☞All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving name and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

TWO LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet went pattering by,
Years ago!
They wandered off to the sunny sky,
Years ago!
Two little socks, well wrinkled and worn,
Move me to tears, with their memories
Years ago!

Dear little feet that ran here and there
Years ago!
Creeping, climbing about everywhere
Years ago!
Crept never back to the love they left,
Climbed nevermore into arms bereft,
Years ago!

Again I'll hear those dear little feet
Pattering by!
Their music a thousandfold more sweet
In the sky!
I joy to think of the Father's care
That holds them safe till I meet them
There
By and by!

Carrie A. Breese, in N. Y. Independent.

RICK AND THE ROCK.

A Bold Scheme That Won a Bachelor a Beautiful Bride.

"I think you've jumped too quickly to your conclusion, Helen. She doesn't care a pin's point for me now, though time once was when she did."

"And what made her throw you over? Come, you can talk as candidly to me as if I were you mother."

"If I wasn't so sure of your friendship for her I wouldn't dare to," he replied; "for I know you are longing to bring us together again—not merely for my peace of mind, but for hers, too."

"Ah, egotist! How do you know she loves you yet?"

"I—I don't know. I want to find out, and you said you'd help me if I came down."

"But I didn't tell you to proclaim that fact to the world, stupid—did I? And yet you told it to the girl herself. When I tried to patch it up by saying September its a wonder you didn't produce my letter as evidence that I had written the 1st of August. No wonder you always need assistance in everything. You're too—too—"

"Dear idol," he suggested meekly.

"Yes, that's the word I was after—to help yourself."

"And that's why I depend so much on you this coming week—for a week is all I can take. Get up some nice scheme that will straighten matters between us and I'll give you my blessing."

"Pshaw! more than that's needed," replied the practical Helen.

"Well, that Pearl locket at Tiffany's you want so much—done, isn't it?" and he held out his hand.

"Yes," she said, meditatively, "I'll think of it. But as I said before, what broke your engagement off?"

"She—she fell in love for the time being with some one else, and—and threw me over for him," said Dick, in a choking voice, as he arose on Mrs. Darcy's suggesting it was hear the dinner hour, and obediently took up the camp-chair and followed her to the house.

"Both of them pretty well touched—that's a good sign," she mused. "I'm not the match-maker my friends believe me to be if I don't bring my Rachael to her senses."

At dinner Rick, by Mrs. Darcy's contrivance, was seated beside Dick, and from common politeness was compelled to speak occasionally to him.

It was a very pleasant meal, she could not help confessing to herself. But after dinner they were separated. Of course, Mrs. Darcy had not thought of a scheme so soon, so Dick was obliged to curb his impatience till the next day. But the next day she kept her room with a headache, so it was not till evening that he got a chance for a few words in private.

"How about that scheme, Nell?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, I don't know," very carelessly.

"You haven't thrown me over, have you?" he exclaimed, in alarm.

Mrs. Darcy laughed.

"By no means. Only I've been thinking I've sold the product of my brains for too little—a pearl locket isn't anything to speak of."

"We'll make it a pair of bracelets," he replied, in desperation, "if you'd only set your brains working on that product."

"So I will—immediately," with a satisfied air. "One can do much better with bracelets in view."

"It's my impression you intend to cheat me, after all," he said, doubtfully. "To-morrow the bracelets will not be enough, and you'll want a bigger bribe. But I warn you, Helen, that I draw the line at bracelets."

"That's all right," with a smile at his serious tone. "They're exactly what I want, and they are to be delivered on your wedding day. I'll trust Rick to pick them out. She knows my taste—Roman gold coils in shape of a snake, with diamond eyes and ruby nose."

Dick groaned aloud, but did not dare to let a word of disapprobation escape him.

"And you'll think it up right away then?" he said humbly, "for I haven't much time left now."

"I'll tell you to-morrow," she said, graciously, and with that he had to be content.

The morrow came. Taking Dick down to the very place where he had first come upon them two days before Mrs. Darcy unfolded the interesting scheme.

"You remember," she began, impressively, "that it was on this spot you met her again for the first time in all those"—

"Months," put in Dick, wearily.

"Well, months isn't so bad. I'm a little absent-minded this morning and thought it was years. Now, I've selected this spot for the reason I've just mentioned, and intend to have her come upon you—reverse matters for sake of change, you know."

