The News-Herald.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1886.

HILLSBORO, : : : OHIO

THE THRUSH.

The thrush sings high on the topmost bough—
Low, louder, low again; and now
He has changed his tree—you know not how,
For you saw no flitting wing.

All the notes of the forest-throng,
Flute, reed and string, are in his song;
Never a fear knows he, nor wrong,
Nor a doubt of any thing.

Small room for care in that soft breast;
All weather that comes is to him the best,
While he sees his mate close on her nest,
And the woods are full of spring.

He has lost his last year's love, I know—
He, too—but 'tis little he keeps of woe;
For a bird forgets in a year, and so
No wonder the thrush can sing.
—*Atlantic Monthly.*

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Feeding Upon the Husks of Life in Australia.

"Yes," said Ernest, thoughtfully stroking his big mustache, "I have been a Prodigal Son. I know the whole story. It wasn't a bit funny. If you doubt my words, just try it for yourself; but pray don't blame me if you find that it hurts worse than a ruler on a wet hand.

It is only fair to say that I was just an every-day bad boy, of a very common New York kind. You wouldn't have to go far, my dear, to find plenty of fellows who were worse and plenty more who were better than I. So, you see, I was not so bad as bad could be; oh, dear, no! Indeed, I had a kind heart, I am sure, and I just adored my little mother. I had heaps and heaps of good intentions, and when mamma cried and begged me not to be so wild and mischievous, why bless me, I would cry half the night with the realest kind of remorse, and promise—oh, so earnestly that I would turn over a new leaf and keep it turned over. I never knew a boy who could do more hard and bitter repenting in the course of a single night. But then daylight would come and I would forget—and, well, you know the rest, if you are not a boy of the Sunday-school book variety.

"My father—what shall I say about him? I really suppose he ought to have been gadded himself, if people got what they deserved. But he had a lot of money to take care of, and he was awfully busy getting a lot more—I'm sure I don't know why, for he had more than we could ever spend. So it was only once in a while that he could stop long enough to weep over his harumscarum son. When he did stop, he used to say that there was enough original sin in my small body to keep a mischief-mill running day and night. Then he would rawhide me till the welts on my back were criss-crossed like the shading on one of Mr. Thomas Nast's big cartoons, though I did not have much time to think of pictures then, I assure you. He always ended the performance with a lecture, in which I was informed that I was wilder and wickeder than a whole tribe of Western Indians, with squaws, papooses, Big Medicine Men and dogs thrown in. I never thought much of this joke, but it always seemed to cheer him up immensely. He would then go back to making money, and spoil me, just as he had done before, with plenty of spending money and unlimited liberty to do as I please. Great humbugs, these rich and generous fathers, aren't they?

"Well, with such a start, I don't think it was strange that in the middle of my Freshman year at college I was suddenly sent home to stay. Somebody had been playing pranks I was pounced upon. Lying not being one of my accomplishments, I admitted having a hand in the mischief. I wouldn't peach on my companions, so I was made a scapegoat. My father said his heart was broken. I had disgraced the family. The only thing he could do with me, he thought, was to send me traveling. Perhaps I might pick up some common sense in foreign lands. The next thing I knew I was on board the American packet ship 'Liberty' in the midst of tumbling waves, and bound for Australia. There was a letter of credit in my pocket and a new pain in my heart—one, my dear, that I hope you may never experience.

"Did I cry? Now please don't ask impertinent questions. Was I homesick and miserable amid the wild waste of waters? Ah, my dear boy, you do not know how big and lonesome and awful the great sea makes this world feel. You never realize its size until you have been going for days and days, and days and days, and find the same circle of water about you, with no apparent end in front. You feel that the distance back to your beloved home can never be measured. At the same time your memory becomes very active, and events of a year ago are brought vividly before you. You can feel mamma's last kiss like a benediction upon your brow; you can feel her soft warm arm about you, just when she held you close and begged you, while big tears fell on your hair, to be a good boy, and come back very, very soon. Oh! *oh!* oh! how good you would be if you could only have those dear arms about you now! But all the money in the world could not take you back now.

