Poetry.

TWO FACES.

I have so strange a thing to tell,
You hardly will believe it;
But as it is the very truth
I hope you'll so receive it.
'Tis of a little girl I know
Who has two different faces,
And yet they're not, as you might think,
In two quite separate places.
No, both of them are in one place,
Quite close to one another;
But still when one of them you see
You cannot see the other.
By some strange trick this little lass
Keeps one face always hidden,
And only that one comes in sight,
Which by her will is given
There's one of them that seems to me
The loveliest of faces;
'Tis beautiful to look upon
And full of charming graces;
So fair and sweet and kind it is,
So cheerful, bright, and sunny.
I would not sell *that* precious face
For a whole world of money.
This face my little lassie wears
When she is good and pleasant;
And oh! how glad I always am
When that dear face was present.
Such a delightful thing it is,
I wish 'twould stay forever,
And then the other face she has
Would come before me never.
For *that's* the face we always see
When she is cross and fretful,
And when of all her pleasant looks
She seems to be forgetful,
And bids the naughty face appear,
So dark and so uncheerful,
So puckered up with scowls and frowns,
To look at it is fearful.
Oh! how I wish this gloomy face
She could keep always hidden,
And that for it to come in sight
Would be a thing forbidden!
Ah! then I should not care so much
Though she *did* have two faces,
If never of the ugly one
Could I see any traces.

The Fireside.

MINNIE'S FLOWER.

Aunty, wouldn't you like to have a garden in a flower-pot? you may if you like. Somebody's given some money for it, teacher says.

"Indeed," replied Aunty, quietly.

"Yes, and there will be prizes for flowers, and I chose one to place in our window. Oh! dear Aunty! it will be so delightful—just like living in an arbour—do say, Yes!"

Aunty generally said Yes to warm-hearted Minnie, so she assented now.

Minnie then left her, returning in a little time, however, with her treasure; nothing very wonderful, as yet, except the long name—"Honeysuckle," written on a stick up in the earth. Minnie rejoiced in repeating the name; it seemed to give such dignity to her "little favourite."

Aunty began making a network of string to secure the plant to the window-sill.

"Does it want all these strings?" asked Minnie, wonderingly.

"Yes, dear child, it does."

"I wish I could go to sleep for a fortnight," said Minnie, impulsively.

"Bless the child! What next?"

"Why the seeds won't even show before then, and I don't think I ever can wait."

"Yes, you can, child, if you must."

Minnie waited, growing a fine crop of patience, and hope, and faith, meantime, but all unconsciously; at last she found something appearing above the mound.

"Such a dear little green thing, Aunty, with a funny brown sheath on;—what's that, I wonder?"

By dint of looking earnestly, Minnie found the little brown sheath was the seed, which had served as a helmet to the young plant. It fell off next morning, and the green shoot opened into two round leaves.

"Oh! do come and look!" cried Minnie; "they're cut all round so smooth, with a dent in the middle; isn't it beautiful to see anything grow?"

"Ay! that it is," said Aunty, looking at Minnie's straight, lithesome figure, and thinking of the puny orphan baby she had been eight years before.

The little plant grew marvellously, till Minnie discovered one day that the mound was sinking.

"Aunty, where can it all have gone to? My hungry honeysuckle cannot have eaten it, as we do bread-and-butter.

"Mayhap it does, child; I think, though, it's the watering."

"But it must be watered, Aunty."

"Yes; surely you had better ask your teacher about it, as she gave you the plant from the lady."

So the difficulty was taken there. Minnie's teacher looked from the delicate plant below to the pale, delicate face above, and suggested that she should go and get a small bag of mould from the country meadows.

"The meadows!" exclaimed Minnie, as much startled as if her teacher had said, heaven.

"Yes, you can go in the omnibus. I will come and talk to Aunty about it."

"Talking" meant giving the money for the two to ride—very little in amount, but so much to them, for Minnie had never seen a real meadow in her life; she also kindly gave them a delicious plum-cake, and small chicken pie, with a bottle of lemonade for their refreshment, when they arrived there.

"Oh! Aunty, will you go to-morrow?"

"Yes, my dear, we will if I can get ready in time."

Getting ready meant washing and mending everything in Minnie's clothes.

Next morning they hailed an omnibus passing, to Minnie's great joy; she said, "The Meadows, please, sir," in answer to the conductor's question, "Where to?" And he, who had a little Minnie at home, only laughed pleasantly to the driver, and when they came to the end of the ride took pains to show the old lady the way. Soon they saw the fields, and Minnie began running and could not stop. She ran back half the time to keep near her aunt, but it seemed that run she must till she was fairly in the middle of a field; then the quiet beauty of the place overpowered the little Londoner, and; drawing a long breath of pleasure, she stood with folded hands as if she were in church. In a moment or two, a thrush's song broke the soft sweet hush, and then in a wood close by a cuckoo began his calm soliloquy.

