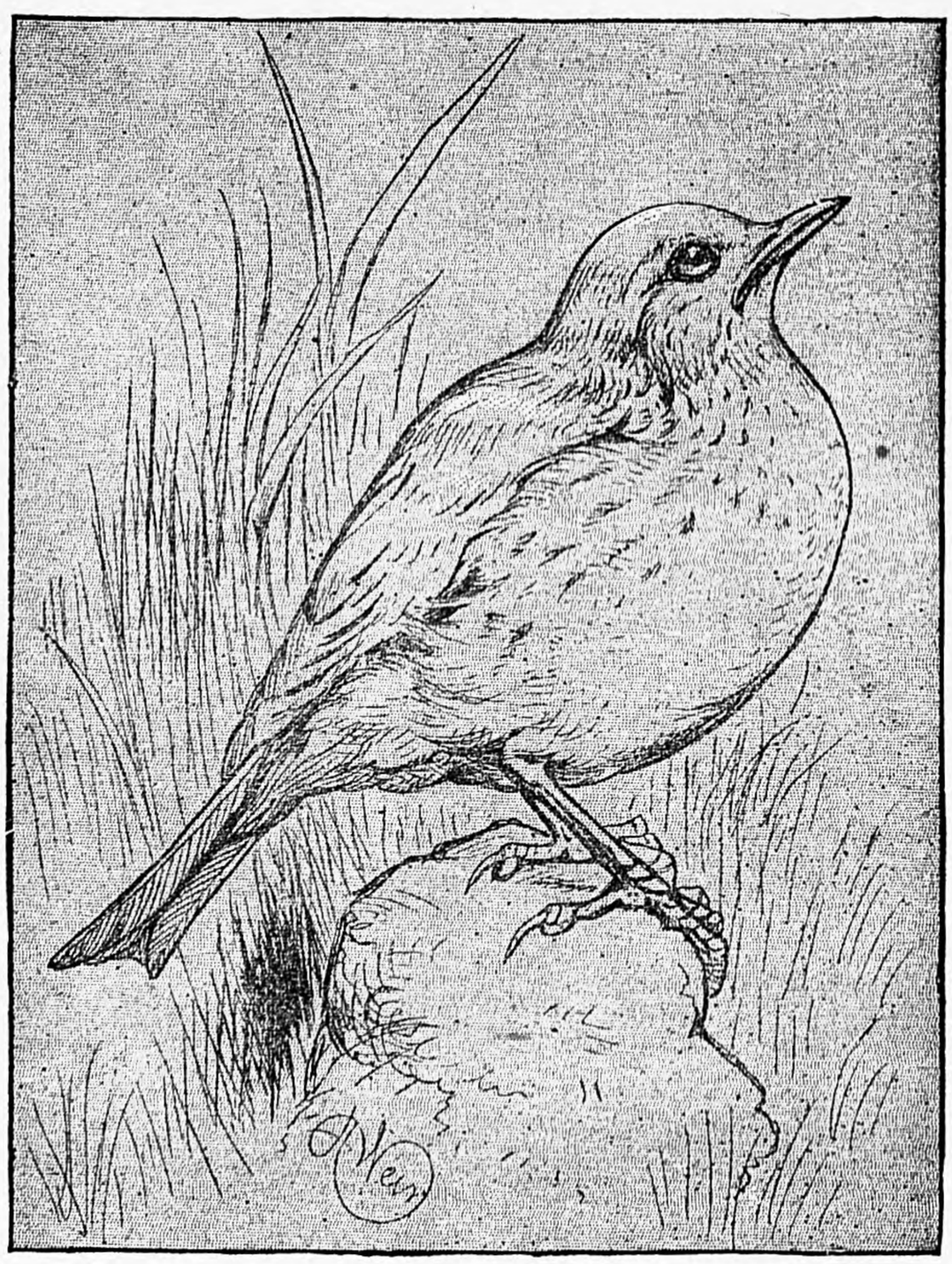
"Come, Birdie; come, Birdie," said Daisy.

She looked so sweet, and her voice was so kind, that Fluff forgot to be afraid. He hopped down and ate a nice supper. Then he felt better. He flew up in the pine-tree and tucked his head under his wing and was soon fast asleep. In the morning when he woke up what do you think he saw?

His own dear mother! She had come all the way back to find him. Oh! how glad he was.

Daisy got up early and put some more crumbs on the stones. Fluff and his mother went down and had a nice breakfast. Then they started on their journey. They sailed up into the sky and flew, and flew, and flew, far away. By and by they got home to the South.

It is a pretty home. There is no snow. The sun shines, the roses bloom, and little birds never have cold toes. Fluff is happy. He knows that his way was not best. Sometimes when he is very happy he remembers the little girl who fed him on that cold night. He sings little songs about her. He will not forget her.



FLUFF.

MRS. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

A MAY QUEEN OF ITALY.

# "OUR STONE."

THE Saturday class was over. The boys and girls trooped out, some of them as careless and merry as usual, a few of them quiet and thoughtful.

Among these were two girls who presently turned into a side street and went on alone together.

"I wish we hadn't promised," declared the brown-eyed one, after a few minutes of troubled silence.

"I don't know what made me say I would, I'm sure I can't. There's no one to talk to but papa, and he doesn't believe any of these things. You know Miss Chambers told us to begin by telling this story about how the great stone was rolled away from the door of the cave, without anybody touching it, and Jesus, who had been dead so many hours, just walked out and began living again! But I can't say anything about it to papa. If I should he would just laugh with all his might, and say it was surprising that a girl so intelligent as I, could believe such nonsense. I tell you, Alice, it is dreadful to have a papa who doesn't believe in the Bible."

A great sigh seemed to be the only answer Alice had for her friend.

At last she said, "It must be very hard to be laughed at, but, after all, don't you believe it would be worse if you were really afraid to say anything?"

"What if you had a father who was cross almost all the time, and who didn't like to hear you talk at all?"

"Oh, my!" said Jennie, and stopped. She did not like to be laughed at, but she certainly was not afraid of her father.

After a little silence Alice spoke again in a tone of almost hopeless gravity.

"It is the brandy, you know, Jennie. Everybody knows that my father drinks, so I may as well say it right out. I can remember when he used to take me on his lap and ask me about where I had been, and what had happened; he used to like to have me tell him everything. But that was before we had any saloons. If I should try to tell him of our Saturday meetings, and he found we talked about alcohol, and had a pledge, I don't believe he would let me go any more. Don't you think I will have to tell Miss Chambers that I can't tell the story to papa?"

"I don't know," said Jennie, her brown eyes looking troubled. "We promised, you see, and we haven't anybody else to tell. Maybe"—

She did not finish her sentence, for just as they turned into the lane to go home by the short road, they met Sarah West with her hands full of bright-colored flowers. Her sunbonnet was pushed back from a pleasant freckled face.

"Aren't they pretty?" she said, holding up the flowers. "Miss Palmer gave them to me. I'm going to take them home, mother likes flowers so much."

Both girls looked at her wistfully. Sarah lived in a dingy little brown house just the other side of the lane, and had a homely freckled face, and was poor, and wore homely common dresses, but she had a mother to take flowers to, and the homes of both these other girls were motherless.

"You didn't come to the class?" Jennie said presently, in an inquiring tone. It was her way of asking "Why not?"

"No," said Sarah, "mother had the scrubbing to do and couldn't spare me, Johnny is so mischievous when she scrubs. What did you do?"

Then began the story of the hour, told by both girls, each furnishing in turn an item. From it Sarah learned that the Bible lesson had been on the words "Go tell," and the scholars had pledged themselves to find the person nearest home who did not know Jesus Christ, and talk about his power and love.

"We promised with the others," Jennie said; "but now we almost wish we hadn't. We don't know how to do it, nor what good it will do. We think there is a great big stone in our way too."

The sentence closed with a little laugh, but Sarah had an answer ready. She knew the story of the resurrection very well indeed, if she had not been to the Saturday class.

"They found the stone rolled away when they got there," she said quickly. "They worried about it, you know, but when they reached the spot it was gone."

Jennie and Alice looked at one another. "Ours won't be," said Jennie significantly.

"I know what I'll do," said Sarah, "I'll tell Timmy about it. He is mowing the lot right next to our house, and I'm going over to the meadow just below to pick strawberries. I've often wanted to say something to Timmy, now I know how to begin. I think Miss Chambers has a splendid way of showing folks how to begin things."

"But you didn't promise," said both girls at once.

Sarah seemed surprised.

"No," she said slowly, "but that is because I wasn't there. And it is a way to help along, you know."

The two listeners looked at each other again, but this time they said nothing. They walked on presently, quite still, until Jennie was nearly home. Then she said,

"Sarah seems to think she is bound to do it, without any promising."

"Yes," said Alice. Then Jennie said good-by and went in.

In the twilight of that evening Jennie, who had made up her mind to brave a laugh and keep her word, sought her father in his office and began her story with an abrupt question.

"Papa, may I tell you about our class and what we talked of this afternoon?"

Mr. Shepherd held an open letter in his hand. Jennie did not know it was from an old friend and had touched him very much, but she noticed that the tone was grave and kind in which he said,

"Why, yes, daughter; I have a few minutes to give to it."

In an almost breathless way Jennie began her account of that wonderful scene, when the angel of the resurrection told the troubled seekers the glad news.

"And, papa, Miss Chambers said it was one of the proofs of how strong Jesus was, and of what He could do to help people who would let Him. And, papa, I wish you believed on Him."

Jennie had hurried through these sentences with tremulous eagerness. The merry mocking laugh had not come yet; she expected it every moment; she wanted to get those last words in before it came.

There was no answer for her, neither was there any laughter. Mr. Shepherd sat quite still, with his arm around his young daughter. Presently he spoke, in a low grave tone:

"It might be better, daughter, if I could; I am almost tempted to wish so myself. At least I will not stand in the way of my little girl getting all the help in that direction that she can."

"There wasn't any stone, after all," Jennie said to herself almost gleefully, that night.

As for Alice, she waited up until after nine o'clock, resolved upon trying to speak a few words to her father, provided he would let her. She planned a great many ways of beginning; ways which she thought might vex him the least, but was not satisfied with any of them, and was almost tempted to give it up for the night, especially after Mrs. Green the housekeeper looked in to say, "If I were you I wouldn't wait any longer for your pa; it is going on to ten o'clock."

But just then he came. And after all her planning, Alice had no words ready. Her father came directly over to the lounge where she was waiting; but instead of scolding her as she had feared for being up so late, what do you think he said?

You would never guess, so I will tell you. "I'm glad you are up yet, Alice. Isn't to-morrow your birthday? I have a present for you."

He dropped into her lap a little blue card like the one they used in the Saturday class — a Loyal Temperance Legion pledge card — and through the mist which suddenly gathered in Alice Baldwin's blue eyes she saw below the pledge a name in a handwriting that she knew:

"*John Westfield Baldwin.*"

"God rolled the stone away before I got there," said Alice Baldwin reverently to herself, that happy night.

PANSY.

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FAITH is the door to soul rest. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee. For we which believe do enter into rest.

## ARCHIE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

TWENTY-ONE, two, three, four and five!
Just a quarter, sure's I'm alive!
And that will buy the funniest doll,
Rubber and worsted, for Baby Moll.

That takes all of my ready cash,
And breaks my bank all into smash;

ARCHIE.

You little tin bank, you're never full;
I can't work much nights after school.

These days are so short the light don't last,
And Christmas is coming so fast, so fast!
I won't ask father to give me a cent;
He works too hard for bread and rent,
But mother must have a Christmas gift;
O dear! who'll give a fellow a lift?
Dear mamma! her hair is pretty and brown,
And her smile so sweet, with never a frown.

I'll get her something, I will! I will!
But how'll I get it's the question still.
I know! — I've got such a splendid plan;
'Tis good enough for a grown-up man.

I think my present will be just grand;
'Tis this: I'll write, in my nicest hand,
A pledge that liquor I'll never drink;
That I'll never swear — and then I think

I'll write that tobacco I'll never use,
In tobacco pipes or tobacco chews.
I'll get an envelope, clean and white,
And on it mamma's name I'll write.

And I'll copy it out so nice and fair,
And sign my name at the bottom there:
"Archibald Spinner!" O what a name!
But Grandpa wears it, and 'tis no shame.

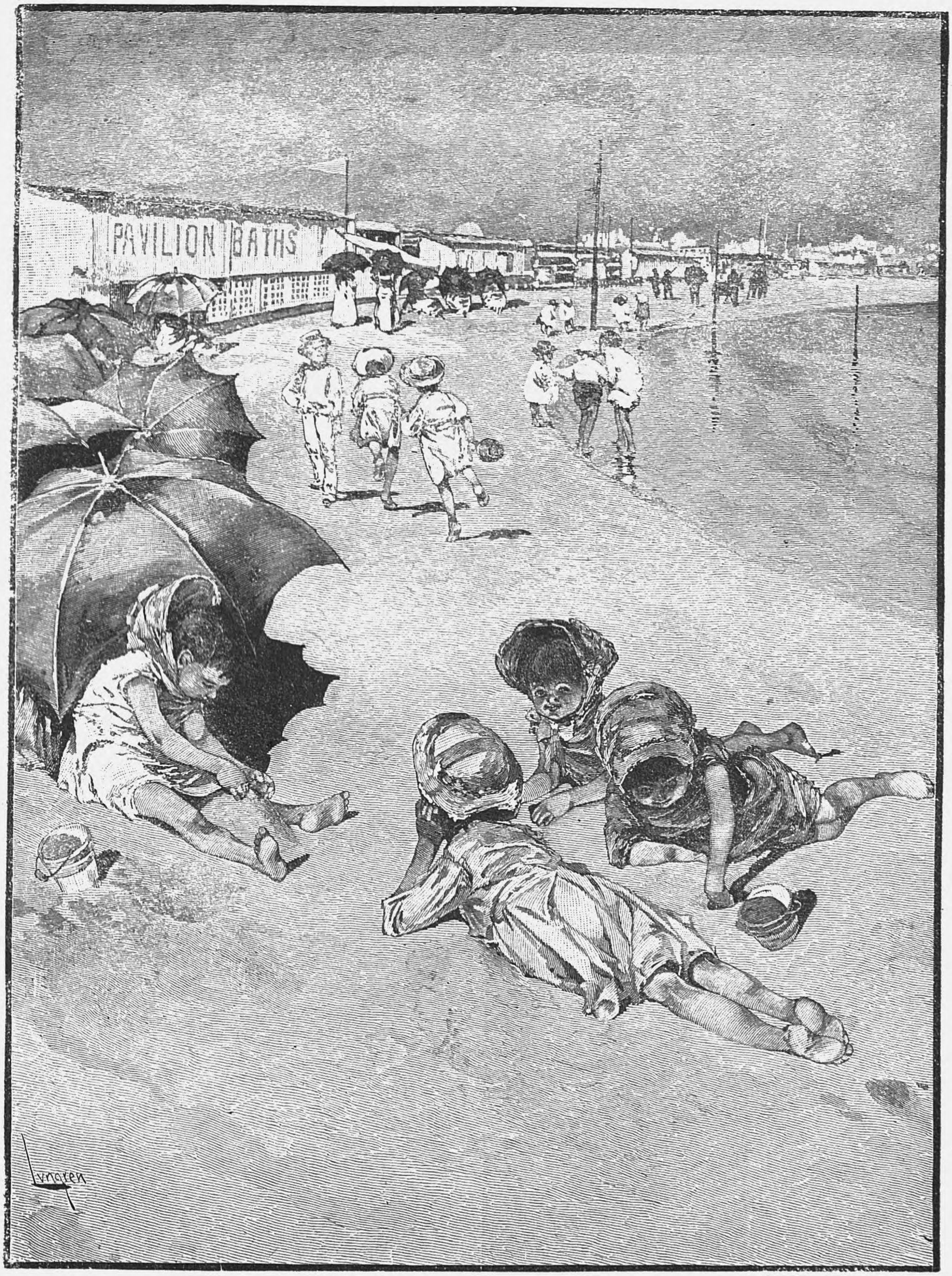
"Archibald!" Mamma will like it so.
"Archie!" she says when I'm good, I know,
But I think 'twill please her — I know it will!
Her dear brown eyes with tears will fill,

But behind the tears there will be for me
The happy twinkle I love to see.
So, "Archibald Spinner," the road is long,
You must make your mind up good and strong

Before you put down in black and white,
The pledge that the angels in Heaven will write.
Yes, I'm going to do it! I've counted the cost:
There is *all* to gain, and nothing lost.

Now Christmas may come — come slow, or come fast —
I'm ready to meet it, ready at last;
Who in this town has a finer show
Than "Archibald II.," I'd like to know!

EMILY BAKER SMALLE.




"LYING FLAT ON THE SAND."

## HAPPENINGS.

"WHY-EE!" said Nettie Houston, which was her way of expressing intense surprise; "I didn't know it told, so many hundred years ago, just exactly what would happen. Why, it tells how those soldiers would cast lots for His clothes, and how they would give Him vinegar to drink, and how they would crucify Him with bad men, and everything. If that isn't strange! I don't believe Uncle Robert knows these things. I just mean to tell him."

By this time the boys and girls who study their Sunday-school lessons, know quite well that Nettie Houston

NETTIE'S OFFERING.

was thinking about the Bible account of the crucifixion, and all the very small particulars which were given so many years before the event.

Nettie had never studied prophecy; she did not know that the Old Testament had many very careful descriptions of things which have come to pass, in just the way they were foretold. She thought her Uncle Robert could not know it either, for Uncle Robert had a strange way of talking about the Bible.

That very afternoon was Nettie's opportunity. She brought her Bible and turned to the prophecies about Christ, then to the New Testament account of the facts, and then looked up in triumph.

"There, Uncle Robert! How could they have known that a great many hundred years afterwards, some One would be killed in just that way, and have His clothes divided among the soldiers, and be offered something to drink, unless God had told them all about it?"

Uncle Robert was quite a young man, who knew very little about the Bible, and thought it was a mark of smartness not to believe in it fully; also he thought it was great fun to tease his niece.

"Poh!" he said, with a contemptuous toss of his head. "That's nothing. Any man could have risked a few guesses, and happened to guess right about some of them."

"Things don't happen so now," said Nettie.

"Yes, they do. I've been a prophet myself. Once I said to a lot of fellows, 'Next Thursday it will rain all day, mark my words.' I hadn't the least reason in the world for saying it; I just said so for fun. Well, don't you think the next Thursday the rain poured down all day! Just happened so, you see; but it made me a prophet."

"That's different," Nettie said positively. She felt the folly of her uncle's pretended argument, but did not know how to put her thoughts into words.

The next morning while working among her flowers, Nettie heard her uncle scolding Ben, the office boy, for throwing away a small piece of a map, which had been torn from one that hung on the wall.

"It was lying on the floor, sir," said Ben. "You told me to put all the papers that were on the floor into the waste-basket, and that lay with the rest. I didn't know it was of any use."

Ben's tone said "I am sorry," as plainly as words could have done, but the map was one which he was copying, and it was very annoying to have his work made harder in this way.

He laid the crumpled wad on the table and carefully smoothed it out, but did not smooth the wrinkles from his forehead.

"Stupid fellow!" he said crossly. "Any one with eyes could have seen that the piece fitted right into the wall map. Didn't you see it was torn, and that just such a shaped piece as the one on the floor belonged on it? Why don't you learn to observe and think? You might as well have a cabbage-head on your shoulders."

Ben went away looking crest-fallen, but little Nettie's eyes were dancing with a thought which had come to her. She gathered a mass of lovely blossoms in both hands, and with her small nose buried in the bloom, went to give them to her uncle.

"Don't you think, Uncle Robert," she said, after he had accepted and duly admired the flowers, "you ought to forgive Ben for not knowing the torn piece belonged there? It might just have happened to fit the map, you know."

"What are you talking about?" said Uncle Robert, still a little crossly.

"Why, the torn map. Those great notches that fit into the torn places exactly, might just have happened that way, I s'pose. That's what you said yesterday."

Uncle Robert understood. What was the use in being cross with Nettie? He had often said she was as bright as a new pin.

"You're a cute one!" he said, and laughed. But his cheeks were red, and he knew very well that he had said some silly things to Nettie the day before, and that she thought so, too.

MYRA SPAFFORD.

## GOING HOME.

I MET but yesterday,
An aged pilgrim on his way;
His form was bent, his step was slow,
For eighty winters with their snow
Had burdened him with pain and care,
With blossoms in his hair.

And he was going home;
No more o'er these green hills to roam
Where he had sported when a boy,
Till they had echoed with the joy;
And where his comrades young and gay
Had lived and passed away.

This land was growing strange.
His boyhood land, what change, what change!
His long day's work was done, and he
Was simply waiting, wearily,
For he was going home, sweet home,
Beyond the dark sea foam.

I thought that land must be
More like a native land to see;
More real than these hills of green,
Or vales that nestling lie between;
Or like a childhood memory fond
Would seem that land beyond.