"So the big ship crept on, and on, and on, across the summer sea, until half of this huge world lay between me and my home

"I was a hundred days older and felt a hundred years—when the 'Liberty' reached Melbourne. You don't know much about Melbourne, do you? Nor about Australia? O, yes; I've no doubt you know just where the big red blot is on the map in your geography, and can tell me what that book says about the big island. But you have a very foggy idea about it in spite of that, I'll wager my hat. You can not imagine what a great country it is, with mountains and valleys and plains; with rivers as big as the Hudson and cities as large as Brooklyn. Why, Melbourne is a big city, with huge wharves and warehouses and elegant buildings and street cars, and noise and smoke, and big ships and steamers in the harbor, and thousands of people who never heard of the Brooklyn bridge or the Bartholdi statue! Just think of it! I tell you I realized these things when I landed in the big, strange city and knew there was not a man, woman or child there I had ever seen or heard of. Lonesome as I was on the ocean, I was a thousand times more lonesome in this bustling place, so full of strange faces. I wanted to blubber right out in the streets, but of course I was enough of a man not to do that.

"As I said before, I had a letter of credit in my pocket. There was nothing mean about my father, and he had given me documents which would enable me to draw at the various banks in Australia £25 sterling, or over $200 a month. But I had been thinking the matter over. There was a very considerable portion of the American eagle tucked away in my sixteen-year-old body, and I was too independent for any thing. I made up my mind that I would not use the letter of credit or accept any further assistance from my father. I would cast him off. He had chosen to turn me away from his home, I said to myself. Never, never again would I touch a penny of his money. I would show him whether I was a good for naught, as he had said. My plan was to make a fortune in short order. Then I would return to New York, and as I unfolded my millions to the astonished gaze of my stern parent, I would snap my finger in his face and cry:

"'Keep thy wealth, sirrah! I wish none of it!'

"It gave me great comfort to repeat these words, and as I thought over my coming triumph I forgot all about my homesick feelings.

"O dear! I don't believe you want to hear the rest of this story. It makes me blush to think of it. Well, if I must, here goes.

"I very soon found out that Melbourne was full of men who had come from distant lands to get rich quickly in the Land of Promise. The city was full of strangers of every sort; Englishmen, Irishmen, Americans, Spaniards, Chinamen, and I don't know what all. It was a pretty rough crowd, if the truth must be told. They were all talking of the gold fields and the sheep pastures, and I soon found out that these were considered the two royal roads to fortune. I mingled with the rough, restless crowd, and my ears burned with the stories I heard of fabulous nuggets of gold picked up in the new El Dorado. Men looked at my smooth, boyish face, and my stylish clothes, with some astonishment, but they were accustomed to see all sorts of men and boys among them, for the gold fever is by no means a poor man's disease, and ministers and miners often worked side by side, cradling for the precious mineral which makes the world so miserable.

"One day I fell in with a smooth, sleek man who took a great interest in me. I told him all about myself and my plans for astonishing the governor. He said I was a brave fellow, and advised me to join his party, which was getting ready for the gold fields. I was only too glad to accept. When I woke up one morning and found that my new friend had walked off with my new clothes, my gold watch, my letter of credit, and all my money, I began to lose faith in the gold fields. The rascal had left me his well-worn clothes, and, to show that he still had a conscience, he had placed a couple of gold sovereigns in the vest pocket.

"So I tried sheep-raising, perforce. Now, I don't think I care to say much about the two years I spent, three hundred miles from Melbourne, working for a farmer at seven English shillings a week. It was not a life to brag about. For a young man seeking his fortune it was not a success. If you could have seen Ernest Travers, the son of a rich man, shelling dried peas, and helping to wash sheep, and currying horses, all for the princely sum of a dollar and a half a week and his board, I don't think you would have envied the Prodigal Son a bit. I don't care to tell how many quarts of tears I shed on those peas, or how many, many times I vowed that if I ever got home again I would be a good boy for ever after. I hoarded the pennies but they came slowly.

"One day, after two years of this life, I threw down my spade where I was digging, and started on foot for Melbourne. Do you know what it is to walk three hundred miles over a rough country? I hope you never will. When I reached Melbourne my clothes were in tatters and my shoes were all uppers. I was so stiff that it took me an hour to walk half a mile, and the big blisters on my feet often made me cry with pain, and I was no baby either. I was a pretty looking spectacle! On the road a big tramp took away my little hoard of money, and all I had left was a few shillings which he had overlooked. I had intended to go home as a steerage passenger. Now I must work my passage.

"But this was not so easy. Sea captains looked at my ragged clothes and tangled hair, laughed, and said they didn't want any help.

"I slept at a tramps' lodging-house—at best it was almost that. For a sixpence you bought a ticket entitling you to a night's lodging, such as it was. I ate stale rolls, and thought them good. I had no money to buy better fare with. Every day I passed the bank to which I had had letters of introduction, but pride kept me from going in.

"One night I spent my last sixpence for a lodging ticket. By some chance that night the man who took up the tickets passed me by. I kept the ticket in my pocket, and wondered if I could get another night's lodging out of it. The next day I had nothing to eat. Late in the afternoon I swallowed my pride—and it was all I had left to swallow—and went into the bank.

