The Calf That Went To

School.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

with sun-browned cheeks and flaxen

Stood in a row, one day, at school,

And each obeyed the teacher's rule.

Bright eyes were on their open books.

Sent fragrant breezes through the room.

Outside, the sunny orchard nooks

To whisper of the summer's bloom.

The morning lesson neared its close,

When "tap, tap, tap," upon the floor

Had chanced the children there to spy,

Made every eye turn to the door.

A little calf that wandered by

A busy hum of voices rose,

A dozen little boys and girls,

ennis! ts! Croquet

fay 18 1892

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ld low to close WS STORE

> And trotted in to join the class, Much to the joy of lad and lass. Their A B, ab, and B A, ba, It heard and solemnly did say Baa! Baa!' then scampered to

And never since in school has been. Those girls and boys soon learned to spell And read and write; but who can tell How great that little calf became? It may be, now, a cow of fame! Or was that " Baa!" all that it knew? I think it must have been. Don't you? Selected.

Not Too Late.

BY JULIA D. PECK.

"I hope you will finish my new dress today, mamma," Edith Horton said, as she stood with one hand on the door knoh and a strap of schoolbooks in the other. Very pretty she looked in her fresh gingham dress, with the colour of health in her cheeks. Mrs. Horton sighed. She was a thin, careworn little woman, and looked pale and tired.

"I am afraid I shall not be able to finish your dress, Edith," she said, "for I promised Mrs. Crine I would send May's dress home today, and the pain in my side is worse than usual." "Oh, mamma! I must have it to

wear to Sue Cutler's lawn party tomorrow." said Edith. "My white dress I have worn so much I am tired of it; and I want to look as pretty as possible, for Sue's cousins from New York are to be there, and I do not want to have Sue feel ashamed of her friends."

"I think, dear, your white dress looks well enough," said Mrs. Horton. "It will take me three or four hours to finish May's dress, and I hardly feel able to sit up. If I should get sick I don't know what would become

"You are not going to get sick, Mamma Horton! Don't think of such a thing?" said Edith, kissing her mother's pale cheek. "This is my last year at school, you know, and then I am going to teach, and earn ever so much money. I shall not allow you to do any more sewing then. I shall work for you. You must put a mustard plaster on your side, and it will feel better, I am sure. I will hurry home after school, and help finish my dress. I am so glad vacation begins to morrow. I am tired of the hot schoolroom, and those tiresome old books. There comes Sue! Good-bye, dearie!' and with another kiss Edith hurried out of the house to join her school friend.

When school closed there were "good-byes" to be said, and last things to talk over, and Edith seemed in no hurry to go home.

"Can you go around to Clapp's Corner with me for lilies?" asked Sua Cutler, as they were starting homestand on the porch.

I would help her with some sewing, have got the best mother in the world ?"

other day, your mother is killing herself sewing," said Sue. "And really I stay with us until you are strong again, noticed it several times lately."

mind her own business! Mamma is hand again-never, if I can help it. I sionary part to you for your poor chilwell enough, only a little tired. Mr. have learned, dear mamma, that you dren, to feed them all summer, you Jackson has promised me a position as are dearer to me-a thousand times say? If you are one of God's children, soon as I graduate, and then she will dearer—than fine clothes, good times, I must be kind to you. It must be have time to rest. Oh, what a quanti- or even an education. After this you awful to be so hungry," she said in ties of lilies! How very lovely they are to come first, and other things such a silvery little voice, the man are!"

The girls gathered their arms full of the graceful flowers, and started home- for you than I can ever do. He should out her pennies, dimes, and nickles, wards, but Edith was very quiet.

"Why! there is Dr. Ferry's gig at | gently. our door!" she exclaimed, as they ! came in sight of the house. She hurried up the walk, a sudden fear in her trust him since you were so sick; and father: 'I have sinned, and am no heart. She met the doctor in the hall now I want to do what will please more worthy to be called thy son. -he looked very grave.

leaning against the door. Her voice give myself." trembled and her face was white.

"Your mother is very ill," said the eyes, but they were tears of joy. distressed look on the girl's face, "I' mean to be unkind."

hope, with perfect rest and good nurs-

Hannah came out, closing the door enough to buy them. Even then you carefully behind her. She drew Edith | shall have the best." into another room.

be better.'

"She won't be any better!" said acter. It needed only the crucible to Edith. "I've killed her! Everybody | burn the dross." could see she was working too hardeverybody but me. She said this morning she did not feel able to sit up, but I told her I must have my dress to wear to a party tomorrow. And then. after school, I went off after lilies, and left her alone to die. How did you happen to come, Aunt Hannah?"