We cannot yet behold
Except by faith the hills of gold;
But oh! methinks when we shall stand
Upon the borders of that land,
The soul's instinctive sense shall be,
"'Tis home, sweet home for me."

If but a mother's tone
Shall break the silence all alone,
Will not the joy of heaven be felt
As when at her dear side we knelt,
Or when she hushed our childish fears
And blest our tender years?

Or, if a sister's hand
Shall clasp us welcome to that land,
Will not the rapture we may know
Exceed the joy of long ago,
When in our childish ways we went
With home, sweet home, content?

But oh! if He should come,
Who left His Father and His home
To seek us on the mountain cold,
Far strayed from shepherd and from fold,
Oh! would it not be home to hear
That voice than all more dear?

And where our Father is,
Oh! will not that be home and bliss?
The angels wait beside the gate,
And for the weary pilgrims wait;
We're going home, they smiling say,
Home, home not far away. — *Selected.*

## THE TWO LITTLE PIGS.

ONE bright summer morning as I was strolling toward the beach, on the island of Mackinac, I saw a short distance ahead of me, two little pigs, one perfectly white and the other perfectly black, both the same size, trudging along side by side in the same direction as myself, seemingly engaged in earnest conversation. They seemed so out of place, and I was so curious to know whither they were bound, that I followed them unobserved.

They did not walk aimlessly, but as if they had some special object in view, and some definite destination. I wondered what they would do when they reached the water. I was not long in being answered. Without a moment's hesitation, they plunged into the waves, side by side, and swam out and away toward another island, six miles distant. I stood and watched them until their two little heads looked like balls bobbing up and down, side by side all the time.

When I related the incident to the landlord, a little later, he looked astonished and annoyed.

"Those pigs," he said, "were to have been served up for dinner to-day. They were brought here this morning in a boat from that island, six miles away, and we thought we might allow them their freedom for the short time they had to live, never thinking of their making an attempt to return home. And did you notice," he continued, "they chose the point of land nearest the island where they came from, to enter the water? Singular, the little animals should have been so bright? And, furthermore, they weren't landed there; that makes it more strange."

I, too, left the island that day, and I have never heard whether those brave little pigs ever reached their destination or not.—*Harper's Young People.*

## DECORATION DAY.

YES, little daughter, we go again,
  One glad bright hour in May,
To cover with bloom the quiet graves
  Where sleep the "Blue and Gray."

I think I have told you many times
  The sacred reason why,
But mamma often likes to speak
  Of the sad, sad days gone by.

I have told you how your grandpa
  Fell in the ranks of the Blue,
When I was a wee maid, Barbara,
  Not nearly as large as you.

Fell 'neath the dear old banner
  At the battle of "Cedar Creek,"
In the days when uncle Charley
  Was a baby small and weak.

I well remember him, darling,
  So true, and noble, and bold,
Though I was such a small, small girlie,
  Not quite turned eight years old.

He told me we of the Northland
  Were forced to enter the fight,
How *we*, not our Southern brother,
  Were battling for God and right,

How they of the fiery Southland
  Were striving to tear apart
The States cemented by life-blood,
  From many a loyal heart.

And I ever was staunchly loyal,
  For when my baby came,
I called her the name our Quaker bard
  Has given to deathless fame.

Of her who so bravely held the flag,
  Out in the morning air
Baring to rebel bullets
  The crown of her grand white hair.

But grandpa dwells where he knows to-day
  The truth between Gray and Blue
Better than they of that far-off time
  Who thought they alone were true,

And mamma has learned that noble men
  Were there on the conquered side,
As any that ever suffered,
  Suffered and bravely died.

So, little maiden Barbara,
  On that sunny time in May,
Let us seek to honor the lonely graves
  Of the men who wore the Gray.

EMILY BAKER SMALLE.


PROGRESSIVE CHILDHOOD.

## THE THREE STORIES.

JOE, Fred and Millie were left at home one long rainy afternoon. It had stormed so hard all of Monday and Tuesday they could not go out to run or play; and now it was Wednesday and papa and mamma and Aunt Maggie had all to go down town, and so the question was, What should these restless little mortals do to make the day seem endurable?

If it had not been vacation time, Joe would have been in school, and he would have been provided for; but now he and his younger brother and his little sister must help one another. If all had been boys of the same age, and all as old as Joe, or if all had been girls of that size, there would have been a good many things which might have whiled away the time. But they were not all boys, nor all girls, nor all of an age, so how could they plan to have a good time?

In the garret were picture-books, and these had stories in them, so at the suggestion of Freddy or Milly, I don't remember which, they all started for the "Rain-room," as Milly called it. (She gave the attic this name because she could hear the rain so plainly as it pattered upon the shingles.)

After a while they began to tire of looking at pictures and reading fairy stories.

I suppose the fact was, one did not like the story that another did. This difference of opinion caused them to talk a little, and so the difference began to be seen.

Then they began to criticise the illustrations, and sometimes one would suggest that the picture and story did not match. Finally Milly found a picture, and after examining it a few minutes said, holding up the engraving, "I'll tell you how to stop finding fault with others; just try it yourself. Here's a picture; we won't read the story, but we will each write one to suit himself."

You see she was young and inexperienced, and so had not yet learned how much easier it is to find fault than it is to do.

Not having this fear before their eyes, it was agreed that each should have a good look at the engraving, and then take his paper and pencil and write just what it should properly illustrate.

Now before you read any farther, that you may judge these three little authors kindly, let me suggest that you take pencil, or pen, and write the story as you think it should read. Then get Grandma, or Auntie, or some one, to read the four together.

No, of course I don't mean all at once; but one right after the other.

(*The first story.*)

"Once upon a time there was an old, old man, and he was just as good as he could be. And once there was a little girl. The old man and the little girl lived at the same time, but the man was a great deal older than the girl.

"The little girl's name was Araminta Arabella Steventine, and her hair was a beautiful yellow, and her eyes were as blue as the star spangled banner (the part which isn't red, nor white, nor stars).

"She was oh! so pretty; but she was poor, so very awfully poor that she had no Christmas-tree, and no Sunday-school teacher to give her anything. She lived in a hovel, and ate off of a great wooden table. But she always kept her hair combed and her face clean, so she looked as sweet and pretty as if she had been rich. Her father, he was dead, and her mother, she was dead too.

"Now this little girl, she lived all alone with this good old man, and he was her Grandpa. She was not big enough to cook, but she could sweep and keep the one little room all clean. So when the grandpa came home and saw everything slick and clean, and 'Minta Bell' (as he called her for short) looking so sweet, he would almost forget how tired he was.

"Well, as he went around he heard people talking so much about Christmas presents, and saw so many carrying things home for their boys and girls, that he did so much wish to get something for his dear little Minta Bell. So he began to plan to see how he could get a nice dollie for her. How could he do it, when he could hardly get bread for her to eat?

"It was the day before Christmas, so he asked Jesus to show him how and where he could find a doll for his little motherless granddaughter.

"Then he started out to see what he could get to do. As he passed the church he saw a pile of evergreens by the door, and a tree, and ever so many young folks at work getting ready for the evening, when they were to have a great time.

"'Couldn't you help us to-day?' said the superintendent; 'we need some one very much, and will pay you well for it.' So he went to work, and by and by the presents began to come in, and he was wanted to help put them in their places.

"The dolls looked so pretty that he couldn't keep his little girl out of his mind. They were all set around the foot of the tree on the green moss — all but one little thing which had lost a hand. That was left in the basket, and when he saw it set away, his heart began to throb with hope that he might get it for Minta Bell.

"'If you please, ma'am,' said he to one of the kind ladies, 'would you sell that doll in the basket cheap?'

"'Why, who would want that broken doll, I should like to know?'

"'Well, ma'am, I know a little girl that never had one, and I'd like to get this for her.'

"Then there was lots of talk, and there were a great many questions about the little girl, and answers too, and then the good old man carried the dollie off in triumph for Araminta Arabella, and there is where he is just going to give it to her. But he took an invitation for both to come to the Christmas festival, and then the good old man and the sweet little girl got lots of nice things which are not in this picture."

JOE.

If Joe did not plan a very good story was it his fault, when it had all, or mostly, been acted in a place where he was visiting his cousins only the Christmas before?

"ONCE UPON A TIME." (*The picture the three wrote about.*)

(*The second story.*)

"There was an old man, and he went to the fair —
Just like the woman we read of somewhere.
He looked and he looked, at the things great and small,
Then bought for his darling a beautiful doll.

"'What will you pay, little lassie, to me,
If I will now give this dollie to thee?'
'Oh! I'll give you kisses sweet — one, two, three —
If only you'll give that dear dollie to me.'

"So the bargain was made,
And the price it was paid,
And both were as happy as happy could be,
For she had the doll,
So sweet and so small,
And he had the kisses — one, two, three."

FRED.

*(The third story.)*

"There was once an ugly old man — a very ugly old man. And 'cause he was ugly he liked to plague little girls.

"And there was a nice little girl, and one day when her dear mamma had gone away, this little girlie (her name was Sunshine), she was all alone. So she put her little dollie in a chair and said, 'Now, darling, you must be good and not cry a bit while your mamma sweeps all up the dust and makes the room just as clean.'

"So the dollie sat just as still, and never spoke one word nor cried a bit when that ugly old man came in, though she saw him all the time with her eyes, but Sunshine didn't see him a bit at all.

"Then pretty soon she turned around to speak a word to Dollie; and, don't you think! there sat that ugly old man in the chair, holding the dollie behind him. Then he told Sunshine she shouldn't have it any more, ever, for he was going to carry it off for another little girl he knew, away off in the woods!

"But what do you think? Just then Sunshine's own dear papa came in and made the naughty old man give up her doll and go way off!

"Then Sunshine was so glad, and put her arms around her papa's neck and kissed him, and kissed him, and kissed him, and said 'No naughty man should ever carry her dear dollie off in the woods, no, never! But I do hope some one will give the little girl off in the woods a pretty dollie, and I wish she had a good papa like mine.'"

MILLY.

Now which story do you think fits the picture the best: Joe's, or Fred's, or Milly's or yours?

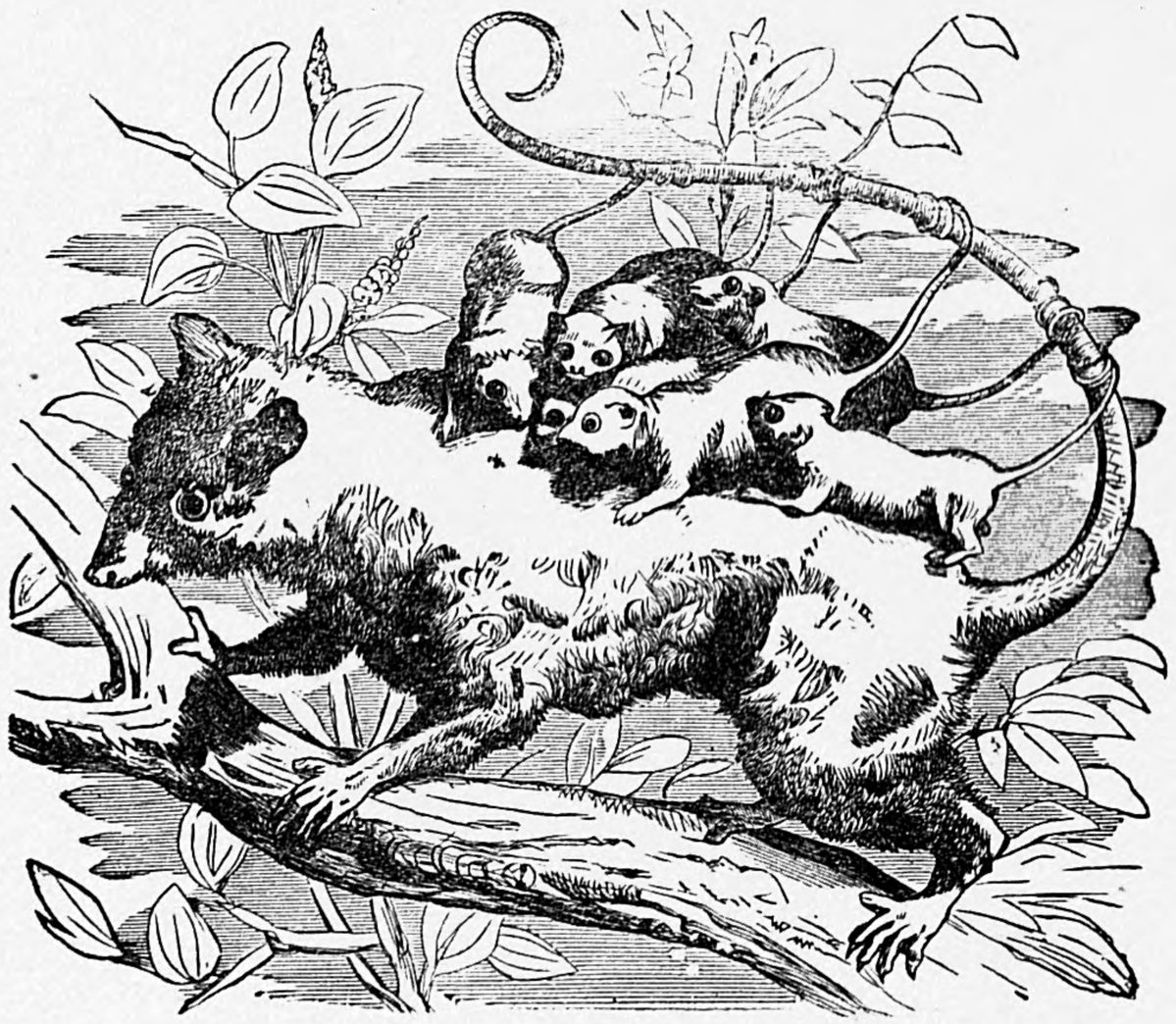
G. ROSSENBURG.

## WHO STOLE THE CHICKENS?

"ANOTHER of my Bantams is gone," said Spencer Dean, as he sat down at the breakfast table. "I am going to watch to-night, and if Tony Brent comes he'll catch it, I can tell you!"

"I cannot think Tony would do such a thing," replied Spencer's sister Sadie, "if he is mischievous. I cannot believe such things as that of him! It is too bad the way some use him, just because his clothes are patched, and his mother takes in washing."

"Well, what does it look like? Here one after another of my chickens go off, without leaving so much as a feather. Now if it was an owl, there would be both bones and feathers.



OPOSSUM AND FAMILY.

Then, too, Tony said he wished he had set Banty's eggs, too."

"I cannot see that that proves anything definite," replied Sadie.

"I shall watch, anyway, and if Tony comes he will have to cry quarters, at least," replied Spencer, still unconvinced.

Spencer's mother had given him a fine brood of chickens in the spring (twelve white Bantams), and he had taken the best of care of them while they were cooped up. Afterward, when left to roam at large, they had sought as

a roosting-place some timbers projecting from underneath the corn-crib, instead of going — as well-brought-up chickens should — to the hen-house.

As the chickens grew larger they became the pride of the poultry-yard, until Spencer had grown quite vain over the compliments paid his Bantams.

But as time went on the Bantams had one after another mysteriously disappeared until there were only seven left.

Spencer had tried sleeping with one eye open, yet this, for a hard-working country boy, was difficult. One night he even tried sitting in his chair, to awake in the gray of the early dawn to find himself with a sore throat, and the damp, chilly wind coming in at the open window with a rush.

The night after the conversation just mentioned, Spencer finished his "chores," ate his supper, and, armed with a stout hickory pole which he confidently intended should cause Tony Brent to cry "quarters," he climbed on to the low, flat roof, and lay there, while the southerly breeze rumpled his brown curls as he ate seek-no-farther apples. He had just tossed aside the seventh core, and was wondering how many he had the capacity of getting outside of, when he heard a rustle among the dry leaves, and a "quack! quack!" from the Bantams.

"Why, of all things! If there isn't one of the pigs father bought this morning got out of the pen!" he said to himself, as he leaned over the side of the corn-crib to see more distinctly amid the uncertain light which the clouds made in chasing each other over the half-moon.

He was about to call his father, when he suddenly pinched himself to see if he was awake or dreaming, for there was that pig crawling up one of the posts on which the corn-crib rested, and when it seized a chick and jumped to the ground, he was too much surprised to apply the hickory pole intended for Tony's back.

Calling "Father!" he sprang down and commenced belaboring the strange pig, until it dropped the chicken. Soon after, amid the cackle of fowls, he heard his father say, —

"What have you here? Oh! it's an opossum, and never Tony at all. Well, my boy, I hope this will teach you not to distrust your companions too readily." The opossum by this time lay still, and Spencer ran in to get a lantern, and Mrs. Dean and Sadie went out too.

"Why, how much it does resemble a pig, to be sure! I do not wonder you thought it one," said Sadie. "O, papa! is this the animal I heard making that frightful noise out in the forest one night when I was coming home so late from uncle's?" she continued.

"Yes, dear. I think of all animals I ever heard, the opossum's cry is the most mournful. Although it does look very much like a pig in the night, it does not so much in the daytime."

They returned to the house, and a short time after, as Mr. Dean was going to the barn to see if the horses were well cared for, he found that the opossum was crawling into the orchard. Again it was frightened away, with the remark, "I guess you will stay where you belong this time!"

After chatting for awhile Spencer went out to look after the opossum. While defending his chickens he feared he had dealt him a death-blow. Once more getting near he heard heavy breathing, and lo! Mr. Opossum was not dead, after all. He spoke in a sympathizing voice:

"Now, Mr. Opossum, if you will get up and walk off you can save your life. If not, I shall have to resort to desperate measures." When he went in he said to his father, —

"I think I understand now why people ask at times, 'Is he playing 'possum?'"

Mrs. S. Rosalie Sill.

## DIMPLE'S DINNER COMPANY.

THE class in Familiar Science was on the recitation bench at Miss Purviance's school, and it was Dimple Duer's question:

"Explain the formation of dew on the outside of a pitcher of ice-water."

Where had Dimple's thoughts been while she read over those four pages of Familiar Science last night? Not much on her book, I am afraid, or else she had slept away the mem-

ory of her lesson; for, to save her life, she didn't know what made the pretty frost-work on her glass of ice-water at dinner.

Fortunately for her, there was a sudden knock at the schoolroom door, a loud rat-tat, as of some one in a hurry.

"Come in," said Miss Purviance, and the door was thrown open with a bang that jarred a whole benchful of little girls. It was Dave Finley, a great, strong, rough-voiced, kindly-tempered fellow, who hauled wood to the little town for sale.

"See here, Miss 'Viance," he said, drawing forward a little girl in a red calico dress and sunbonnet, "I've brung you Molly Smoot's gal to get some learnin'. Molly is a powerful hand at books herself, Molly is; and spite of Bill Smoot's goin' and dyin' last spring, and spite of there being four younger than Fan here, Moll's sot on givin' her children learnin', too. 'Well, Moll,' says I, 'I kin furder you thar, for I kin take that little Jenny Wren of yours to town every day on my wagon 'longside of me, and glad of her company, too.' 'Land, Mr. Miller,' says Moll, 'how kind you are!' 'Well,' says I, 'we poor folks ain't got nuthin' but kindness to give one another, and we must be hard up if we can't give that.'"

The half-hour for Familiar Science was fast slipping away, while Dave stood with the door-knob in his hand, holding the child in the other, talking in an even stream, with no sign of any purpose to stop. Miss Purviance at last interrupted him.

"Come in, Fanny," said she. "Did you say her name was Fanny? Thank you, Mr. Finley; we will see about her lessons now."

"All right, mum; I'll be 'long this way somewhere short of four o'clock to pick her up again."

And the little stranger was given a seat while Miss Purviance hurried through the interrupted recitation.

The new scholar was poorly clad. Her little brown feet were innocent of shoes and stockings, and the calico dress came but a stingy way down the plump legs.

The little face, when the red calico sunbonnet came off, was seen to be round and rosy. It seemed that poverty (and the Smoots were of the poorest) agreed with Fan's health, and spirits, too; for she was a gay little witch, and soon became a favorite at Miss Purviance's school. Her seat was by Dimple Duer, and impulsive little Dimple was heels over head in love with her at once. The difference between her dainty laced and frilled ruffles, her silk stockings and kid slippers, and Fan's clean but somewhat faded calico, seemed not to strike either of the girls, who became devoted friends.

"Mother," said Dimple, one Friday morning, stopping in the midst of her breakfast of waffles and honey, "can't I have a dinner-party?"

"Perhaps so," said her mother, smiling at her little girl's serious face. "Whom will you invite?"

"How many could I have, mother?"

"Oh! four or five, I suppose," answered Mrs. Duer.

"Now, mother," Dimple said, with great earnestness, "wouldn't you as lief I should have one little girl five times as five little girls to dinner at one time?"

There was a laugh all around the table at this conundrum, but Dimple waited eagerly for an answer. "Dimple," said papa, "what little girl do you want to invite to dinner five times?"

