

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

A BASS-WOOD SPLINTER.

Thiboy that likes Spring or Summer or Fall
Better than old King Winter,
He's wiser than his mother—
Get him; in fact, he's not at all.

From the stove, and took out therel
Did never see a picture so fair;
Ling Winter, from mountain to plain
Put a beaver in all his train,
We poor ones,

The winter stamp;
He is in crimson from chips to chin,
The others no lame can begin;
To the snow and fall,
Brought up to its eyes in wrinkles of wool,
old Dame Post with her night cap on,
Madam Bush in her shawl with the white nap
on.

Pranked old Bachelor Hedge—
Where, now, is his prickly edge?
And the Green Tree,
Smile as though couldst,
How he spreads himself in his uniform,
Lording it over the cold and the storm?

Summer! Oh, yes, I know she will dress
Her daughters in loveliness;
But the great and small,
Angelic and ugly, all
He tailors so fine, you would think each one
The grandest personage under the sun.

Who is afraid he'll be hit with nothing but
By a monster which bites with nothing but

There's more red manhood, thirty to three,
In the little chicks of a chickadee;

Never were more men created than they
Who are the leaders of miles away.

Your stay-in-doors, bass-wood splinter,
Knows not the first thing about Winter.

A bass-wood splinter, he's not at all.
They're no whit better than toys.

Give me the chap that will off to town,
When the wind is blowing the chimney down,
With a smile, and a song, and a roar

Life-breakers on the shore—

Into the snow-drifts, plunged to his knees—
Yes, turned up to his ears, if you please,

Home, home, home, and a song,

Pulling his little duck-legs along;

The road is full, but he's bound to go through

He has business on hand, and it's round to do...
As you see him breaking paths for the

steeples—

So he comes on the lead to the end of his days.

One of Winter's own boys, a hero is he,

No hard wood there, but good hard hickory!

—John Vance Cheney, in *S. N. Nichols*.

TWO PAIRS OF EYES.

The Great Difference in the Way in Which People Use Their Visual Organs—the "Lucky" and the "Unlucky" Boys.

Did it ever occur to you what a difference there is in the way in which people use their eyes? I do not mean that some people squint, and some do not, that some have short sight, and some long sight. These are accidental differences; and the people who can not see far, sometimes see more, and more truly, than do other people whose vision is as keen as the eagle's. No, the difference between people's eyes lies in the power and the habit of observation.

Did you ever hear of the famous conjurer, Robert Houdin, whose wonderful tricks and feats of magic were the astonishment of Europe a few years ago? He tells us, in his autobiography, that to see everything at a glance, while seeming to see nothing, is the first requisite in the education of a "magician," and that the faculty of noticing rapidly and exactly can be trained like any other faculty. When he was fitting his little son to follow the same profession he used to take him past a shop-window, at a quick walk, and then ask him how many objects in the window he could remember and describe. At first, the child could only recollect three or four; but gradually he rose to ten, twelve, twenty, and, in the end, his eyes would note, and his memory retain, not less than forty articles, all caught in the few seconds which it took to pass the window at a rapid walk.

It is so more or less with us all. Few things are more surprising than the distinct picture which one mind will bring away from a place, and the vague and blurred one which another mind will bring. Observation is one of the valuable faculties, and the lack of it is a fault which people have to pay for, in various ways, all their lives.

There were once two peasant boys in France, whose names were Jean and Louis Cardinelle. They were cousins; their mothers were both widows, and they lived close to each other in a little village, near a great forest. They also looked much alike. Both dark, closely-claved hair, olive skins, and large, black eyes; but a spite of all their resemblances, Jean was always spoken of as "lucky," and Louis as "unlucky," for reason which you will shortly see.

The two boys were out together, in the forest, when the former walked along quite differently, and was dawdled in a sort of loose-jointed gait, with his eyes fixed on whatever happened to be in his field—a sling, perhaps, or a stick, or one of those snappers with which kids are scared away from fruit. If it were a stick, he cracked it as he went, or he snapped the rapsier, and he whistled; but he did so in an absent-minded way. Jean's black eyes, on the contrary, were always on the alert, and making discoveries. While Louis clapped and pinched his lips up over the snapers of the sling, Jean would note, unconsciously but truly, the form of the clouds, the look of the sky in the rainy west, the wedge-shaped procession of the birds through the air, and the way in which they used their wings, the birds in the hedge. He was quick to mark a strange leaf, or an unaccustomed fungus by the path, or any small article which had been dropped by the way. Once he picked up a five-framed piece; once a silver pencil-case which belonged to the curer, who was glad to get it again, and gave Jean ten sous by way of reward. Louis would have liked ten sous very much, but somehow he never found any pencil-cases; and it seemed hard and unjust when his master reproached him for the act, which, to her thinking, was rather his misfortune than his fault.

"How can I help it?" he asked. "The saints are kind to Jean, and they are not kind to me—*collatent*!"

"The saints help those who help themselves," retorted his mother. "Thou art a look-in-the-air, Jean. Jean keeps his eyes open; he has wit, and he notices."

But such reproofs did not help Louis, or teach him anything. He was so strong.