"Oh! dear Aunty, I do love you so!" said Minnie, with a cordial kiss. She could not have told how she came to make this funny speech (as she would have called it) in St. Giles; her little soul was being played upon by nature's soft influences, till, harplike, it gave forth music unconsciously.

"I feel as if I were a child again," said Aunty. She seemed like it with half the tired wrinkles smoothed out of her face, and a moist light in her kind eyes.

Very soon Minnie began flower picking—violets and primroses coming first, then crimson sorrel, and little blue forget-me-nots, and, grandest of all, real wild anemones.

"Oh, Aunty! do smell of this nosegay, the scent is so nice."

Minnie had already got the mould for the flower at home.

Then they rambled about the meadows until they came to a nice hollow in the fields; there they sat down to dine. Aunty had brought the small chicken-pie, cake, lemonade and everything it seemed they could possibly want.

"It is almost a pity you can't have tea, Aunty, in this nice place," said Minnie.

"What, directly after dinner, dear?"

"No; but I mean so that we needn't go home until it is quite late."

"Well, we won't; we'll see to the tea by-and-bye."

"Oh! nice!" cried Minnie, who laid down on the grass all among the daisies, and looked up to the clear blue sky.

"Dear Aunty, is the sky always as blue as this in the country?"

"No, my dear, no; there are clouds sometimes, I know, but they are whiter here than what we see in the city—one can scarcely see them for smoke."

They then got up and began their walk towards home, and at last they reached a cottage, into which Aunty went to ask if they might have a little hot water for tea, as she had brought a little tea and cake with her; and they soon sat down to their repast.

Aunty said after tea they must make haste, as it was getting dusk, and by the time they reached home it was really dark.

The next day Minnie made up into a nosegay the choicest of her flowers, saying—

"I'll take these up to Charlie."

Charlie lived in the same house, her constant playfellow until one sad day when a runaway horse knocked him down; but, alas, his knee was hurt so badly, that, between the pain and the confinement, little Charlie was wearing fast away.

Minnie ran lightly upstairs, and, as she entered the room, Charlie's blue eyes brightened, for Minnie seemed to cast a sunbeam on his face; but when with a merry—"Look, Charlie, see what I have brought you," she held out the flowers hidden in her lap, he fairly screamed for joy. Clasping them in both hands with careful eagerness, he breathed warm kisses on the brilliant leaflets, till, for fear they should die, he gave them up to be put in water, kissing Minnie's tiny hands instead, for he was a knightly little fellow, this poor London boy.

Ah!" said he, "I should like to see a flower growing for once."

"So you shall, Charlie, darling—Auntie means to ask you to tea the very first blossom my honeysuckle has."

"Oh! I do hope brother Alfred will be able to carry me downstairs."

"Charlie, I am sure he can. Don't you remember the other day he said you got lighter and lighter?" then Minnie wished she had not said so much, and hurried into an account of yesterday's ramble, and when they parted Charlie said it would do well to dream about.

Minnie feared that the cruel smoke would not let her have a flower; the show was to come off very soon, and there would be no chance for a prize. One happy morning, however, she found a real blossom, two days before the show; it really seemed as though the little plant had reserved all its strength to do its mistress honour.

It had a magnificent bloom, large, and coloured a deep crimson, with golden horns, and a pure white centre. How Minnie loved and gloried in it! and with what tender triumph the flower was carried up to be shown to Charlie, who was too ill to come down to tea!

He looked earnestly at the bright bloom, and said, "It's like you, Minnie." Then he turned away, so she went down again, fearing that the least excitement might be too much for him; but when returning to bid him "Good-night," he said, "Minnie, don't let the flower go to the show—don't."

"What do you mean, Charlie, darling?"

"It will never be the same flower again—it will be hot and dusty there: and there will be a crowd of people, and they will tell you that you are pretty, *and you will grow vain. Oh, Minnie, don't go, don't!*"

It was difficult for Minnie to follow Charlie's thoughts as he mingled her and the flower together, so he waited silently, while he covered his face with his hands. Suddenly he let them fall, and, looking up at her with touching humility, said,—

"Oh, Minnie! I am so naughty, it's for myself I want it, *to have it for my very own*—may I Minnie?"

