

The Voyage of Youth.

BY V. G. RAMSEY.

In the golden morn, on the quiet stream That through the green meadows lay, Youth sat like a queen in her royal barge; And her face was fair as the day.

Over her head the blooming palms Shook down their tresses of gold; And under her keel, with murmur and smile, The silvery current rolled.

The air was stirred by the wings of birds— Bright birds of many a hue— Which sang as they poised mid the shimmering leaves, Or as lightly they brushed the dew.

Sweet odors were round them from meadows and fields, From vineyards and orchards abloom; And the far-off isles of tropical seas Sent her spicy and rich perfume.

In her hand she gathered the lilies white, Those fragrant ivory bowls Which the amorous sun had filled with wine— "The wine that is made for souls."

And she sang, as she floated adown the stream, "Dear world, thou art bright and fair; And life is sweet! Oh, what do they mean Who talk of its toil and care?"

And the stream rolled on. The meadows fade; The palm-trees are seen no more; The waters rush through a barren land With a stern and rock-bound shore.

And Youth, dismayed at the dreary scene, At the dark and storm-swept sky, Beholds that the roses have fled from her cheeks And the light from her faded eye.

And she cries in terror, "Oh, take me back Back to the flowery shore!" But the stream rolls on, and she hears afar The cataract's sullen roar.

Nearer and nearer! Oh, what shall she do In this certain and awful hour? Ah, she sees the Face of infinite love And the Arm of infinite power!

Lo, a vista opens beyond the gulf! There's light on the distant strand, Where Youth shall dwell immortal prime In a fair and peaceful land.

Mabel's Day of Wrath

Mabel Stone sat very straight in the Sunday-school class listening intently to the superintendent's remarks. Mr. Harding had seen two of his boys engaged in a rough and tumble argument (to the detriment of their Sunday clothes) before the school opened, and knew by their glowering looks that they intended to have it out with each other as soon as the restraint of their surroundings was removed. So he chose this text: "He that hateth his brother is a murderer."

He spoke earnestly of the sad results of allowing a hasty temper to rule one's actions, and told them of the sorrow they laid up for themselves when they allowed their passion full sway. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath"—children, always remember this command.

"Dear me," thought Mabel, "how shamed Harry Green and Will Todd must feel, and they're not the only ones either." She gazed about, and ignoring her own fiery temper, was so busily engaged in fitting the cap upon her neighbors' heads, that she quite lost the superintendent's closing words.

"Let those who think they stand, take heed lest they fall." It is so easy to get angry, but so difficult often to repair the effects of that anger. Mabel went serenely home, and considered herself very self-sacrificing when she went to carry a glass of jelly to her mother's sick friend.

As she came home in the late afternoon, she met Harry Green with his dearly-loved little dog 'Nip' at his heels. "Did you and Will fight again?" she asked, opening the conversation, unfortunately, as it proved.

"No; we didn't," Harry answered shortly. "I'd be so shamed to fight on Sunday and be called a murderer," Mabel went on, wiping the dust off her new shoes with her handkerchief, and missing Harry's cross look. "I felt so sorry for you."

"You needn't," Harry's voice was crosser still. "You'd better be sorry for your own nasty temper; you need Mr. Harding's advice more'n I do." "Why, Harry Green! I—" "I saw you slap Minnie Todd the other day, and she's littler'n you, too."

him with all her force. His strength was far greater than the little girl's, but he was totally unprepared for the shock, and down he went.

When Mabel's frantic rage passed, she saw a confused heap in the road, of which Harry's dusty face and Nip's hind legs kicking convulsively were the main features. She had only a glimpse, for a more dreadful sight caught her eye. The sun, like a great blood-red ball, at that moment sank behind the low hills. The sun had gone down upon her wrath.

Without a word she turned and fled. She reached home hot and breathless, and amazed the family all evening by her unwonted docility, which was half penitence and half fear.

Her good behavior continued, and she was gathering some flowers for the breakfast table next morning, when she heard boys' voices.

"He didn't live an hour." She recognized George Graham's voice, but could not see him over the hedge. "Mrs. Green did everything, but twasn't any use. His head hit on a stone in the road, and the blood came right out of his eyes and his nose."

"And his ears too!" that was Tommy Clark's voice. "That wicked Mabel Stone."

"Hateful thing!" George said savagely. "She's a sure enough murderer," Tommy's shrill voice piped out. "She ought to be sent to jail. Mrs. Green said he looked up so pitiful."