"'Have you any mail for Ernest Travers?' I asked.

"The clerk looked at me curiously.

"'What Ernest Travers?' he asked.

"I mentioned my father's name and address.

"'Wait a moment,' said the clerk. He went into an inner office, and I heard whispering voices and saw curious faces peering at me through the glass doors. The room was whirling around and my head felt light and giddy and queer. My heart was beating wildly, yet I wanted to laugh, and all the while I was suffering cruel agonies of apprehension. O, how hungry I was!

"When the clerk came back and told me to call again the next morning at ten, I smiled and winked at him familiarly, and staggered out of the door. My heart felt as if it would burst. I made one final effort to find work on a ship. In vain. Then I wandered through the streets and looked at the good things to eat in the bake-shop windows. I thought of my dear mother and prayed through blinding tears that I might see her just once before I died. It was not death I feared, but to die so far away.

"When nightfall came I crept back to the lodging house. I smiled once to think of the chance which gave me shelter for one more night. When the man came around to take the tickets I handed him mine. It was a blue one. He handed it back to me.

"'That's the wrong color for to-night,' he said. 'Pay or git!'

"So I spent the night in the streets—the longest, darkest, most awful night of my life.

* * * * *

"Well, that ends the story of the Prodigal Son," said Earnest, drawing a long sigh. "When I reached the bank the next morning at ten, the first face I saw was the big, good-natured face of Captain Coffin, the master of the packet 'Liberty.' It was the first familiar face I had seen in two years. It looked to me like the face of an angel.

"'Captain Coffin!' I shouted. 'O God, I thank thee!'

"'Yes, that are the lad,' said the hearty old sailor man. 'Ben on a lee shore, hain't ye, boy?'

"And then I learned how I had been cabled about and advertised for until the bank was overrun with pretended Ernest Traverses."—*H. W. Raymond, in Christian Union.*

TRACKING A DEER.

Methods Used by Apache Hunters in Pursuing Game Long Distances.

"An Apache hunter scorns to fire twice at the same deer, but it is also his code that no deer must be permitted to escape after it has been shot at and missed," said an old resident of the far West. "If the hunter fails to check his game at the first fire he must run it down and be in at the death. And in this he never fails, for when an Apache starts on the trail of a marked deer, he never leaves it unless he sustains an injury on the way that incapacitates him, until he tires it out and returns with its carcass to his wigwam. As the deer starts away in its fright at sight of the hunter or the sound of his gun, leaping thirty or forty feet at every bound, the Indian throws his gun on the ground and, with piercing yells, starts in pursuit. The deer at first leaves the hunter far behind—putting forth its greatest efforts to get far beyond his reach. But no matter how fast the deer may reel off the miles between it and its pursuer, the trail it leaves is as plain to the hunter as if it were marked in chalk all the way. A deer is the most timid and suspicious of animals, and at the same time possesses an amazing amount of curiosity. After it has placed distance between itself and the immediate danger from which it fled it stops and awaits further developments. The Apache hunter well knows this characteristic of the deer, and he jogs along at a five-mile-an-hour gait; never lagging, never stopping. At sight or sound of the approaching hunter the deer bounds off again to run a mile or two and stop again. It is these halts that are the first fatal steps. The halts are not long enough to give the deer any beneficial rest, but on the contrary give time for its limbs to stiffen. At each new start the leaps grow shorter, and the deer starts away reluctantly and with decreasing activity. The Indian jogs along on the trail, maintaining a uniform rate of speed. He can keep it up without stopping for six hours if necessary. After two or three hours' running the deer begins to look for water to quench its thirst. When this stage of the chase is reached, the hunter knows that the deer's doom is sealed. After the deer once drinks there is no hope for it. It fills its parched stomach with water, and, laden with the burden, its leaps grow still shorter and are made laboriously. If before drinking the deer made its halts at intervals of two miles, after drinking they are made every mile.

"An hour or so after the Indian has discovered that the deer has filled its stomach with water he begins to examine the trail more carefully as he runs, for he knows that it is then time for him to find signs of the deer's exhaustion. A drop of blood here and there along the trail indicates to the Indian that the deer has fallen on its knees at those spots; a bunch of hair hanging to a projecting edge of rock or sharp branch hanging low across the trail, proves that the deer's strength has failed, so that it can not turn quickly out of the way of obstacles. When these infallible signs of the deer's approaching doom are found by the hunter he increases his speed for the first time. He soon discovers the game, and with a yell of triumph bounds forward. The cry startles the falling animal to a momentary burst of speed. After a leap or two it stops. As if aroused to the fact that further efforts to escape were utterly futile, it turns and faces its pursuer will all the defiance its exhausted nature will permit. The hunter knows the animal is too weak to harm him, and he seizes it boldly, throws it to the ground, and cuts its throat.—*Cor. N. Y. World and Express.*

GLASSES FOR DUDES.