"Why, papa," she said gravely, "Fanny Smoot brings her dinner to school every day, and it's hardly ever anything but a piece of corn-bread and a potato. She says sometimes her mother can give her two potatoes, and sometimes a little piece of fat bacon."

Dimple's voice was trembling a little, and nobody at the table laughed now.

"You shall have your company, darling," said the mother; and her voice wasn't very steady, either.

So Dimple had her way, and went off to school happy, with a little invitation written on one of her mother's gilt-edged cards: "Miss Dimple Duer requests the pleasure of your company on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week."

Of course the invitation was accepted, and the next Friday at recess the two girls were in great glee over a card found in Dimple's pocket directed to Fan, in a gentleman's bold hand: "Mr. Sidney Duer" (that was papa) "requests the pleasure of your company to dinner on

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week."

And every week a different member of the family sent Fan a like invitation, until she had been invited by each one, and then Dimple's turn came again.

Do you think the four little Smoots envied Fan? No; and I'll tell you why. There was a brown woven basket on Mrs. Duer's wardrobe shelf which had once belonged to her little Fanny, now in heaven. It had been her lunch-basket, and the sight of it made the mother's heart ache with thinking of the bright face that used to look back at her from the gate as the little daughter tripped off to school.

But the first week of Dimple's dinner company this basket was taken down and filled from the table for Fan to carry home to the little ones there. She never forgot to bring it back the next morning, and it never failed to travel home with her again the same day after school.

"Mother," said observant little Dimple one night, from her cot in the corner, "what makes you look so teary, sometimes, when you are filling the brown basket for the little Smoots?"

The mother came over and kissed the rosy face on the pillow. "Dimple," she said softly, "I count them your little angel sister's dinner company." — *Selected.*

## POEM FOR RECITATION.

### GRANDMA'S PATCHWORK.

SHALL I ever be old as Grandma?
I looked in the glass to-day,
And tried to think how I shall look
When my hair has all turned gray;
For when the old people come here,
With hands on my hair they say,
"Jessie looks like her grandma
In the times so far away."

We have an old portrait of Grandma
In a queer old gilded frame,
Odd, and sweet, and pretty,
It was made before mamma came,
And I am her youngest grandchild,
They say she loves me best,
I don't know how that is,
I'm sure she loves all the rest.

But her room is full of treasures,
Old things — she loves them well,
Rainy days she shows them to me,
And will often a story tell.
She has just the queerest bedquilt—
It isn't pretty at all,
But I think that Grandma loves it
Even the best of all.

Mamma says that "old people
Have much of their lives in the past,"
And that I "must honor her wishes,
And be gentle to the last."
So when she showed the patchwork
I thought I could understand
How the past is mixed with the future
And her home in the other land.

There were some squares all faded,
Dull, and brown, and gray,
If they ever have been pretty,
They surely are not to-day.
"Those," said Grandma softly,
"Were part of my mother's gown,
Well do I remember the day
She wore it first to town."

And then there were others, pretty
Green, with blossoms over them spread.
"Those," and my dear old Grandma
Sighed and shook her head,
"Those were my sister Mary's,
She died at twenty-five —
So many years she has been in Heaven,
And I — I am still alive."

Then there were many white ones,
With tiny flecks of blue,
They must have been *so* pretty
In the days when they were new.
"Those little squares," said Grandma,
"Belonged to my baby Rose.
It is *thirty years* since we laid her
Under the winter snows."

"But tell me, Grandma," I eagerly cry,
"Whose were these *beauties*, here?
Covered with apple-blossoms,
They look like the spring of the year."
"Those," and Grandma's mouth grew sweet
As the mouth in the picture seems,
"I wore that gown when I was young,
And life was the sweetest of dreams."

"I wore it the night your grandpa
Told me his heart was mine,
Under the trees near the arbor,
Where the roses used to twine —
Ah! there never was any like him,
And now — he has gone home,
And I am going to join him,
I wait till my summons come."

And then the kitten wakened
From a long and quiet nap,
And Grandma folded the patchwork
And laid it in her lap,
And said: "'Twill be yours, little Jessie,
When my body is under the sod,
And my free soul dwells in that other home
Whose builder and maker is God."

EMILY BAKER SMALLE.

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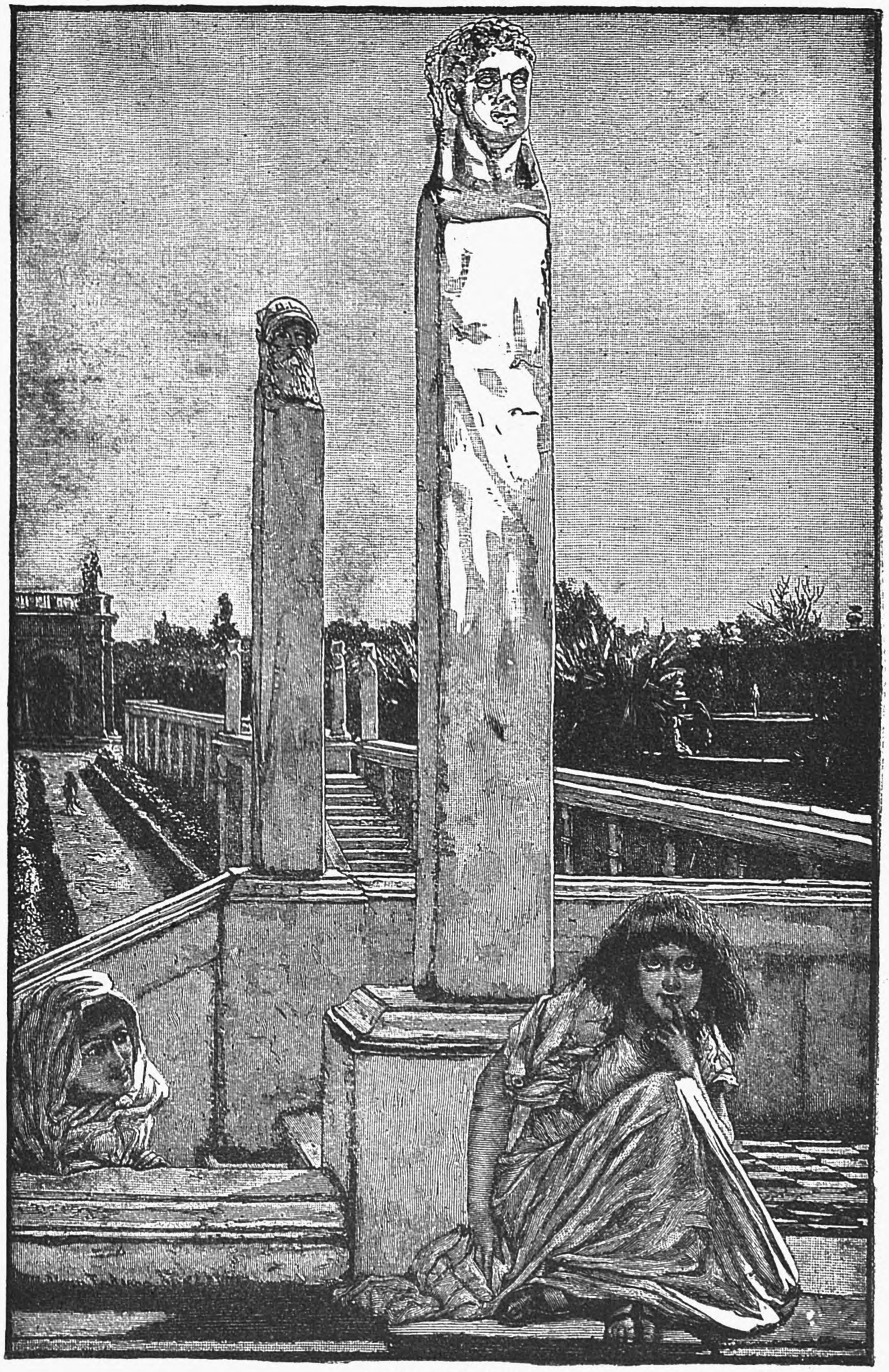
"Be good, dear child, and let who will be clever
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One glad, sweet song."



IN OTHER LANDS.

## PRECIOUS OINTMENT.

DO not keep your box of ointment,
Break it o'er your friends to-day;
Do not keep it in the darkness,
Half-forgotten laid away.

Little deeds of love and kindness,
Don't forget to give them now;
Don't forget to smooth the pillow,
Don't forget to bathe the brow.

All along life's rugged pathway
Stretch your hand and lift your voice,
Bringing all your love and kindness,
Making every heart rejoice.

Keep your ointment ever ready,
Use it freely — there is room;
It will bring you richest blessings,
Smooth your passage to the tomb.

— *Selected.*

## PAPER.

THE New York Telegram tells of a curious sheet of paper which has been sent to a gentleman in New York from a friend in Hong Kong, China.

It is made from the web of the white spider, which, you know, is considered sacred by the Chinese.

The sheet is said to be very beautiful. It is light and transparent, is eleven inches wide and fourteen long, and is beautifully printed, containing about two columns of reading matter.

Have you not often wished, of a summer morning, when you looked on the grass and saw the beautiful lace-work of the spiders spread here and there, that something could be done to preserve them, that we might use them for trimming? If the white spider's work can be made useful, why not that of our common black spider?

H. GRATTAN GUINNESS has secured thirty colored missionaries for Africa.

## THE "TEMPLE" IN CIRCLEVILLE.

IT was growing dark in the church; the committee said that they did not "see," for their parts, where the afternoon "had gone to!" and Joe Westwood muttered that he didn't "see where his hat had gone to, to say nothing of the afternoon." Heaps of cast-off finery of different sorts were scattered about the church. On the communion table lay a pile of red and white cambric used for decoration, and the Bible had the frame for an angel's wing resting on it.

"Some of you boys come and help clear away here," said Miss Helen Hurst irritably; she had been at work all day, and was very tired. "Don't go to running away and leaving all this confusion to us to look after. I must rehearse this tableau before I go home, if the bell rings for prayer meeting while I am about it. I don't see why they couldn't have omitted the prayer meeting for one evening. How did they expect us to get ready?"

She did not mean for the prayer meeting, but for the entertainment which was to take place in the church on the following evening. Miss Hurst was a teacher in the Sunday-school, and was very fond of her seven boys, though she did speak so sharply to them just now and bid them help. Miss Hurst was not often so tired as she felt this evening.

"It is very hard work to get up tableaux with children," she explained to a young lady who stood looking on; "I'm almost sorry I undertook it. There's one scene I don't believe I shall ever get ready; I have had all sorts of worries with it. I must rehearse it to-night, if I do have to keep Trudie West out later than her mother wishes. She will have to be out to-morrow night; I don't see why it will hurt her any more to stay after dark to-night. Boys, haven't you that cave ready yet? It is growing dark very rapidly."

"Yes'm," said Robert Burke, "we are all ready, and the boys have their torches lighted, but Trudie won't go in; she's afraid."

"Trudie, what a little goose! It is nothing but a pasteboard screen with a hole in it. See! there is a cushion to sit on when you get in there, and the walls are hung with your own

mamma's black shawl; don't be a goosie, child, go in and see how pretty it is. What if it is dark? you are not afraid of the dark. Take hold of her hand, Stevie, and coax her."

So Stevie took the chubby little hand in his, and coaxed, and pulled, and tried to drag the reluctant little hermit into her cave. All in vain. She was "'fraid," the baby declared, and with her free hand brushed away great tears which were slowly trickling down her nose.

"Did ever anybody see such a little dunce?" said Miss Hurst, in despair. "I'm afraid I shall have to give it up, and it is one of the prettiest tableaux in the list. Why," in answer to a question from the lady looking on, "it is a scene from Mother Goose. This is the cave, you know, and Stevie and Joe are the two bears; they do their part nicely. Joe's eyes look really frightful when the cave is lighted up just behind them, and everywhere else it is dark. Come, Trudie, don't keep us waiting; you are not such a baby as to be afraid of Stevie and Joe; they are all the bears there are. Step in, that's a nice little girl; you will make a lovely picture, and everybody will clap their hands and praise you, and they will give a good deal of money just to look at you. Trudie wants to help raise money for the missionaries, I know she does."

No, apparently Trudie didn't, at least not to the extent of being willing to sacrifice herself to that dark cave and those two bears. She held back sturdily, and cried outright, and the bell for evening service struck on the quiet air.

"I shall have to give it up," said Miss Hurst, in despair. "Provoking little thing! if she was my child, I would give her a whipping. There's the first bell, and this church in utter confusion. Joe and Stevie, run and take down that pile of dresses from the pulpit, and push those drums and boxes and things under the sofa; they will not show there to-night, I guess. I'm too tired to take them away. Well, Trudie West, run home, do, and tell your mother you are a naughty girl. Alice, I wish we had tried your little sister for the cave; she is rather large, but she would have taken the expression beautifully. Couldn't you get into that cave, don't you think, Laura?"

But Laura, the visitor's little sister, who had kept fast hold of her hand all this time, had not even heard what Miss Hurst said; she was gazing about her with a grave, almost a startled look on her sweet child-face, and at that moment she spoke, in slow, clear tones:

"Sister, this is God's house, isn't it?"

"Certainly, dear; all churches are God's houses."

"Well, don't you know that story we had this morning in Grandma's room? How he went to his house in Jerusalem — Jesus did, you know — and sent out things that did not belong, and made them put it all in nice order again. Don't you suppose if he should come in here now maybe he would say 'Take these things hence?'"

The visitor and her friend, Miss Helen Hurst, looked at each other. For a moment neither said a word, then Miss Helen, with a slight laugh, "What a queer little thing she is! Where does she get such old-fashioned ideas? I don't believe she will do for the cave, do you?"

"No," said her sister, "I don't think she will. Come, Laura, sister will be late for prayer meeting if we stand here any longer."

MYRA SPAFFORD.

## FREELY GIVING.

A VERY suggestive story is told of a little boy whose uncle gave him a gold coin.

"Now you must keep that," said the gentleman.

"I will halve it first," said the child. "Maybe I will keep my half."

"Why, it is all yours, my boy," said his uncle, greatly astonished.

"No," replied the little fellow, with a determined shake of the head, "it is not all mine; I always go halves with God."

"But God owns the world; the gold and silver are all his."

The little boy was silent and puzzled for a moment, then he said:

"Any way, God goes halves with us; he lets us share with him. Don't you think we ought to give him back a part?" — *Selected.*

## SACRIFICE AND ITS REWARD.

ONE day the teacher went to visit an old Indian woman who was sick. Being able now to go out, she was asked if she would not come to church.

"I have nothing to wear," was the reply.

"If I should give you this bonnet?" questioned the teacher. But the bonnet alone would not do; she could not go. The teacher went home to search her own slender wardrobe. Her sister in the work followed her to her room, and found her on her knees before her little trunk, an old shawl on her lap on which her tears were falling, as she softly smoothed the faded folds. It had been her mother's, worn through weary days of invalidism. It seemed almost a part of the loved one's self, linked with the dear pale face in the grave.

How this daughter prized it, all that was left her of the old home and "mother," how she had carried it with her in all her journeyings, you, who have laid away the garments of your beloved with tears and kisses — you know.

"Oh! not that," said the sister who knew its history. The teacher shook her head; there was nothing else. The dear mother was safe in heaven, while the poor Indian was here and suffering. It was right the shawl should go. And she took it to the Indian woman, holding it close in her arms with caressing touch as she went.

"Her reward?" Why, some months after, when a band of Christians were received into the church — that old woman was among them!

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*Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.*

WHERE is this? What does it mean? What have you to do with it?

How many of you will write out the answers to these three questions — especially to the last — and hand your answers to your pastors or Sunday-school teachers?

If just one — ah! if one hundred would do it and try to do it well and prayerfully, the angels and Jesus would rejoice. Do you care for such rejoicing?

## THE HARD TEXT.

"*Rejoice and be exceeding glad.*"— Matt. v. 12.

SURELY we should not rejoice to have folks persecute us and say all manner of false things about us. They are wicked to do such things. That is what the scribes and priests did to Jesus. How very, very hateful it was. We ought to be glad when wicked people stop saying and doing cruel things against Christians and become gentle, loving children of God themselves.

Nor must we think that every one who is spoken against is good and ought to be happy. Whiskey-sellers are much spoken against. They deserve to be. God has spoken an awful woe against them. He does not tell them to rejoice.

Our text means that we need not mourn when we serve the Lord faithfully and the bad treat us cruelly for it, but rather be glad to be anything or suffer anything for his sake. When it costs us something to be on his side, this is a sign of being on his side, and what joy so great as that?

Which side are you on?

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## A LAD'S PENNY.

AT a missionary meeting a speaker mentioned how a little child heard that for every penny given a verse of Scripture could be translated into a foreign language, and went home and begged that he might subscribe a penny and be the means of translating a verse; and he said, "Let the verse be, 'For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

At the same meeting another speaker stated that Rev. D. Corrie, a missionary, was one day sent to visit a dying Brahmin. He expected to find a very heathen. To his surprise the Brahmin was a true Christian. The dying man said, —

"You once gave me the verse 'For God so loved,' etc. That was the means of my conversion."

A DOWNHILL ROAD.

## TOMMY AND TABBY.

I DID not know but I would write "Tabby and Tommy," in order of merit, for reasons which you will see. But, on the whole, I decided to give Tommy the first place.

The story is this: Tommy Lawrence and Fred Smythe were friends. They had made mud-pies together, built shanties together, played marbles together, and had seldom quarreled with one another since they were little more than babies. Nothing in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth could dissolve their friendship. So they thought, at least. But you shall see how it was something in the heaven above, or very near it, I suppose, that did come near severing the bonds of friendship that so closely encircled their hearts.

Tommy and Fred each had a kite. These kites had both been bought of the same man, who had made them. They were quite new, and were so exactly alike that even the owners could not tell them apart. The said owners went out one afternoon to fly the said kites, and selected Fred's father's pasture for the purpose. All went well until Tommy's kite caught in a tree, and Fred came to help him. In so doing he allowed his own kite to become entangled in the same tree. Alas! what a pretty plight.

"Well," remarked Tommy, after they had both been pulling awhile at the strings, "the only thing to do is to climb up and get them down that way."

So they mounted the tree, and with much pulling and maneuvering got the kites disentangled. But, dear me! while one was quite whole, the other was so badly torn that it was obvious to both the boys that it could never be used again.

"It's too bad!" said Fred. "Never mind, though, Tommy; I'll let you use mine sometimes."

"Indeed!" said our hero, "I'll let you use mine sometimes, you mean. I'm sure that's my kite."

"I'm sure it isn't," said Fred.

Then followed a heated discussion, the details of which you can better imagine than I can describe. In the midst thereof both boys trampled on the object of the dispute, and the result was it made little difference who was the owner. But that didn't alter the fact that each boy was right, and the other was wrong. Tommy went to his house by the back gate, and Fred went to his by climbing over the fence, to keep as far from his former friend as possible, as both families used the same gate.

It was noticed among the Smythes and the Lawrences that the boys didn't play together till bedtime out in the alley, nor did they go for the cows together, as usual. Tommy was, therefore, questioned by Aunt Abbie: "What is the matter between you and Fred, Tommy?"

"Nothing."

"I thought you were angry with each other."

"Well, we are."

Then the whole story had to come out. But neither of the boys could be convinced that it was his duty to forgive the enemy so long as he showed no signs of repentance.

One morning shortly after the beginning of my story, Tommy was lying lazily on the back porch. On the steps below him Mrs. Tabitha Mousecatcher was preparing to enjoy a plate of meat and saucer of milk. But just as she got her nose in the former, Muff, her feline friend, owned by Fred Smythe, jumped over the fence, and greedily shoved it away. So Tabby resorted to the saucer. But Muff, by that time, was thirsty, and again insinuated her nose in it. Alas for Tabby! It really appeared that her visitor was not going to even share with her, and had not Aunt Abbie appeared, and driven Muff away, she would have gone hungry till dinner-time, I fear.

"Naughty cat!" said Aunt Abbie, as she flourished the broom, "you have had your breakfast and Tabby has had none, yet you come and try to eat all of hers."

By that time the school-bell was ringing, and Tommy left and saw no more of the cats. Mrs. Mousecatcher went to the barn to see her kitten, but it had been around the house, and immediately asked her why she didn't fight Muff, for eating up half her breakfast.

"My child," said Mrs. Mousecatcher, "when you are older you will learn better than that. Muff and I are good friends, and I hope will continue to be. Never quarrel with people,

my dear, no matter how much harm they do you."

So it came to pass that evening, when Tommy was out on the porch again, Tabby and Muff were frisking around the yard in a very delightful manner, with never a speck of ill-humor. And when Tabby came in for the evening, Muff walked by her side.

"See there, Tommy," said Aunt Abbie, "do you remember how Muff treated Tabby this morning? And see how forgiving she is. She didn't refuse to play with her this evening. I think it is too bad to be more unforgiving than a cat."