"I was going to the village, and called in to seeyour mother, and found her unconscious. I've told her for a long time she was working beyond her strength, and all because you wanted to dress, and have things like the giris of the rich men when you associate

"What I said to her didn't do her any good; and I suppose she was about as much to blame as you; but it did seem strange that you—a great, strong girl-would let your mother slave so for you. But don't take on so ; it may not be too late to show your mother and other people that you are not so selfish as you seemed. I suppose you did the housework and all you could to help her, out of school? You may make some tea and get a little supper so we shall have strength to watch

Edith lifted her white face and look ed at her aunt.

"Aunt Hannah," she said, "I don't know how to do anything. Mother doll, fifty for wool for grandma's "surdid it all. I did not like to do housework, because it would make my hands rough and brown, I don't know how to make a cup of tea. Oh, Aunt Hannah! If you only will let me go in and tell mamma I did not mean to kill her-"

The lines on Aunt Hannah's face

"Edith," she said, "if you want to have your mother get well, so you can prove that you love her, you must calm yourself. I think God will let her live-we will all pray that it may be his will, but we must do all we can dying wife." ourselves; and if you want to help, you must control yourself. Perhaps you may look in and see her before you go to bed.

"Come, and I will show you how girl, and help all you can."

learned many things not taught at whined. school. She learned what a thoughtless, selfish girl she had been, when she had believed herself a loving and dutiful daughter.

Horton was dressed and sat by the lets you go hungry? Do you love window, and drinking in the baauty of Him and ask Him for daily bread!" the outside world.

"How good God is to me," she ward. "I want a big pitcher full to said. "I thought I should never be well again; but now my strength is "Yes," said Edith, "It will not coming back, and I feel, as never bebe much farther. I promised mamma fore, how kind, how good, he has been! her purse. His breath was very bad, I shall soon be able totake up my sewbut she will be sure to have it finished | ing again, I hope. Poor Edith, you | was sick; but it was only a whiskey -she always does. Do you know I have had a hard time! When does breath. Nellie's sweet face grew very your school begin?"

" Next week, mamma," said Edith, "Mrs. Drake told my mother, the stooping to kiss her mother's forehead; "and Aunt Hannah has offered to think she looks miserably. I have or else I should not leave you. I am ached. I wanted to give my grandma "Mrs. Drake is an old gossip," said work, so that I can earn some money. a doll myself—the rest is for poor been bald for several years. It is the Edith, sharply. "I wish she would You are not to take a needle in your people. I will give all but the misafterwards."

doctor. "She has worked beyond her "Dear daughter," she said, " you

strength, and seems completely ex- must not blame yourself too much. It dimes rained into Nellie's lap, and the hausted; but," he added, in pity at the was partly may fault. You did not man fled through the bushes.

listen. But I am going to be different Edith hurried upstairs, sobbing con- -I am different. I do not care what vulsively, though her eyes were dry. the other girls wear or what they and said: "He knew you were a Before she reached the door of her think. I shall wear plain clothes and King's Daughter. mother's room, it opened, and Aunt do without luxuries until I can earn

"Well," said Aunt Hannah, looking "Hush, child !" she said. "Your up from her sewing, as Edith slipped filth of tobacco, which is one of the mother has fallen asleep, and that will out of the room, "from what I have do her more good than medicine. You seen in the last few weeks, I have made the ferry to the railway station, can't go in to see her unless you can up my mind that there is much more noticed a decent woman who tried in control yourself. Mrs. Brown and I to your daughter, Jane, than we've vain to escape the volly of tobaccoare going to take care of her to-night, given her credit for. Edith is going to juice discharged by ungentlemanly of eminent doctors and pharmacists. and perhaps in the morning she will make a grand woman one of these passengers who used the fresh straw on No other pill so well supplies the days. There is good gold in her char-

Nellie's Tramp.

BY A. L. NOBLE.

Nellie had the grippe in February, and did not get strong till spring, when her mother took her to the country. Then, though she looked better, her plump legs used to fail her, and her mother had to carry her like a baby. One day they crossed the river to a pretty nook in the

woods and rested. "Mamma," asked Nellie, "can I be a King's Daughter when we go home ?"