"You'll be lying down on the sand, waiting for some one to come and roll a piece of rock off your shoulder, which I will take care to roll on so that you won't be able to extricate yourself. She will think it has fallen on you from the ledge above, will believe you half killed, rescue you, bring you out of a faint, do all those little kindnesses one is so ready to do for people they suppose are dead or dying; and after it's over and you feel sufficiently rescued, you can just propose, and everything will be lovey. Now, that's what I call a first-rate scheme. I know what you're going to say"—for he endeavored to interrupt her—"you want her to go in bathing and get out of her depth and you plunge in and rescue her. But that wouldn't do, for the simple reason that Rick won't go in bathing. And if by chance she ever gets into the sea, I'm willing to wager that she'd get out of it quicker than a wet cat; so you are the one who'll have to be rescued. Now, look around and select the size of rock I'm to put on you."

Dick had laughed at first very skeptically, but after a little, for lack of any other scheme occurring to him, he agreed to accept this.

"Then we'll begin immediately. I can fix you up nicely and then I'll leave my book a little way off—by those other rocks—send Rick after it, and when you hear her coming just call for help, and she'll come, and her heart will melt at the sight of your suffering, and you can strike while its in that condition."

Dick obediently stretched himself on the sand as she desired, and Mrs. Darcy gently rolled up a fair-sized rock and laid it on his chest having first torn a little of his shirt and put a plentiful sprinkling of sand over him. Then she took a small box out of her pocket, likewise a piece of chamois.

"What's that for?" he asked suspiciously.

"Powder, to put on your face, of course. You see I intend to earn my bracelets, and haven't neglected a single thing. You must be pale, you know; a red face is too healthy a sign for a man who's been mashed by a rock."

Dick laughed as he skillfully applied the powder, and then declared himself fixed.

"Begin to groan the very minute you hear a footstep, for its sure to be hers, as all the rest have gone to camp-meeting. Give a trial groan, Dick, just to see if you do it all right."

He gave one.

"Yes, that will do—subdued, you know, as if you could make it louder if you wanted to."

Then she departed, and Dick was left to himself.

Mrs. Darcy had inconsiderately placed him in the full glare of the sun. It was not very warm there with a light breeze from the ocean sweeping over him, but it gave him a kind of drowsy feeling after he had lain there awhile, listening breathlessly for Rachel's footstep.

Then he began to wonder what he would say—what form the declaration would take. "Why, a confused form," he said to himself, "for I'll naturally be flattered, and probably she'll be the same, and—and rather sorry for me, and will accept while she is confused, and—" with which last word Dick's brain began to get confused itself, and what with all this serious thinking and the glare of the sun, which was so uncomfortable that he closed his eyes to shield them from it, he gradually fell fast asleep.

It was quite awhile before Mrs Darcy found Rick. She was not in her room, and it was only after a prolonged hunt through the barn and garden and the shady orchard beyond that she came upon her and dispatched her on the errand. Rick proceeded to the designed place, but instead of sundry groans and sighs issuing from the recumbent figure behind the rocks, there came the sound of a gentle snore.

Rick started, and then went softly round the corner and peered cautiously at the sleeping lover.

The perspiration creeping down in tiny streams upon the powder, gave him a rather unearthly appearance, and Rachel mistook his snores for those sounds which a person at their last gasp beneath a heavy rock might be apt to give. Exerting all her strength, she lifted up the rock with one hand and dragged him from underneath with the other, and then woman-like, fell fainting beside him.

The motion awoke him, and before he could utter a word he was able to realize how matters stood.

Tenderly he lifted her up and carried her down to the sea, where he bathed her face and hands with the clear, cool surf. At length she opened her eyes and looked anxiously at him.

"You are not killed? Oh Dick!" she said, and fell back senseless in his arms.

Dick and Rachel have been married several years, but he has never dared to tell either his cousin or his wife that he fell asleep on that memorable morning; and looks upon the bracelets as simply money thrown away. "For," he argues, "what's the use of any scheme which puts a man to sleep at the wrong time? If it hadn't been for Rachel's presence of mind in fainting when she did I'd never have had a chance to propose."—*N. Y. Journal.*

FROZEN EARS VS. CHILBLAINS.

The Curious Offset the Detroit Young Man Had With Which to Bring His Sweetheart to Terms.

He came in the other morning from one of the townships to see the County Treasurer on business, but he had scarcely entered the City Hall when a policeman gave him a sharp looking over, and said:

"Young man, you had better take care of your ears."

"What's the matter with them ears?"

"Frozen, or very close to it."