A New York Optician Who Keeps Eye-Glasses for These Individuals.

In a leading up town optician's store a sign is hung which attracts a great deal of attention and excites not a little curiosity. It is neatly painted on a piece of white cardboard, and reads:

DUDES' GLASSES.

"Will you let me look at some of those dudes' glasses?" asked a reporter.

The obliging attendant drew out a tray which had on it a number of different colored glasses and placed them before the scribe. "What color do you wish?" he asked, "brown? or here is a very nice light blue that is very popular."

"Do people use colored eye-glasses?"

"O, yes; they are very popular just now."

"Why?"

"Because a certain English society man who has been in this city has been wearing them, and now there is a good demand for them."

"Is there any pretense to having them adjusted to the sight?"

"Hardly any. It seems to be simply a question of taste or preference."

"But calling them dudes' glasses——"

"Now, you may think some persons would be offended at the wording of that sign, but they never appear to be. They come in boldly and ask for dudes' glasses without a falter. That is why I hung that placard up. But dudes are not my only customers. A great many persons who would be very much offended were the word dude applied to them are beginning to use these glasses under the impression that it gives them a much more distinguished appearance."

"Do ladies ever wear them?"

"O dear, yes. I have just sent some to three young ladies living on Fifth avenue. I don't know whether they will wear them in public or not; but you may often see the glass dangling over the corsage of very many fashionable women."

"Does the glass injure the eye?"

"It certainly does. In some cases, I have noticed, by producing an inequality of vision."

"When will the rage stop?"

"When the dude goes out of fashion."
—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

FOR SUNDAY READING.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

[The authorship of this poem is by some persons ascribed to Bishop Andrews. 1606 to 1626.]

If any be distressed and fain would gather
some comfort
Let him hasten to Our Father.
For we of hope and help are quite bereaven,
Except Thou succor us, Who art in Heaven.
Thou showest mercy, therefore for the same
We praise Thee, singing Hallowed be Thy
name.
Of all our miseries cast up the sum,
Show us the joys, and let Thy Kingdom come.
We mortal are, and alter from our birth,
Thou constant art, Thy will be done on earth.

Thou mad'st the earth, as well as planets
seven,
Thy name is blessed here, as 'tis in Heaven.
Nothing we have to use except Thou give it
us,
Give us this day wherewith to clothe us,
Wherewith to be fed. For without Thee
We want our daily bread.
We want, but want no faults,
For no day passes but we do sin.
Forgive us our trespasses.

No man from sinning ever free did live.
Forgive us, Lord, our sins as we forgive.
If we repent our faults, Thou ne'er disdainest
us.
We pardon them that trespass against us.
Forgive us that is past, a new path tread us,
Direct us always in Thy Faith, and lead us.
We, Thine own people, and Thy chosen na-
tion,
Into all truth, but not into temptation.
Thou that of all good graces art the giver,
Suffer us not to wander, but deliver
Us from the fierce assaults of world, and devil,
And flesh, so Thou free us from all evil.
To these petitions let both church and lay-
men
With one consent of heart and voice say—
Amen.

MAKE ALL SURE.

Dig Deep, Build Firmly, and Be Prepared for the Unexpected.

A house had been rapidly run up. t was six stories high, and built of stone, with thick walls. All had proceeded without hindrance, and the roof was being placed upon the structure. It was, however, wretchedly put together, and the foundation was bad. What mattered? It looked substantial. Plastered over it would make an attractive hotel, for it was admirably situated; and if it did not stand for ages, yet it would serve for immediate use and bring in a good return, and then it could be sold, and the new-comer would have to look to repairs. So thought the builder, and he was no more of a rogue than others are who think only of themselves and the immediate present. Had all gone smoothly so might it have been; but things did not go smoothly, for there came a waterspout upon the hills above the town, and the rain fell in tropical abundance upon the town itself. A flood rushed into the streets, and swept by the wall of this new fabric with tremendous force. It lasted scarce half-an-hour, but it was a torrent, four feet deep, of mud and water, driven with great velocity, and it did a vast amount of mischief in that space, even to the drowning of six or more human beings. When we saw the fine new hotel that was to have been, it was shored up with immense timbers, for the foundations were giving way and the walls were ready to come down in a heap. Every body said: "It must be taken down."

