

A Wonderful Pair of Glasses.

Gottlieb Schmitz, so the Germans say, invented some glasses one summer day. Of a wondrous pattern, unknown before; They were aids to sight, as in the days of yore;

But, the strangest thing, and you'll own it was queer, Enabled their owner to think and to hear.

To think and to hear and to see; but alas! Some fatal spell had induced the glass; Its lines were warped; 'neath the circling blue

Distorted images met his view, And the sounds that he heard, whether mirth or joy, Were blended with sorrow, like base alloy.

Nothing was beautiful quite, it seemed. The very sunset that flushed and gleamed On the western hilltop, was out of line. In the moaning music of wind and pine, And e'en in the song of the happiest bird, Were chilling discords that Gottlieb heard.

And, sadder of all, it transformed his mind; He was harsh in his judgment of all mankind,

To truth and beauty each day more blind, Till he broke the glasses in sudden ire, But visions no longer would change at desire;

The magic lens he had worn too long— Each line was deflected, each angle wrong; And dissonant still was the lark's glad song.

Is the story a true one? I cannot say. I only know, should you come our way, In street or market you'd surely find Legions of men who are deaf and blind To the light and beauty, and love and joy Of un-fish lives. And there's many a boy,

And I'm loth to confess, but I fear some— I see, Unconsciously looked through Gottlieb's glasses

—SOPHIE E. EASTMAN in Independent.

Take Care.

BY J. A. R.

Slam, bang, went the door, and we saw no more of our naughty little girl till dinner time.

"Your naughty little girl?" "Yes, at times, Susan was very naughty, for on even very slight provocation, she gave way to fits of temper that made her very unlovely."

Being an only child her displays of anger did little real harm to any one at home, but in school her conduct had a very bad influence upon the other pupils. Sometimes she would whisper during a recitation, which being quite contrary to the rule she was sent to her seat. Or, she would miss her lesson, and instead of being sorry and feeling mortified, she would mutter, throw down her book, bang her desk lid, without the least regard to the quiet of the school room, or the comfort of those about her. Of course, at times, and to tell the truth a good deal of the time, Susan was pleasant and obedient, yet these attacks of temper were growing so rapidly in frequency and violence, that those associated with her were beginning to consider her a decidedly undesirable companion. To endeavor to talk calmly with her, at such times, was about as useless as trying to arrest a cyclone's blowing and whirling.

One day Susan came running in from school in great glee; she greeted her mother rapturously, throwing her arms about her neck and kissing her again and again. Then came a request.

"Please, mamma, may I go skating this afternoon with the rest?"

"Where do you wish to go, and who are the 'rest,' my dear?" asked her mother.

"We are going just down to Hal-sey's pond," and then several boys and girls were named as forming the proposed party.

"My daughter, that is quite too far for you to walk, and I have time and again forbidden you to associate with some of those children; you cannot go."

Then Susan lost all control of herself—she cried and she sobbed, and in her severe disappointment she allowed herself to be very rude and disrespectful to her kind mother, who would not willingly have denied her any real pleasure.

Before the storm of passion had entirely subsided, a visitor was announced, or rather, being an intimate friend of Mrs. Brown, she announced herself by entering the pleasant sitting-room without ceremony. Susan rose to leave but her mother said quietly, although with more than usual firmness:

"Sit down, Susan," and under the circumstance Susan thought best to obey.

The ladies had been chatting together only a little while, when Mrs. Brown exclaimed, somewhat suddenly:

"Do tell me, Henrietta, have you heard anything lately about our old friend, Mary Warner—Mrs. Moffat, I believe she is now? I dreamed about her last night, and cannot rid my mind of her to-day."

"Yes, I heard something about her last week—something very sad indeed—she has gone to an insane asylum!"

"Mary Warner insane! it seems so short a time since we were all school girls together, and none gayer or more attractive than she; is it possible that beautiful woman, so young and gifted, is imprisoned with lunatics?"

