

Family Reading.

A Wife to her Husband.

One of us, dear—
But one—
Will sit by a bed with marvelous fear,
And clasp a hand,
Growing cold as it feels for the spirit
land—
Darling, which one?
One of us, dear—
But one—
Will stand by the other's coffin bier,
And look and weep,
While those marble lips strange silence
keep—
Darling, which one?
One of us, dear—
But one—
By an open grave will drop a tear,
And homeward go,
The anguish of an unshared grief to
know—
Darling, which one?
One of us, darling, it must be,
It may be you will slip from me;
Or perhaps my life may first be done;
Which one?

Ways Little Folks can Work.

Of the happy workers,
Youngest ones are we;
That we're very little,
Any one can see.
Praps you think our help, too,
Must be also small;
But we're sure it's better
Far than none at all.
Would you know the many
Things we've learned to do;
Listen, and the secret
We will tell to you:
I made lots of stitches
In, a patchwork square;
Hardest work I ever
Did, too, I declare!
I can't sew, but grandma
Holders made for me;
These I sold, to carry
Light across the sea.
I shelled beans for heathen,
(Papa said I might);
So my little fingers
Made a shilling bright.
My mamma, to help me,
Bottled up some ink;
I've sold seventy cents' worth!
Now, what do you think?
Out of auntie's pansies,
I've picked every weed;
And she's going to give me
All I'll sell of seed.
I can 'muse the baby
When he wants to play;
Many a shining penny
I have made this way.
Sometimes, I run errands
Over 'cross the street;
Earn my mission money,
Helping older feet.
So you see, though little,
We've found work to do;
When we said we helped some,
Don't you think 'twas true?
—Missionary Helper.

Changing Babies.

One bright, warm day, Susy carried
her baby brother out to the
great barnyard. It was a very pleasant
place. A large barn stood at one side
of it, and near this was a poultry
house. The chickens, ducks and
geese used to come out of it to stray
about the large grassy lot. And in one
corner was a nice clear pond.
Susy knew she should find many
pretty things out there, and that baby
would like to see them too. She
walked around till the little pet got
sleepy, and laid his head on her shoulder.
Then she carried him to a long,
low shed, where the sheep and cattle
were fed in winter. There was some
hay in a manger; and she laid him on
it, and sitting beside him, sang softly.
This is what she sang;
'What will you give,
What will you give,
For my little baby fair?
Nothing so bright as his bonny blue eyes,
Or soft as his curling hair.
'What will you bring,
What will you bring,
To trade for my treasure here?
No one can show me a thing so sweet,
Anywhere, far or near.'
'Moo, moo-oo!' said something not far
from Susy. 'You think that's so, do you?'
and Madam Jersey Cow looked very
doubtfully at Baby. Said she: 'Can

he kick up his heels and frolic all over
the yard!'
'Why no,' said Susy; 'he can't walk
yet.'
'Ah; how old is he?'
'Nearly a year old,' said Susy.
'Nearly a year old! My child walked
before he was two days old.' The
cow gave a scornful sniff, and walked
off without another look.
'Baa-aa,' said an old sheep, walking
up with a snow-white downy lamb.
'Let me see. He is a nice little thing
sure enough. But has he only two
legs?'
'That's all,' said Susy.
'Then mine is worth twice as much
of course. If you had two babies, now
we might make a bargain. But he
seems to have no wool.'

'No, ma'am,' said Susy; 'but see
what pretty curly hair he has.'
'I don't think I would wish to trade,
thank you,' and she and her lamb
trotted away and went to eat grass.
'Quack! quack! quack! Let me
take a look,' and Mrs. Duck flew up
on the edge of the manger.
'His feet don't look as if he'd make
a good swimmer,' she said looking at
baby's pink dimpled toes.
'Oh, he can't swim at all,' said
Susy.
'Good-by,' said Mrs. Duck. 'All
my darlings can swim.
'Chip! chip! chip!' was the next
sound Susy heard. From its nest in an
elm tree which stood near, a robin flew
down, and perched on the end of a
pitchfork. She turned her head from
side to side, gazing at Baby in a very
wise way. 'What can he sing?' said
she.
'Oh, he can't sing at all yet,' said
Susy, 'he's too little.'

'Too little!' exclaimed Mrs. Red-
breast. 'Why, he's tremendous!
Can't he sing—Fee—fee—filly—filly—
wee—wee?'
'No, no,' said Susy.
'All my children sang well at four
months. Has he little red feathers on
his breast?'
'No,' said Susy.
'I shouldn't like to hurt your feelings,
but you see how much I should lose on
an exchange, and I am sure you would
not wish that.'