This is after the fashion of many a man's religion. It is a fine pile, and promises great usefulness to the man himself, and possibly to others. True, it is somewhat of the kind known as "a contract job," yet it is fairly well put together. Not much cement of grace, no solid foundation upon eternal verities—such things are rather old-fashioned; but in lieu of these substantial matters a good deal of stucco and plaster of paris has been used, composed of charity to all denominations, and broad views on spiritual subjects. The lofty edifice might have stood a lifetime at least, if the weather had been propitious, but, alas! an unusual temptation happened, and in a few minutes the structure would have gone to the ground if it had not been propped up with extra hypocrisy and cunning deceit. As it is, it will have to be taken down sooner or later, and it will be better sooner than later.

The hotel is a wretched object now, and hardly safe for those who pass by; it must come down. But what a waste of labor! What ruinous expense in putting up, taking down and putting up again. The like is the case of the badly-built professor; his condition after his late temptation by no means commands respect. To what purpose has been his waste of professional zeal! What cost yet awaits him! Getting up the name of a Christian man, repenting of the deceit, and clearing one's self of the falsehood, and then going to God in sincerity so as to get upon the true foundation; all these make up a lengthened process. How much better for the professing man to have taken heed to his building at the first! Solidity turns out to be economy. Truth pays best. Wood, hay and stubble may be cheap at the moment, but before long they prove to be more costly than gold, silver and precious stones. When the fire comes, see how they are whirled away in clouds of smoke, while the poor builder loses his all. Mark how in another case the flood saps and mines the lower tiers of stone, and makes the wall heave, and shift, and bulge till great is the fall thereof. Let us learn from the follies of others. Fires and floods will come to us also, and we shall be doubly blamed if they find us unprepared; for as we are forewarned we ought to be forearmed. God grant we may be. Take heed to thyself, good master, and do thy work for eternity, for any thing less lasting will bring thee misery. Dig deep; build firmly, and be prepared for the unexpected. The armorers' company in the olden time is a wise counsel for every man among us. Leave nothing uncertain in thy soul's affairs, but—*make all sure.—Spurgeon's Sword and Trowel.*

WORKS AND POVERTY.

The Importance of the Little We May Be Able to Do.

We are in danger of forgetting that those who are poor in this world ought to be rich in good works; and there is a greater danger of our trusting to the few, who are rich, to sustain our church work, and ourselves leaving undone what we might do. In not a few cases large gifts fail to stimulate benevolence in others, and in some they tend to prevent its exercise. Men are too apt, when a rich man makes a large donation, to say: "Well, what is that amount to him?" In other instances they allow themselves to contrast the small offerings they can make with these larger ones, till they imagine what they can do so utterly beneath the larger gifts in value that they withhold them altogether.

Might we not profitably remember some of those instances which the New Testament presents of the benevolence of the poor and the acceptability of their gifts? The two mites of the poor widow have often been shamefully travestied by rich women, adorned with jewelry and fine clothing, bringing paltry offerings, but the great truth yet remains of the honor which our Lord put on the real poor widow's gift. The Macedonians were poor, but we ought not to forget how "their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality." So, also, we may bear in mind how our Lord could tell the church in Smyrna "I know thy works" and "poverty." There is something encouraging in the very thought that Christ "knows" our works, and though the good we can do may be so little, that He "knows" the poverty which limits our ability. It is important, little as we may be able to do, that it should be done. After all, a great host, each giving but a little, can make an aggregate far larger than a few rich men can furnish.

God's cause needs the interest, sympathy and prayers of all His people and sacrifices for it will do more than all else to call these forth. If we do what we can we may honor Christ as much as our wealthier brother, and we shall find that God is not unrighteous to forget works and labors of love for His cause.—*Baptist Weekly.*

WHAT YE HEAR.

Refusing to Listen a Good Remedy for an Evil Tongue.

"Take heed what ye hear" as to slanderous reports and insinuations. There is a vast amount of defamation in the world. Perhaps we have all suffered more or less by it, hence one would think we might be prepared to estimate it according to its real value. But notwithstanding our own experience in regard to its evils, how prone are we to listen to what evil tongues may say of our neighbors! Though jealous enough of our own reputation, we seem to have but little concern for that of others. We should remember that we have no more right to hear what evil tongues may say, than evil tongues have to speak what they ought not. We could not give the tongue of slander a more pointed and successful rebuke than to refuse to listen to it. If we are watchful of our ears, others would be constrained to bridle their tongues. If all men were deaf and blind there would be no slander, because there would be none to hear or read it, and the unruly member would of necessity be kept in order. But now there are both hearers and readers, and hence the tongue and the pen must be guarded. Idle words are often the cause of inestimable mischief. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. But the tongue of slander may rob us of our good name, and leave us poor indeed. What havoc has been made of the peace and happiness of individuals, of families and of neighborhoods by an evil tongue! What were but trifles are swelled into importance by repetition, and thus difficulties which a single word might have explained and healed, increase in magnitude, and at last become incurable.