That was all. She went right into the parlor, but Tommy began thinking. Pretty soon he went in to say good-night to all of them, and added to Aunt Abbie, "I declare, Aunt Abbie, I won't be meaner than a cat."

"I am very glad," said Aunt Abbie, and she kissed him.

So the next morning, as Fred was going out of the gate, Tommy came up.

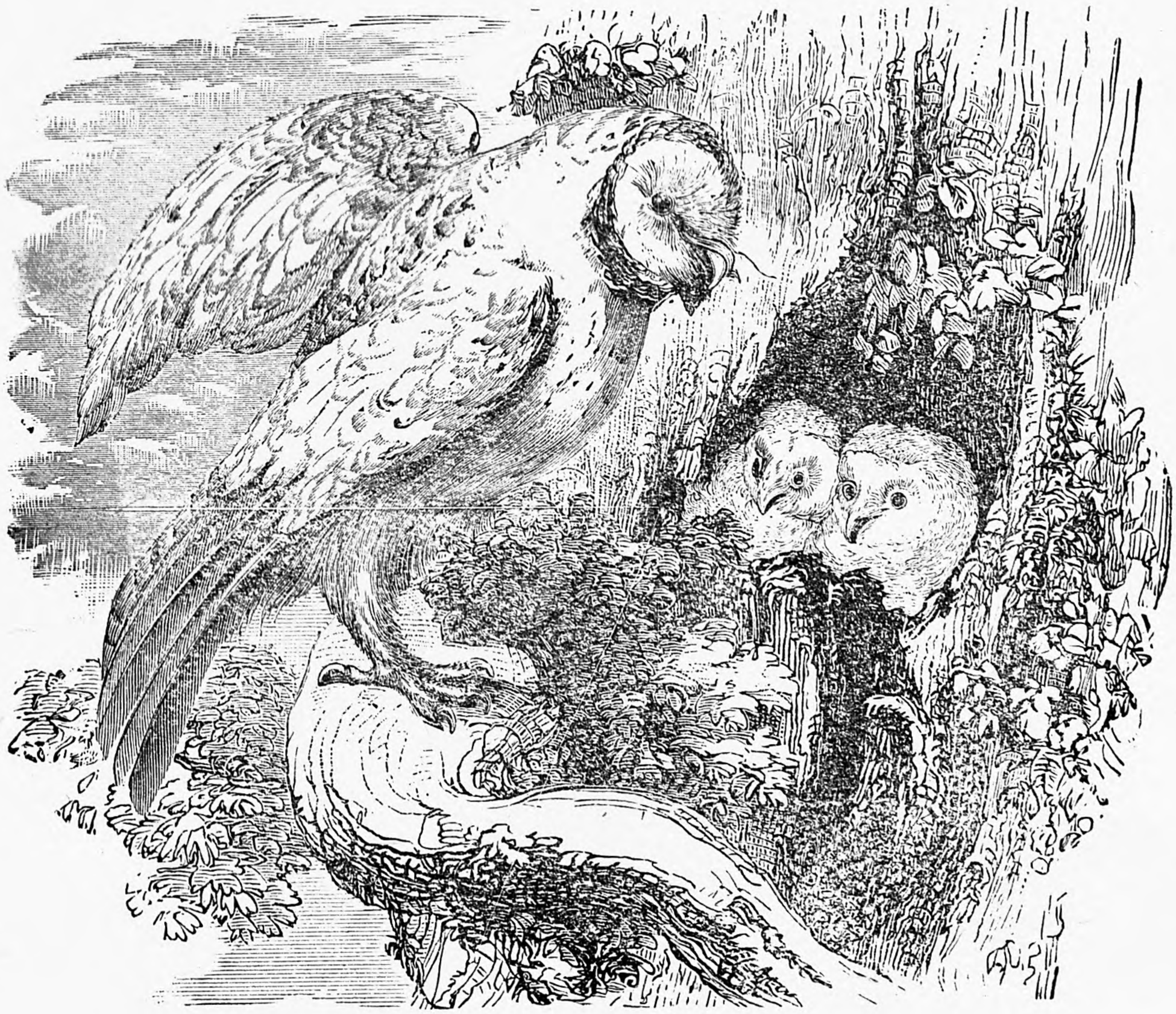
"Say," he began, — it is convenient to have an introductory word like that, you know, no matter how little sense there is in it, — "say, maybe that wasn't my kite."

Fred looked up in astonishment.

"Maybe it wasn't mine," he said. "It isn't worth the fuss now, anyhow."

"All right," said Tommy, "then we'll make up."

PARANETE.



MAMMA OWL AND HER BABIES.

SINGING CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

## IN THE TYPE CASES.

O PRINTER–MAN, say,
What are hidden away
In these boxes, so many and queer?
To send us you're able
Song, story and fable:
O, say! do you keep them in here?

These black little sticks
Shaped like broken toothpicks
Have a queer little face on one end;
Are they fairies or witches?
And oh! tell me which is
Which, and which isn't, my friend.

There are wonderful books
Hid away in these nooks,
Long waiting for some one to find;
There are thoughts the most grand,
There are smiles the most bland,
If the sticks be but rightly combined.

When a wizard his wand
Waves over the band,
They start into line and they tell
Things lively and sad,
Good, indifferent and bad —
Songs, stories and sermons as well.

Would mine were the skill
To weave magic at will,
And strike song from each silent key;
To pick from the cases
The little imp faces
That would best spell my poem for me.

ILDE.

## ROBERT BROWNING.

THE readers of THE PANSY have no doubt heard of Robert Browning, the poet, but did you ever hear how at one time he preached a sermon? He was not a public speaker; indeed he very rarely said anything in public, but it is said that he was one day crossing Hyde Park in London, and stopped to listen to a street speaker who had a crowd of men about him and was lecturing on the folly of believing in God or the Bible, and was ridiculing churches and Christians. The very instant the man was through Robert Browning sprang on to the vacant bench and shouted, "My friends, you have heard what that man has to say, will you listen to me for a few minutes?" Then he spoke for ten minutes, such strong and eloquent words for God and the truth as that audience had never heard before.

So interested were the people, and so moved by what he said, that they turned suddenly upon the man who had been blaspheming, and to whom they had listened quietly but a few minutes before, and actually chased him out of their neighborhood.

Robert Browning has written many beautiful poems, and some which are certainly hard to understand, but perhaps he never did better work for the world than on that afternoon when he stopped on his way home, and preached a little sermon out of his heart, to save the people from falling into the errors which they had just heard presented.

## A MODERN PHARISEE.

THEY were all three out in the yard waiting. Little Nell occupied the seat of honor in the old apple-tree, while Etta stayed close beside her, with one protecting arm about her. Etta, being small for her age, did not really look so very much older than little Nell herself, but her pet names were "Little mother," and "Little woman," she was such a sweet, motherly, thoughtful child. Harry was roving about restlessly. Nell had asked him to swing her, and he had declared that he could do no such thing; the day was much too warm for that. Etta had asked if he didn't want to bring his arithmetic out to that nice cool spot and get his examples ready for the next morning, but he had asked her scornfully if she supposed he could work out examples in a stupid old arithmetic, when maybe father was coming on the very next boat. What he wanted to do was to rush off to the boat and meet his father, but this Mrs. Burns had objected to, so Harry had to content himself with tramping restlessly

about the yard, overturning the rose pot, breaking one of the branches of the large geranium, and wondering why folks wanted to have a lot of ill-smelling leaves growing in pots, in other folks' way. On the whole, Harry Burns was not an addition to the company in the garden that afternoon. Several times Etta wished, with a sigh, that mamma could have trusted him to go to the wharf after papa, but Harry was such a reckless little fellow that the wharf was one of the forbidden places unless some one older than himself was along.

Suddenly he gave a shout of glee and made a rush for the gate. "There's papa," he yelled, waving his cap, and making a cloud of dust as he ran; "papa's coming around the corner. I'll be the first to get to him, hurrah!"

He certainly would, though little Nell made what haste she could. "Help me down, O, help me down quick!" she said, her voice trembling with eagerness. "Harry, wait! Oh! why didn't he wait and help me down from here?" and her lip quivered.

"Never mind, darling," was Etta's soothing word, "Harry was in such a hurry he did not think; sister will help you." She tugged bravely, and presently landed the dear little weight safely on the ground, when it rolled off as fast as its fat little limbs could carry it.

Etta followed much more slowly, her eyes downcast, a deep pink flush on her cheeks, and something very much like the dimness of tears about her eyes. What was the matter with Etta? Was not she too in haste to meet papa?

He was in haste, at least; he walked very fast, with Harry's hand in his; he had been gone for nearly a month. As they turned the curve in the avenue where the big trees had hid him from plain view, Etta could hear Harry's voice, all but shouting, as he was disposed to do when much excited. "And, papa, I took the smallest peach in the dish when they were passed — the very smallest. And in Sunday-school last Sunday, and the Sunday before, I gave more money than any other boy in our class; what do you think of that? And I behaved better in church than Etta did; she whispered to mamma twice; I didn't whisper at all. I copied down some of the sermon, too."

"Here is papa's little woman!" Mr. Burns said, bending low to Etta, and changing little Nell to the other shoulder to get a chance to kiss his second daughter. "What is the matter, little girlie? You are not almost crying for joy because papa has come, are you?"

"No, sir," said Etta, though two tears were really rolling down her cheeks now; "but, papa, I have broken your big round glass that you look at pictures with, and I am so sorry."

Mr. Burns' free arm came around his daughter very lovingly then, and his voice was pleasant to hear. "I know all about that, little woman," he said. "You did not mean to break it; you were taking it away from Baby Nell's chubby fingers in such nervous haste that it slipped from you. Mamma was in the next room, dear, and saw it all, and wrote me the story. If my boy Harry had not left it out of its case after using it, the accident would not have happened. How is that, Harry? You forgot to tell me anything about it. By the way, how came you to take that smallest peach? Was it because you had eaten just as many as you could manage before you came to the table, while the others had had none as yet?"

Then Harry's cheeks grew red, and he wondered how his father, five hundred miles away, could know all about every little thing.

MYRA SPAFFORD.

## A STRANGE PLANT.

A GENTLEMAN by the name of Dunstan, from New Orleans, has been traveling in Central America, and tells a strange story of a plant which he found there. It grows in the swamps around Lake Nicaragua, and is called a "blood-sucking plant."

Mr. Dunstan says his dog was caught in its interlacing branches, which are bare of leaves, and have a sort of gum exuding from them. It was with great difficulty that he succeeded in cutting his dog loose from their grasp, and his body was covered with drops of blood, which seemed as though they had been sucked from him. Mr. Dunstan says when he cut the branches their ends curled about his fingers, and he had some trouble in getting them off. They left his hand red and blistered.

A LESSON IN ETIQUETTE.

## LOST THEIR WAY.

YOU see in the picture on the reverse side that they have lost their way. People often do in the winter or in the woods. Often there is no one on the road — not a house for miles and miles — to give information.

But there stands a guide-board. What does it say? Nothing, till the snow is brushed from its face or — mouth. So papa lifts up his boy, and his boy lifts up the whip, and the whip brushes off the snow, and then the guide-board points the way to Grandpa's.

See the picture. It is a picture of thousands and thousands in heathen lands who have lost their way — to heaven. They grope in the dark.

There is a guide-board for them. It is Jesus who died upon the cross; Jesus who said, 'I am the way'; 'Look unto me all the ends of the earth and be ye saved.'

But they do not see Him; they do not hear his voice.

Where is the parent who will give his boy or girl to get ready to go and, with the Bible in his hand, brush away — not the snow — but the darkness of their minds? What Pansy will get ready to tell them the way to heaven — the way to be saved? C. M. L.

## UP AND BE DOING.

"UP, and be doing," is the word that comes from God to each of us. Leave some good work behind you that shall not be wholly lost when you have passed away. Do something worth living for, worth dying for; do something to show that you have a mind and a soul within you. . . . Is there no want, no suffering, no sorrow, that you can relieve? Is there no act of tardy justice, no deed of cheerful kindness, no long-forgotten duty that you can perform?

Is there no recollection of some ancient quarrel, no payment of some long out-standing debt, no courtesy, or love, or honor to those to whom it has long been due? . . . If there be any such, I beseech you, in God's name, go and do it. — *Dean Stanley.*

## A MISSIONARY IN SODOM.

SOME years ago a young minister was preaching in a certain place when — but let him tell the story himself:

"On the third Sabbath an aged man came to me as I was entering my pulpit and asked me to preach in his neighborhood, three miles distant, where there were never any services. I appointed the next day. At the appointed hour the schoolhouse was full; I could get a standing place only near the open door. I read a hymn. The people pretended to sing; it amounted to about this: each one bawled in his own way. The horrible discord distressed me so much I thought I must go out. I finally put my hands upon both ears and held them with my full strength and stood it through; then I threw myself upon my knees and began to pray. The Lord opened the windows of Heaven, the spirit was poured out. Arising from my knees I said:

"'Up, get you out of this place, for the Lord will destroy this city.' I told them about Abraham and Lot and their separation, and how Lot settled in Sodom, and how exceedingly wicked Sodom became, and that the Lord decided to destroy Sodom, and about Abraham's plea for Sodom, and how the angels came to hurry Lot and his family out of the city.

"While I related these things I observed the people looking as if they were angry. Many of the men were in their shirt sleeves; they looked at each other and at me as if they would chastise me on the spot. Their anger seemed to rise higher and higher as I continued the narrative.

"Finishing the narrative, I turned upon them and said that I heard they had never had any religious meeting in the place, and that so I must think they were an ungodly people. I pressed it home upon them, my heart full almost to bursting. I had not spoken thus to them but a little, when all at once an awful solemnity settled upon them. They began to fall from their seats and cry for mercy. Every one prayed for himself who was able to speak. I was obliged to stop preaching. There was no attention. I saw the old man who had invited me to preach, sitting in the middle of the house

and looking around in utter amazement. I raised my voice almost to a scream to make him hear: 'Can't you pray?' He fell upon his knees and poured himself out to God; but he did not get the attention of the people. I then spoke as loud as I could and tried to make them attend to me. I said, 'You are not in hell yet, and now let me direct you to Christ.' For a few minutes I tried to hold forth the Gospel to them; but scarcely any paid attention. My heart overflowed with joy at such a scene. I could hardly contain myself. With difficulty I refrained from shouting and giving God the glory.

"I turned to a young man who was praying for himself near me. Laying my hand upon his shoulder to get his attention, I preached in his ear Jesus. As soon as I got his attention to the cross of Christ, he believed, was calm and quiet for a moment, then broke into prayer for others. I then turned to another and another with the same result. But the time arriving for me to meet an appointment elsewhere, I asked this old man to stay and care for the meeting in my absence.

"He did so. But there were too much interest and too many wounded souls to dismiss the meeting. It was held all night. In the morning some could not get away. They were carried to a private house to make room for the school. In the afternoon they sent for me to come down, as they could not break up the meeting. When I went down the second time, I got an explanation of the anger shown during the introduction of my sermon the day before. I learned that the place was called Sodom, but I knew it not, and that there was but one pious man in the place and him they called Lot. This was the old man who invited me to preach there. The people supposed I had chosen my subject and preached to them in this manner because they were so wicked as to be called Sodom. This was a striking coincidence; but so far as I was concerned, it was altogether accidental.

"As nearly as I can learn, although that revival came upon them so suddenly and was of such a powerful type, the converts were sound, and the work permanent."

That missionary afterward became President of Oberlin (O.) College. Who was he?

## A MISSIONARY'S JOURNEY.

DEAR PANSY:

We started February first to attend the Karen Association. Arrived at our resting place, it was very dark. There was no moon, but we had lanterns. The next morning at five we started and came to a Burman village near a river. Crossing it, we spent the hottest part of the day. Further on is Chouk Gyee, or Great Rocks. You must ascend stairs to see them. One rock, looking as if it would fall, held a pagoda. The fourth day we reached a stream where we bathed, then slept at a Karen Christian village. We spent the following Sunday at a similar village. Monday we went as far as we could in carts, toward the hill upon which the Association was to be held, sleeping at the foot of it. The next morning was mamma's birthday. She had her first ride on an elephant for her birthday. It took us half a day to go up the hill. The meetings were to be held in a big bamboo booth. We slept in the chapel with curtains to make a room for our beds. Seven or eight hundred Christians and heathen attended the Association. Traders also came to sell their wares. The tenth we went down the hill on elephants on our way back. Once we passed through swamps, around hills, and through a jungle of bamboos. It was so dark there torches were lighted. We got to the village at midnight, just as the torches died out. The next morning at six, papa, Johnnie, Willie and I, started with rice and chicken for the hill where we go in the hot season, to see if our house was all right. We went up, ate our breakfast, and came back. The last day of the Association a sword was given to the pastor of the village by the Government, for following after dakoits. It had a beautiful ivory handle and sheath. We spent the next Sunday at Toungoo.

It was a journey of three weeks, preaching on the way, of course. This time when we went up on the hill we all had fever.

EMMA N. HALE.

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THE whole system of life is full of divine and memorable compensation.

# HELEN THE HISTORIAN.

By Pansy.

THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE; LET ALL THE EARTH KEEP SILENCE BEFORE HIM.

SHE CAME FROM THE UTTERMOST PARTS OF THE EARTH TO HEAR THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON; AND BEHOLD, A GREATER THAN SOLOMON IS HERE.

WHEREFORE LET HIM THAT THINKETH HE STANDETH, TAKE HEED LEST HE FALL.

LET US HEAR THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER: FEAR GOD AND KEEP HIS COMMANDMENTS: FOR THIS IS THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN.

ONCE there was a young man — I think he was young; I don't know just how old he was, but it seems to me he was young. He was good and brave and strong; he lived in a country where there was a great, rich king, the richest king that ever lived. This king liked the young man, and put a great many workmen under him. He was to tell them just what to do and how to do it, and to watch that they did it right. One day this young man was all alone in a field, and there came along a prophet. Do you know what a prophet is? Why, years and years ago, when there was just a little bit of the Bible written, people did not know what to do, sometimes, because they couldn't look in the Bible and see; so God made some men into prophets, and told them what was going to happen ever so long before it happened, and told them how to explain things to people. Sometimes they explained in the strangest way! This prophet did. He had on a cloak — not like what anybody wears now. This was ever so long ago, and men used to wear long cloaks, made of bright colors, some of them. I guess that was the kind the prophet had on.

"He took it off — and it was a new cloak, too — and tore it in twelve square pieces! I think they were like this: suppose this piece of yellow paper was a cloak, or a shawl, and I should fold it in folds like this until I had twelve folds, and then tear them apart. That is the way the prophet did; then he said to the man, 'Ten of these pieces you may take for yourself; they are to teach you something. God told me to do this, so you would understand. You know our country has twelve tribes of people belonging to it.' Don't you know what tribes are? Why, suppose Katie's family, her father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and her grandma and the cousins, and all of them, were called one tribe. And Jennie's father and mother, and all her folks, were called another tribe, and my folks another tribe; that would be something like it, only each tribe was very large — ever and ever so much larger than families — that is the name they used to call them by.

"Well, the prophet said, 'You are to be king over ten of the tribes. Our king thinks that when he dies his son will be king over all the tribes, but it isn't so. He will have just two tribes to rule over, the others will be yours; God says so. What do you suppose he has planned this for? It is because our king hasn't been good; he has forgotten the promise he made to God, to love Him and obey Him; he has done the very things God told him to be sure never to do, and this is his punishment. Now God told me to tell you that if you would be good and obey Him, try all the time to do just what was right, he would take care of you, and of your family.'

"What do you suppose this foolish young man did, after the prophet had taken so much trouble to teach him, and had promised him such wonderful things, and told him that God said every word of it, so of course it was true? Instead of going on with his work and waiting till God was ready to give him the ten tribes, he made up his mind he would get them himself. So he became the king's enemy and got some men to help him, and planned to get the king's country away from him. But the king found it out and was very angry, and said that the young man should be killed. So instead of being made king over the ten tribes he had to run away from home. He went away off to a country where none of his people lived, where there was another king, and there he stayed until his own king was dead.

"Now I'm tired; but there's ever so much more about him in the Bible. Oh! I didn't tell you the name of the young man, did I? It's a hard name, and has eight letters in it; the first one is J. I'll spell it for you, real slow, and you see if you can pronounce it: J-e-r-o-b-o-a-m."


"POOR LITTLE FELLOW!"

## THE TERRA DEL FUEGANS.

THEY are savages, going almost naked even in the coldest weather. They are very mild, almost timid. They hunt, fish, talk. Great talkers are they, making up long stories about meeting an imaginary wild man of the woods, etc. When one has talked an hour, another goes on with the story. . . . They have no idea of God and no name for him. They believe that when they die their spirits wander in the tops of mountains. So they fear death and solitude and the tops of mountains lest the wandering spirits may attack them. They take no thought for the season till it is upon them. In cold weather they live in their boats most of the time, where they build a fire on a heap of sand in the center. They wear skins, but when they go waist-deep into the snow for wood, they leave off their covering. In summer they are very sociable; in winter each family stays in its own boat. Their color is naturally white, but being covered with red earth and grease to keep them warm, their true color is not seen. When the missionaries visit them, they wash themselves, but put the paint on again when they are gone. The missionaries travel among the islands in the schooner, Allan Gardiner, urging the people to send their boys to school.

