

How He Wakened Grandmother.

Mamma said, "Little one, go and see if grandmother's ready to come to tea." I knew I mustn't disturb her, so I stepped as gently as I could, and stood a moment to take a peep—And there was grandmother fast asleep.

I knew it was time for her to wake; I thought I'd give her a little shake, Or tap at the door, or softly call; But I hadn't the heart for that at all—She looked so sweet and quiet there Lying back in her high arm chair, With her dear white hair, and a little smile That means she's loving you all the while.

I didn't make a speck of noise; I knew she was dreaming of little boys And girls who lived with her long ago, And then went to heaven—she had told me so.

I went up close and I didn't speak One word, but I gave her on the cheek The softest bit of a little kiss, Just in a whisper, and then said this: "Grandma, dear, it's time for tea."

She opened her eyes and looked at me And said, "Why pet, I just now dreamed Of a little angel who came and seemed To kiss me lovingly on my face"—She pointed right at the very place. I never told her 'twas only me, I took her hand and went to tea.

—Sydney Dayre.

Waiting for the Grist.

'It is strange,' said a gentleman who sat next to me in a car, and with whom I had struck up quite an acquaintance, 'what an influence a look, a word, or the little act of a perfect stranger, will sometimes have upon a person.'

'Yes,' said I, 'more than any of us realize.'

'It was the simple act of a stranger that changed the whole course of my life.'

'Indeed! How was that?'

'When I was a boy my father moved to Ohio. It was before the days of steam, and no great mills thundered on his river banks; but occasionally there was a little grist mill by the side of some small stream, and thither, whenever the water was up, the whole neighborhood flocked with their sacks of corn. 'First come, first served.' Sometimes we had to wait two or three days for our turn. I was the one usually sent from our house, for, while I was too small to be of much use on the farm, I was as good as a man to carry a grist to mill. So I was not at all surprised one morning when my father said, 'Henry, you get up old Roan and go to mill to day.' Saunders' mill was ten miles away, but I had made the trip so often that it did not seem far. I believe one becomes more attached to an old mill than to any other building. I can see just how it looked as it stood there under the sycamores, with its huge wheel and clapboard sides.

'When I arrived, I found the North Branch and the Rocky Fork folks there ahead of me, and I knew there was no hope of getting home that day; but I was not at all sorry, for my basket was well filled with provisions, and Mr. Saunders always opened his big barn for us to sleep in; so it was no unpleasant time we had while waiting for the grist. This time there was an addition to the number who had been from time to time in the habit of gathering in the old barn—a young man of about my own age, probably a little older. His name was Charley Allen, and his father had bought a farm over the Bush Creek road. He was sociable and friendly, but I instinctively felt that he had more 'manners' than the rest of us. The evening was spent as usual in relating coarse jokes and playing cards. Although I was not accustomed to such things at home, I had become so used to it at the mill that it had long ceased to shock me, and indeed I was fast becoming a very interested spectator.

'Well, boys, it is time for us fellows to go to roost,' said Jim Finley, one of the greatest roughs on the Rocky Fork, as he threw down his pack of cards and began to undress. We all followed his example, although it was not much undressing we did to sleep on the haymow; but we were so busy with our own affairs that we did not notice Charley Allen until Jim exclaimed, 'Heyday, we've got a parson here, we have!' Charley was kneeling by the oats bin, praying. Jim Finley's jest met with no response. The silence was only broken by the drowsy cackle below, and the sparrows overhead. More than one rough man wiped away a tear from his eye as he went silently to his bed on the hay. I had always been in the habit of praying at home, but I never thought of such a thing at Saunders' mill.

'As I lay awake that night in the old barn, thinking of Charley's courage and what effect it had upon the men, I firmly resolved that in the future I would do right. I little thought how soon my courage would be tested. Just after dinner I got my grist and started for home. When I

arrived at Albright's gate, where I turned off to go home, I found the old Squire waiting for me. I saw in a moment that something had gone wrong. I always stood in the greatest awe of the old gentleman, because he was the richest man in the neighborhood, and now I felt my heart beginning to beat very fast.