The tongue will be evil while the heart is wrong, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. The best remedy for an evil tongue is a new heart, but as even the best of us are sanctified in part, we must adopt such a remedy as will meet the evil from whatever source it may come; and this is the remedy: Take heed what ye hear. We must refuse to listen to what the evil tongue says. Listening to slander is so nearly related to slander itself that, if we give place to the one, we are very likely to be infected with the other. The listener is partaker with the speaker; therefore, at all times, now and ever, take heed what ye hear—don't hear every thing, and don't repeat all you hear.—*N. Y. Observer.*

The Fruitage of Sorrow.

Is there a human being who does not shrink from trouble? No preaching as to the blessed results on the tried soul can for one moment assuage the shrinking horror from the touch of sorrow or trouble. In moments of emotional ecstasy one can sing:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me."

But as the first shadow of the coming cross appears on the horizon of our lives, the Gethsemanic cry: "Let this cup pass from me," is heard in Heaven, without the Divine cry of submission: "Not my will but Thine be done, O Father."

After the dreaded shadow is behind us, we see the rift through which an assurance of blessed results is prophesied. Time fulfills the promise. And those about us feel the mellow glow of that sunset of our sorrow; the warmer human interest outside of the personal life; the loving touch of sympathy; the clearer vision into others' sorrow; the greater charity for weakness and rebellion.

When the sorrow has become a fiber in spiritual growth, revealing the hidden forces in our nature, that, roused into being, are forming in us a character worthy of our inheritance, we kiss the rod that smote us in thankfulness.

"She watched the winding brook steal from the shade
Of somber pines, where it had loitered long,
And, leaving all its dusky ambuscade,
Run down the sunny slope with merry song.

"'Oh, happy brook,' she sighed, 'dost not regret,
Within that gloomy copse, thy lingering?'
The brook laughed low. 'In that dark wood are set,'
It said, 'the springs that give me strength to sing.'"
—*Christian Union.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

—Charity is the first mortgage on every human being's possession.—*Bruyere.*

—Our Lord has written the promise of the resurrection, not in books alone, but in every leaf in spring-time.—*Martin Luther.*

—We ought not to acquiesce in the shadows which are only around us because we do not hear, or hearing, do not heed God's call into the sunshine.—*F. R. Havergal.*

—In the memoir of Dr. E. N. Kirk it is recorded that some one asked him how a Christian could best show himself a Christian in society. His reply was: "I always try to put myself in this attitude before leaving home: 'Lord give me an opportunity to honor Thee, and a heart to embrace the opportunity.' This is all our Lord requires."

—We have not seen the weakest spot in Colonel Ingersoll hit more dexterously than in the following from Sam Jones: "When Bob Ingersoll said of the Bible—that contemptible book, he called it—said he: 'I could write a better book myself,' a good old sister popped up in the meeting and said he had better get at it. She said: 'There is money in it,' and there is, too."—*Congregationalist.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

LEARNING TO SING.

"You dear little birdie, who taught you to sing
Among the green branches and blossoms of spring?
I wish you would tell me; for then, don't you see,
I'd ask the same person to try and teach me.

"I wonder, whenever I hear you, if you
Have to sit in a tree for an hour or two
And practice your dear little twitter and trill,
When it is so dreadfully hard to keep still.

"When you want to play in the sunshine all day,
Does somebody hold up a finger and say,
As solemnly: 'Now, little blue-bird, stay so,
And carefully practice your "do, re, mi, do!"'

"Do you have to learn about octaves and thirds,
And chords and arpeggios and other hard words?
And those terrible scales! Why, of all that I do,
I think them the hardest to practice. Do you?

"Well, however you do, I am sure of one thing,
That I have to practice before I can sing.
And with all I may learn, and the best I can do,
I never shall sing, little birdie, like you."
—*Sydney Dayre, in N. Y. Independent.*

"DILIGENT IN BUSINESS."

How Howard Was Cured of His Habit of Procrastination and Forgetfulness.

If there ever was a boy who needed to turn over a new leaf and write at the top: "Diligent in business," that boy was Howard Grinnell.