She hesitated tremblingly; besides being its own precious self, this flower represented to its little owner fame and honour, riches and happiness; all these she would gain in the prize—and the bloom was so lovely, she was sure of one. But, then, Charlie wanted it, good natured Charlie, who must be very ill to ask such a strange thing! Minnie's quick thought ran back to the early times of their friendship, when he had rescued her from some rude girls who called her "*Starryeyes*," and she had promised always to do what he wanted her—and this was the first thing he had ever asked for—and she was such a little girl then.

So swiftly had thought run on that, while the thin, burning hand still held hers, and the pleading, pathetic tones repeated, "Minnie!" Minnie!" she decided.

Running quickly downstairs, she plucked the flower, closing her eyes as she did it fearing to look at the flowerless stem.

She laid it in one of its green leaves, and returned to Charlie. His eager fingers closed round the stalk. Oh, Minnie! how I loved you, *Min—nie!*" He raised his face to kiss her, but fell back suddenly, and with the flower in his hand and the smile on his lips, little Charlie died!

"Oh, Aunty!" sobbed Minnie, that evening, "if I had not given it to him, whatever should I have done? I am so glad! so glad!"

The day dawned to which the little flower-grower had looked forward to so long as that of her floral triumph, but the blossom lay safe in the dead child's hand, and through all her tears, Minnie could say, "I am so glad! so glad!"

And if, in after years, the toys and trifles of time should try to win from her the "white flower of a blameless life," the thought of her little angel play-fellow, with the golden sceptre-spray of honeysuckle in his hands, sweeps past her, and as, by God's grace, she conquers one temptation after another, she can only echo her girl-hood's sentiment, "I am so glad! so glad!"

FLOY.

THE NEIGHBORS.

BY CARRIE BUSH.

Not long ago I read a story about two farmers who had quarrelled and were very angry with each other. They were not followers of the Prince of Peace. Neither of them had received from Jesus a peaceful tongue. One of them found a pig belonging to the other in the road; he caught hold of it, and, for mere spite, cut two slits in the skin, on the side of the pig's neck, and pushed one of its forefeet through one of these slits, so that it could not get it out again. The poor pig had to go hobbling along on three feet, and squealing terribly as he went. As soon as the owner of the pig saw this, he sought out the cow of his neighbor. He took out his knife, and cut the cow's mouth on each side, so as to make it wider than it was naturally. When the owner of the cow saw what was done, he went to his neighbor in great anger, and stormed at him for his cruelty in cutting his cow's mouth.

"O, I didn't do it," said he, telling a great story. "The fact is, that when your cow saw my pig, she laughed so much that it split her mouth open."

Now if these men went on in that way, how long do you suppose it would take them to make peace between themselves, and to learn to love each other? They would never do it while the world moves. They were fighting one another with hatred, and neither would get the victory. Love, gentleness, a peaceful tongue, are the things to fight with if we want to conquer people and make peace.

Let me show you how successful they were in a case very much like this. Mr. B——and Mr. R——lived near together. Mr. R——kept a great many hens. One day some of them got into Mr. B——'s garden and scratched up his flower beds. Instead of driving them out and asking Mr. R——to please try and keep his chickens in, he got his gun and shot some of them. Then he went over to Mr. R——'s house in great anger, to scold him and quarrel with him.

"Mr. R——," said he, "I found some of your hens in my garden and I shot them. It I catch any more there I'll wring their heads off. So you know what to expect."

But Mr. R——had a peaceful tongue. "I'm sorry, Mr. B——," said he, "that my hens have given you any trouble. I'll try my best to keep them in. But dinner is just ready. Wont you come in and sit down with us?"

"No, thank you, sir. But pray forgive me for speaking so roughly." Then they shook hands, and were good friends. Mr. B——never shot any more of Mr. R——'s hens.

Let me tell you now about a gentleman who used to live in the city. He belonged to the Society of Friends, or Quakers. He was a very kind man. He had a pear-tree in his garden which bore excellent fruit. Between his garden and his next door neighbor's there was a high fence, with sharp spikes along the top. One year, when the pears were ripe, a girl, belonging to the family next door, got very fond of our friend's pears. He saw her several times climb up the fence and walk carefully along between the spikes till she came opposite the tree. Then she would fill a little basket with the fruit and carry it away.

One day the gentleman filled a basket with the nicest pears he could find, went into his neighbor's house and asked to see the girl, whose name was Rebecca.

"Rebecca," said he, "here are some nice pears for thee."

She was so much surprised that she couldn't speak.

So the gentleman went on to say, "Rebecca, I have brought these pears on purpose for thee. I wish to make thee a present of them, as I perceive thou art very fond of them."