'No, I shouldn't,' said Susy. And
Mrs. R. Redbreast flew away.
'Cluck! cluck! cluck!' 'Peep! peep!'
Mrs. White Leghorn Hen came along
with her downy chicks. No wonder
she fussed and fumed and cackled at
such a rate, Susy thought, with twelve
babies to look after!
'I haven't much time to look,' said
the hen, 'and I should hardly be willing
to trade. Can your baby say 'Peep-
peep,' when he's hungry?'
'When he's hungry he cries—but
not 'Peep-peep,' said Susy.
'I see his legs are not yellow
either, so I'll bid you a very good after-
noon.' Off she went ruffling her feathers,
and clucking and scratching till Susy
laughed aloud.
'I don't wonder you laugh,' purred
something near her. She turned in
great surprise. There, at the other
end of the manger, in a cosy corner,
was her old gray cat. That wasn't all.
There were three little kits; a white
one, and a black one, and a gray one.
Susy had not seen them before; and
she fondled them lovingly.
'She's so proud because she has
twelve!' said Mrs. Puss, looking after
Mrs. W. L. Hen. 'Now I think a
small family is much better—three, for
instance. Don't you think three
enough?'
'Indeed,' said Susy, 'I think one's
enough—It's a teething.'

ever, but Puss did not seem to care
whether she had twelve chickens or a
hundred. The calf was feeding quietly
by its mamma, and the sheep and her
lamb lay under the old elm. And up
in the branches Susy could hear Mrs.
Redbreast teaching her birdies how to
sing. So then Susy ran up to the house
and found supper waiting.
Baby held out his arms, and was soon
on his mother's lap, as happy as could
be. Susy looked at him, and said,
'God has made everybody and every-
thing love their own babies best, hasn't
he, mamma?'
'Yes. We would rather take care
of our baby than any other, wouldn't
we?'
'Yes, indeed,' said Susy, and as
she rocked the baby's cradle that night,
she finished her little song in this way:
'Nothing will do, nothing will do;
You may travel the world around,
And never, in earth, or sea, or air,
Will a baby like him be found.'
—St. Nicholas.

Susie's Little Sister.

'Mamma, if the baby cries so much
and won't let us have any good times, I
should think you would give her away.'

'Well, I want a baby to play with;
but I don't want Elsie;' and Susie
Gage walked out of the room with the
doll Elsie had broken, and the picture
book she had torn.
In half an hour, she came back to
the sitting-room.
'Is Elsie in the crib?' she asked.
'Come and see,' her mother said
smiling.
Susie broke into a great cry when
she saw a strange baby lying there in
her little sister's place.
'Oh! mamma, where's Elsie?' she
exclaimed.

'This is a nice little boy,' her mother
said. 'He is well, and he doesn't cry
very often, and—'
'I want little Elsie, mamma, where
is Elsie? You haven't given her away,
have you?' and Susie cried harder
than she had done for a month.
'Mrs. O'Hara brought the clean
clothes a little while ago,' Mrs. Gage
said, 'and I asked her to give me her
little boy. Don't you like him?'
'No, No; I don't,' Susie sobbed,
with her head in her mother's lap.
'If you'll only get Elsie back again,
I won't strike her when she cries, or
pull my playthings away from her, or
—anything.'

Odds and Ends.

'It seems as if I only lived in the
odds and ends, Aunt Desire.' Marg-
aret Hope said this with a great sigh,
as she came into the cool, shaded room
in the wane of a sultry August after-
noon, and threw herself on the couch by
the bay window.
'What's the matter with thee, Marg-
aret?' Aunt Desire always looked so
cool and refreshing. It was a reminder
of iced lemonade, to see her in her
dove-colored gown, her silvery hair
combed smoothly down over a brow
that showed no traces of frowns or
petty worries. There were no puckers

about Desire Goodwin, in her skirt,
features or soul.
Margaret, on the couch, did not reply
at once, and Aunt Desire, looking over
at her, saw tears in her eyes.
'What troubles thee so, Margaret?'
The quaint Quaker dialect just suited
Aunt Desire. Tender sympathy shone
on her face and spoke out through her
voice.
'It's the odds and ends of it, Aunt
Desire. I wish I could make some-
thing whole out of my life. I can't
help feeling sure that the Lord gave me
capabilities for something, and every
plan is broken into so!