"Gosh! you don't say!"

"How do they feel?"

"They hain't no feelin' at all. I've bin thinkin' for the last half hour that them ears was actin' sorter queer, but I didn't tumble to no freezin'. What shall I do?"

"Rub 'em in snow."

"And then?"

"Wait for developments. They'll soon begin to itch and burn. This will be followed by a peeling process, and in a month from now you'll look like a man with lobsters tied on for ears. It will be at least six months before your original beauty is restored."

"It will! Why, gosh-all-fired, I'm to be married in April!"

"But you won't be. No girl will marry a man with peeled ears."

The young man went out and rubbed away at each ear with a bushel of snow. When he re-entered the hall he looked as solemn as death, and walking up to the officer he said:

"I've bin thinkin' it over as I rubbed away, and if the gal objects to my ears I've got an offset. She's usin' a hull quart of kerosene every week on her chilblains. When a gal can't spark over twenty minutes at a time without trotting off to the kitchen to rub her heels with the nutmeg-grater she shouldn't screech very loud agin frozen ears! Bet you two to one the bridle tower comes off on time!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—President Baldwin of the *Christian Union* gives it as his opinion that profanity and bad language are "now much less used in business circles, the workshop and amongst intelligent and thoughtful men of to-day than say twenty to thirty years ago."

—Owing to colonial annexations during the past year, Germans, like Britons, are now able to say that the sun never sets in the German Empire.

ANIMALS.

The Sport and Pastimes of Creatures to Whom Reason and Speech are Denied.

My dressing-room window looks down upon two small back gardens—my own, where Jack a sacred sea-gull, reigns lord of all he surveys (not much I am sorry to say), and my neighbor's, a little patch of grass with half a dozen standard rose trees in it. Here the first living thing I see in the morning is a splendid tom-cat, now quite a middle-aged gentleman, but yet apparently enjoying a game with some dead leaves and sticks like a kitten. I was contrasting mentally his light-hearted happy nature with that of a certain poor departed Jim, who, after he grew up, never unbent in play for a moment, when, looking again, I saw a tiny mouse steal away a few feet from under the cat's paw, and my light-hearted theory burst like a bubble, though I can hound to say that this next-door cat was a very sunny disposition indeed, often enjoying a game of romps with his own dog—a thing our Jim would never stoop to. It was nearly half an hour before I left my room, but there the cat was still at play with the mouse, which did not seem either much weaker or less able to run than when I first saw it. Now here is a case of distinct animal amusement and waste of time, the result partly no doubt of well-fed idleness. If my neighbor himself, instead of my neighbor's cat, had been playing with the mouse, of course I should have felt it a duty either to write to the *Times* or draw the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to the matter. As it was, I did neither, but it led me to think of the amount of time spent (or wasted) by animals of all kinds in simple play or pleasure unconnected in any way with more material enjoyment.

Dog, though not able to span letter time over a new-paper, will spend hour after hour seated at a window, watching all that passes in the street; or, in the evening, regarding a mouse-hole—not with the slightest idea of gain or profit, but merely as an agreeable way of passing the time. Then there are the long continued flight of tame pigeons about our houses, the quadrille of the house fly across our ceilings, the gambolling of goats, and the hovering in the sun of those bright-colored two winged flies we sometimes call drones. Even the patient ass, that beast of many woes, is naturally rather light-hearted, though his ordinary relaxation seldom goes beyond a roll in a dirty road when off duty; but those who have kept and cared for one know well enough his loud clear bray of honest recognition and joy at the sight of any one to whom he is attached; while an under-worked joyous donkey, fond of sport, has been even seen to indulge in hunting pigs round a farmyard, catching and holding them by the tails, until their squeals brought the owner to the rescue.

No boy out of school shows his sense of happiness or freedom more strongly than a horse or pony does when first turned loose for a run at grass—tearing round the paddock, now stopping for a moment to snort and fill his lungs with the fresh open air, and then with a kick up of the heels, continuing his gallop. These spells of play last longer with some horses than others, depending of course upon the length of time the animal has been stable fed. A horse that is turned out daily merely trots off a few yards, with a merry laugh, before beginning to nibble the fresh sweet grass. In their stable the amusement of horses too often take the form of wanton mischief or some such "horse-play" as unhooking a stable-jacket and tearing it up, or biting holes in their own clothing, kicking their stall to bits, etc.; while a very playful pony has been known to indulge in pulling the feathers out of tame pigeons' tails. Talking of pigeons reminds me of the quantity of small talk, gossip, or scandal indulged in by them and certain other birds before retiring for the night or beginning work for the day. House sparrows, starlings and rooks are all very chatty at these times; while birds who lead more solitary lives, nearly always end and begin the day with a song of joy.

