

Our Boys and Girls.

"COUNTRIFIED."

Do they call you "countrified?"
Let it be your joy and pride,
You, who love the birds and bees,
And the whispers of the trees!
Trust me, friend, of flowers and grass,
Little brown-faced lad or lass,
Naught in all the world beside
Equals being "countrified."

Up of mornings when the light
Reddens on the mountain height;
Hearing how the bird-throats swell
With the joy they cannot tell;
Conscious that the morning sings
Like a harp with unseen strings,
Over which the breezes glide;
This is being "countrified."

Roaming far on summer days,
Or when autumn woodlands blaze;
Learning how to catch and tell
Nature's precious secrets well;
Filled with sunshine, heart and face,
Or, where branches interlace,
Dappled like the shy trout's side.
This is being "countrified."

What though little fit to pose
In the city's ways and clothes?
There is vastly more to love
In the brown of nature's glove.
Health and happiness and tan
Are best fashions for a man,
All who near to God abide
Are, in some way, "countrified."

—Jas. Buckham, in *Journal of Agriculture*.

HOW KIDSTY WENT TO THE COUNTRY.

BY MRS. FINDLEY BRADEN.

"Am I gwine to git well?"

There was no reply to the eager question.

"Say dat I is, mistah!"

But still pretending not to hear, kind-hearted Dr. Blake hastily turned from the wistful, wasted face on the pillow and fixed his gaze on the end window of the long hospital ward.

"I jes' wants to git well de wustest kind! Say dat I will, fo' suah!"

And the good doctor involuntarily shook his head.

"Den I specks I hab to die."

He turned back at that to his small patient, a great feeling of pity surging up within him. He had three boys of his own, only they were all white and well, instead of black and dying like poor Kidsty, the street gamin.

"Ise been heah a berry long time, mistah."

"An' I've got heaps bettah, jes' as you sed I would, at de start. Ain't I?"

"Yes, that is true."

"But Ise got to die aftah all!"

Dr. Blake's keen gray eyes firmly met the round, black ones opposite. "Brave men are not afraid to go when God calls them," he said slowly.

"An' you wants me to be brave wif the rest, Mistah Doctah?"

"That is just it, Kidsty, my boy! Keep up to the last if you can!"

"Then I'll try hard as hard!"

"Were you ever out in the country?"

"Gee! I wuz wunct, fo' a whole week! An' mabee it wuzn't jes' splendid!"

"Then why not try to think that you are going there now?"

"Will dyin' be somefin' like goin' out ob town, Mistah?"

"Perhaps so, Kidsty."

"But I hasn't enny money fo' a ticket up to de sky-kuntry, an' dat's bad."

"Then Jesus will pass you through. Didn't I tell you one day that he said, 'Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"Yes I 'membeks 'bout dat cause it sounded so good."

"Well it is mid-summer now, and town gets hotter every day. Just keep saying to yourself, I am going to the country—going to the country to stay."

"Will dar be lots ob flowers an' trees there, I wonder?"

"Yes, Kidsty."

"An' ice-cold runnin' water to drink?—all you wants?"

"I am sure of that, child. It's such a bright, beautiful place, too, without night, and sunshine all the time."

"Why, dat mus' be Heben!"

"Of course it is, Kidsty."

"But p'raps I won't be good nuff to reach it, aftah all! I haint bin so berry wicked, though. I nebber stoled nuffin, nor tole lies, nor smokt cigurets. I only jes' sold papahs, till I got runn'd ober in Broadway."

"Poor mite! You've been as good as you knew how to be, and that is a great deal."

"Duz you think I'll start fo'—the kuntry pritty sune, Mistah Doctah?"

"It might be this very day, Didsty."

A look of positive fear crept into the sad child eyes. But it was only for a single terrible moment.

"Ise all ready to go!" he said at last with a deep sigh of relief. "I haint 'fraid a bit of Jesus am' gwine to pass me frew to de Heben-land. An wen Ise lef' town fo' good, why gib my toy mule to Benny, in de nex' bed, an' 'dis pictur-book to de kid wot gits my bed aftah me."

Dr. Blake bent down and kindly took the small, thin hands in his own. "Have you got a mother, Kidsty?"