"You are one now, dear, if you love your Saviour.' "Yes, but I would like alittle silver

cross to prove it to other people." "Oh, my child, don't think you ever can prove your love by anything outside of you. A King's Daughter in rags would be a princess; and a beg-

gar in a gold crown would be nothing but a beggar. Still, you may have a silver cross, if you want one, Nellie." By and by Nellie wished she bad a doll, and her mother went back to the house for it and some lunch. When she had gone, Nellie took out her pretty purse, and counted her money. She had ten cents for a new china prise shawl," fifty for her charity chil-

birthday top for her brother Tom. She had been all winter saving it. "Halloo, sis! you are rich, hain't MARY L. DICKINSON.

dren, thirty for her next month's

spending-money, and twenty for a

A ragged, great tramp squatted on a log at her side, grinning at her viciously. Nellie shrank back when he if in distress, and saying: "I am so avoids. If a man avoids the company sick, and starving, too. I have got a of gamblers, saloon bummers, profane lot of hungry children home-and a swearers, and scoffers at sacred things,

minutes, and she will have something if a man avoids the company of the to eat," said Nellie, shocked at his sober, the industrious, the religious,

to make some tea, and then I must go two, I could buy victuals enough to the kind of man he is, written so plain back and send Mrs. Brown down for keep my young ones all summer. You that he who runs may read. her supper. There—that is right! I ought to see 'em, cold and 'most believe you are going to be a brave naked, crying for a bone even," said the great brute, who had just flung Those were weary days and weeks away good food given him by a farmer's that followed, but in them Edith wife. "You never go hungry," he

"No, I am a King's Daughter."

"A what !" "I belong to my Father in heaven. You do, I suppose, too. He takes There came a day at last when Mrs, good care of me. I wonder why He

> The man scowled and muttered. "Mamma says the poor and miserable are our brothers and sisters.

suppose your poor children are mine.' "Jes' so," grunted the man, eyeing but Nellie thought it was because he pocket-book.

"I have been sick thirteen weeks, and saved all this, taking bitter medicine and trying to be good when I so glad! For I am eager to get to a shawl and Tom a present, and have was either ashamed or afraid, for he "There is one who has done more shrank away from her. She counted come first, Edith," said her mother, and put them in his dirty hand; then, looking in his face close to her own in-"I know it, mamma," Edith ans nocent one, she said: "You better wered. "I have learned to love and tell God what the son said to his him. I have been such a thoughtless, The father forgave him, and he was all "Is mamma sick?" asked Edith, selfish girl, all my life, I cannot for in rags as you are. God can help you from pain. and send food to your little children There were tears in Mrs. Horton's I can't help you much, but I am sorry for you."

Suddenly all the cents, nickels, and

"But I was, mamma, and my con- to a doctor, perhaps," thought Nellie; ing, she may rally. I will come in science told me so, only I tried not to "but why did he drop all the money?"

Nellie's mother guessed, but she trembled when she heard the story.

Tobacco and Boys.

world's dirtiest tyrants. Riding from every side of her as a spittoon.

"But I smoke like a gentleman," says a boy at my elbow. Ah yes! and if you could only continue to smoke like a gentleman, it might not be so bad; but the moment you thrust into your little sister's face, lips that smell of tobacco, to give her your brotherly kiss; the moment when you are uneasy after dinner, and have to leave wife, or mother, or friend, till you have had your smoke; the hour when you are cross, and nervous, and uneasy, because you failed to get your cigar at the accustomed time, you have ceased to "smoke like a gentleman," and are smoking like a slave.

A gentleman cultivates no habit that cannot be laid sside if the happiness and comfort of others demand it, and every gentleman prides himself on holding in his own hands the reins of personal control. When tobacco cannot be resisted, a man falls to the position of a servant to a very poor master indeed. The only way to keep free from this dominion, too, is to let it utterly alone. It stunts the growth, my narrow-chested, spindle-legged boy, who would be glad to believe you would grow, by-and-by, into the fine proportion of a man. And if it did nothing but prevent that growth, the manliness in you would scorn anything that would do that. It takes not only the energy from the nerves and the vigor from the limbs, but the brightness from the eye and the sweetness from the breath; and if you don't care for these things now, by-and-by, when some sweet girl turns away her head while you talk to her, you will find yourself wishing you had cared .-

"A Man is Known by the company he keeps." Yes, and he is often put his hand to his side, groaning as better known by the company he we are pretty well assured as to the "Mamma will be back in ten kind of man he is. On the other hand, the prayer meeting, and the public "I can't wait. If I had a dollar or | meant of grace, it is an indication of

Edited by C. E. BLACK,-- ST. JOHN, N. B. Devoted to

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Owing to unavoidable circumstances the Y. P. P. could not be prepared for this week

C. E. BLACK.

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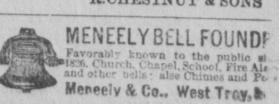
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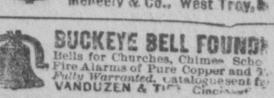
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