If his mother asked him to do any thing, he always replied: "I will in a minute." He said this so often that I wondered he was not called "in a minute" by every body. It would have been a very appropriate name.

Howard had the charge of the hens, at least that was the way they put it, but I think that Mrs. Grinnell was the one upon whom the burden rested. Every morning after breakfast she found it necessary to ask:

"Howard, have you fed the hens?"

"Not yet, but I am going to."

"Well, go right away, or you will forget it."

"No, I will not forgot, I am going in a minute; I just want to look at the weather report."

Half an hour later Howard appears from the direction of the east meadow with his hands full of meadow lilies which he presents to his mother, saying:

"The very first! Put them in the antique vase, please. And set it under the mantel, will you, mamma?"

"Thank you, dear, they are beautiful! I will arrange them at once." Then, as she turned away: "The hens?"

"O, I forgot! I'll go now."

"Seems to me," said Mr. Grinnell one morning, "that you have carried that on your shoulders about long enough. Howard should attend to his business without prompting. It did very well at first, but the time has come when he must be held responsible for the prompt discharge of the duty, else take away the privilege. Howard!"

"Sir?" responded the boy, turning back on his way to the barn.

"After this you are not to be reminded of your work, and if the hens are not cared for before breakfast I will do it myself, and you will not have any benefit from the eggs, either in money or as food; it will be some little extra trouble for your mother, but you will be provided with food prepared without eggs unless you are faithful to your trust."

"Yes, sir." And Howard went on his way. I do not think he made any resolutions; he thought it would be easy enough to attend to the duty as required, and gave himself up to the examination of a weed which had sprung up in the yard and which was a new one to him. The next morning he remembered the hens, but the second morning, though remembering, he thought of something he wished to hunt up in the cyclopædia, and stopped in the library until the breakfast bell rang.

For breakfast there was ham and eggs, and corn muffins. Howard was a little surprised when his father passed him a plate with only a potato on it. He was about to remonstrate, when he caught the significant look on his mother's face, and remembered the compact. He wisely made the best of it, and decided that he would try a bowl of bread and milk.

After breakfast Mr. Grinnell fed the hens, and at night he brought in the eggs, saying to his wife:

"I would like some boiled eggs for supper; as Bridget is away, we can get along very well with bread and butter and eggs. Didn't I see you making a sponge-cake this morning?"

"Yes." Then they both laughed, but Mr. Grinnell sobered immediately and said:

"It is rather hard on the boy when he is so fond of eggs, but it is quite time he had a lesson. His dilatory habits will be a hindrance to his success as long as he lives unless he is cured."

Now, privately, I do not believe that Mr. or Mrs. Grinnell enjoyed their supper of boiled eggs and sponge cake. I know the mother would much rather have eaten dry bread and given the boy her supper, but she and her husband chatted over the meal as if every thing were quite as usual. Howard ate his bread and butter, missing the canned fruit which Mrs. Grinnell remarked she thought they could do without as they had the extra indulgence of boiled eggs. Now I do not suppose any of you boys are surprised to hear that Howard, after asking to be excused some time before his father and mother were through with their supper, banged the door slightly as he left the room.

However, the next morning the hens received attention at the proper time. And so far as that one duty was concerned he did not need another lesson, but he was not yet made over into the prompt boy which his father desired him to be. That wood-box! O, boys! Do you shrug your shoulders and say "I don't blame him?" The wood-box is a dread to boys, I well know. Howard did not particularly dislike the work of filling the box, but he was never quite ready to do it. He was always putting it off until he had finished reading the morning paper, or been the rounds of the garden and meadows to see if there were any new flowers out or any new birds' nests, and at length the school bell would ring and he would go off to school having forgotten that there was such a thing in the wide world as a wood-box. One morning Mrs. Grinnell said: "Howard, Bridget will need a box full of wood to-day; she has a large ironing."

"Yes, ma'am," said Howard, dreamily, from the depths of an arm-chair where he had established himself with a new orchid and a botany. Mrs. Grinnell was busy, and gave the matter no farther attention until two hours later Bridget announced that the wood was out.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Grinnell, "that boy went off without filling the box, after all!" After a moment's thought she said: "Well, Bridget, Howard can not expect his clothes to be ironed with cold irons. You may hang all his things upon the bars without ironing, and he will have to wear them so. Perhaps you and I can get wood enough for the rest."

Bridget thought it a good joke to play upon Master Howard, and her good nature returned in view of the sport she would have at the boy's expense.

You may imagine that Howard did not enjoy wearing his rough-dried garments, but he was forced to do so. And as he was a somewhat fastidious boy, it was quite a trial to go to school in that plight.

