



A PRAYER.

O Father, from thy dwelling place
Look on thy children here below,
Who, though they do not see thy face,
Thy kindness and thy mercy know

With one look of thy loving eye
Restrain the wanderers who roam,
Cry to them with the loving cry
That brings the chillest slumber home

Make them to feel that treasures sought—
Jewels, however bright they shine,
That heaven itself is naught
Compared with one kind look of thine.

Entreat them, win them with thy love,
Their many sins and faults forgive,
That in all thy bright home above
May worthy be with thee to live

MOSES TEGGART

POLLY'S CALLS.

Dear me, please excuse my appearance, for I have come a long way on my bicycle. Nevertheless, I had a delightful trip, and met quite a number of the Councilors on the way I passed by a large open field, in which, to my surprise, a



Whistling Girl, bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked, was sitting in the sunshine eating peaches and cream. Of course I dismounted to exchange greetings. She offered to share with me the contents of a large basket she had with her, at the same time taking from it a Raisin Loaf, Graham Gem and some Huckleberries. I could not well refuse such a treat.

Ah, listen, what is that? Oh, 'tis only a Village Rustle singing Sweet Marie. Presently she joined us with a basket of beauties. Among them were the prettiest white Calla Lily, a June Rose, Jessa Mine, Sweet Brier, Wild Rose, California Violet, Narcissus, Bluebell and a Marguerite. But I must tear myself away, for I have a long journey before me. Mount my wheel and speed away. In front of a neat little cottage stands Lonesome Old Bach, busily engaged in getting wood to cook his meals.

On and on I sped, but hark, the sweet strains of music are wafted to me from behind a clump of forest pines, and then, emerging from her hiding place, comes our beloved Kink, picking on a dulcet guitar that sad sweet song, "What makes thee sad, my darling?" A "high-top" buggy comes into view and I recognize Gobble and Coddles' Sister. Further on I speed Pretoria in earnest conversation with Little Pap-poose.

Ah, there sits Shiftless Simpson, sewing on a button, having just finished mending the pair of trousers he is working on. 'Tis no one's else business but his, and he seems to be so happy about it. There comes Plow Boy. He had been to see Nakayuna, and together they had discussed his favorite subject, phrenology.

Lonesome Joe in his buggy draws his ponies to a standstill by my side, and gallantly offers his services, for I had punctured a tire badly. He assisted my injured wheel and myself in the buggy, and a delightful drive I had under the beautiful Silver Moon for some miles, when all our pleasure was cut short by the ponies becoming frightened and dashing off at breakneck speed. I told him I would either fall or jump out. He begged me to remain where I was and be quiet, but I was strong-headed and so I jumped out. With a start I awoke from my pleasant dream.—[Polly Pepper.

"My parents may come between us," she faltered. "If they do, he exclaimed hotly, "they must be pretty small." And he pressed her still closer.

AMONG OURSELVES.

Yes, Mr La Rue; F & H does accept stories and poems, and pays market prices, according to merit. Stories should be from 1000 to 3000 words long. Inclose stamped, self-addressed envelope and write your name and address clearly at the head of the first sheet of the manuscript.

An Ideal Couple—Cowboy and Sister Ella, you both have my sympathy. I have never had a like experience, but if I did, I would not let pride stand in the way of a reconciliation. There are so many ways of making up, 'twould be easy enough. I'm sure, I have been engaged several years and we have never had any quarrels. Bear and forbear has been our motto and we mean to live up to it in the new life we are soon to enter. Oh, no, we did not become acquainted through F & H, but it's a fine paper. Just the same, I belong to a letter circle, and it would be one of the best if the letters weren't so long making a round. I think age will improve it. It's only in its infancy now.—[Member of Letter Circle No 106.

Courage! Bad Boy, I would advise you to give and keep the freedom that ought to bring a lifelong happiness to you and your friend. If her mother deserves the name of mother, you certainly cannot respect her more than by allowing her to obey her mother's wishes. Remember, "honor thy mother." If you have reason to believe the girl is faithful, then explain your feelings to her, and she will explain her part in due time. Wait a while. Love can wait; if not, it is of a different character. If you cannot beat the old adversary in his first attack, it will be very hard to beat him after the sacred knot is tied. My best luck comes from obeying my good mother. Suppose you gather up the courage to ask her mother why she objects.—[Experience.

Lost Isles—As I look around on a company of young friends assembled for a social evening, I often think how short a time it will be before we shall be scattered to the four corners of the earth, some never to be seen again in this world, and some even forgotten, crowded out of our minds by the business and cares of life. And yet, how often in after years shall our thoughts turn back to this, the happiest time of life, and long for the old times, the loving hand-clasps of the near and dear friends of long ago, who live to us in memory only! How it stands us in hand to exert ourselves to the utmost to make ourselves and others as happy as possible, so that in looking back we shall have nothing to regret. In reviewing my school days just passed, I can recall the names of many dear friends who have gone to join in the ceaseless struggle for gold and fame the majority of whom I shall probably never see again. I often think of a poem by Lloyd Miffin:

"'Twas long ago we reamed a summer sea,
With pictured sails that fanned the perfumed air,
Far over the waters, yet we knew not where
Sudden an isle, dim as a memory,
Called like a siren to us, until we
Lay in her bosom an hour at anchor there
We sailed afar; then searched in sheer despair,
But never more we found where it could be.

"O lips of those who loved us, lightly pressed,
Where are ye now, since life is growing gray?
Hands clasped in ours, dear faces once caressed
And left forever, and some tender breast
Where we were anchored by sweet love,
A day—
Lost isles are these from which we sailed away."

A Thankless Task—There has been a good deal written about stepmothers, pro and con. I think they are, as a class, like the proverbial mother-in-law, a much-abused lot. A stepmother, no matter how good she tries to be to her stepchildren, has invariably a thankless task. I have seen, in a sum-

The Bridal Feast

Is not infrequently followed by a long, lenten period of enforced fasting and fleshly mortification. The cheek grows hollow, the eyes are dull and deep ringed, and the step is slow and languid. There is an "all dragged-out feeling,"



which makes life an utter burden. The great functional changes which follow marriage are not usually anticipated, or the wife suffering might be avoided.

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