Sea birds probably have their notes of pleasure, but they are rather "Carlyleish," if I may coin an adjective, as a rule, and much given to scolding and fault-finding; reminding one in this of the domestic goose and swan. In little tame gull at ore said it is most amusing in this way, indulging in long fits of angry scolding at intruding cats, or boys who chance to stop and look through the railings of his back garden, and not having a good word for even a policeman. It is said that "a cat may look at a king," but no matter how respectfully a cat looks at Jack, she is sure to draw down upon her head a storm of abuse. But even Jack has his pastimes, one of which consists in making little nautical experiments with anything that will float, such as sticks and straws in his pan of water.

We know that in hot weather men delight to pack their carpet-bags and take long journeys to the sea, with a view chiefly to taking headers into it. Similarly, mutatis mutandis, porpoises, when they migrate, as they often do, shoreward, up inland rocks and rivers, are seized with the desire to take lofty—almost perpendicular—headers into the air. But whether they do so merely to show their strength and power of rising above their fellows or to get a peep at the bearings of the land about them is a mystery.

Dogs do not chew or smoke. But a dog nearly always keeps a store of favorite old dry bones by him, one of which he loves to bring to the fireside, to pass away half an hour before going to bed gnawing at it; while light-hearted dogs will often end a spell of chewing at their bone with a game of pitch-and-toss with it. I have even known a dog to play pitch-and-toss with a single pellet of shot.

One sees more of the dog and cat and their pastimes than of other animals, but it is likely this is a state of nature most beasts spend quite as much of their life in killing time as do those.—*St. James Gazette.*

A Handy Husband to Have.

Scene in the boudoir of a Hartford belle:

Thoughtful Mamma — Well, dear, which gentleman have you selected for your husband?

Dutiful Daughter—Oh, I think I'll take Mr. Fatboy.

Mamma—But, dear, Mr. Littleman is very rich, while your choice is very poor.

Daughter—Yes, my choice is very poor, it is true; but he is so big and stout he will be just splendid to set on the Bible and press winter leaves.

Mamma—Oh, I see. You will not be influenced by a monetary consideration.

Daughter—No; I marry for love alone.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

SO DROLL!

I've heard something, children—I can't think
It true;
It does make me laugh so! oh, what shall I do?
For I want to begin it
And tell it this minute.
This funny old story of Hohumgolow,
The far, unknown country of Hohumgolow,
Yes, of Hohumgolow.

In Hohumgo—ha, ha, ha, ha! Do just wait
Till I can stop laughing. There! now I will
state
Some curious ways
Of their washing days;
Pray, who would not laugh when a tale to
relate?
Such a original washing-day tale to relate,
Yes, such a tale to relate?

Now! In Hohumgolow there's no separate
scrub
Of a child and its garments, but now the tub
Go the children and dress
For the rest of the night best,
As a saving of time and a saving of rub,
The washing for little ones a saving of rub,
Yes, a saving of rub.

And then—you remember the story's not
mine—
And then—ha, ha, ha! when the weather is
fine
They re warmed out of the sun,
Each child in its crib,
And hang up to dry out of doors on the line!
Pass clothes pins to reach, out of doors, on the
line,
Yes, out of doors on the line.

Oh, I knew you would laugh when I'd told
you the whole;
To think of them swinging from pole to pole,
Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he!
You must laughing with me,
I know you we did so, as this thing is so droll!
We will giggle together the thing is so droll,
Yes, the thing is so droll.

—*Abby Morton Diaz, in Wide Awake.*

A TELEGRAM'S STORY.

Its Rapid Journey, and the Glad Message it Conveyed at Its Destination.

I am called "a telegram," and I wish to relate my experience. The man who originated me was Gilbert Hardman, an old bachelor, who through meanness had made himself rich. Half of the money he had when he started in the world did not belong to him but to his only sister, who was a widow with three children, the oldest of whom was Robert, at this time a lad of fourteen years.

Mr. Hardman had defrauded his sister of her portion of their father's estate by means best known to himself, and he money he thus basely obtained placed him in a profitable business, and he became rich, while his poor sister and her children often suffered for food. Of this he was well aware, but his avaricious nature would not allow him to do what his conscience knew to be right in the matter.

