

NEW EVERY MORNING.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you,—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed;
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday is a part of forever.
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight;
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days
which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom' and their
blight,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in his mercy receive, forgive them!
Only the new days are our own,
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all reborn;
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun, and to share with the morn
In the chris of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzle forecasted, and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again!
—Selected.

THE STORY OF PATSY.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

"When a lither bairnies are hushed to their ham
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last and lanely, an' nagebody carin'
Tis the puir doited loonie,—the mitherless
bairn!"

CHAPTER II.—PATSY COMES TO CALL.

Suddenly I was awakened by a subdued and apologetic cough. Starting from my nap, I sat bolt upright in astonishment, for quietly unscounced in a small red chair by my table, and sitting still as a mouse, was the weirdest apparition ever seen in human form. A boy, seeming—how many years old shall I say? for in some ways he might have been a century old when he was born—looking, in fact, as if he had never been young, and would never grow older. He had a shrunken, somewhat deformed body, a curious, melancholy face, and such a head of dust-colored hair that he might have been shocked for a door-mat. The sole redeemers of the countenance were two big, pathetic, soft, dark eyes, so appealing that one could hardly meet their glance without feeling instinctively in one's pocket for a biscuit or a ten-cent piece. But such a face! He had apparently made an attempt at a toilet without the aid of a mirror, for there was a clean circle like a race-track round his nose, which member reared its crest, untouched and grimy, from the centre, like a sort of judge's stand, while the dusky rim outside represented the space for audience seats.

I gazed at this astonishing diagram of a countenance for a minute, spellbound, thinking it resembled nothing so much as a geological map, marked with coal deposits. And as for his clothes, his jacket was ragged and arbitrarily docked at the waist, while one of his trousers-legs was slit up at the side, and flapped hither and thither when he moved, like a lug-sail in a calm.

"Well, sir," said I at length, waking up to my duties as hostess, "did you come to see me?"

"Yes, I did."

"Let me think; I don't seem to remember; I am so sleepy. Are you one of my little friends?"

"No, I hain't yit, but I'm goin' to be."

"That's good, and we'll begin right now, shall we?"

"I knowed yer fur Miss Kate the minute I seen yer."

"How was that, eh?"

"The boys said as how you was a kind o' pretty lady, with towzly hair in front." (Shades of my cherished curls!)

"I'm very much obliged to the boys."

"Kin yer take me in?"

"What? Here? Into the Kindergarten?"

"Yes; I bin waitin' this yer long whiles fur to git in."

"Why, my dear little boy," gazing du-

biously at his contradictory countenance, "you're too—big, arn't you? We have only tiny little people here, you know; not six years old. You're more, are n't you?"

"Well, I'm nine by the book; but I ain't more 'n skerce six along o' my losing them three year."

"What do you mean, child? How could you lose three years?" cried I, more and more puzzled by my curious visitor.

"I lost 'em on the back stairs, don't yer know. My father he got fightin' mad when he was drunk, and pitched me down two flights of 'em, and my back was most clean broke in two, as I couldn't git out o' bed forever, till just now."

"Why, poor child, who took care of you?"

"Mother she minded me when she warn't out washin'."

"And did she send you here to-day?"

"Well! however could she, bein' as how she's dead? I s'posed you knowed that. She died after I got well; she only waited for me to git up, anyhow."

O God! these poor mothers! they bite back the cry of their pain, and fight death with love so long as they have a shred of strength for the battle!

"What's your name, dear boy?"

"Patsy."

"Patsy what?"

"Patsy nothin'! just only Patsy; that's all of it. The boys calls me 'Humpty Dumpty' and 'Rags,' but that's sassy."

for he hastened to add foot-notes to the original text.

"He's allers out o' work yer know, 'n he don't sleep ter home, 'n if yer want him yer have to hunt him up. He's real busy, now, though,—doin' fine."

"That's good. What does he do?"

"He marches with the workin' men's percessions 'n hold banners."

"I see." The Labor Problem and the Chinese Question were the great topics of interest in all grades of California society just then. My mission in life was to keep the children of these marching and banner-holding laborers from going to destruction.

"And you haven't any father, poor little man?"

"Yer bet yer life I don't want no more father in mine. He knocked me down them stairs, and then he went off in a ship, and I don't go a cent on fathers! Say, is this a 'zamination?"

I was a good deal amused and should have felt a little rebuked, had I asked a single question from idle curiosity. "Yes, it's a sort of one, Patsy,—all the kind we have."

"And do I have to bring any red tape?"

"What'do you mean?"

"Why, Jim said he bet 't would take an orful lot o' red tape 't git me in."

Here he withdrew with infinite trouble from his ragged pocket an orange, or at least the remains of one, which seemed to

She give her silk dress a swish to one side, so! and then she cocked her head over sideways like a bird, and then her hands, all jinglin' over with rings, went a-whizzin' up and down them black and white teeth just like sixty!"

"You know, Patsy, I can't bear to have my little Kindergarten boys stand around the saloon doors; it isn't a good place, and if you want to be good men you must learn to be good little boys first, don't you see?"