"There!" cried his mother one day, when he came in to supper. "Thy cousin—thy lucky cousin—has again been lucky. He has found a trifle, and thy aunt has sold the trifle to the man from Paris for a hundred francs. A hundred francs! It will be long before thy stupid ingots can earn the half of that!"

"Where did Jean find the bed?" asked Louis.

"In the oak copse near the brook, where thou mightest have found them as easily as he," retorted his mother.

"He was walking along with Daudet, the wood-cutter's dog—whoose mother was a truffle-hunter—and Daudet has point and scratch, and Jean suspected something, got a spade, dug, and crack! a hundred francs! Ah! his mother is to be envied."

"The oak copse! Ned, the brook!"

Exclaimed Louis, too much excited to note the reproach which completed the sentence. "Why, I was there but the other day with Daudet, and I remember now, he scratched and whined a great deal, and tore at the ground. I

didn't think anything about it at the time."

"Oh, thou little imbecile—that is pid!" cried his mother, and added, "There were the truffles, and the best chance was for thee. Didn't think anything about it! Thou never dost think; thou never will. Out of my sight, and do not let me see thee again until sometime."

Supperless and disconsolate, poor Louis slunk away. He called Daudet, and went to the oak copse, resolved that if he saw any sign of excitement on the part of the dog, to fetch a spade and instantly begin to dig, but Daudet trotted along quietly, as if there were not a truffle left in France, and that was frustus.

"If I had only," became a favorite sentence with Louis, as time went on. "If I had only noticed this." But such phrases are apt to come into the mind after something has been missed by not noticing or not stopping, so they do little good to anybody.

Did it ever occur to you that what people call "lucky chances," though they seem to come suddenly, are really prepared for by a long unconscious process of making ready on the part of those who profit by them? Such a chance came at last to both Jean and Louis—Louis no less than to Jean; but one was prepared for it, and the other was not.

Prof. Sylvestre, a famous naturalist from Toulouse, came to the forest village where the two boys lived, one summer. He wanted a boy to guard him about the country, carry his plantcases, and herbs, and help in his search after rare flowers and birds, and he asked Madame Collot, the landlady of the inn, to recommend one. She named Jean and Louis; they were both good boys, she said.

So the professor sent for them to come and talk with him.

"Do you know the forest well, and the paths?" he asked.

Yes, both of them knew the forest very well.

"Are there any woodpeckers of such and such a species?" he asked next.

"Have you the large lunar moth here? Can you tell me where to look for Campanula rhomboidalis?" and he rapidly described the variety.

Louis shook his head. He knew nothing of any of these things. But Jean at once awoke with interest. He knew a great deal about woodpeckers—in a scientific way, but with the knowledge of one who has watched and studied bird habits. He had quite a collection of lunar and other moths of his own, and though he did not recognize the rare Campion by its botanical name, he did as soon as the professor described the peculiarities of the leaf and blossoms. So Prof. Sylvestre engaged him to be his guide so long as he stayed in the region, and agreed to pay him ten francs a week. And Mother Cardinelle wrung her hands, and exclaimed more piously than ever over her boy's "lucky" and his cousin's superior good fortune.

One can never tell how a "chance" may develop. Prof. Sylvestre was well off and kind of heart. He had no children of his own; and he was devoted above all other things to the interest of science. He saw the making of a first-rate naturalist in Jean Cardinelle, with his quick eyes, his close observation, his real interest in finding out and making sure. He grew to an interest in and liking for the boy, which ripened into a strong desire for him to return to his university, into an offer to take Jean with him and provide for his education. On condition that Jean, in return, should render him a certain amount of assistance during his out-door hours. It was, in effect, a kind of adoption, which might lead to almost anything; and Jean's mother was justly in despair, as she did, that his fortune was made.

"And for them then cannot stay at home and dig potatoes for the rest of their life," lamented the mother of Louis. "Well, let people say what they will, this is an unjust world, and what is worse, the snubs look on and do not prevent it. Heaven forgive me if it is blasphemous to speak so, but I can not help it."

But it was not her "luck" nor "unjustness." It was merely the difference between "eyes and no eyes"—a difference which will always exist and always continue. —*Childe Harold's Sketches*, in *S. S. Times*.

ABOVE PROOF.

The Detroit "Press" has bettered His Outrageous readings.

Where is the pro of tender, compositior or other artist who ruthlessly maimed and disfigured? While Louis clapped and pinched his lips up over the snappers of the sling, Jean would note, unconsciously but truly, the form of the clouds, the look of the sky in the rainy west, the wedge-shaped procession of the birds through the air, and the way in which they used their wings, the birds in the hedge. He was quick to mark a strange leaf, or an unaccustomed fungus by the path, or any small article which had been dropped by the way.

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RELIGIOUS READING.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

[A Japanese Legend.]

In Hindostan the prophet taught

That we must love our neighbor

As much as we do ourselves.

So said the people, and believed

That the commandments were sent

From the messengers from Heaven.

They had the forms of mortal men,

But they shone with divine light,

And were as bright as the stars.

Appealing to protecting angels,

The devils fled in fear.

Then the hawk, bewared,

The poor dove lifts its head to the sun,

For the sake of the stars,

She flies to the sun.

Then the hawk, bewared,

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