'Well?' said Aunt Desire, interro-
gatively.
'Early last summer I had that lovely
plan of a book come into my head, and
I believe the Lord sent it. I had just
three chapters written when I was
taken ill, you remember. All winter
long, some of us were sick, and baby
came so near dying. After I went
away last spring and rested four weeks,
the old idea came back with tenfold
vividness, and I could see clear through
it to the end of the story. Then that
dreadful time of scarlet fever came, and
we were only too glad and thankful
that we passed through the fiery ordeal
without laying away any of our darlings.
After that, worn out as I was, I was
left without help, and there my poor
book lies. I don't mean to repine,
Aunt Desire; and I don't look down up-
on washing the dishes, making beds, and
sweeping rooms; but it does seem
hard to give all your strength to odds
and ends of service, which a little
money would hire other hands to do,
when you yourself feel fitted for some-
thing else.'

'When the Lord wants thee to write
the book, will he not give thee the
chance, Margaret?'
'Why, I suppose so, Aunt Desire;
but it is hard to always think of that,
when bits of things that would fit in
beautifully with my story come into my
head over the kneading-board or the
ironing-table. And when at last I get
a minute to sit down, I am so tried out
that all my fine thoughts turn to dead
stupidities.'

Aunt Desire held up her work.
'How does that look Margaret?' It
was a piece of dainty patchwork, a put-
ting together of relics of calicoes and
cambrics, each of which held sacred
memories of times, and places, and
people.
'Why, it's wrong side out, auntie!
Oh, I see, it's one of your dear little
preachments. They always do me
good; please go ahead, Aunt Desire.'

'Can't thee read thine own lessons,
Margaret? Odds and ends,—that's
what makes the quilt. There is look-
ing at thy life's patchwork wrong side
out. There's a hand above that guides
the pattern and puts in the colors. It
wouldn't do to have it all rose-color;
there must needs be the sober gray;
and browns of plain, humble service;
the still deeper shades of sorrow and
trial; with once in a while bits of
brightness to bring out the rest. Only
when the quilt is finished, and thee
sees the right side and the completed
pattern, can thee judge of the Master's
plan.'

its way. It will find the souls for
whom he meant it, and by-and-by thee
will find its record in the beautiful
finished fabric of thy life's history. Canst
thee trust the Lord and be content to
wait, Margaret?'
The tears were dried now, and with
new hope and purpose shining in her
face, Margaret left her couch, and,
crossing over to Aunt Desire's chair,
she kissed her on lips and cheek and
forehead.
'You are a blessed preacher! The
odds and ends are all right. I can af-
ford to leave them in God's hands, and
I am sure I shall see a grand, beautiful
whole by-and-by. I can't help believ-
ing he wants the little book, too, Aunt
Desire; but I will try and be content
until he sends the pauses. But just
now he wants me to fit in a little brown
bit of homely supper-getting for the
hungry ones,' she added smiling.
'And he wants me to help thee,'
said Aunt Desire.

So the patchwork that had served
as the text for such a sermon was folded
and put aside, while teacher and taught
took up the simple household duties,
thanking the Lord that he gave them
the privilege of sharing in the answer
to that old, divinely-given petition: 'Give
us this day our daily bread.'—Christian
Intelligencer.

A Western Drover's Story

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a
drover, and live miles and miles away
upon the Western prairie. There
wasn't a house within sight when I
moved there, my wife and I, and now
we haven't many neighbors, though
those we have are good ones.
One day about ten years ago, I went
away from home to sell some fifty head
of cattle—fine creatures as I ever saw.
I was to buy some groceries and dry-
goods before I came back, and above
all, a doll for our youngest, Dolly.
She had never had a store doll of her
own—only rag babies her mother had
made for her.
Dolly could talk of nothing else, and
went down to the very gate to call after
me to buy a big one. Nobody but a
parent can understand how full my
mind was of that toy, and how, when
the cattle were sold, the first thing I
hurried off to buy Dolly's doll. I found
a large one, with eyes that would open
and shut when you pulled a wire, and
had it wrapped up in paper, and tucked
it under my arm, while I had the
parcels of calico and delaine and tea
and sugar put up. Then, late as it was,
I started for home. It might have been
more prudent to stay until morning, but
I felt anxious to get back, and eager to
hear Dolly's praises about her doll.