"She am dade, mistah, an' she wuz sick like me, a long time. But she read de Bible lots, an' sed she wuz gwine strate to de Kingdom."

"Then she may be there now, and just waiting till you come, my boy."

"Dat would be fine! An' I nebber even thought of it, doctah! Queer, wezn't it!"

"Well, Kidsty, I really think you and your mother will be in God's country together, and that there are many happy times ahead for you both. What is your right name, child?"

"I dun clean fo'git, Mistah Doctah! Me bruddahs gib'd me de name ob Kidsty, 'cause dey wuz so much biggah dan me. Dey sed it jes' fit. But it don't mattah now, fo' I won't lib to grow up, an' I may hab to die today yet. Would you min' sayin' good-bye to me, jes' as you do to yo' berry own chillun eb'ry mornin'? It would be mitey good!" he added, earnestly.

Something very like a tear glistened in the doctor's eye. He picked up the little wasted form and held it close for a moment in his strong arms. Then he laid a warm, fatherly hand on the boy's forehead, already beginning to chill with the dew of death. "Good-bye," he said, simply.

"Thanks!" whispered Kidsty. "Me own fadder used to say dat when he went off early to wo'k. But he am dade too. Po' fadder! An' you still thinks dat I will hab to start today yet, Mistah Doctah?"

"Yes, I really think so, child."

Kidsty lay back on his pillow with a brave smile. "Won't it be grate an' gran' up yondah, doctah? Flow'rs an'

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green grass an' sunshine all de time. No mo' lyin' heah in bed! Jes gwine to be happy fo' ebber an' ebber wif my dear, kind mammy. An' I lubs her a heap, I jes' duz!"

Dr. Blake was called from the ward soon after, and could not return till late in the afternoon. Kidstys questioning eyes were but half open then, yet he said, with an effort, "I mos' know'd you would come bac' to me, Mistah Doctah! An' I spec's dat Ise on de way to de Heben-kuntry now for, suah!"

"Yes, Kidsty," and there was a world of pity in Dr. Blake's kind voice as he felt the feeble fluttering pulse.

"You think Ise gwine to git my mammy bac' fo' keeps?"

"For keeps, Kidsty."

The dull eyes opened wide for the last time. "Ise jes a po' li'l brac coon, but you's bin mitey good to me fo' weeks an' weeks, doctah! An' I won't fo'git to tell Mistah Jesus all about it, an' mammy, too! Look! Dar she am now! O, mammy! I sees my mammy!"

And with these exclamations of delighted surprise the brave white soul of little black Kidsty took its upward flight. He had indeed gone to the country and it was God's blessed country from which there need be no returning.—*U. Presbyterian*.

Please bear in mind that what is called a skin disease may be but a symptom of bad blood. In that case, Weaver's Cerate, externally applied, should be supplemented with Weaver's Syrup, taken daily.

There was somebody who, day in and day out, never did anything to make anybody else happy. Was it you?—*Christian Work*.

There is no virtue without victory.

THE LAME PLOVER.

It was a beautiful June morning, and Uncle John was obliged to drive out to his farm.

"Would you like to come with me, Toddy?" he asked as the horse was brought round to the door.

"Yes, sir!" Toddy answered, eagerly. "I just guess I would."

The sun was bright, and the country road was green and sweet with delightful odors, and Toddy made believe in his mind he was a little colt he saw running round in the fields. Uncle John was driving along at a smart trot, when all of a sudden he stopped the horse quickly and cried out:

"Toddy, do you see that?"

And there, right under the pony's feet almost, were a whole family of little plovers.

Toddy was so delighted that he could not speak for a minute.

The tiny birds were just as quiet as could be, because their mother had taught them not to make a noise when any danger came near them. But they were dreadfully frightened, for you see they had been nearly run over.

"You may get out, Toddy, and run along the road for a piece," said Uncle John.

And then Toddy saw that the little plovers were not alone, but that their father and mother were with them. The minute Toddy's feet touched the ground the old birds began to make a fuss. Probably they thought he was a cruel, bad boy that was coming to steal their birdies.

The mother "cheeped," and all her little family followed her into the grass at the roadside, but the father bird ran along in front of Toddy, back and forth, and seemed to want the little boy to play with him.