It was by such lessons as this that Mr. and Mrs. Grinnell sought to cure Howard of his fault; and one day when Mrs. Grinnell was looking over some mottoes, she discovered one handsomely illuminated which struck her as being just the one for her son's room. It was this:

"Diligent in business, serving the Lord!"—*Faye Huntington, in Pansy.*

GOOD MANNERS.

Self-Consciousness and Self-Conceit, and How They May Be Overcome.

Johnnie and Harry have just begun to attend parties. Johnnie is very boisterous. He interrupts when others are speaking, whistles when they are singing at the piano, and spoils the games because he is determined every thing shall be done in his way. People call him pert and forward. Harry, on the other hand, blushes painfully when he enters the room, and knocks his head against the door when he tries to bow himself out. He says: "Yes, sir," to the hostess, and asks a young lady if she will go home with him, instead of proposing to see her home. People call him shy and bashful. He never knows what to do with his hands, and always seems to feel a little out of place himself. Neither boy has good manners, yet the contrast between them is not so great as it seems. Johnnie is self-conscious and Harry is self-conceited. Either would do well enough if he could forget himself.

Katie is older than the boys, and would be highly offended at any comparison between her manners and theirs. She is considered quite at home in society, only "somewhat affected." Her conversation would be agreeable if she were not constantly tittering. You can never quite heartily admire her handsome eyes, because they do not seem quite a part of herself. She does not use them naturally, but hidden away behind them seems to be playing artful tricks to show their beauty. Her manners are disagreeable, because she, too, never forgets self.

Most young people have great difficulty in acquiring simple and natural manners. How is it possible to escape from this constant thought of self? Simply by learning to think of others. The habit of thinking for others must be gradually and patiently formed. That habit will cure Johnnie of forwardness, make Harry less shy, and in time even overcome Katie's affectation. It will teach them all kindly ways in speech and action, and prevent them from doing what is offensive to others. The feeling of self-respect which comes from such a spirit will help them also to exercise self-control. They will still need to learn the ways of any society in which they find themselves, and years of culture and experience will add refinement of thought and graces of manner to each of them. But it is wonderful how the love that "seeketh not her own" will, directly or indirectly, supply nearly all the elements of good manners. Those who do kind things in a kind way can hardly be very disagreeable.

Let me tell you there are little conspiracies all over the world against the people who think only of themselves, and are not considerate of others. I was once sitting beside a friend in the cars when a large man entered with five members of his family. Before we saw him we heard him calling out: "Double up here, gentlemen, double up, don't you see there's a family coming?" Eight or ten seats in the car were occupied by one man each. Not a person moved. Finally one man re-echoed in a waggish tone: "Why don't you double up, gentlemen, don't you see there's a family coming?" Our large friend was obliged to put his wife in one seat, his daughters in others, while he sat down by a colored woman near the door, and took his boy in his arms. If the gentleman had remembered, with a shade of regret, that it is some trouble to leave the seats in which people are comfortably arranged, and had said: "Will some of you gentlemen be so kind as to sit together to accommodate these ladies?" the matter would have been easily arranged, for most people are inclined to treat with kindness those who show themselves thoughtful for the comfort of others.—*Rev. J. M. Sturtevant, in Congregationalist.*

Tommy's Bravery.

Tommy was very fond of his little brother Harry, and was very careful that no harm came to him. Although Tommy was a little boy himself, and only four years old, he felt that he was a great big boy when he looked at little Harry, who was hardly more than a baby. One day Tommy and Harry were playing in the garden, while their papa and mamma sat on the porch. Harry would run behind a currant bush, and Tommy would run after him and say: "Peek-a-boo!" They thought this fine fun. But all at once Harry started to toddle down the garden walk, and Tommy didn't find him behind the currant bush when he went around to say: "Peek-a-boo!" Where was he? Tommy ran after him, and found him—looking at what do you think? A strange creature that sat very still, right in the path. It was a dumpy little thing, with a rough, brown skin, and twinkling eyes that seemed to say: "I'm not so wicked as I look." But Tommy thought it must be some dreadful creature, and was afraid it was going to devour his poor little brother. So when he saw Harry moving still nearer the little animal, he called out: "Don't, Hahwy, don't!" and then caught Harry up in his arms, and carried him away from the creature that might hurt him, to their papa and mamma on the porch. And then mamma, who had seen Tommy's carefulness of his baby brother, told them that the awful monster that they had seen was only a poor little toad that would not harm them for the world! But Tommy always felt glad that he had tried to save Harry from what he thought might do him harm.—*Christian Union.*