But one evening a friend gave him a ticket to a lecture, the subject of which was "Justice." In some way the words of the speaker found their way to what little heart he possessed, and as a result the next morning I was born "a telegram," and I read as follows:

"NEW YORK, July 15, 18—.

"To Mrs. HENRY MARTIN, Denver, Colorado: I have placed to your credit in the Seventh Ward National Bank, twenty thousand dollars. Draw at sight.

"GILBERT HARDMAN."

I had lain on Mr. Hardman's desk but a short time when a little fellow in uniform and with the letters "A. D. T." on his cap presented himself at Mr. Hardman's office. I was handed to the boy, who rushed to the Western Union office with me, and there I was given to a pretty young lady, who acted as if she was very glad to see me, for she counted me over twice, and seemed very careful of me.

But I soon found out that she had no angelic temper, for she turned me on my face and hit me a rap on my back with a rubber stamp that nearly broke it. Not satisfied with this cruelty, she rolled me up and put me into a little box, which she dropped into a hole, where I was blown—yes, actually blown—through a tube up to the seventh story of the building into a room where I thought by the noise and racket that there must be a million little imps with tack-hammers, pounding on tin pans.

Before I had recovered from my fright, I was taken out of the box and carried to a table marked "First Chicago Quad," where I was treated to still further indignity by being impaled on a hook, after which I think I must have lost my senses, for a kind of dreamy sensation seized me, and I found myself being sent in sections, as it were, on a slender wire. What a sensation it was!

From the high roof of that building I went flying over the tops of houses till I came to the North River, where I plunged under the dark waters, to the Jersey side; then I went hurrying along the line of the Erie Railway, outstripping the trains, over mountains, through valleys and towns, rain and sunshine, till I reached Buffalo, where I passed through such an intricate machine that, if I had been possessed of any will of my own, I should certainly have lost my way.

I heard the machine called a "repeater," and I certainly did turn more corners than an illegal voter on election day, but I got through somehow, and soon arrived at Chicago, where I came to consciousness by being written out by an operator, whom they called "Jake." I heard him remark as he finished me:

"Wish I could catch on to luck of that kind. I'd quit work, and open a bank."

I was then passed to another operator, who looked like a gentleman, and I heard him say, as he placed the figures 245 on my face:

"I hope that will make some poor woman happy."

I did not hear the name, but I felt there must be a difference in operators. Then came the half-unpleasant sensation again, as I was whirled along the slender wire, across prairies, under rivers, over the plains of Kansas and Colorado, where the wild antelopes, herds of buffaloes, and an occasional band of Indians were passing under me, until I reached Denver.

Again I came to my full senses, as I was copied from the sounder on a blank. Whew! what a ride that was! Eight minutes ago I was in New York. Nearly twenty-five hundred miles in less than eight minutes, for five of the eight minutes were used for rest in Chicago!

I felt actually dizzy as I realized it; but my reflections were cut short by a piece of damp paper being placed over my face, and I was first squeezed terribly, then folded and put in an envelope. I heard the clerk call out:

"Next boy out!"

And I was seized by a little fellow, who glanced at the address on the envelope and turned pale. He tremblingly went back to the clerk, and, with quivering chin, said:

"Please, sir, this telegram is for my mother. Is there any bad news?"

It seemed almost too strange to be true. Here I was, by wonderful good fortune, placed at once in the hands of those most interested in me. It was little Robert Martin, who was a messenger, and almost the only support of his mother and two little sisters.

Mamma—Oh, I see. You will not be influenced by a monetary consideration.

Daughter—No; I marry for love alone.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

No wonder he dreaded the reply of the clerk, for the only telegram his mother had ever before received conveyed the sad news of his father having been killed in a mine near Leadville four years ago.

"For your mother?" shouted the clerk, as he glanced over my damp copy. "I guess you're 'off your feed,' sonny. This message reads—" He suddenly stopped, and looking sharply at the lad, asked: "Have you any relatives in New York?"

"Yes, sir," said Robert. "I have an uncle there. Is he dead?"

"What's his name?" asked the clerk.

"Gilbert Hardman," replied Robert.

"Is he a rich man?" again queried the clerk.

"I think so, sir," said Robert, "for I've heard mother say if he would do her just so, we could go back to New York State, and I could go to school, and we could be comfortable and happy!"