"Her features are still faultless and her form is graceful as ever, but she can now hardly be called 'beautiful.' You remember her terrible temper, do you not, Eleanor? How she used to rave and storm about when she could not have things her own way! You've not forgotten the time poor Mademoiselle was nearly frightened to death at the way Mary flew at her, because she had reported a failure. And what do you think? Only yesterday the Warner's family physician told me he believed Mrs. Moffat's insanity had its origin in an ungovernable temper, which has become ungovernable; he notices that her attacks can always be traced to ill-humor about some trivial matter, which grows upon her until she has no more control over her passion than one who has inherited insanity in its most violent form. This is not the first time she has been in an asylum—she spent three months there and returned home apparently as rational as ever, but a few weeks ago, finding herself unable to carry out some cherished plan, she became so violent that her husband was obliged to have her removed again to a place of safety."

"How terrible this is!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "I remember, only two well, the circumstances to which you refer, and recall many proofs of Mary's high temper when she was quite a little girl, but I can scarcely believe it has come to this."

"I am afraid," replied the visitor, quite unconscious of implied reproach, "that in this case the mother was as much to blame as the daughter. When Mary fell and broke her arm, during calisthenic exercises, the broken limb received at once every possible attention—had the terrible temper been broken in childhood the poor woman might have been spared this sad, sad fate."

All this time Susan had been sitting by the window, apparently intent upon what was passing on the street, but no sooner had her mother's friend quitted the room than she rushed frantically towards her and sinking upon her mother's floor, with her head upon her mother's, exclaimed pitifully:

"O, mamma, save me, save me!"

Mrs. Brown raised the drooping little form and tried every means known to a loving mother's heart to quiet the distressed child, but it was a long time before she became calm enough to answer the anxious questions:

"Save you from what?" my little darling?

"From—my—terrible—wicked—temper," sobbed Susan; "Oh! don't let it grow worse as I grow older, until I cannot be good even when I want to be. Punish me any way, mamma, that you think best, only don't let me grow crazy and be sent to the asylum; it is too dreadful to think of having to be sent away from home for being naughty." And again the poor girl gave way to a paroxysm of grief and alarm.

It was not until after a great deal of soothing, followed by much loving counsel and a night's rest, that Susan could feel at all comfortable. Months and years elapsed before the quick, irritable, violent temper was subdued, but the young girl never forgot the history of her mother's school-mate, rehearsed so opportunely in her hearing, and whenever she felt inclined to yield to her old enemy, a look from her mother or teacher would quiet her at once, so that before her own school days were finished our once "naughty little girl" had become a general favorite.

Children, this is a "true story." I would be sorry to have you as badly frightened as Susan Brown was, but if any of you, like her, sometimes get very angry, and say and do things for which you ought to be sorry, I feel that, as your true friend, I must say to you once more, and very seriously—take care.—The Presbyterian.

Flo's Influence.

BY JENNIE WHITE.

"Oh dear!" said Flo. "I do wish I had influence enough to keep everybody from drinking beer and whiskey and all that sort of stuff."

"Don't you think, my dear," said Aunt Mary, "that instead of wishing for more influence it would be a good plan to use what you have?"

"I suppose it would; but, auntie, I have so little it always seemed useless to try to do anything."

"Perhaps you have more than you think for; at any rate the parable of the talents and pounds holds good in every case. To him that uses well that which he has, more shall be given, you know."

Flo had just come in from a temperance meeting, and was full of enthu-

siasm on the subject, so that Aunt Mary's words fell upon good ground and took root.

"I believe I'll do as auntie said," thought she as she went off to bed. "I'll use the influence I have, and I'll begin at the very first opportunity, too."

Now, it is usually the case that when people want opportunities they find them without much effort or delay, and so it was with Flo.

A few days after her conversation with her aunt, a party of young people—Flo among them—arranged to have a picnic at "The Caves," a wild, picturesque spot about fifteen miles from Flo's home. They drove out in two light express wagons with double teams, carrying their dinner and supper with them, intending to take the evening for the drive home.

It was a very merry party, that set off at eight o'clock that June morning, and a very hungry one that dismounted at the caves three hours later, and a vote resulted unanimously in favor of disposing of dinner before anything further was thought of. So while the boys un hitched the horses and made them comfortable in the shade with plenty of hay and fresh water, the girls busied themselves unpacking the dinner-basket and spreading the tablecloth and eatables on the grass.