They were at the end of the hedge now, and Mabel could only catch occasional words—"bury"—"afternoon"—"funeral." Their voices died away, but Mabel had heard enough.

"A murderer!" she gasped. "I killed Harry when I pushed him down! I'll have to go to jail in handcuffs, like Jo King. I'll be hung—and God won't let me go to heaven afterwards. Oh, mamma, mamma!" She clasped her slender throat with both hands, and started toward the house; then stopped.

"Mamma mustn't know. She said when Jo King stole the watch, 'twould kill her if one of her children was a thief, and I'm a murderer. Oh, why did I let the sun go down on my wrath? I must run 'way off where no one ever will find me," she moaned amid her stifled sobs.

She crept up the back stairs, such a forlorn little figure that the hardest heart must have pitied her, and went into her pretty room for her clothes. Then began a bitter struggle. Her beloved paper dolls went in first. The little album of family pictures—she must have her mamma's picture when she could not see her dear face any more. She could not leave her Christmas doll, and when that was queezed in, Mabel found, to her dismay, the bag was full.

"Never mind. If I live in the woods, I don't want any clean aprons," she sobbed, "and I b'lieve I'll die in a few days any way, without mamma."

She ran down-stairs, and out through the orchard without detection. Her destination was an old straw-stack, a little out of town, into which cattle had eaten cavernous holes. She could creep in there and hide her guilt and shame.

She reached the road, running breathlessly, when she was frightened almost to death by a startling figure—that of the boy whom she supposed dead by her hand. She gave an ear-splitting shriek, when a voice issued from the figure.

"Hush up your yelling! Do you s'pose I'd hit a girl? You deserve it, though."

Mabel was slightly reassured. She did not believe Harry's ghost would speak so roughly, although Harry was never a polite boy. She looked again, and her assurance grew. A ghost couldn't have such a freckled nose, and patches on his shoes and elbows.

"Didn't I kill you, Harry?" she questioned, eagerly. "Whose ears did the blood come out of? Who looked up so pitiful? Whose funeral is going to be this afternoon?"

"Poor little Nip's. You're a wicked girl, Mabel Stone. You pushed me right on to him, and his head was smashed on a stone. I'm so lonesome."

"I'll make a lovely wreath for the funeral, Harry, and I'll never, never, be so naughty again."

Perhaps the wistful look in the tearful eyes influenced him; whatever it was, Harry forgave her handsomely. They sat in the dust, side by side, till their grievances were settled. Then he carried her bag, and they trudged home to a late breakfast and an anxious family.

Mabel has never forgotten the lesson learned in the agony of that dreadful morning, and keeps strictly to the admonition of the illuminated text her mother hung above her bed: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."—JOSEPHINE T. HUNTER, in N. Y. Observer.

SUCCESS.

"I tell you, boys," said the school-master, "it doesn't depend half so much on special talent as on energy and ambition for success in life. You've got to work, work, work, and dig, dig, dig, right at a thing, if you are going to succeed. If you have a special talent, all the better; but the finest talent in the world will not amount to much without invincible energy and industry along the line in which your talent leads."

There were two boys at school together. One could draw and caricature everything; the other could not. But one day one twitted the other:

"You couldn't draw a cow so it could be told from the side of a house."

"I can," said Morgan Gray.

"Let's see!" cried Elliot Mandall. "O, such a cow! Is it a cow? or a horse? or a dog? or a cat? or the side of a house? See boys! See this cow! Ha! ha! Morgan Gray's cow! O, boys, this is too killing. Ho! ho! ha! ha! My kingdom for a cow!"

"He didn't mean to be cruel, but he could take a pencil and switch off a cow, or any other creature, in a minute."

"I can, and I will—some day," said Morgan Gray; and from that moment though with no special genius (except for labor), he worked in that direction, until to-day he is one of our leading artists.

"He just went right into the work. He studied anatomy to get the right direction of veins and muscles—all for his work. He would sit for hours before a glass, distorting his face in various ways, and then trying to get the lines on paper, as he struggled for some particular facial expression. It was solid, hard work for him but he succeeded."

"One other thing, boys; don't divide your energies. Decide on what you want to do, and then do that one thing. Don't dabble in half a dozen lines, trying this and trying that. Where is Elliott Mandall to-day? Dilly-dallying between literature, art, and music—able to do a little in each, but not much in any one."