"Well, may I be scalped by a Digger squaw!" ejaculated the clerk, "if I don't believe you've struck it rich. Here! read it yourself. I only hope it is for your mother, for your sake, for you're a good boy and deserve the best that's going in the way of fortune."

Robert took the copy and read:

"NEW YORK, July 15, 18—.

"Mrs. HENRY MARTIN, Denver, Col.: I have placed to your credit in the Seventh Ward National Bank twenty thousand dollars. Draw at sight.

"GILBERT HARDMAN."

Seeing the look of blank astonishment on the lad's face, the clerk said:

"I guess it's all straight, Bob, and your mother's a rich woman. Skip on with it to her, and you can have the rest of the day to yourself."

Placing me carefully in his pocket, he left the office, almost flying over the pavements and across the streets to the lower part of the city, where his humble home was situated.

That was the most pleasant part of my trip. I had not been sealed up very tight, and I could peep out of the corner of the envelope. I saw the glad tears chase each other down his cheeks, and I would have cried for joy myself if the moisture had not all been squeezed out of me in that horrid press when they took my copy.

He rushed into the house and handed me to his mother, exclaiming:

"Oh, mother!"

He could say no more, and throwing himself into his mother's arms, cried as if his heart was breaking.

Mrs. Martin, not divining the cause of his apparent grief, surmised that the telegraph envelope contained notice of his dismissal for some trivial offence, and attempted to soothe him the best she could.

"Never mind, Robby dear," she said. "You can probably get another place as good as that one was."

"Oh, its not anything like that," interrupted Robert. "Read it, mother, read it."

Mechanically she tore open the envelope and read me. I could see her bright blue eyes open wide with astonishment, and then, like Robert's, fill with joyous tears, as she clasped her son in her arms.

"Oh, Robert! It has come at last. Your Uncle Gilbert has done us justice at last."

And that very hour they arranged plans for the future. It was decided that they should draw only sufficient money to procure suitable clothing and whatever they most needed, and start for the East. In a week they were on board of the east-bound express, en route for Blankville, Mrs. Martin's old home.

Arriving at their destination, Mrs. Martin found her brother willing to still further make amends by giving her a title deed to the old homestead where they had both been born and reared.

I am unable to give an account of their after life, for I was carefully laid away with some of Mrs. Martin's "Sacred things." But I remember that one day Robert found me, and said:

"If I could always send and receive messages that carried as much joy as you did, little telegram, I think I would like to be a telegraph operator."—*Golden Days.*

Bruce and the Pie-Man.

Bruce was a Scottish dog, that lived in Edinburgh. His master kept a grocery store.

A man used to pass almost every day with meat pies to sell. He carried a bell, and rang it now and then, to let people know he was coming. He only asked a penny apiece for his pies, but they were small, and an English penny is worth about two of our cents.

One day Bruce was sitting at the door of the shop when the pie-man came along. He saw the dog's wistful look, and gave him a pie.

Bruce wagged his tail for "Thank you," and put the pie in his dinner-basket in a hurry.

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, went the bell next day. Bruce bounded out from his shop, caught the pie-man's coat in his teeth, and would not let go. He did not tear the coat, but showed very plainly that he meant to keep the man there till he had a pie. The dog's master stood in the door-way.

The pie-man took a penny out of his pocket, showed it to the dog, and pointed to his master. Bruce understood. He bounded to his master's side, put his fore-paws on him, wagged his tail, and looked up in his face with eager, entreating eyes. The penny was given, and Bruce took it in his mouth to the man, and bought his pie.

Every day after that he watched for the pie-man, and the moment he heard the bell he ran to his master, and begged for a penny. It was never refused, and so Bruce became a regular customer, a good one, too, for he always paid promptly, and never found fault.—*Our Little Ones.*

Politeness.

There is nothing which adds to a boy's success in life, next to honesty of purpose, as the practice of good breeding wherever he goes—on the sidewalk, in the buggy, as well as in the parlor. If you meet a boy who refuses to give you half the road or turns out on the sidewalk, you may class him as a boy with no sense of justice in his soul. When we speak of a polite boy we do not wish to be understood as referring to one who bows low, and takes off his hat deeply, but we mean the honest fellow—the one who always carries a smile on his countenance, we mean the one who has a kind salutation when he meets you in the morning, and a pleasant "good-night" in the evening, a boy whose face is always void of offense.—*Christian at Work.*

—William Houck, of Reading, Pa., had an old horse which he prized very highly, and often said he believed they would die together. Friday he took the horse out of the stable, and the animal fell, injuring himself so that it was thought best to kill him. The old man protested, but his friends shot the horse, when Mr. Houck fell to the ground and expired almost instantly.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

RELIGIOUS READING.