And now came the opportunity Flo had been waiting for. Thrusting her hand back under the seat of one of the wagons to make sure that everything had been taken out, she gave an exclamation of surprise and drew forth a bottle of wine.

Summoning all her resolution, she turned toward the young man who had just come up, and asked:

"Whose is this?" holding the bottle up to view.

"Oh," said Harry Wright, who had just returned from college to spend his vacation at home, "that is my contribution to the feast."

"Well," said Flo, with rising color, "I am going to ask you to take it home again unopened, if you please."

"Why, what for?" and there was the hint of a sneer in his tone as he added, "I hope, Flo, you are not a fanatic on temperance?"

Flo's blood was up now, and looking unflinchingly into the young man's eyes she replied quietly, but with decision:

"You may call me what you please, but I am determined that I will not only never touch such vile stuff myself, but that no one else shall ever drink it in my presence if I can help it. I may not have much influence, but what little I have shall be on the side of temperance always."

"You're right, Miss Flo," heartily responded Will Gregg, who was a college friend of Harry's, and was visiting him, "and if all the girls would take as firm a stand as you have, it would help us boys more than they know."

Harry stood a moment irresolutely, then taking the rest of the bottles from under the seat, he handed them all over to Flo, saying:

"You shall do what you like with them."

"Thank you," said Flo, simply, and taking the bottles to the edge of the cliffs, she hurled them one after another into the depths of the ravine below. "And now we are ready for dinner," she said as she came back smiling.

"Oh, Flo," whispered Alice Wright, as the two girls stood together afterward, "I can't tell you how glad I am you did just as you did. We have been worried all about Harry lately, and you have so much influence with him."

"Have I?" said Flo, astonished. "I didn't suppose I had much influence with any one."

"Indeed you have, answered Alice, squeezing her hand.

They had counted upon the long twilight for the drive home, but soon after they started a sudden storm came up, and dense darkness fell rapidly about them; the road was rough and treacherous, and the flash of the lightning only served to frighten the horses and increase the danger, but cool heads and steady nerves were in charge and they reached home in safety.

But more than one of their number thought with thankfulness of those broken bottles at the bottom of the ravine, and wondered how they would have fared if it had not been for Flo's influence.

"You see," said Fred, Flo's brother, when they talked it over afterward, "I didn't intend to drink any of it myself, and I didn't think Harry ought to take it along, but I didn't have the nerve to say so when he put it in there. I tell you I felt pretty sneaking when you stood right up to it that way, sis, but I was awful proud of you too, and after this you can count on me every time if you'll just back me up a little."

"And to think," thought Flo, with shining eyes, after Fred had gone, "I never once thought of the influence I

might have right here at home over my own brother!"

But the matter did not end there, for the picnic episode got noised about among the young people of the town, and as a result of Flo's stand on that occasion the temperance question was brought before them as it had never been before, their interest was awakened, and before Harry Wright and Will Gregg went back to college they had pledged themselves to drink no intoxicating liquors, along with a number of other young men and boys, while a flourishing temperance society had been organized in which Flo and Fred and Alice Wright were leading spirits.

"You were exactly right, auntie," said Flo to aunt Mary, recalling a previous conversation. "I'll never again wish for more influence, but will pray that I may rightly see what I have."—Temperance Banner.

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The Mystery Solved.—No. 34.—

No. 176.—Norman.

No. 177.—Antinomianism.

No. 178.—1. "The zeal of thine house hath eaten thee up."

2. "The days of thy mourning shall be ended."

3. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

4. "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching."

5. "I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

6. "Son thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine."

The Mystery.—No. 37.—

No. 189.—PI PUZZLE.

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No. 190.—DROP LETTER.

b-o-t-a-w-i-h-s-v-l.

No. 191.—DIAMOND.

A letter from home.

A kind of sled.

A scripture command.

A boy's nickname.

Found in Rome.

No. 192.—CHARADE.

My first is used in conjunction with my whole;

My second is used for connecting;

My whole is for coupling two of my first for work.

No. 193.—DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead to whirl and have a fastener.

2. Behead a briar, and have part of an animal.

3. Behead a much used article of apparel, and have an article now much used.

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