

THE HORSE THAT WORE SPECTACLES.

"Say, boys," said Tom Phelps at recess one Friday, "what do you think we've got in our barn? You never could guess!"

Then the guessing began, and a great many queer things were thought of, but none were right, and finally they had to give it up.

"Well," said Tom, laughing, "of course you couldn't guess it, for you never heard of such a thing. It's a horse that wears spectacles!"

"Oh!" said all the boys who had gathered around Tom, "it's mean to fool us that way. Didn't think you were joking," and they were turning away to their games when he called them back.

"But I'm not joking. You know our horse Prince?"

"Yes!" came from a dozen boys at once. Didn't they know him? Hadn't they ridden behind him, filling Mr. Phelps' waggon running-over full if ever he chanced to drive along just as school was let out, a hundred times? And hadn't they ridden on his back in the pasture three or four in a row, and tumbled off three or four in a heap, and petted him and given him apples or sugar whenever they saw him? Every boy in Manlius knew Prince, and to know Prince was to love him, for a more intelligent, kind and gentle horse never lived.

"What about Prince?" said several, in a breath.

"Why, papa thought he was getting blind. He has always acted as if he couldn't see just right, and so the other day papa took him to a—what do you call it?" said Tom, trying to think of the big word he wanted.

"Was it an oculist?" said a voice.

"Yes, sir," answered Tom, for it was the teacher, Mr. Bragdon, who spoke. He had joined the group, and was listening with interest to the news about Prince.

The man looked at Prince's eyes just as he would look at anybody's, and found he was near-sighted, the way some people are. Then he wrote out something to tell how to make spectacles for Prince. Papa had them made and put on a bridle, and Prince wore them yesterday."

"How did he act, Tom, the first time the spectacles were put on?" asked Mr. Bragdon.

"He acted at first as if he was sort of frightened, but it didn't take him long to get used to it, and now we think he likes them."

"Well, that is wonderful!" said Mr. Bragdon, as he turned to go into the school-room; and before recess was over half the boys had agreed to go to Tom's the next morning to see how Prince looked in his spectacles. Mr. Bragdon was invited, too, for all the boys liked him and thought they always had a better time when he was with them.

Bright and early Saturday morning a troop of jolly boys called for the "teacher," and were tramping gaily up the carriage-road to the Phelps farm-house, when whom should they see but Tom and his father, in the big waggon, driving Prince right toward them. How funny Prince looked with his great goggles, and how the boys laughed! It seemed as if Prince tried to laugh too, for he shook his mane and opened his mouth in such a funny way.

"He looks like a professor," said one.

"Or an owl," said another.

"Doesn't he look wise?" said a third.

"Why shouldn't he? He knows more than any of us," retorted one of Prince's most ardent admirers; and so the talk went on until Mr. Phelps ordered the visitors to "pile in" and go for a ride. They needed no urging, and their gay laughter, as they went through the quiet town, brought more than one staid body to the window to see what the matter was. No doubt more than one turned away with a sigh to say, "It's only Dea. Phelps and that parcel of boys he's so fond of carting around with him."

When the ride was over Mr. Phelps said: "Now, I'm going to turn Prince out to pasture. Yesterday he acted kind of queer and sorrowful when I took the bridle off. I wish you would watch him to-day, Mr. Bragdon, and see what you think is the matter."

So they all waited and watched eagerly to see what Prince would do, and the boys who were used to his playful ways were astonished to see him walk slowly part-way across the barn with his head down, and then stand still like a person who is blind-folded, and does not know where to go next.

"I believe he's crying," said little Jack

White, in an awed whisper, and I think the boys would not have been astonished to see real tears drop from his eyes.

"Go on, Prince," said Mr. Phelps, kindly; but he did not stir until taken by the nose and led out-of-doors. Then he walked slowly down the path toward the meadow, the whole group watching him in silence.

"He seems to miss the spectacles," said Mr. Bragdon, after a moment.

"Yes," replied Mr. Phelps, "that's just the way it seems to me."

"Look at him now!" cried the boys.

"He is coming back!" and, sure enough, Prince had turned and was on his way back to the barn. Slowly he came, went straight by the boys, never stopping for sugar or caress, to the barn door, which had been closed, and there he stood, whimpering softly.

"He's asking for those spectacles, papa," said Tom, eagerly. "Do put them on."

"Yes," said Mr. Bragdon, "Why not see what he will do?"

So the bridle was put on, bit and all, but Prince did not seem to mind the bit. Just as soon as the spectacles were on and fastened, he rubbed his nose lovingly against Mr. Phelps' arm, as if to say "thank you," and then kicked up his heels and pranced away down to the meadow in the happiest manner.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Mr. Bragdon, "that was what he wanted;" and he and Mr. Phelps talked it all over while the boys ran away to the meadow to have a romp with their friend.

This is a true story. The horse who wears spectacles is now living, and I'm sure you will all join with me in hoping that he may live to wear them many years. — *Christian Advocate.*

CAN'T AND TRY.

Can't-do-it sticks in the mud; but try soon drags the waggon out of the rut. The fox said, "Try," and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapped at him. The bees said, "Try," and turned flowers into honey. The squirrel said, "Try," and he went to the top of the beech tree. The snow-drop said, "Try," and bloomed in the cold snows of winter. The sun said, "Try," and spring soon threw Jack Frost out of the saddle. The young lark said, "Try," and he found that his new wings took him over hedges and ditches and up where his father was singing. The ox said "Try," and ploughed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for

Try to climb, no clay too stiff for Try to plough, no field too wet for Try to drain, no hole too big for Try to mend.—*Ex.*

ARABIC PROVERB.

Men are four;
He who knows not, and knows not he knows not.
He is a fool; shun him,
He who knows not, and knows he knows not.
He is simple; teach him.
He who knows, and knows not he knows, He is asleep; waken him.
He who knows, and knows he knows He is wise, follow him.

THERE is a slowness in affairs which ripens them, and a slowness which rots them.—*Joseph Roux.*



CRADLE SONG.

"Sleep, my baby, sleep!
The wolf will grasp the sheep,
Its soft skin to divide,
And rend its snowy side;
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

"The hunter seeks the wood,
There in the solitude,
The fatal shaft is sped,
And the fierce beast is dead!
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

"The vale and mountain's breast,
Are soft with silent rest;
And to the old oak tree,
The dreamy shadows flee,
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

"Lovely spirits there,
In their robes of air,

Weave, in hues of night,
Visions of delight!
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

"They bring, too, from the wild,
Robes for the harmless child;
They will fold them on my boy,
And chant him songs of joy!
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

"They only come in sleep,
When rest is calm in deep,
Then their bright presence gleams;
They talk to thee in dreams!
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

"See! his brow is bright,
With spirits of the night;
That smile upon his face
Is from their embrace!
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

—Selected.