NO NEED TO SHRINK.

[illegible]

A HUNDRED FOLD

Facts Which Suggest Volumes of Believe Due to Christians and Others.

When Messrs. Moody and Sankey visited England twenty years ago and held their gospel meetings in London, one of those who came to hear the influence of the Evangelist and the Singer was a Mr Studd. He was a man of property and greatly devoted to sporting. He was also a famous hunter, and the possessor of valuable hunting horses and dogs.

The change in Mr. Studd's life was as sudden and radical as was that in his religious views. He instantly began reforming his own household. The hunters and dogs were sold, and the farms where sporting men had been wont to meet became centers of Christian missionary work for all the neighborhood.

When this happened the two sons of Mr Studd were then lads, pursuing their studies quietly at the famous Eton school. They were opportunely and greatly interested in the change in their father. In course of time they entered Cambridge University, where their hereditary taste made them the leaders in athletic sports. They were among the most famous cricketers of the present generation. One of them was captain of the University Eleven. Again Mr Moody and Mr Sankey visited England. The two young men, interested because their father had been, for he had died meanwhile, were among the first to become through Mr Moody's influence professing Christians, and to join the corps of religious workers organized by the Evangelists.

Joined by other Cambridge undergraduates who had come under their influence, they were foremost in all the mission work. Since the return of Moody and Sankey to America the enthusiasm of these young men has risen instead of declining. One of them has decided to go as a missionary to China. Not only is he to serve as one without pay, but he is to give a large sum of money to the society under the direction of which he will be.

The other lad, who has already become a missionary at the East End of London, the poor quarter where there is much distress and many vices. In his work he is to be assisted by a daughter of Lady Rancliffe, prominent in Beecham, who was one of the earnest singers enlisted in support of Mr Sankey during the long London mission. Young Studd is to marry this daughter of a Countess, and the young people will devote themselves, and their fortunes to the rescue of "outcast London."

Even yet the whole story has not been told. The two brothers Studd have recently made a visit to Cambridge for the purpose of awakening interest in missions, and have been so successful that about thirty undergraduates have decided to go to foreign fields to labor for the conversion of the heathen.

There is enough in these facts, for they are all literally true, even to the names of the persons, to suggest volumes of reflection, not only to professing Christians, but to men who are not Christians. What a difference to the world in the life of these men, giving themselves for the rescuing of humanity from impurity and vice, and the life as sporting men they would have lived, had they not through Mr. Moody's influence given themselves to the service of a Divine Master.

Thousands of immortal souls from all parts of the world will hereafter trace their rescue from vice and from paganism to the first visit of a sporting man to one of Mr. Moody's gospel meetings. It was a grain of mustard-seed which the evangelist planted that day, and already its branches are beginning to thrust themselves out, as if about to overshadow the world.—*Boston's Congregationalist.*

"PERISHABLE."

A Word That May, with Propriety, Be Inscribed on All Earthly Things.

On a barrel of freight I recently observed the word at the head of this article. It indicated the need of its being forwarded with haste. That single word was to me a sermon. It suggested much more than was intended. I thought that with propriety it might be inscribed on all earthly things. It might be written on the riches of the world. None of these are durable. They perish with the using. They are uncertain possessions. The fire and flood may destroy them. The moth and rust may corrupt them. Thieves may break through and steal them. They may suddenly make themselves wings and fly away.

It might be written on the honors of the world. None of these are enduring. None of them are secure to their possessors. Those who occupy the highest seats of power and fame are not sure of them for a day. Now, we see Nebuchadnezzar proudly walking in his palace, and saying: "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of my kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" And while he yet speaks, there falls upon his ear a voice from Heaven saying: "Oh, King Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken; the kingdom is departed from thee." And the same hour was the thing fulfilled upon him. His glory was turned to shame. Great was his humiliation.

And so as regards the pleasures of the world. How transient are all these. They are but for a brief season. And so of the fashions of the world. How changing, and how soon do they pass away! And so our bodies, these houses of clay in which we dwell. How frail and crumbling! How soon do they return to the dust, of which they are! And so of the world itself. Peter warns us of a time, rapidly approaching, when the earth and the works that are therein shall be burned up. And we think he goes on to say, "Seeing that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" How should we diligently improve our time to lay up treasure in Heaven! How earnest should we be in seeking those pleasures that are [illegible] How sickly should we seem in [illegible] longer and more earnestly on the Kingdom of God.—*Baptist.*

WORLD VS. HEAVEN.