When the natives first saw the schooner coming the women and children ran to the woods, the men guarding their village. They counted ships their enemies, since sailors and passengers used to fire on them from the passing vessels as though they were animals. But they learned that the Allan Gardiner was friendly, and they gladly came from their hiding places to learn of God and Jesus. — *From Mrs. Boomer's Jottings.*

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DR. LIVINGSTONE'S faithful servant, Susi, who, with Chuma, brought the body of their trusted leader half-way across Africa, that it might rest in his native land, has been baptized by a member of the Universities' mission. Susi received the name of David in baptism, in memory of the noble man who first taught him what it was to be a Christian.

## PRAYERS FOR ALL MEN.

(*Timothy ii.* 1.)

CHRISTIAN, let thy prayers arise
Morn and eve as sacrifice;

For the impotent and weak,
They who need yet dare not speak.

For the blind, who far astray;
Fail to find the heavenly way;

For the rich, with barns well filled,
Giving naught to him who tilled.

For the prisoner in his cell
Battling with the fiends of hell.

For the soul that sold for naught
All his birthright, and distraught —

Seeks in vain with cries and tears
To reclaim his past lost years!

These, O, Christian! these should share
In thy morn and evening prayer.

M. V. BALL, *in Home Guardian.*

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A POOR heathen mother in Siam a few months ago brought her little girl nine years old to the mission, and sold her to the teacher for one cent! She told the teacher she must sell her, for she had made a vow that she would. A few days afterwards she brought back the cent, and wanted her little girl. She said she had redeemed the vow she had made, and could now have her child again. But the little girl did not want to go, and the mother was finally coaxed to let her stay in school.

A little beggar girl who was sold to pay a debt of three dollars and sixty cents was also redeemed and has entered the same school.

Suppose you lived in a country where men could come and carry you away as a slave, because your father owed money that he could not pay! It is because our country is governed by the laws which are found in the Bible, that makes it so different from heathen lands.

# THREE PRINCESSES.

*(A story in two parts.)*

## PART I.

THEY were three frolicsome little girls, with long waving hair, who ran to and fro and played in the garden on the streets of Jugenheim. Everybody in the good free city of Frankfort knew them. At that time (twenty-five years ago), many things were still altogether different in this part of the new bank of the Main — things which have disappeared since then. A free city, a confederation, and diplomatists of all nationalities, and when the wise men passed by the three little girls, which often occurred, they saluted them even very stiffly, and murmured mysterious words, as: "Heirs to the throne — 1853 — Schleswig — question of ducal succession — complications — German Diet," and more of the same sort.

But the little girls took no notice of all this; they had other, far more weighty affairs. They must learn diligently to make their own clothing. Dagmar had even learned to cut out — they could all sew, and so they clothed themselves, each receiving for that purpose four thalers each month, with which they must dress themselves from head to foot, shoes and all. They were really charming, too, in their simple little jaconet dresses — for jaconet was worn in those days, and was not only much cheaper, but also much more durable than muslin, tarlatan and lace. But the shoes wore out too soon, which was a great trouble for the little ones, who ran and danced quite too much. How often must they be warned not to run so much over the sharp gravel in the garden, because they tore so many shoes? It did no good, for they always forgot again and hopped and ran, for they all had light and careless hearts. Perhaps if they had known that some day they would be empress, queen and duchess, they would have carried themselves more sedately; but who thought of that then? Certainly not the three little girls, for they were only the daughters of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, who, in expectation of the crown of Denmark, sometimes gave drawing lessons to better his modest income. One day the crown really came, and the little girls were seen no more on the streets. No more was heard the call at eventide, "Alexandra, Dagmar, Thyra, come quickly to supper, papa has come home." The children were princesses of Denmark; but yet this was only the beginning of their dazzling career.

Alexandra became Princess of Wales, and some day will be "Queen of the United Kingdom of England, Scotland, Ireland, and their dependencies in Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australia, Empress of India, Defender of the Faithful." So says the "Gotaische Kalendar," which never deviates from the truth.

With politics the Princess does not trouble herself. In the palace of Sandringham she receives her husband's friends, to whom alone it is known that it has become necessary to speak very loud, if the word is addressed to the Princess. In Buckingham Palace she holds audience with the Americans who wish to be presented to her mother-in-law, the Queen, whom she dearly loves. She erects and visits hospitals, sustains all sorts of worthy undertakings, interests herself officially in arts and culture in England, invents costumes, makes people and things "the mode," and directs with smiling grace the boundless realm of vanities, fickleness, games, even the ridiculousness of the capricious goddess of the day.

This is thus far her rôle in the world, and she plays it, as the said world believes, with pleasure. But her friends — for she is so fortunate as to have friends — say that sometimes, in the great hall at Sandringham, she sits still before the high chimney-piece and stares into the fire, seeing and hearing no more what goes on around her. "Her Royal Highness sleeps," the courtiers say. But they are mistaken. Her Royal Highness thinks of the little Alexandra who stitched her jaconet dresses in Jugenheim, and fully believed she should marry a small German prince, who would make her very happy. And when her Royal Highness thinks of the little Alexandra, she is always sad. But of this the courtiers know nothing, and an hour later the Princess herself knows nothing more of it, but smiles and is happy. — *Adapted from the German, by Julia A. Dawley.*

## A MORMON BOY'S QUESTION.

A POOR little Mormon boy interrupted his teacher, who was telling the class something about the great God, to ask: "Which God do you mean, teacher? Not the one that 's down in the United States, do you?"

The teacher says she had been in that part of the country but a short time when the question was asked her, and did not know that the Mormon children were taught that Brigham Young, Joseph Smith, and other Mormon leaders who had died, had all become gods.

Her very next lesson was about there being but one God, the Father Almighty.

It was four months afterwards that the same little boy brought her a lovely feather he had found, dropped from some gay plumaged bird.

"Isn't it pretty, teacher?" he said. "God made it, didn't he?"

Said the teacher, "Nelson, you know about the true God, now, don't you?"

"Yes," said Nelson, "and I think about Him most all the time."

## A FORTUNE.

AN enterprising man lately tried a new way of getting a fortune. He wrote a letter to a New York daily, calling on everybody who read it or heard of it, to send him one cent; by which means, he said he would have in a short time a fortune of half a million dollars, and nobody would be the poorer. While we have only a pitiful smile for the man who could think of no other way to make a living than by begging it inch by inch, isn't there a thought worth studying in his plan? Suppose, for instance, every boy and girl in this world, who has heard the story of Jesus, would give just one cent to some great home or foreign mission station, to help others to hear it; how much money would that station have to report next month? There is a problem for you, see if you can work it out.

NOTHING in life has any meaning, except as it draws us further into God, and presses us more closely in him. — *Faber.*

## THE WATER OF LIFE.

A LITTLE girl in one of the mission schools of Persia, where water is so scarce that it is bought as one would buy vegetables, on hearing that agriculture in America usually has plenty of rainfall, remarked, —

"Oh! then those people ought to give to the Lord what they would have to pay for water."

Well, my dear Pansies of America, with your Sunday-schools and Bible, and preachers, so many you do not know what to do with them, the boys and girls of Persia have as little of the "Water of Life" as they have of the other kind.

Is this nothing to you?

Think if, in some way, you could not cause a spring to burst forth among them. Your prayer or your penny might help to send them the "Water of Life."

## "WHO IS WANTED?"

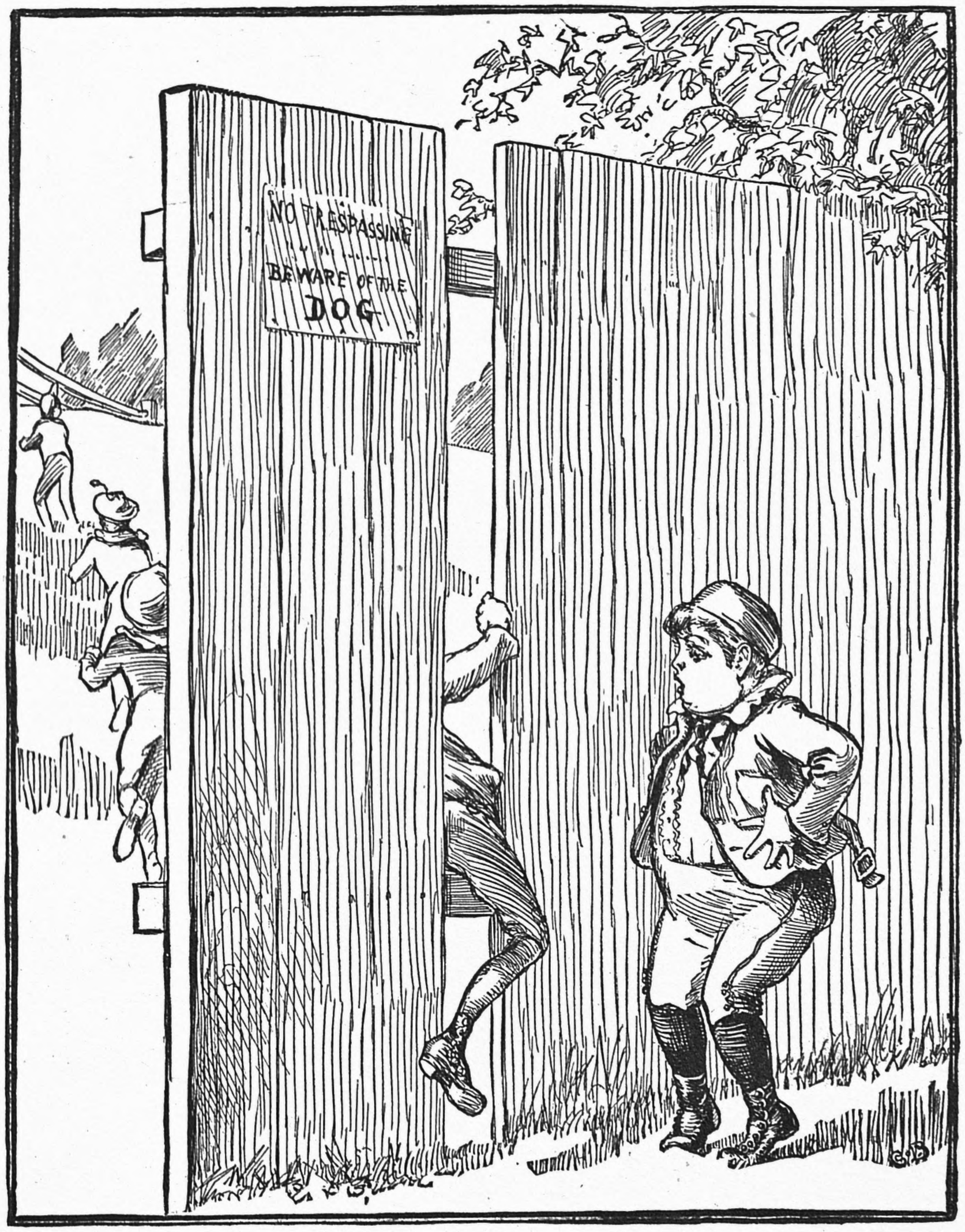
LABORERS wanted. The ripening grain
Waits to welcome the reaper's cry,
The Lord of the harvest calls again;
Who among us shall first reply?
"Who is wanted, Lord? Is it I?"

The Master calls, but the servants wait:
Fields gleam white 'neath a cloudless sky:
Will none seize sickle before too late,
Winds of Winter come sweeping by?
"Who is delaying? Is it I?"

— *Selected.*

ONE of the members of the Mt. Vernon Chinese Sunday-school, says: "When it is announced that there will be a collection taken on the following Sabbath for missionary work, we are sure to have a large attendance; scholars who have not perhaps been able to come for several Sabbaths, will make a special effort on that day, in order to give; and the collections are very large."

Do you suppose the Chinese learned that lesson from us?




I'M TOO BIG.

# THREE PRINCESSES.

(*A story in two parts.*)

PART II.

DAGMAR, the second sister, became Empress of all the Russians. Her realm extends from one end of the world to the other. The simple Muschick, the wild Tartar, recognize in her the mighty sovereign who rules every one who comes near her, without seeming to do so, the Czar of all the Russians not excepted. And yet she is as mild, good and charming as when she measured herself and her sisters for their clothes twenty-five years ago. In the Russian court, where hardly anything is respected, where the assassin dogs the footsteps of the Czar, no voice is raised against the Empress, for people know that she is good to the poor, sorrowful with the sorrowing, and pitiful toward the down-trodden. Therefore over all Russia, Dagmar — now called Maria Feodorowna — is beloved, and she knows she will be beloved.

She is the good spirit of her husband, who trusts no one but her; of her children, to whom she is at once a firm and tender mother; of Russia, which she protects, of Denmark which she maintains. For she understands how to become a Russian yet remain a Dane, as she knows how to combine the old Russian head-dress with the newest *grande toilette* of Worth. She is elegant and cheerful, like her sister Alexandra, but she, too, has her hours of thoughtful reminiscences. When she listens patiently for hours in the great park at Peterhoff, while her husband, the all-commanding Czar, blows with all the strength of his mighty lungs upon the trumpet, she thinks of another Romanoff, who, in a hospital room at Nizza, played melancholy airs upon the piano, and who died blessing her, and with his last breath commended her to his brother. Then the serene, happy Empress weeps; but no one who sees her dancing in the family circle or at the court festivals believes that she could shed such tears. The Czarina is a passionate dancer. She dances, dances, till she is out of breath; dances for joy over a new emerald ornament, dances with her children hand in hand, and thinks of the wild little Dagmar in Jugenheim, who was told not to dance and run so much, lest she spoil her shoes. But that was twenty-five years ago; now she may do as she will, for she is Czarina.

Thyra, the third and youngest of the sisters, became Duchess of Cumberland. She would have been Queen of Hanover to-day, if the year 1866 had not overthrown the throne.

In Jugenheim she was called the little one, and such she has remained for the family. Both her tall sisters fondle and pet her, and carry her upon their hands. It is as though they would thus make it up to her — that no queen's crown can be given her. Ah! what would the aching head of the little duchess do with the weight of a crown? That which she carries is much worse than the heavy crowns of Russia and of England. If one sees the princess, pale, thin, with feverish, glittering eyes, red from weeping, surrounded by her children, how respectfully and deeply she is greeted — the Duchess Thyra of Cumberland.

When, a few years ago, during her severe illness, it became necessary to separate her from her family in order to give her tired spirit rest, and her restless soul peace, who did not find that the unhappiness of the sorely-tried wife lent her a higher majesty than the heraldry of her magnificent sisters? Who cannot understand that the little Duchess pined for the days of Jugenheim, when no heavy velvet robes weighed down the weak shoulders, when the heart beat so light and joyous under the tiny jaconet dress — when she was a poor princess, but a happy child.

While we write the three sisters wander arm in arm, as they did formerly by the shore of the beautiful Grunnden Lake. They leave the crowns at home, lay politics aside — leave the retinue in the capital. They are alone; not Empress, Crown-Princess and Duchess, but only three women — three sisters who find each other once more; who love each other, and who open their hearts freely to each other as in the old days at Jugenheim. — *Adapted from the German, by Julia A. Dawley.*

THE LITTLE MASTER.

## HAPPENINGS.

"TAKE care!" Howe said, in good-natured warning, as little Elsie planted one foot on the ice, and looked at him with a triumphant air. "Ice is very slippery stuff if one hasn't skates on."

"Don't do that, Elsie," urged her careful sister; "if you should fall and hurt yourself, all the fun of trying skates would be over."

"Is she going to have a pair of skates?" Howe asked, looking first at Emmeline, then at the small foot of her sister, trying to imagine a skate small enough to fit it.

"Yes; we are both going to have some. Papa sent to Boston for them, and he says they will be almost certain to be here to-night; then we can try them for Thanksgiving. Is it very hard work to learn to skate, Howe?"

"Not so very, after you once get the hang of it; that is, it won't be for you; but I should think Elsie rather small."

"She is little," said Emmeline, surveying her thoughtfully, "but she wants to do just what I do, always, and papa thought she could learn on the meadow back of our grounds. Oh! we shall neither of us go on the pond this winter, I suppose. Mamma would be too much afraid. Isn't it nice that they are to come for Thanksgiving? I like to have things happen on holidays, don't you?"

"Depends on what the things are," said Howe, rising as he spoke. His clumsy, very much worn skates were strapped at last, but his face had gloomed over so suddenly that Emmeline said sympathetically, "Of course I meant nice things. I think it is horrid to have ugly things happen on Thanksgiving days, don't you? A real horrid thing has happened to us; papa can't get away from his business to go to Grandma's, and mamma won't go without him; and we children can't go without either of them, so we are going to be at home alone, and all the rest of our large family will be at Grandma's. Isn't that horrid?"

"I suppose it is," said Howe, but the bright look his face generally wore had not come back, and Emmeline could not help thinking that he must know of "happenings" that he considered a great deal worse than hers.

"What are you going to do for a Thanksgiving?" she asked, as Howe caught little Elsie just in time to save her from a fall on the ice, and set her safely on the bank beside her sister, Emmeline uttering, meanwhile, an exclamation of dismay, and seizing fast hold of Elsie's arm as if to keep her from further attempts.

"Do?" repeated Howe, still gloomily. "The best I can, under the circumstances. If I had a chance to stay at home with my father and mother all day, I know I shouldn't think it very horrid."

"O, I remember! you are not at home. And you can't go for Thanksgiving? Why not?"

"Couldn't afford it," said Howe briefly. "Besides," he added, after a thoughtful pause, "there's a sense in which I haven't any home. My father is away out West, trying to get a home started for us, and having bad luck all the time. Mother goes out to take care of sick people. But I could have gone to the town where she is and had an hour or two with her, if I could have raised the money. It is only forty miles away, but that would have cost eighty cents there and eighty cents back, and was not to be thought of."

Another expression of dismay from Emmeline, barely checked in time not to hurt Howe's feelings. It seemed such an extraordinary thing to this daughter of a rich man, that anybody could be so poor as not to have a dollar and sixty cents to spend on a journey.

"I'm so sorry," she said, great sympathy in voice and manner. "I hope they will do something very nice at Mr. Jones' to make up for your disappointment."

"They mean to do what they think is very nice indeed, I imagine," said Howe, taking a graceful curve on the ice, then coming near the shore to make a more lengthy answer. "They start for Medford at daylight to-morrow morning, and expect to be back by midnight of the day after, if they have good luck. It is a twenty-miles ride, but the sleighing is prime, and they expect to make it in time to have a late breakfast after they get there."

"And what are you to do?" Emmeline asked, with such evident interest that Howe was moved to describe his loneliness more fully than he had meant to do.

"I'm to stay home and take care of the cows and the hens and old Rover, and see that no tramp gets in, and that the coal fire doesn't go out."

"All alone?"

"Yes; every bit alone. Even old Silas is going somewhere for Thanksgiving — everybody but me."

"Who will cook your turkey?"

It was Elsie's earnest, pitiful voice which asked this question. Perhaps it was well she did, for it struck Howe as very funny, and he laughed heartily.

"That's the question," he said, when he could speak. "I'm afraid, Elsie, I'll have to eat it raw, feathers and all, for it is stalking around the barnyard this minute, and I don't know how to cook it."

Then both he and Emmeline had to laugh at Elsie's utterly dismayed face.

"But what will you do about the eating?" Emmeline said.

"Oh! they have left me some cold potatoes and some cold pudding, and one thing and another. I sha'n't starve. There's plenty of bread and milk, and things, too."

"Yes, but for Thanksgiving!" said Emmeline, in a voice at once scornful and sorrowful. "It does seem" — Then she stopped, not knowing how to express her feelings. Then, after a little, in a more cheery tone, "Perhaps something will happen."

"Too late!" answered Howe, with a good-natured laugh. "My Thanksgiving is planned as certainly as though it had come to pass. I can't even skate, for I'm under orders not to leave the house, or at least the yard, until they get back. One would think they were afraid somebody would pack up the old house and run away with it, they are so anxious to have it guarded all the time!"

He skated away on these last words, and before he had gone a rod something happened which changed not only his Thanksgiving, but the entire course of his life.

What happened? Why, nothing but what is common enough; a hole in the ice into which Howe's foot slipped, and then the ice cracked more, and the more the boy struggled the worse the situation grew, until at last it would have seemed to more than the two frightened girls that Howe's Thanksgivings on earth were all over. It seemed very strange, thinking of it afterwards, that the father and mother of Emmeline and Elsie should at that particular moment happen to scramble down the cliff, having left the sleigh and the coachman to go in search of red berries with which to adorn the Thanksgiving table.