Rebecca felt very much confused. She grew red in the face, and said: "I don't want 'em, sir."

"Ah, but thou dost, Rebecca, or thou wouldst not take such pains to get them."

Still she wouldn't take them, but kept saying: "I don't want them—I don't want them."

"Rebecca," said the kind Friend, "thou must go and get thee a basket for these pears, or I shall leave them on the carpet. I am sure thou must like them, or thou wouldst not climb such a high and dangerous fence to get them. Those spikes are very sharp, Rebecca; and if thy feet should trip as thou art walking on the fence—and I am much afraid they will—thou wouldst get hurt a great deal more than the pears are worth. Thou art welcome to the fruit; but I hope I shall not see thee expose thyself so foolishly again."

Which of these neighbors' conduct should our young readers endeavor to imitate?

SOMEBODY'S SERVANT GIRL.

She stood there, leaning wearily
Against the window frame;
Her face was patient, sad and sweet;
Her garments coarse and plain.
"Who is she, pray?" I asked a friend.
The red lips gave a curl;
"Really! I do not know her name,
She's some one's servant girl."

Again I saw her on the street,
With burden trudge along;
Her face sweet and patient still,
Amid the jostling throng;
Slowly but cheerfully she moved,
Guarding with watchful care
A market-basket, much too large
For her slight hands to bear.

A man—I thought a gentleman—
Went pushing rudely by,
Sweeping the basket from her hands,
But turning not his eye;
For there is no necessity,
Amid that busy whirl,
For him to be a gentleman
To "some one's servant girl."

Ah, well it is that God above
Looks in upon the heart,
And never judges any one
By just the outer part;
For if the soul be pure and good
He will not mind the rest,
Nor question what the garments were
In which the form was dressed.

And many a man and woman fair,
By fortune reared and fed,
Who will not mingle here below
With those who earn their bread,
When they have passed away from life,
Beyond the gates of pearl,
Will meet before their Father's throne
With many a servant girl.

—*Selected.*

FORGETTING NAMES.—There are well-authenticated instances of persons who suddenly found that they could not remember their own names. An embassador at St. Petersburgh was once in this case, when calling at a house where he was not known by the servants, and he had to apply to his companion for the necessary information. The names of common things are sometimes strangely forgotten. The wife of an eminent jurist, who consulted Dr. Trousseau, of Paris, told him that her husband would say to her, "Give me my—dear me! my—you know," and he would point to his head. "Your hat?" "Yes, my hat." Sometimes again, he would ring the bell, before going out, and say to the servant, "Give me my um—umbrel—umbrel, oh, dear." "Your umbrella?" "Oh, yes! my umbrella." And yet, at that very time, his conversation was as sensible as ever. He wrote, or read of, or discussed, most difficult points of law. A patient will often use a form of circumlocution to express his meaning: thus one man who could not remember scissors, would say, "It is what we cut with."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

OUR TONGUE.—Mr. Washington Moon has written a new work on bad English. Some of the errors which he singles out are decidedly amusing. For example:

"A furrier, lamenting in an advertisement the tricks played on the public by unprincipled men in his own trade.

"'Earnestly requests ladies to biring to him their skins, which he promises shall be converted into muffs and boas.'

"Another advertisement ran thus:

"'Two sisters want washing."

"Here must have been a strange sight:

"'He rode to town, and drove twelve cows on horseback.'

"A gentleman advertised for a horse

"'For a lady of a dark color, a good trotter, high stepper, and having a long tail.'

"Better, more amusing, more instructive and more credible is the following illustration of the inevitable ambiguities involved in accurate language. One gentleman observed to another:

"'I have a wife and six children in New York, and I never saw one of them.'

"'Were you ever blind?'

"'Oh, no,' replied the other.

"A further lapse of time, and then the interrogator resumed the subject.

"'Did I understand you to say that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and you had never seen one of them?'

"'Yes, such is the fact.'

"Here followed a still longer pause in the conversation, when the interrogator, fairly puzzled said:

"'How can it be that you never saw one of them?

"'Why,' was the answer, 'one of them was born after I left.'"—*Once a Week.*

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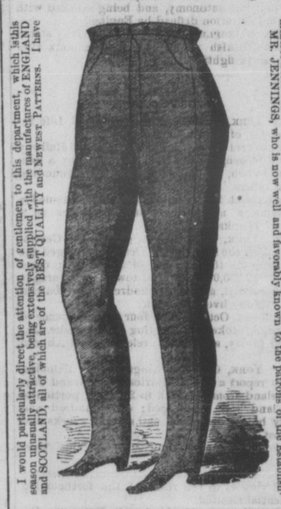
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