'As soon as I came near he said, 'Did you go through this gate yesterday?' I could have easily denied it, as it was before daylight when I went through, and I quite as often went the other way.' Charley Allen kneeling in the barn came to my mind like a flash, and before I had time to listen to the tempter I said, 'Yes, sir, I did.'

'Are you sure you shut and pinned the gate?' he asked.

'The question staggered me. I remembered distinctly that I did not. I could pull the pin out without getting off my horse, but could not put it back again; so I carelessly rode away, and left it open.'

'I—I—I—'

'Out with it! just tell me what you did.'

'I left it open,' I said abruptly.

'Well you let the cattle in and they have destroyed all my early potatoes—a terrible piece of business.'

'I'm sorry—I'd—'

'Talking won't help matters now; but remember, boy, sorrow doesn't make potatoes.'

'I felt very badly about the matter, for I was really sorry the old gentleman had lost his potatoes, and then I expected to be severely reprimanded at home; but I soon found they knew nothing about the matter, and after several days had passed I began to rest quite easy. Alas for human hopes! One rainy afternoon I saw the Squire riding down the lane. I ran off to the barn, ashamed to meet him and afraid to meet my father. They sat and talked for a long time. At last my curiosity overcame my fear, and I stole back to the house and went into mother's room to see if I could hear what they were talking about.

'Why, the boy could be spared well enough, but he don't know anything about the business,' said my father.

'There's one thing he does know,' said the Squire; he knows how to tell the truth.'

'He then told the story which I so much dreaded to have my father hear. After he had gone my father called me to him and told me that the Squire was going to open a store in the village and wanted a boy to help, and I could go if I wanted to do so. I went, and remained until the village store blossomed into a city store; and people say I got my start in life when I entered Albright's store; but I will always maintain that I got it while waiting for the grist.—Union Signal.

One by One.

'Pile them straight and even, my boy.' Will's father came and stood near him as he was piling up some wood.

'But then I shall have to lay every one separately,' said Will, in a complaining voice.

'That is a good way—one by one.' 'One by one! Oh, dear! It takes so long. I like to take a half dozen at a time. Just think of going all through this great pile, laying the sticks one by one.'

'But one by one, little by little, is the way most of the great things are done in this world,' said his father.

'It's the way I'm laying this walk, one brick at a time,' said Robert, Will's elder brother, who was working near by; 'one brick and then another.'

'It's the way I'm doing this knitting,' said grandmother, with a smile from her seat on the bench in the shade; 'one stitch and then another.'

'If I had my way about things I'd have things done in one big lump.'

'I don't think I'd like that,' said Robert. 'I like to see things grow under my hand.'

'When we think how many things are made up of one small thing added to another,' said father, 'it gives a great deal of dignity to little things. Look at the leaves on the trees—how they wave in the soft wind, every new movement giving them a new gleam in the sunshine.'

'I don't think I'd fancy a tree with just one big leaf on it,' said Robert, 'or a lawn with one big blade of grass to it.'

'Water is made up of drops, land of grains of sand or earth, and the sunshine of separate bright rays,' said father.

'Sure enough, there are plenty of little,' said Will, who was becoming interested in the discussion.

'But, the whine coming back to his voice, 'there's so much tug, tug to it. At school it's day after day, and day after day. And it's one figure after another on your slate, one line after another in your lesson.'

'Well,' said Robert, 'what would there be for us to do if it wasn't one

thing and then another? Would you like to go through and then have nothing more to do?'

'No,' said Will, 'I really didn't think of that. 'No, I don't think it would suit me to be all through with everything.'

'I think,' said father, 'it is well for us sometimes to remember how few of the great things in the world are done by just one person, or through a single great effort. They come of the united force of a dozen, or a hundred, or thousands of men, and from all these through the adding of one day's effort to another. So now, having preached my little sermon, we will go to dinner.'

And after I've finished this wood-pile we'll have our game of ball,' said Will.

'That will be one pitch after another,' said his father.

'One bite and then another,' said Robert, a smile at his brother, as they were at the table.

'Yes,' said Will, laughing; 'I shouldn't like it all in a lump.'—Sydney Dayre.

Johnny's Prayer.