It took Mr. Willard but a second of time to understand the screams and motions of his children; it took him but another second to shout to his coachman, and to two men who were passing in a sleigh on the road above, and to dash with all this help to the rescue of Howe.

Of course, having fished him out of the water, the most natural thing in the world was to place him in the sleigh and carry him to the first available house, which was Mr. Willard's own.

Having told so much I am sure your imagination can finish the story. He did not spend his Thanksgiving all alone in Mr. Jones' farmhouse dining on cold potatoes and bread and milk, neither did he eat any turkey and chicken pie, because he was quite too feverish for the latter. On the whole he had, I am inclined to think, a more miserable day than he would have passed had he been at Farmer Jones'; for his head ached, and every bone in his body ached, and he declared afterwards that it seemed to him some of the fishes or something, must have come and bitten him all over while he was under the ice.

"A just horrid Thanksgiving!" Emmeline said it was, and the general verdict was that it ought to be made up to him, somehow. By the time the three weeks were over which passed before the boy was able to leave his room, the Willards had one and all become so much attached to Howe that it seemed to them they could not get along without him. Neither did they try. They did not adopt him as their own and dress him in broadcloth and send him to college immediately — the fact is Howe had a good father and mother of his own, and did not want to be adopted — but Mr. Willard set him at work on something which pleased him better than farming, gave him a chance to go to school in the winter, and earn his living in

the summer; and before the next Thanksgiving Day came, he had money in the bank waiting to take him home on a visit. Only a visit; he was coming back to Mr. Willard's, where I shouldn't wonder if he spent his time until he is ready for college. If anybody had told Howe Burleson that November day when he strapped his skates and talked to Elsie and Emmeline about his dreary Thanksgiving, that in a year from that time he would be talking about going to college, he would have thought them insane. As it is he is planning, and expects to go.

"Isn't it queer," he says sometimes, "that things happened just as they did?"

By which you will perceive that he has not yet learned not to call Providences "happenings."

MYRA SPAFFORD.

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IS SHE GOING TO HAVE A PAIR?

A QUEEN OF THE MAY.

# GERTRUDE'S PROBLEM.

PART I.

IT was not a May party, but a first of April party. Gertrude lived in a country where by the first day of April, even, it was sometimes so warm that one hardly felt energy enough for a party. But on this particular day, because the aunties from the North were going home very soon, though it was too warm for comfort — at least from noon until three o'clock — Gertrude's mother said they really must exert themselves and give the children a last frolic together.

In the "First of April" parties in this corner of the world, there was always one victim to what they called a practical joke. I am not a strong believer in practical jokes, though I must say this family circle had a charming way of managing them. Dick Torrance, the cousin from the North, was the one chosen for this day's frolic, because it happened to be his birthday, and he was fifteen years old.

The picnic supper had been prepared with great care, and Gertrude knew that her mother had prepared a delicious little chicken-pie baked in a saucer for each of her guests, and that Dick's was the queerest pie ever made. Only an hour before supper time, Dick came bounding over the lawn to where his mother sat fanning herself. "Mamma," he said, "I'm going with the men to see them set their nets for fish. It is great fun."

"Very well," said Mrs. Torrance; "only, Dick, be sure and get back by supper time; you know it is your birthday feast."

"Trust me for that," said Dick, laughing as he bounded away. Gertrude rushed after him.

"Dick, O, Dick! please wait, I want to speak to you." Dick halted, and the little girl was almost out of breath when she reached him. "O, Dick!" she said eagerly, "don't go, please don't. I heard them say they were going out in the boat, and auntie wouldn't like it, you know; and there's such a lovely supper; we wouldn't have you away for anything."

"Don't you be a little nuisance," said Dick, who, though a handsome, gentlemanly fellow, could speak roughly on occasion; "I'm not going to be late for supper, and we are just going out a little way. Mamma wouldn't care at all after it was all over, and she discovered I wasn't drowned; that's the reason I don't tell her. How came you to hear anything about it? You always hear everything, I believe."

"I didn't mean to hear, Dick, but I was right on the bank behind you and couldn't help it; and auntie said only a little while ago she would be perfectly miserable if she thought you went on the water."

"Just so. I don't want her to think any such thing; see that you don't enlighten her. I'll be back before she has thought of worrying. Just you keep still, and we'll be all right. You will, won't you?" he asked, turning back, after he had started to rush down the path. Something in her great truthful eyes made him ask the question.

"Why, if they ask me where you are, I shall have to tell, you know."

"No, you won't; you can get around it in some way; you are a sharp enough little girl for that. See here, you mustn't tell, you know, or you'll be breaking that golden verse we talked about Sunday, and you said you were going to keep all the week."

Gertrude's eyes opened wider.

"I don't see how," she said. "What do you mean?"

"Why, it is as plain as daylight. Didn't it say that what you wanted people to do for you you must do for them? Now you wouldn't want me to tell your mother something that would worry and frighten her and not do a bit of good to anybody, would you?"

"N-o," said Gertrude slowly; "but that is different."

"No, it isn't, a bit different, and you see you must keep still about me, or you'll break that rule all to pieces. I'll be back before supper time — no danger." MYRA SPAFFORD.

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"OURS is the seed-time: God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown:
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest time is hid with Him."

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE TYPICAL BEGGAR GIRL.

## KATIE'S PRAYER.

SHE was a fair-faced, blue-eyed little girl, with a sweet, low voice and a pleasant smile for everybody, and was a general favorite in the school.

A tender-hearted little girl she was, too, and one who was noted for the number of pets she always had. Especially was there a great deal of interest roused by Katie's kittens. Four of them, a black one, two white and black, and one, the cunningest of the four, was snowy white, save for a few gray spots about her delicate ears.

Three of these treasures were to be given to Katie's cousins, who were coming from England, and great care was being given to their training. But the small gray one was to be Katie's, and of all her treasures I think she loved Tudie the best.

It certainly was a very cunning kitten; smaller than the others and quicker motioned, and as full of mischief as a kitten could be.

Katie had a beautiful ebony box which had come to her from Paris; it was made in the shape of a slipper. This box was the special home of the kittens. When they arranged themselves, some inside and some outside, with their pretty velvet paws on the slipper's toe, the children all declared that they were "too cunning for anything."

It was when the four were at their cunningest that the London cousins arrived, made their visit, and bore off three of the kittens in triumph to their home in the South, leaving Katie and Tudie very lonely.

As you may suppose, Tudie received more attention than ever, and had the ribbon on her white neck changed very often; sometimes it was blue, sometimes pink, then there were days when Katie was sure she liked her better in a lovely gold-colored one.

"I don't know what Katie would do without Tudie," Mrs. Eliott said, watching her have a good-night frolic with the kitten; "poor child, she is very lonely without her cousins."

But the very next day Katie had to do without her playmate. There was no denying the fact that Tudie was gone. When, after hours of searching, the night began to fall, and the cows came home and were milked, and the large china saucer which Tudie always had filled to the brim for her supper was set out for her, and still she did not come, Katie gave up utterly and cried outright. In vain mamma tried to comfort her with the assurance that Tudie would be there in the morning, and papa declared that he would himself go in search of her as soon as it was light, if she had not arrived before.

Katie went to bed with swollen nose and eyes red with weeping, and sobbed often in her sleep.

Vigorous search was made next day, by Mr. Eliott not only, but by Dennis the gardener, all to no purpose; not a trace of Tudie could be found. Yes, there was one trace — a horrible one — Dennis brought home the yellow ribbon which Tudie had worn the day before. This brought a fresh burst of tears from Katie, and made Mr. Eliott look sober and thoughtful.

I am almost afraid to tell you the sorrowful story. How little by little it came to light that Joe Weeks, the most troublesome boy in school, had carried Tudie away to help him in catching a certain mouse, and because the mouse escaped, he plunged her into the lake for punishment, and held her under water to see how queer she looked kicking her feet about; he didn't suppose she would drown. He declared he had always heard that cats were "awful hard to drown, but she went and drowned herself right before his eyes," or else she choked herself with the yellow ribbon, he didn't know which. He took the ribbon off afterwards, and tried to make her come to life, but she wouldn't.

This was Joe's story, gotten out of him partly by stern threats on the part of the boys, who declared he should suffer for this cruelty.

As for Katie, I cannot describe to you how the poor little girl suffered. She cried so much that at last her father promised her a five-dollar gold piece if she would not shed another tear for Tudie; but in less than an hour afterwards she came to him with the tears rolling down her cheeks, and said:

"I've lost it, papa; I found Tudie's ball that she used to play with, and it made me cry; I couldn't help it."

But the part of the story I started to tell you was about Katie's prayer: "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

Katie had been in the habit of repeating the Lord's Prayer every evening, but for days after Tudie's loss it was omitted. She did not even join with her father and mother when they repeated it at morning prayers.

At last her mother asked why they missed her voice in the morning.

"Mamma, I can't say the words," she said earnestly. "I try and try, but they are not true; I have not forgiven Joe Weeks for drowning my Tudie, and there is no use in my trying any more; I shall just have to stop using that prayer."

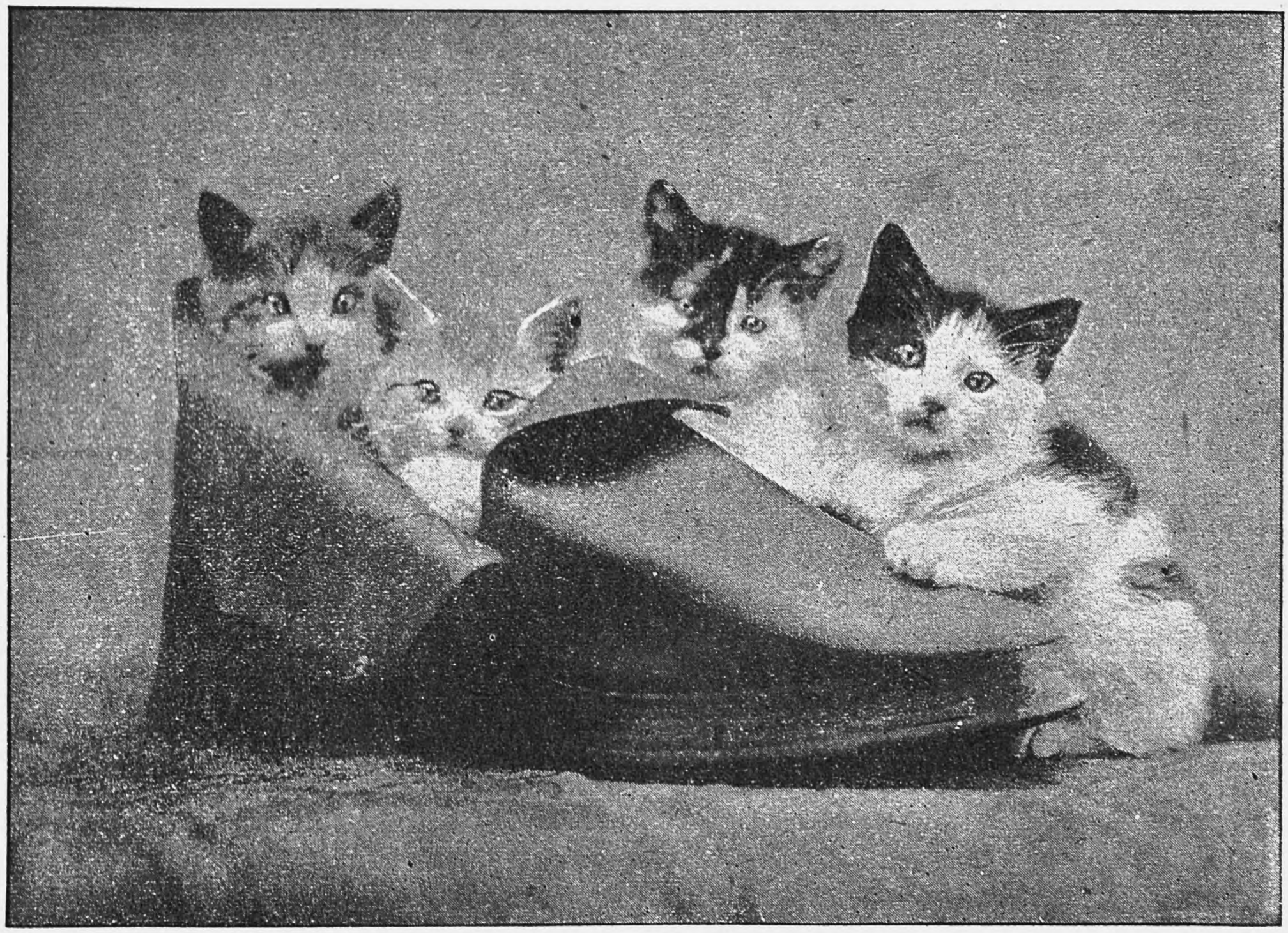
Mrs. Eliott thought it best not to talk with her about it, believing that she would after a while recover from the first bitterness of her grief.

But a few days after this Katie came to her mother with a very troubled face.

"Mamma, I don't know what to do," she said, "it is in all the prayers. There is no use in praying any of them, so long as I feel like this. Look, mamma, what it says," and she pointed to the words in her Bible: "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you."

Nobody could comfort Katie now; she went about with so sad a face that Dennis said, in a rage, that he would like to "thrash that boy, Joe Weeks, within an inch of his life for spoiling Miss Katie's smiles."

But it was something of more importance that was spoiling her smiles. How could a



FOUR OF THEM.

little girl who had been brought up as she had, live without prayer? Yet how could a little girl pray with that verse in her mind, and hard thoughts of Joe Weeks in her heart?

"I don't know how to help that poor child," Mrs. Eliott said to her husband.

"What shape has the trouble taken now?" he asked.

When he heard the story he laughed a little, then looked grave and thoughtful.

However, they need not have worried about Katie; she found help.

One morning her voice was heard, sweet and distinct, repeating the familiar words, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." On her face was a quietly peaceful look, such as it had not worn in a long time.

"How is it that you are able to join in the prayer again, my darling?" Mrs. Eliott asked, when they were alone.

"Jesus helped me, mamma," Katie said quietly. "I told him that I couldn't mean the words, and that I knew that it wouldn't be right to say them without meaning them, and that there wasn't any prayer I could pray only that—to ask him what to do. In a little while it came to me what to do. I began to pray to be made able to forgive Joe Weeks. Of course that was the thing to do, mamma; it seems strange that I didn't know before, but I didn't. Almost as soon as I began to pray that prayer I felt sorry for Joe; you know, mamma, I had not felt sorry for any one but myself before, but I remembered that he had no mamma, and that he had never been taught right ways—and it began to seem as though a boy who could do such a cruel thing as he did ought to have somebody feel sorry for him, and before I knew it I was willing to forgive him. That is all, mamma. I don't know how it happened exactly, only I think Jesus did it, don't you?"

"I feel quite sure of it, my dear."

Her voice sounded almost as though she was crying, and Katie looked at her wonderingly, but asked no questions.

The next afternoon's mail carried in it a letter to a lady who used to be Mrs. Eliott's friend, but to whom she had not written a line in two years. She had said that she would never write her another letter.

"Jesus helped me," she said, smiling, as she finished the story to Mr. Eliott. "I am like Katie: I don't quite know the process, only I know the beginning; my little daughter led me to be ashamed of my unforgiving spirit."

MYRA SPAFFORD.

## GERTRUDE'S PROBLEM.

### PART II.

BUT he wasn't, and great was the disappointment. The picnic party waited as long as possible, until there was danger of darkness coming before the supper was eaten, and finally sat down to the feast, the fun of which was spoiled by Dick's absence. His mother kept saying every few minutes, "What can keep Dick so?" and his father had twice walked down to the shore to ask the fishermen, who were busy with their nets, whether they had seen his boy.

They said they hadn't, for they did not know that he had gone in the fishing-boat with the other men before they came to the shore. The supper was eaten, as I say, and the chicken-pie was delicious; but Dick's, which looked particularly "bulgy" and tempting, was set by his plate and exclaimed over by aunts and cousins in dismay, that its owner was not present. Gertrude could not eat even chicken-pie. Her heart was heavy, and her conscience troubled her. Why did not Dick come back? Ought she to tell what she knew about him? Would it be breaking the Golden Rule if she did? Gertrude was only nine, and sometimes questions of this kind troubled her a great deal. She wandered away by herself while the remains of the picnic supper were being cared for, and tried to think it out. Aunt Alice looked after her, and wondered what was the matter with Gertrude.

Presently Uncle Edward Torrance, who had been to the shore again, came and took a seat beside her.

"What is my little girl puzzling over now?" he asked, and Gertrude, her cheek flushing,

wished she could tell him without telling of Dick, and yet wished he knew about Dick, for she was growing very anxious. Yet what harm could have come to him? The boys constantly went out with the fishermen, and her own mother said that Aunt Emmeline was very foolish to be so timid about the water.

"Uncle Edward," she said anxiously, "suppose you had something that you thought may be you ought to tell, and yet you wasn't sure whether you ought or not, because the rule, you know, is to do to others as ye would that they should do to you?"

"That would depend in large measure, Gertrude, on whether you ought to wish they would do so to you. Understand?" Then, after a moment's careful survey of the flushed face and anxious eyes of the little girl, he asked, "For instance, do you think that perhaps you ought to tell me that my Dick went out with the fishermen, without permission, and yet are not sure about the 'ought'?"

Gertrude started, and her face flushed a deeper red.

"I didn't tell you, Uncle Edward," she said.

"No, my dear, you didn't, but it would have been quite right for you to have done so. Talk with your mother about it and see if she does not agree."

He had risen now, and turned to meet his son Dick, who came bounding eagerly along the road.

"Good evening," said his father gravely, adding, "did you have a pleasant trip on the water?"

Dick looked angrily toward his cousin, and muttered "Tell-tale!"

"No," said his father, "Gertrude had evidently been wrongly taught as to the meaning of the Golden Rule. Perhaps you were the teacher? I am indebted to Fisherman Bates for my knowledge of your whereabouts; you forgot to caution him. Where is Reuben?"

"He is coming with the horses," Dick answered sullenly. Reuben was a boy of about Dick's age who had been hired to care for the horses, look after the camp chairs, as well as to do errands generally. He was the son of a neighbor, and was a good, bright, hard-working boy.

Mr. Torrance walked slowly toward the grounds where the others were waiting, Gertie at his side, and Dick striding along behind. He had a few minutes' conversation, first with his wife, then with Gertie's mother and Aunt Alice, then called the two boys to supper.

"Make all possible haste," he said, "and we will wait for you, though it is growing dark. The birthday supper prepared in your honor, my son, has been largely a failure, thanks to you. There was a special chicken-pie prepared for you on account of its being the first of April, but I am inclined to think that you have already had enough April 'fooling,' and I have therefore asked your aunts to give the special pie to Reuben, with my regards, and thanks for honest service. Reuben, I advise you to take the pie home uncut, to eat at your leisure, as I know the contents are peculiar."

What do you think they were? The pie, instead of being filled with chicken, was bulged up with cotton, in the folds of which lay hidden a handsome silver watch with a burnished chain, such as Dick admired very much.

It had been his aunties' birthday present, but Mr. Torrance, who was in the secret, had insisted that he could not have his son rewarded on that day, birthday though it was, because this was not the first time he had disobeyed direct commands and tried to hide it on the plea of being careful of his mother. He insisted on paying the price which the watch and chain had cost, and presenting them to Reuben, whom he wanted to reward for his two months of faithfulness.

So Dick Torrance had his "April fool" in an unexpected way, and Gertie had a lesson on the real meaning of the Golden Rule which she never forgot.

MYRA SPAFFORD.

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OH, ye who taste that love is sweet,
Set way-marks for all doubtful feet
That stumble on in search of it.

Lead life of love; that others who
Behold your life may kindle too
With love, and cast their lot with you.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

## POEM FOR RECITATION.

### EASTER.

MY sweet little neighbor Bessie
I thought was busy with play,
When she turned, and brightly questioned,
"Say, what is the Easter day?"

"Has nobody told you, darling —
Do they 'Feed His Lambs' like this?"
I gathered her to my bosom,
And gave her a tender kiss.

Away went the cloak for dolly,
And away went dolly too,
As again she eagerly questioned,
With eyes so earnest and blue:

"Is it like birthdays or Christmas —
Or like Thanksgiving Day;
Do we just be good like Sunday,
Or run and frolic and play?

"I know there's flowers to it,
And that is most all I know;
I've got a lovely rosebush,
And a bud begins to grow."

Then in words most few and simple
I told to the gentle child
The story whose end is Easter —
The Life of the Undefiled.

Told of the manger of Bethlehem,
And about the glittering star
That guided the feet of the shepherds
Watching their flocks from afar,

Told of the lovely Mother,
And the Baby who was born
To live on the earth among us
Bearing its sorrows and scorn.

And then I told of the life He lived
Those wonderful thirty years,
Sad, weary, troubled, forsaken,
In this world of sin and tears,

Until I came to the shameful death
That the Lord of Glory died,
Then the tender little maiden
Uplifted her voice and cried.