"Well, I wanted some kind of fun. I seen a cirkis wunst,—that was fun! I seen it through a hole; it takes four bits to git inside the tent, and me an another feller found a big hole and went halveys on it. First he give a peek, and then I give a peek, and he was bigger 'n me, and he took orful long peeks, he did, 'nd when it come to my turn the ladies had just allers jumped through the hoops, or the horses was gone out; 'nd bimeby he said-mebbe we might give the hole a stretch and make it a little mite bigger, it wouldn't do no harm, 'nd I'd botter cut it, 'cos his fingers was lame; 'nd I just cutted it a little mite, 'n a cop come up behind and h'istted us and I never seen no more cirkis; but I went to Sunday-school wunst, and it warn't so much fun as the cirkis!"

I thought I would not begin moral lectures at once, but seize a more opportune time to compare the relative claims of Sunday-school and circus.

"You've got things fixed up mighty handy here, have n't yer? It's most as good as Woodward's Gardens,—fishes—'nd c'nary birds—'nd flowers—'nd pictures—is there stories to any of 'em?"

"Stories to every single one, Patsy! We've just turned that corner by the little girl feeding chickens, and to-morrow we shall begin on that splendid dog by the window."

Patsy's face was absolutely radiant with excitement. "Jiminy! I'm glad I got in in time for that!—'nd ain't that a bear by the door thar?"

"Yes; that's a mother bear with cubs."

"Has he got a story too?"

"Everything has a story in this room."

"Jimmy! 'tis lucky I did n't miss that one! There's a splendid bear in a s'loon on Fourth Street,—mebbe the man would leave him a spell if you told him what a nice place you hed up here. Say, them fishes keep it up lively, don't they?—s'pose they're playin' tag?"

"I should n't wonder," I said smilingly; "it looks like it. Now, Patsy, I must be going home, but you shall come to-morrow, at nine o'clock surely, remember! and the children will be so glad to have another little friend. You'll dress yourself nice and clean, won't you?"

"Well, I should smile! but these is the best I got. I got another part to this hat, though, and another pocket belongs with these britches." (He alternated the crown and rim of a hat, but was never extravagant enough to wear them at one time.) "Ain't I clean? I cleaned myself by the feelin'!"

"Here's a glass, dear; how do you think you succeeded?"

"Jimmy! I did n't get much of a sweep on that, did I now? But don't you fret, I've got the lay of it now, and I'll just polish her off red-hot to-morrer, 'n don't you forget it!"

"Patsy, here's a warm bun and a glass of milk; let's eat and drink together, because this is the beginning of our friendship; but please don't talk street words to Miss Kate; she does n't like them. I'll do everything I can to make you have a good time, and you'll try to do a few things to please me, won't you?"

Patsy looked embarrassed, ate his bit of bun in silence, and after twirling his hat-crown for a few seconds hitched out of the door with a backward glance and muttered remarks which must have been intended for farewell.

(To be Continued.)



"HERE'S AN ORANGE I BRUNG YER."

"But all little boys have another name, Patsy."

"Oh, I got another, if yer so dead set on it,—it's Dinnis,—but Jim says 't won't wash; 't ain't no 'count, and I would n't tell yer nothin' but a sure-pop name, and that's Patsy, Jim says lots of other fellers out to the 'sylum has Dinnis fur names, and they ain't worth shucks, nuther. Dinnis he must have had orful much boys, I guess."

"Who is Jim?"

"Him and I's brothers, kind o' brothers, not sure 'nuff brothers. Oh, I dunno how it is 'zactly,—Jim 'll tell yer. He dunno as I be, yer know, 'n he dunno but I be, 'n he's afeared to leave go o' me for fear I be. See?"

"Do you and Jim live together?"

"Yes, we live at Mis' Kennett's. Jim swipes the grub; I build the fires 'n help cook 'n wipe dishes for Jim when I ain't sick, 'n I mind Miss Kennett's babies right along,—she most allers has new ones 'n she gives me my lunch for doin' it."

"Is Mrs. Kennett nice and kind?"

"O-h, yes; she's orful busy, yer know, 'n won't stand no foolin'."

"Is there a Mr. Kennett?"

"Sometimes there is, 'n most allers there ain't."

My face by this time was an animated interrogation point. My need of explanation must have been hopelessly evident,

have been fiercely dwelt with by circumstances.

"Here's an orange I brung yer! It's been skwuz some, but there's more in it."

"Thank you, Patsy." (Forced expression of radiant gratitude.) "Now, let us see! You want to come to the Kindergarten, do you, and learn to be a happy little working boy? But oh, Patsy, I'm like the old woman in the shoe, I have so many children I don't know what to do."

"Yes, I know. Jim knows a boy what went here wunst. He said yer never licked the boys; and he said, when the 'nifty' little girls come to git in, with their white aprons, yer said there warn't no room; but when the dirty chaps with tored close come, yer said yer'd make room. Jim said as how yer'd never show me the door, sure." (Bless Jim's heart!)

"Praps I can't come every day, yer know, 'cos I might have fits."

"Fits! Good gracious, child! What makes you think that?"

"Oh, I has 'em" (composedly). "I kicks the footboard clean off when I has 'em bad, all along o' my losin' them-three year! Why, yer got an orgind, haith't yer? Where's the handle fur to make it go? Couldn't I blow it for yer?"

"It's a piano, not an organ; it doesn't need blowing."

"Oh, yes, I see one in a s'loon; I seen such an orful pretty lady play on one."

DIFFERENT KINDS OF POLITENESS.

Some children can be very nice and polite when auntie or visitors are visiting at the house, but as soon as they are gone their good manners are gone. Their politeness did not spring from the heart, but from vanity and ambition to please.