"Now, boys, you are going home for the holidays; many of you will not return, but will go into the world to succeed or fail, according as you work. Use the talent God has given you. Decide on what you want to do or become. Make your mark, then aim for it. Concentrate your energy. But above all, be not discouraged, but persevere, and surely success of the best kind will attend you, for you will have done the best of which you are capable. And the Lord asks no more, neither any less, of any man."—Selected

For the Scrap Book.

January was named after Janus, a Roman deity, who, being double-faced, was presumed to look into the old year and the new.

February is derived from februe, to purify or cleanse. It was not in the calendar of Romulus, but was added to the year by Numa.

March was named by Romulus in honor of his supposed father, Mars, the God of War.

order of months, it still retains its ancient appellation.

October, the eighth month of the old Roman calendar, derived its name from octo, eight, and imber, a shower of rain.

November was derived from novem, nine, and imber, a shower of rain.

December, as its name implies, was the tenth month of the calendar of Romulus, and still retains the name assigned to it, though its numerical order is changed.

THE PUZZLE COLUMN arrived too late for publication this week.

A Trade for Boys.

If I had my way I would insist that every boy should learn a trade, writes Foster Coates in the Ladies' Home Journal. It was so in the olden times, and it should be so now. The man who has a trade is a thousand times better equipped than the man who has none. Let every boy select the trade that best suits his ability, and promises the highest honors and remuneration. When he has mastered his trade, if he dislikes it, or it is not profitable, he can begin to study a profession, or enter upon a commercial life. If he should fail in both of these he is still master of a good trade—something that no one can take from him, no matter what exigencies may arise. The man who is master of a good trade is as independent as a millionaire. He need never want; he can find profitable work in any corner of the world. I do not say one word against a professional career. But I do say emphatically that the man who has a trade and a profession as well, need have no fear of the future. The boy who wants to can master a trade between the years of sixteen and twenty, and if he dislikes it, he still has time to study medicine, the law, or any other of the learned professions. But if he waits until he is twenty, or over, he may not have an opportunity or feel inclined to learn either.

CORN BREAD.—To a half pint sweet skim milk add the same quantity of thick sour cream, two well beaten eggs, a tablespoonful shortening, salt to taste, and meal till it is a thin batter. Last of all, add a half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water. Bake in well greased patty pans or muffin rings.

FRIED APPLES.—Peel and core nice tart apples. Then slice them transversely and fry each slice in butter or nice drippings, turning when brown on one side to the other. When done take up on a dish, sprinkle a little sugar over. It takes time to make a large dishful, but the results justify the outlay.

Those who use kerosene for illuminating purposes will find it will pay to have lamps occasionally emptied, washed thoroughly, and the burners polished and furnished with fresh wicks.

TAPIoca CREAM.—Cover two tablespoonfuls of tapioca with milk, and soak until it is soft. Add the beaten yolks of three eggs, sugar to taste, flavoring also, and a quart of boiling milk. Let it boil a half minute, pour into a dish, spread over the beaten whites, and set in the ice box. To be eaten cold.

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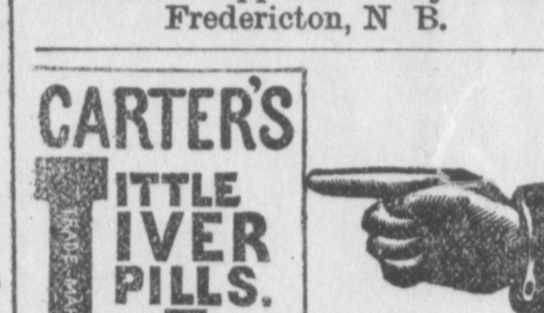
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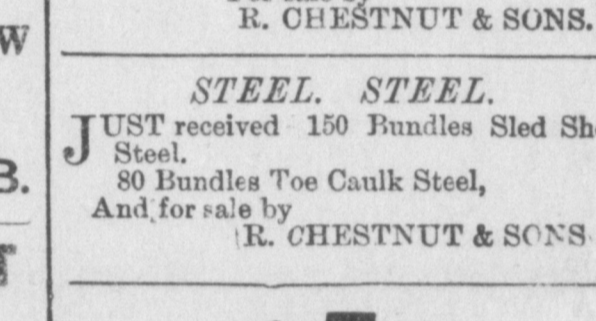
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