I came at length to the garden
Where they laid His form away,
And then in the course of telling
I came to the Easter day —

The day when sorrowing women
Came there to the grave to moan,
And the lovely shining angels
Had rolled away the stone.

I think I made her understand
As well as childhood can,
About the glorified risen life
Of him who was God and Man.

This year the fair Easter lilies
Will gleam through a mist of tears,
For I shall not see sweet Bessie
In all of the coming years.

When the snow lay white and thickest
She quietly went away
To learn from the lips of angels
The meaning of Easter day.

We put on the little body
The garments worn in life,
And laid her deep in the frozen earth
Away from all noise and strife.

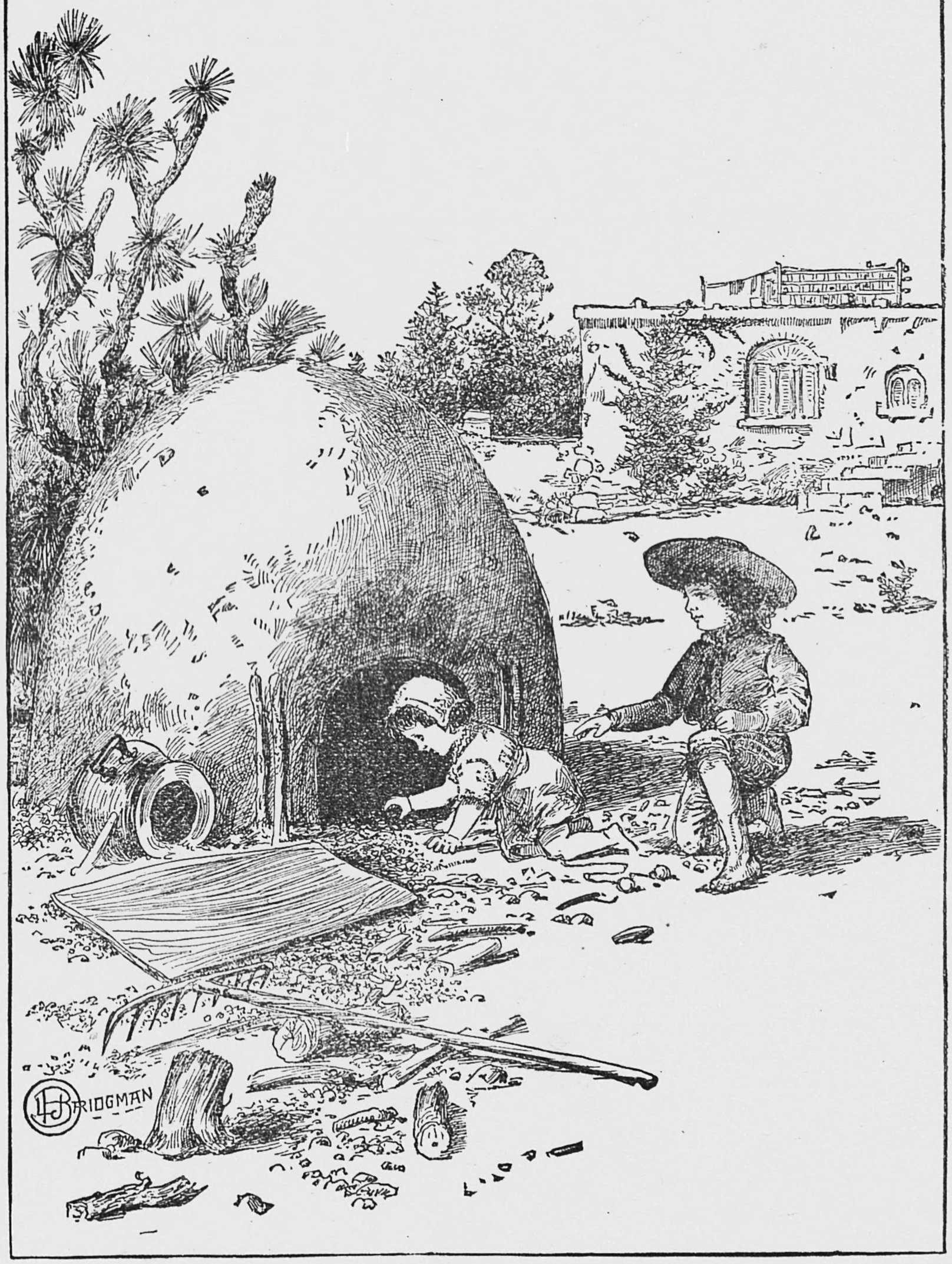
We took all the dainty playthings,
And the dollies new and old,
And placed them in a sacred spot
With a tress of shining gold.

Were it not for the star of Bethlehem,
And the dawn of Easter day,
It would be to us most bitter
To put our darling away.

But we know that as the hard brown earth
Holds lilies regal and white,
So the lifeless, empty, useless clay
Held once an angel of light.

And I hope on the Easter morning
To look from the grave away,
Thinking not of the child that *was*,
But the child that *is* to-day.

EMILY BAKER SMALLE.




DWELLERS IN CAVES.

## WHY?

WHY do we call a piece of cloth nailed to a stick a flag?

"That is, how did we happen to choose that name? Why wouldn't it be just as well to have named it a spread, or a string, or anything?"

There are generally reasons for things, my friend.

Did you ever see the plant named flag? Did you notice how its leaves droop gracefully downward, instead of standing erect? It is true there are some species of the plant whose leaves stand erect, having power to support their own weight, but it was not this kind which gave the plant its name.

Think, now, of all the national flags you have seen. Did any of them stand out straight and firm, like boards? Don't you know how gracefully the folds droop, and sway back and forth in the wind? What word better than the old Latin one, meaning "to droop," "to hang down," could better describe its character?

## HARD TEXT.

(*Matt.* v : 46.)

YOU may say this teaches that we must not love our friends. Then you will think: My mother and my father and all the dear ones at home love me; they are my friends. Must I not love them and many more beautiful and good people? Must not I love Christians? They love me. Jesus loves me and died for me. Must not I love Jesus?

Your trouble will easily vanish if you will read it thus: If ye love them only who love you. If ye let your love stop with your friends, what reward have you?

WHAT good to-day? Have kindly thoughts
been cherished?
Have words been spoken full of gentle grace?
Some one been helped, who but for thee had
perished?
Some sad heart seen the sunlight of thy face?

— *Selected.*

## NESTLE.

IT may seem to you a strange name for a cat, but this one had such a cunning little habit of nestling in Nettie's arms and hiding her head, that by common consent Nestle was chosen as her name.

She had all the bright and pretty little ways common to pet kittens, and, if Nettie's judgment is at all to be trusted, a great many more. For instance, when a large book was spread open before her, and Grandma's spectacles were borrowed to place on her little white nose, she had a way of clasping her paws over the open page and looking so wise, that one could hardly wonder at Nettie for asking, with an air which was almost awe-stricken, "Don't you really believe she is thinking about something? Can't you see the think in her eyes?"

One day great trouble fell upon the household in general, and Nettie in particular. Nestle was to blame for it, so perhaps it was right that she should be the chief sufferer.

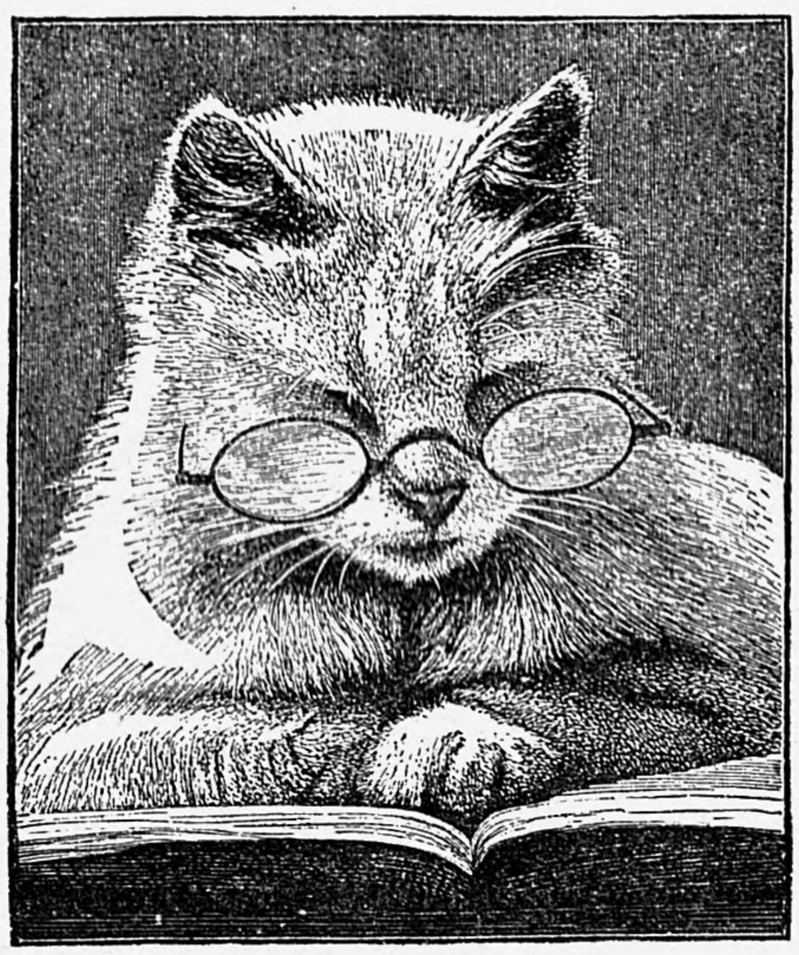
Any cat who had been warned as often as she had, not to seat herself on the side piazza when the boys were coming from school, should have known better; but she didn't. There she sat, at ten minutes of four, when Mary Ann looked out on her way to the milk-room, and said "Scat!" There, at ten minutes after four, she did not sit, nor could she be found in house or barn, though there was an eager search for her, joined in even by Grandpa, who had no great love for cats.

It was after the search had been in vain that Mary Ann reluctantly admitted that while she was at the milk-room she heard an awful squealing, and when she had hurried out as soon as she could, had seen "them Smith boys disappearing around the corner." She thought they must have been up to some mischief, and had meant to go and see about it, but just then she had smelled the apple sauce burning, and that had put everything else "clean out of her head."

As soon as Nettie heard the name of the Smith boys she cried. A poor reputation had the Smith boys. They were not only very mischievous, and generally in disgrace both at school and in the neighborhood, but it was

said that they delighted in tormenting dogs and cats and bugs, and indeed any poor creatures whose weakness put them in their power. What a prospect for Nestle! And papa was not at home, nor would he be until some time the next day; chance enough for poor Nestle to be killed. Even Joe the chore boy was away, keeping Thanksgiving week with his mother in the country. There seemed to be nothing to do but wait for papa, leaving Nestle to her fate. Do you wonder that Nettie cried? Yet help was coming to her from a quarter where she least expected it.

Just around the corner from her home lived Dean Warfield with his mother, who was a



VERY WISE.

widow. Dean's birthday present a month before this time of which I write, had been a soldier's cap and gun, and his mother had made him a regular military coat, with buttons and bands complete. Over this birthday present Dean and Nettie had held some sharp talks. "I don't like guns," Nettie had said, with emphasis, "nor soldiers, nor military caps, nor buttons, nor any of those things. I don't care if they are bright, and look big. Soldiers are not good; they kill people, and make lots of trouble."

"They don't kill people unless they have to," would Dean reply, with great gravity. "My father was a soldier, and he was good and brave. My mother says I must be a brave soldier, too — not father's kind, you know, but doing brave, kind things for people."

"Humph!" said Nettie, with a little toss of her brown head, "you could do good brave things without having an ugly snapping gun that makes a noise. I hate that noise; it scares people, and that isn't being brave."

"Oh! the gun is only to help me remember," said Dean, but he turned away looking hurt and vexed. He thought his military dress was very becoming, and it was a great disappointment to have his friend Nettie look down on it and him.

"I won't trouble you with my gun," he said, and Nettie, who felt cross just then, answered, "I hope you won't; and I don't want you to do brave things for me with it, either. Girls don't need guns to help them remember, I don't see why boys should."

Since that time Nettie and Dean had not been such excellent friends as they were before; perhaps it was because Dean wore his military suit a great deal, and was fond of the snapping of his gun, and organized a military company of all the boys in his grade, and they carried guns, as many of them as could prevail on their fathers to furnish them, the others carried sticks shaped like guns. They were named "Company Try of the Warfield Volunteers." Nettie had continued to toss her head and look disapproval whenever she saw them, and Dean had privately told his mother that he did not suppose Nettie was such a "goose," and in short there bade fair to be an actual break in the friendship which had been strong for the nine years of both their lives.

What has all this to do with Nestle? A great deal.

Among those who heard very early in the evening of her sad fate, was Captain Dean. No sooner had he listened in silence to the sorrowful story told by the sobbing Nettie, helped by Mary Ann, then he sped away over the lawn in silence. Nettie dried her eyes to look after him, murmured that he "might have said he was sorry," then went into the house to find a more sympathetic listener. But Dean with all speed got himself into his military suit, having first given one long blast on his silver whistle, followed by three short sharp ones.

By the time he came downstairs in cap and gun, every boy of the Warfield Volunteers, Company Try, was in the yard in full military dress.

A short address from the captain followed, then the orders "Form ranks, mark time, march!" were given in quick succession, and the company filed out in good order past the window where Nettie sat weeping, down the street, around the corner, down another street, never halting until they came to the little tumble-down house where the Smith boys lived.

Dick, the younger, came grinning to the door to see what was wanted. The captain with commendable brevity stated the case, and demanded the cat Nestle to be delivered to them immediately. Of course they were refused. Then Captain Dean grew stern. "If you will not give her up peaceably," he said, in war-like tones, "we shall have to make search and take her by force. We know she is about this place somewhere, and my men will obey orders." And every gun was held firmly in line, and every soldier looked fierce and resolute. More parleying, a threat at last on Dick's part to "find the blamed old scratch-cat if they could"—no one had taught the Smith boys to use proper language; it was the old sad story, their mother was dead, and their father was a drunkard. Just what would have happened next, had not that same father interfered, of course I do not know, but at that particular moment he drew his slouching form to the door.

"What's all this about?" he asked. "Have my boys been at some piece of rascality?"

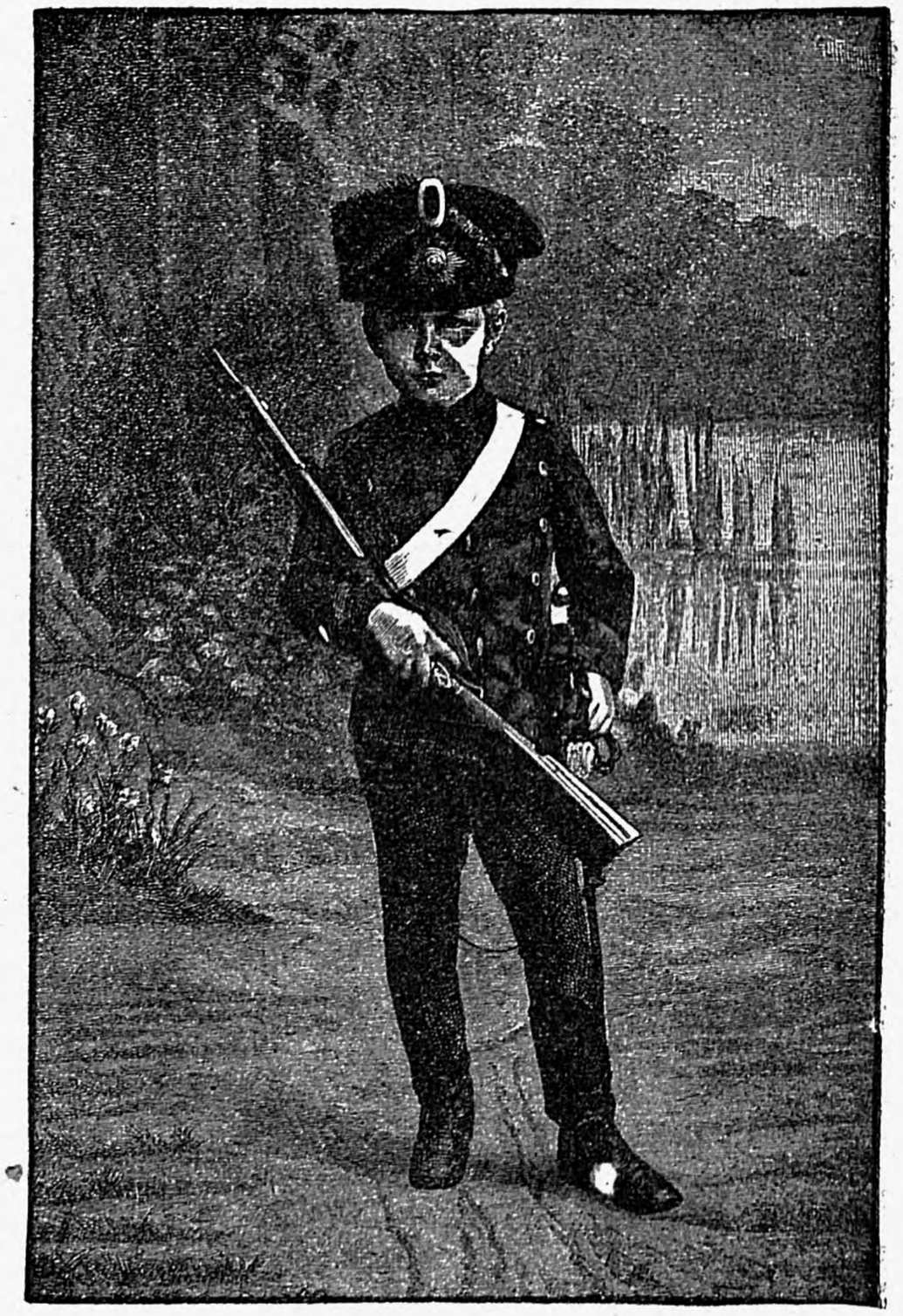
Captain Dean lifted his hat, and every soldier of them immediately gave drunken Tim Smith the military salute, then their captain explained briefly.

"Jess so," said old Tim. "And be you Captain Dean Warfield's boy? I thought so; you look like a chip of the old block, and there wa'n't a finer block in all this country 'round, I've got reason to know. I'd 'a' been somebody if—wall, there's no use in talkin' about that. Dick, you rascal, do you go and git that ere cat quicker than lightnin' and give it to this captain here; and if you ever touch any cat or dog or anythin' else belongin' to this company, or that this company is interested in, then if you ain't sorry for it my name isn't Tim Smith maybe, but I kind o' think it is."

There were times when poor old Tim had to be obeyed, and his boy Dick knew that this was one of them.

Nestle went back in the captain's arms, and the entire company drew up in front of the side piazza where Nettie sat, and lifted their hats while the captain presented her.

What do you think Nettie said? After the



CAPTAIN DEAN.

first little squeal of joy, and a few rapturous kisses given to Nestle, she said, "O, Captain Dean, how can I ever thank you? I'll make a blue satin epaulette for you to wear, and blue ribbon favors for each of your men, see if I don't."

If you will believe it, this is the first time she had ever called him "Captain Dean!"

PANSY.

A CHRISTMAS FROLIC.

## THE HARD TEXT.

(*Matt.* vi. 19–21.)

LET not your chief concern be to become rich in this world. And you need not fear, if you are a true follower of Christ, but that you will be well cared for. "Godliness has the promise of the life that now is." But aim first and always to be rich toward God; rich in a heavenly character. He who grows in grace, who adds to his faith virtue, and to his virtue knowledge, and to that temperance, and then patience and godliness and brotherly kindness, and finally charity (love), such a person is laying up treasures in heaven.

Meanwhile he must be industrious and prudent and make the best use of his opportunities; and every dollar the blessed Master lets him get in this way, is not to be laid up for mere show or ease, but for daily use in the Master's good cause, and for His name's sake. In this way He has let many of His sons and daughters get much money; but never for them to think it was theirs, but only put into their hands to be paid out at His call.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you."—Luke xii. 31.

Is Jesus your great treasure in heaven?

Some have millions here, but not a penny there! Some people's here may end to-morrow, while their there will end never, never, never!

Have you laid up a very little treasure in heaven to-day?

## TWO WORKERS.

IT was a very handsome carriage, and as it rolled over the smooth country road, the children, who were just loitering home from the red schoolhouse, which stood a little at one side, stopped and looked after the carriage with eager — some of them with envious — eyes. Children in the carriage younger than themselves, elegantly dressed, feathers and flowers and silk and velvet uniting to make them beautiful.

"How fine it must be to be rich and ride in a carriage, and wear grand clothes every day, and do just as one likes all day long." That was as much as these lookers-on knew about life.

"They are going to the circus," Smith Jenkins said to Eunice. She was an odd-looking girl, was Eunice. No one knew it better than herself; she cried about it occasionally, and told herself that if she could ever, by any chance, have a waist and a skirt that matched and fitted her, people would see that it was clothes, and not Eunice, that looked so queer.