"What Shall a Man Give in Exchange for His Soul?"

God endowed the soul with [illegible] to contain Himself and to fill it with His own fullness, and so [illegible] It great men who have tried the experiment have left their testimony. King Solomon, rich and honored and possessed of all earthly pleasure, but, [illegible] "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!" Ecclesiastes 1. 2.

Alexander the Great conquered the world, but through [illegible] corrupt and became [illegible] that he he began to [illegible] with empty hands exposed. Psalm xvii. 9, 10, 14.

The man who had gone to excess for many years, and said to his soul, "Eat, drink and be merry," was startled by God's voice saying: "This night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be?" St. Luke xii. 19.

The rich man who clothed himself in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day, after death lifted up his eyes in the world of torment. St. Luke xvi. 19, 23.

"Because [illegible]

Therefore, art not thou an exchanger with the god of this world for what is not earth, that offer unto him instead of money, for an equivalent [illegible] will have even in this life? [illegible] poor soul for anything to unmoral [illegible] enticing. For w[illegible] man profiteth you must lose your soul? Contrariwise, [illegible] will give you of its things in exchange for your soul? [illegible] Kingdom. His unexchangeable treasure, and its eternal weight of glory.

Lay up for yourself treasures in Heaven for where your treasure is there will your heart be also. St. Matt. vi. 21. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. 1 John ii. 15. Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come. 1 Tim. iv. 8. But godliness with contentment is great gain. 1 Tim. vi. 6. John iii. 36. In everything he is enriched by Him. 1 Cor. i. 5. Seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. And when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory. Col. iii. 1-4.—*Christian Inquirer.*

PSALM 121.

Its Comforting Assurances Peculiarly Precious to the People of God.

As I was speaking to an aged deacon and his wife of the 121st Psalm and telling them of some of my own experience in regard to it, and how it had been to me for many years one of the most precious of the Psalms, they simultaneously exclaimed: "That is my Psalm." They, too, had been specially benefited by it, and so it had become very dear to them. And doubtless there are many of the people of God now upon the earth, and many more in Heaven to whom this portion of the inspired Word has been peculiarly precious. They have read it in circumstances which it has spoken needed comfort to their hearts, as was the case with the writer. More than forty years ago when he was a young man, going forth at sunset into a strange land, this Psalm came in his way and gave him courage and cheered him. And in the manner has it come in the way of many a child of God in his pilgrimage here, and most comforting has been its teaching great and precious promises. In a single brief Psalm a world more to the humble believer than all the volumes of uninspired men that have ever been written. What more does he want than these, like as [illegible] The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil. He shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even for evermore. Trusting in these, all shall be well with him in the world to come. All shall be well with him in time and in eternity.—*Presbyterian Messenger.*

The Christian's Peace.

A consistent Christian may not have rapture; but he has that which is much better than rapture, namely, God's serene and perpetual presence. And after all, that is the best. Unto whom much is forgiven has much joy. He must have it, if it were only to support him through those fearful trials which are to come, those burning remorses of a polluted heart, those fiery darts, those hideous memories to which the habits of past indulgence have made him liable. A terrible struggle is in store for him yet. Grudge him not one hour of unclouded exultation. But religion's best gift—real, serenity, the quiet daily love of one who lives perpetually with his Father's family, who lost prodigal nothingness—that belongs to him who has lived steadily, and walked with God, neither grieving nor quenching the Holy Ghost of God.—*Independent.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

—On the earth the Infinite has written His name in tender flowers.—*Richter.*

—When the mind is full of joy in serving God, it pays no heed to the devil's bribes.

—It ought to be a point of honor with every man to deal fairly with the claims of the Christian religion.—*Congregationalist.*

—Has this religion of yours grown so valetudinarian that it can no longer take the robust exercise of out-door life? that you must shelter it from the keen east winds of adversity, and the daily uphill trudge of business, and the glow and bustle of healthy amusement? that you must deny it all the vigor and movement of every-day life, and only take it out for a little very gentle exercise once or twice on Sundays? Well, wrap it up then, keep it warm! It's in a "perilous state" truly; and, if the worst should happen, Heaven send us a good, serviceable, sound-minded, work-a-day religion to take its place.—*Nineteenth Century.*