A Christian lady had collected a lot of wild street boys into a class, and was trying to teach them, when one day she noticed that one of them had fallen asleep, and began to snore.

'He's drunk,' said his ragged companion, laughing. Of course, there was no use trying to do anything with him then, but three days afterward she saw and questioned him.

'Yes, I was drunk, that's a fact,' said Johnny, as frank as could be. 'I didn't mean to let you see me, 'cause I kind o' love yer, but I couldn't help it.'

'Why, Johnny, you shouldn't say so. You could help it.'

'No; yer see, I've got so used to it I can't stop.'

'Oh, I am so sorry! What was it made you begin to drink?'

'I learnt it when I runned errands for Mike Dooley, down to Willard street. He keeps a liquor store, and he gives me the rum and sugar in the bottom of the glasses for my pay.'

'Johnny, it would be terrible to have you die a drunkard. I can't bear to think of it. Won't you try to give up drinking if I'll tell you how you can?'

Johnny thought a minute.

'I don't b'lieve I could; I've got so used to it, yer see. If I go without I feel so gone here,' putting his hand on his stomach.

There were tears in the gentle teacher's eyes.

Johnny looked up and saw them, and was touched. He began to reconsider.

'I—I dunno but I'd try if I thought 'twould make you feel better.'

'God bless you, Johnny! Do you give me your hand on it, and say you will stop drinking, honest and true?'

There was a pretty long pause then. Johnny was making a mighty effort.

'Yes'm,' he said, and he drew a long breath; 'I'll promise to drink no more liquor for your sake.'

'It ought to be for Jesus' sake, Johnny.'

'Could He make me keep my promise? You ask Him, can't you?'

'Hardly sure of the boys meaning,' the question was so unexpected, the kind teacher nevertheless knelt immediately.

'Johnny knelt too, and when she had prayed, he said he guessed he would 'ask for himself.'

'Lord Jesus up in heaven, please keep a little fellow as wants to be good, and don't let him drink rum anymore, amen.'

That was Johnny's prayer. And he meant it. All his conduct since has proved how truly in earnest the poor little street boy was when he asked the Lord to help him keep a promise made to his teacher, 'cause he kind o' loved her. He is living in a good situation in the country, and bids fair to grow up a good man.—Selected.

Home Hints.

Cheese Pie.—With one cup of grated cheese, one cup of bread crumbs, and one of milk, mix two well-beaten eggs; pour into a buttered baking dish, dot with butter, and bake twenty minutes.

Liver with Terrapin Sauce.—Boil a calf's liver and cut it small. Season highly with pepper, salt, and mustard, and return to the fire with two cups of broth; let it boil up, and add four ounces of butter and four hard-boiled eggs cut in bits.

Tomato Beef.—Take a thick cut from a round of beef weighing six or eight pounds; pour over it a cup of water, half a can of tomatoes, two small onions minced, and season with cloves, pepper, and salt; cover closely, and simmer gently four hours.

Croquettes of Lobster.—The meat of a boiled lobster chopped fine, add a little white sauce (that is some thick drawn butter) flavor with a little salt, and pepper and Worcester

sauce, taking care to have it of the right consistency; roll into shape, and brush over with egg and bread crumbs; fry a light brown. Serve hot.

Peach Tapioca.—Boil one coffee cup of tapioca until clear, using a double boiler and beginning with three cups of water; pour over the contents of a can of peaches drained from the juice and laid in a baking dish. Set in the oven for half an hour, and serve with cream sauce, or cream and sugar.

Cream Sauce.—Beat one fourth of a cup of butter to a cream, adding gradually half a cup of sugar, half a cup of flour, a teaspoonful of vanilla essence, and two tablespoonfuls of milk; have all perfectly smooth, and set the bowl in a vessel of boiling water; beat until creamy, adding two tablespoonfuls of cream.

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'Was my predecessor well liked?' he asked.

The native was inclined to be sceptical. 'I think not,' he said. 'We warmed him over three times and then had to make hash of him.'

'Well, Edith, how do you like going to school? Is your teacher nice?'

'No, I don't like her one bit! She put me in a chair, and told me to sit there for the present; and I sat and sat, and she never gave me a present.'

Brother Peter.

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