But they were poor, very poor, and there were days when Eunice succeeded in being thankful that she had any clothes at all, instead of grieving over their shape and color.

"I wish you could go to the circus, Eunice," Smith said dolefully. "If I only had two tickets you should have the other one in a twinkling. I'd give you mine, only for what Jim Potter said, you know."

"I know," said Eunice, with a wise nod of her head, "and don't you put too much faith in it either."

"Oh! he promised up and down, there's no way of getting out of it. Says he, 'Smith Jenkins, if you'll get me a chance to go to that circus next week, as sure as my name is Jim Potter I'll go to Sunday-school with you every single Sunday in the year.' And you know I've been trying to get him for months and months, so when I got that chance to earn two tickets I had to. Now didn't I?"

"You think you did, Smith," said Eunice kindly, "and I'm not blaming you a bit, because I don't suppose I should go to that circus, not if I had twenty tickets."

"Why not?" with wide-open eyes, and even mouth, so great was his astonishment.

"Because my mother doesn't think much of circuses; she says they aren't good places for respectable folks."

"Oh!" said Smith, with an air that might mean several different things, "respectable folks do go to them though, lots of them. Think of that carriage full; they were going, I'm most as sure as though I saw them there, and I mean to look out for them this afternoon, and see if I wasn't right."

He didn't have to wait long for another look at them; just then the carriage, which had turned a corner and gone up another road

a short distance, came whirling back. "There they come," said Smith; "they've been up to that house on the hill and got another one in. My! ain't he cunning, all in kilts? Yes, sir! they are going to the circus."

At that instant the prancing horses came to a halt, close to the side of the road, where Eunice stood looking at them.

"Little girl," said the soft voice of the boy in kilts, "come here, I've got something for you."

Hardly knowing what she did, so great was her surprise, Eunice moved forward and held out her hand. Into it dropped two yellow tickets, and before she could recover from her amazement the horses had bounded forward again at a word from the driver, and a cloud of dust was hiding the carriage from sight.

"If I don't call that strange," said Smith, "and lucky and everything. Two tickets to the circus! Now, Eunice, you'll have to go; who will you take with you? That's the question."

"Janie Potter said the very same thing to me that Jim did to you," said Eunice, examining the yellow tickets with thoughtful eyes.

"Did she, though? Jim said she wanted to go dreadfully to see the girl who is going to ride the ponies without any saddle or anything, and jump through the rings, you know, and everything. I'll tell you what, Eunice, you've got to go now; it wouldn't be right not to. See how we've been coaxing those Potter folks to get started to Sunday-school ever since they moved here, and now is our chance to get them. My mother doesn't think much of circuses, either. I don't care to go every day," and Smith drew himself up proudly, "but for once, you know, when I can do so much good by going, I shouldn't think it was right not to. Why, Jim wouldn't think I was in earnest at all, neither will Janie. Of course you'll go?"

But Eunice shook her head. "I don't believe I will," she said; "I don't believe that will make any difference with mother, in fact I know it won't. I told her this very morning about Janie, and asked her if it didn't seem a pity that I couldn't get her a circus ticket somehow, and mother laughed, and said no, she couldn't say that she thought it did, that it made her think of something else which happened a long time ago. She said once somebody took somebody up on a high mountain, and showed him beautiful cities, and places, and everything, and said, 'All these things will I give you, if you will fall down and worship me.' And you know who that was, Smith, and so do I."

"Just as if going to the circus once, to get a boy to Sunday-school, was just the same as that!" said Smith, with a scornful air.

"She didn't say it was the same, and I'm not saying it is; but it is doing something you think is wrong, to coax somebody else to do what would be right, now isn't it? Mother says she doesn't think that kind of coaxing ever does any good."

"I don't think it is wrong," said Smith.

"Oh! don't you? Well, before you got your tickets, you said you did. You said your mother said they were bad men, who swore, and drank whiskey, and didn't care anything for Sundays, and all that, and that she thought boys ought to stay away from such places, and you said you thought so too."

"I do, as a rule," said Smith, "but I tell you I can do good by going this time, and I'm going, and you're a goose not to. When you see Jim Potter in Sunday-school with me next Sunday, you'll wish you hadn't been such a silly."

It is queer how things turn out sometimes. Smith took his friend to the circus, and Eunice took her tickets home and talked matters over with her mother, and left the tickets on the shelf until the next morning, when they helped to light the fire. On Sunday morning, when Jim Potter was called for to fulfil his part of the contract, he doubled himself up with laughter, to think that Smith should be so green as to think he was going to Sunday-school.

"But you promised," said Smith, who was used to people who kept their word. "You said you'd go every Sunday this year."

"No, I didn't," said Jim, with a cunning leer, "I said I'd go every Sunday in a year; and I meant the year two thousand ninety-nine. I'm not going to any Sunday-school; your circus wasn't worth it. You didn't take me into any of the side shows."

Smith went to Sunday-school alone. Eunice was there in a neat calico, the waist and skirt of

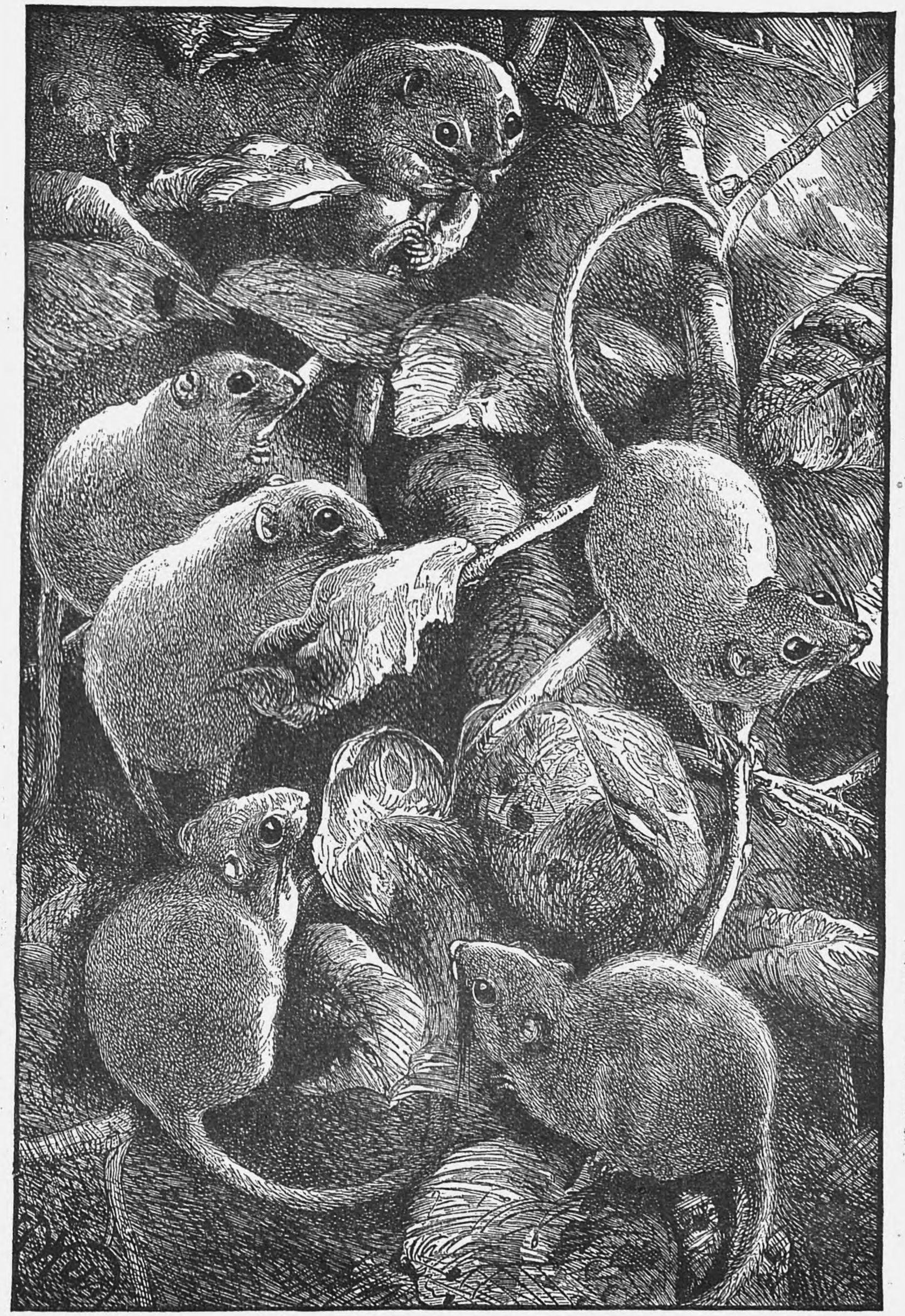
which matched, and beside her sat Janie Potter.

"I don't know how it happened," Eunice said afterwards, when she and Smith compared notes, "I didn't coax her another bit, because I had said everything I could think of. But of course I prayed about it night and morning just as I have been doing this long while, and Sunday morning she walked in all dressed up neatly, and says she, 'I'm going with you to that Sunday-school, for all I said I wouldn't.' Wasn't it strange?"

"Very," said Smith.

PANSY.

EUNICE HELD OUT HER HAND.



AN INDUSTRIOUS FAMILY.

## MR. BROWN, OUR MISSIONARY.

DEAR PANSY:

An event occurred lately which may interest you: October seventeenth, just eleven years after Miss Ida Phillips started as a missionary for India, Mr. F. W. Brown started for the same place. He is the twenty-fifth missionary from Hillsdale College. Some of his young friends met at the station. He spoke to us on missions. There was prayer. The train soon came. Sixteen young people, sad yet happy, encircled their departing missionary, singing, "Blest be the tie that binds," out there, beside the train in the moonlight, beneath the stars, bidding farewell to our friend, classmate, companion, perhaps never again to meet in this world; though he said he hoped to meet us in India. But the train cut short our song and bore away our friend amid the floating of handkerchiefs and soulful cheer of those left standing on the platform, ten of whom are making ready to be missionaries if their Father will. And dare we question that when He has said: "Ask of me and I will give thee heathen for thine inheritance?"

Then we turned homeward, while our friend was so far away from us; but he is "Safe in the arms of Jesus." OLIVE J. RANNEY.

*Hillsdale, Mich.*

## LAYA'S WORK.

LAYA is a Bible woman, who reads the Bible and labors for Christ among the women in the Koordish mountains of Persia. The following is from her pen:

"There is a girl here whom Misky had taught. She can read well in Syriac and has studied arithmetic and geography. She came three times begging me to take her to the Oroomiah Seminary. Her friends are determined to marry her. She wept bitterly and begged me to help her escape. I could but weep with her. I talked with her brother; he promised to send her. She is fourteen, very pretty, and seems to be a true Christian. She would gladly walk barefoot to Oroomiah, if she could only get from home, so anxious is she to get to school."

DEAR PANSY: A few months ago one of the girls in the school at Pareli, about which place mamma sent you a leaflet, asked mamma to come to her home, a little village three and one half miles distant, called Worli, to start a girl's school and a Sunday-school. Mamma went; then a room was engaged and one of our Christian women went to teach. Papa, too, started a Sunday-school there for boys. All these schools have steadily increased. I teach a class of boys there. We give them tracts every time. They like to come. Papa teaches a class of young men in another place. Last Monday one of them died. We had to close the day school.

E. H. HUME.

DEAR PANSY:

My papa is a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. here in Mardin, Turkey, in Asia. He has been here since I was a baby. I am ten years old. The native girls here in the school are going to be "King's Daughters." My mamma has a white donkey which I ride. I have a lamb, some rabbits and canary birds, brought from America. Mardin is on the south side of a mountain and we can see far away on the plain. Our houses are of stone, the walls sometimes three feet thick. The winter rains have begun. I study my lessons with mamma.

DIANTHA L. DEWEY.

THERE is, in New York City, a meeting known as the "Woman's Conference." On the second Friday of every month they meet together to discuss matters of importance and see what they can do to help along the good work which is being done in this world. A few weeks ago they took for their subject, the "Street Children's Sunday," their object being to see what they can do to help these miserable neglected almost forgotten children to something better than their sorrowful lives have yet known. It seems that only very few of them have been gathered into any Sunday-school. Watch for news, in your weekly religious papers, and see if these good women succeed in accomplishing anything in this direction. Surely all the Christian boys and girls of this country are interested here.


NEW YEAR'S MORNING AT BOPEEP'S HOUSE.

## "TWO LITTLE KITTIES."

THERE was once a little kitten,
Whose fur was brown and gray;
She would drive the other kitties
From the bread and milk away.

There was plenty in the saucer,
There was more upon the shelf;
But this naughty, greedy kitten
Wanted all of it herself.

There was another kitten,
A little downy ball,
Who would sit and wait for breakfast
Till Miss Greedy ate it all.

She would wipe her dainty whiskers
With her pretty velvet feet,
And wait in meek submission
For something she could eat.

She would not drive the kittens
From the bread and milk away;

"GREEDY" AND "DOWNY BALL."

She had been coaxed and petted,
She had been punished too,
But Kittie still would snarl and bite
Whatever we would do.

And when the meal was over,
If there remained a bit,
She did not want the others
To have a taste of it.

Now like which of these two kitties
Will our darling be to-day?

C. E. FISHER.

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THE rest of Christ is not that of torpor, but that of harmony; it is not refusing the struggle, but conquering in it; not resting from duty, but finding rest in it. — *F. W. Robertson.*

## WHEN THEY PULL THE GOSPEL SHIP.

FOR many, many years good people have been trying to stop the slave-trade in Africa, as they are struggling to stop the wicked whiskey trade in all lands.

Among these were Sir Samuel and his good wife, Lady Baker. They set sail with sixty ships and a thousand soldiers for the White Nile River country. Here in places they must needs cut the great reed grass away and dig canals, and then hundreds must pull the ships along.

Besides this trouble, enemies — those who made money out of the cruel slave-trade as men make money out of the whiskey business — opposed Sir Samuel at every step, often firing upon his camp from the tall grass, where they would conceal themselves.

Then too these enemies tried to starve Sir Samuel and his army to death, by refusing to sell them food.

The story of their trials is long and terrible. Some day may be you will read "Ismalia," written by Sir Samuel. Then you will understand about those thrilling four years in the wilds of Africa among savages. You must read all you can now written about that remarkable African traveler, Henry M. Stanley, and his friend Emin. No doubt America will soon see them and hear them. But dark, dark Africa! After all that has been done for it, the money and lives given, still so heathenish.

WORKING WITH A WILL.

Well, you see those black men tugging away to haul that ship along. So, soon, we hope, many of them will be converted, and then will harness themselves to the ship Salvation. Ah! then how she will sail over Afric's land as well as on the Nile and Lake Nyanza. C.

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"EVERY man shall bear his own burden" — this is the law of necessity. "Bear ye one another's burdens" — this is the law of Christ. Let a man lighten his own load by sharing his neighbor's. — *T. T. Lynch.*

## BLUE BELLS.

[*A Flower Legend.*]

TWO cherubs were playing near Heaven's gate,
Which an angel had left ajar;
They were toying each with small silver bells,
Whose soft chimes could be heard afar.

As they tossed in play these musical toys,
Some rolled through the half-open gate;
And down from the high heavens blue they came
Through the clouds at a quickening rate.

And when at last they fell down to this earth,
And rested in green fairy dell,
Where each one had fallen there sprang a flower,
The beautiful, graceful Blue Bell.

For as they came down through the azure skies,
They caught its deep beautiful blue;
And still in the earthly flower is seen
The very same heavenly hue.

And the fairies can hear the low sweet chimes
As they gently sway to and fro;
Perhaps it's an echo of those soft tones
Which the cherubs heard long ago.

LYDIA HOYT FARMER.

## POEM FOR RECITATION.

### TOMMY'S FOURTH OF JULY.

YESTERDAY, mother, she said to me,
"Now, Tommy, my man, it soon will be
The Fourth of July, and I dread the noise—
I dread the freedom of reckless boys,

"The ringing of bells, the firing gun,
Torpedoes and crackers, from sun to sun;
I wonder if when those grand old men
Declared for Freedom, it could have been

"That they ever thought the boys of to-day
Would celebrate in this lawless way.
On other days boys seem nice and bright,
I know that some of them try to do right,

"But fired with the 'spirit of '76,'
There seems to be never an end to their tricks.
Now, Tommy my lad, just think it over
And see if the *reason* you can't discover."

So I'll pull my "thinking cap" over my hair
And sit out here in this sunny air
And try to remember last Fourth of July—
Somehow it seems to be long gone by.

At night, I remember, we rang the bell,
And nobody liked it very well,
And all day long I was far from bright
For getting up in the dead of night.

And then, we followed the "Horrible" train
And yelled and shouted, and yelled again;
We chased it up the street and then down,
Chased it all over and out of the town.

It must have been *awful*, but none of us cared
How the rest of the decent people fared.
Then somebody frightened old uncle Bill
Just as he was walking down the hill,

Threw a torpedo, only for fun;
He fell and hurt him, that's all that was done.
Then a horse got frightened, and ran away—
That was one of the things that happened that day—

Broke his leg, and broke the carriage too,
And the crackers were thrown by Charley Drew;
Charley's father must pay the bill,
So I guess this year *he'll* keep pretty still.

And Jimmy blew three of his fingers to bits—
The way a toy pistol always hits;
I ate so much I was nearly dead,
And had a most awful pain in my head,

And was just as tired as I could be—
That was the way it finished with me.
I think I've remembered 'bout enough;
If that is fun, it is pretty "rough."

I might go tell mother this very minute
I don't see a bit of "reason" in it—
I, Thomas, was named for the hero of all—
That gentleman wouldn't own me at all.

But I know I'll try to do better this year,
If all the fellows do call me queer.
This year, I, "Thomas Jefferson" Gray,
Will celebrate in a rational way.

EMILY BAKER SMALLE.

CYPRESS WALK IN THE GENERALIFE.

## IN JERUSALEM.

THERE are Jews, Mohammedans and so-called Christians in the city, who divide the honor as to dirt and filth. If I had to depend upon the Christians here for my ideas of Christianity, I fear I should become a Pagan. A religion which won't make a man tidy, to my mind is not worth two cents a bushel. But not all the so-called Christians are this way.

I visited the wailing-place of the Jews, just outside the Temple walls, or the inclosure in which the Mosque of Omar now stands.

Many of the stones are twenty-five feet long, being a part of the original Temple of Solomon.

About two hundred Jews were here last Friday. Some pressed their lips against the cold stones, uttering loud cries of anguish; others read the lamentations with their cheeks bathed in tears. I could but weep with those who wept; my thoughts went back eighteen hundred years to the self-invoked curse: His blood be on us and on our children. A. B. M.

## AN INDIAN SCENE.

ONE evening we came to a quiet street, and thinking it led to a mosque we wished to see, we turned into it. Soon we heard much talking; there was a crowd of people ahead at a busy bazaar. Men were sitting around large koondas or pots. Here and there were little groups sitting or standing. "Sari" and "toddy" were for sale. The English soldiers call it "killy stink," so offensive is it to the smell. Here all, even children, were regaling themselves with the filthy stuff.

"Why do you drink this stuff?" I asked. "It is against your religion (Hindoo and Mohammedan); you can neither think nor work properly when you drink it."

"But," said one, "it is good in this hot season, and the English drink wine and brandy and we drink this."

I told them that thousands of English ladies and gentlemen never drink any liquor, but they could hardly believe it. — *From Miss Drake's letter in the Union Signal.*

## HIS FOLD.

(*St. John* viii. 27.)

ONE Shepherd leads and guides the flock aright,
Keeping it ever tenderly in sight;
His voice is true, and in all places heard,
So follow on the sheep at His dear word.

"I know my sheep!" the gracious Shepherd saith;
"Naught in the world their hearing hindereth,
For when I call they gather far and near,
Nor know, with my protection, any fear."

One fold, one Shepherd, happy is the way
That leads to life, nor will the loved ones stray
While ever onward in His steps they tread,
Glad to be owned and guided, as is said.

HAZEL WYLDE, *in the Home Guardian.*

## "A TON OF BIBLES."

DR. CUYLER wrote an article not long ago about missions. He was telling why people ought now to do so much more and better work than they did many years ago; he said that nowadays a "ton of Bibles could be carried from London to Syria or Egypt in less time and with less trouble than Phebe had to carry the letter to the Romans from Corinth to Rome."

Do you know what Dr. Cuyler means? What "Phebe" is he talking about, and why did she carry a letter to the people in Corinth? For that matter, where is Corinth?

ONE of God's ways of training us for his service is by setting us at distasteful tasks for others. We may ourselves be gainers by honest effort in behalf of those who themselves receive no benefit from our endeavors. In considering the question whether our more toilsome work at the present time is a profitable work, we must know that its chiefest gain may be to us in its doing, rather than to those in behalf of whom it is done. — *Exchange.*