I was mounted on a steady-going old
horse, and pretty well loaded. Night
set in before I was a mile from town,
and settled down as dark as pitch while
I was in the middle of the darkest bit
of road I know of. I could have felt
my way, though, I remembered it so
well; and when the storm that had been
brewing broke, and pelted the rain in
torrents, I was five miles or maybe six,
from home.
I rode fast as I could, but all of a
sudden I heard a little cry like a child's
voice. I stopped short and listened—I
heard it again. I called, and it
answered me. I couldn't see a thing;
and I was dark as pitch. I got down and
felt around in the grass—called again,
and again was answered. Then I be-
gan to wonder. I'm not timid, but I
was known to be a drover, and to have
money about me. It might be a trap
to catch me unawares and rob and mur-
der me. I am not superstitious—not
very; but how could a real child be out
in the prairies in such a night, at such
an hour? It might be more than hu-
man. The bit of a coward that hides
itself in most men showed itself to me
then, but once more I heard the cry,
and said I:—

'If any man's child is hereabouts,
Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it
die.'
I searched again. At last I be-
thought me of a hollow under the hill,
and groped that way. Sure enough, I
found a little dripping thing, that
moaned and sobbed as I took it in my
arms. I called my horse, and the beast
came to me, and I mounted and tucked
the little soaked thing under my coat
as well as I could, promising to take it
home to mamma. It seemed so tired,

and pretty soon cried itself to sleep
against my bosom.
It had slept there for over an hour
when I saw my own windows. There
were lights in them, and I supposed my
wife had lit them for my sake; but
when I got into the doorway I saw
something was the matter, and stood
still with a dead fear of heart five min-
utes before I could lift the latch. At
last I did it, and saw the room full of
neighbors, and my wife amid them
weeping.
When she saw me she hid her face.
'Oh, don't tell him,' she said. 'It
will kill him.'

'What is it neighbors?' I cried.
'Nothing now, I hope—what's that
in your arms?'
'A poor lost child, said I. I found
it on the road. Take it will you? I've
turned faint.' And I lifted the sleep-
ing thing, and saw the face of my own
child, my Dolly.
It was my darling, and none other,
that I had picked up on the drenched
road. My little child had wandered
out to meet papa and the doll, while her
mother was at work, and they were
lamenting her as one dead. I thanked
heaven on my knees before them.
It is not much of a story, neighbors,
I think of it often in the nights, and
wonder how I could bear to live now if
I had not stopped when I heard the cry
for help upon the road, hardly louder
than a squirrel's chirp.
That's Dolly yonder with her mother
in the meadow, a girl worth saving—I
think (but then I'm her father, and
partial may be) the prettiest and sweet-
est thing this side of the Mississippi.

Say "No."

A man's success in this world, and
his salvation in the world to come, de-
pend largely on his power to say 'no.'
Man fell because he could not say 'no'
when temptation assailed him, and men
are falling every day for the same
reason. The men who have conquer-
ed the adversary and triumphed in the
midst of temptation are the men who
have the power to say 'no,' and to
stick to it when they have said it.
Moses, refusing to be called the son of
Pharaoh's daughter; Joseph, spurning
the temptations which assailed him;
Daniel, who would not drink the wine
of Babylon, though it came from the
royal table;—these are the men who
have proved more than conquerors, and
whose names are held in everlasting
remembrance. Learn to say 'No' at
the proper time, and let your no be like
that of the woman, whose boy, when
advised to tease his mother, to consent
to something which she had refused,
said:
'When my mother says no, there is
no yes in it.'

Many a person says no, but there is,
after all, a yes inside of the no. Let
your yes be yes and your nay, nay.—
Christian.

I hardly know anything more
strange than that you recognize honesty
in play, that you do not in work. In
your lightest games, you have always
some one to see what you call 'fair-
play.' In boxing you must hit fair; in
racing start fair. Your English watch-
word is fair-play, your English hatred
four-play. Did it ever strike you that
you wanted another watchword also,
fair-work, and another hatred also, foul-
work? Your prize-fighter has some
honour in him yet; and so have the
men in the ring around him; they will
judge him to lose the match by foul
hitting. But your prize-merchant gains
his match by foul selling, and no one
cries out against that. You drive a
gambling out of the gambling room who
loads dice, but you leave a tradesman
in flourishing business who loads scales!
For observe, all dishonest dealing is
loading scales. What does it matter
whether I get short weight, adulterate
substance, or dishonest fabric? The
vault in the fabric is incomparably the
worst of the two. Give me short
measure of food, and I only lose by
you; but give me adulterated food, and
I die for you.—J. Ruskin.