

his way into the parlor, and lighted the gas, he did not quite enjoy that feeling of exhilaration which a man usually feels, or ought to feel, when getting home. It was not home. That was his feeling, and it struck him as a strange thing in his experience. He had not felt that way before. Perhaps it was the contrast between the brilliantly lighted room and the congenial company he had left, and this sombre, lonely, loveless lodging. But that thought took him back in imagination to the pleasant evening he had spent, and the friends he had met, and the play of intellect and emotion he had witnessed and experienced. So he was in a pleasant humor again. "But," he thought, "if going there is to make me discontented with my lot here I must not go back again." Then he went to his room. It did feel somewhat lonely. Why didn't it feel lonely before? Ah, there are lots of things that we don't understand. "And what is the use," thought he, "of philosophising about trifles? What I have to do now is to sleep."

And sleep he did very soon. He dreamed, too. He thought he was in the St. ck Exchange. The babel and jargon of voices was utterly bewildering. It almost drove him wild. What brought him there he did not know, but somehow he could not get away. When the uproar and clamor had continued for a while, a kind of cloud or smoke began to fill the place, and increased until no one was visible. The voices grew fainter and fainter until they died away. Then there was a great noise as of a bull beginning to roar, and it increased until it became terrific. Then other bulls joined in, and the roar increased until it was deafening. Then the snarling and hissing of bears was heard like an interlude, and then the groans of men and shrieks of women mingled in the chorus. It seemed like a perfect pandemonium. Then the smoke lifted a little and he saw the bulls and bears in mortal conflict; while beneath them and all around were scattered the bloody, mangled forms of men, women and children, who had been beaten down and trampled and torn in the strife.

Then the scene changed. The horrible sounds gradually died away. The smoke changed to a lighter and brighter hue. It became a cloud of glory, tinged and streaked with lines of pink and gold. The dreamer felt himself floating. He found he could move hither and thither at will. In the distance he saw other moving objects. As some of them floated nearer he perceived that they were angels. And they were of various types and colors. Some of them would float quite near to him and then sail off again into the dim distance. Some of them seemed to move in circles, and others in straight lines. Thus some of them moved around him though not very near, and others completed their circles outside of him. There was one that caught his attention more than the rest. He was attracted first of all by the very white wings of this angel. Then he noticed that the angel moved around him in narrowing circles, coming nearer than any of the others. He grew more interested, and waited for the angel's next appearance. He had not long to wait and the next appearance showed him that the angel had a very beautiful countenance, deep blue eyes, and a profusion of yellow hair.—To be continued.

#### An Intelligent Cat.

"I have a cat that can read," declared a lady. "At any rate she knows when a letter comes for her."

"A letter!" exclaimed her friend in astonishment.

"Yes, a letter. If you don't believe it I

will prove it to you. Just wait a moment while I direct one." She left the room, and presently returned with a sealed envelope, addressed, "Miss Pussy, No.—Blank street, City." This letter was duly posted.

The next morning the postman came, and soon afterward the servant entered with a bundle of letters, among which was that for Miss Pussy. Placing them near her feline highness on the floor, Pussy's mistress said!

"Now, Pussy, pick out your letter." Surprisingly enough, Pussy at once showed an interest, and in a moment had pushed aside with her paws the envelope addressed to her.

"Wait a moment," said the mistress, "and she'll open it." Scarcely had she said this when Miss Pussy tore open the envelope, and in a moment was literally devouring its contents—catnip!

#### The Children in Church.

In the morn of the holy Sabbath

I like in the church to see

The dear little children clustered

And worshipping there with me.

I am sure that the gentle pastor,

Whose words are like summer dew,

Is cheered as he gazes over

Those dear little heads in the pew.

Faces earnest and thoughtful,

Innocent, grave and sweet—

They look in the congregation

Like lilies among the wheat;

And I think of the tender Master,

Whose mercies are ever new,

Has a special benediction

For those dear little heads in the pew.

When they hear, "The Lord is my Shepherd,

Or, "Suffer the babes to come,"

They are glad that the loving Father

Has given the lambs a home—

A place of their own, with his people;

He cares for me and for you,

But close to his breast he gathers

Those dear little heads in the pew.

So I love, in the great assembly,

On the Sabbath morn to see

The dear little children clustered

And worshipping there with me.

For I know that our heavenly Father,

Whose mercies are ever new,

Has a special benediction

For those little heads in the pew.

—Margaret Sangster.

#### Johnnie's Picnic:—An Incident From Life.

BY J. FRED SMITH.

"And you going to the picnic! Why, Johnnie, you've left your shoes at home!"

"Yes, I'm going, Billie," said Johnnie bravely, as he hurried on towards the big waggon.

Billie stopped to speak to Jimmie Wilson, and let Johnnie go on alone. When he thought he would not be overheard, he said to Jimmie:

"He wouldn't go if I was superintendent of the Sunday-school. It isn't nice for boys to go barefoot to picnics." He then looked with childish pride at his nice shoes and stockings.

"That's so," answered the other, trudging along. "S'pose we speak to Mr. White about it; he may not see Johnnie in the crowd. My mother'd be shocked to have me ride with a barefooted boy through town."

Billie consented, and they hurried round to the side of the hall to speak to the superintendent before the school started. He heard their remarks very kindly, but simply said:

"Johnnie's bare feet won't hurt you any, my boys, and they may do somebody good, before night. We'll let him go."

When the children arrived at the beautiful park, and ran down to the shore of the little pond, there were many who stripped off shoes and stockings, and Johnnie had lots of company for his wading in the water. So he forgot for a while that he was different from the others. When the rest hurried on their shoes and stockings to go to the big tables for dinner, Johnnie felt the lump in his throat again, but went on with the rest.

After such a dinner as he had not had since last year's picnic, Johnnie walked over to the big swing, and was soon in the height of glee. Rising away, away, oh, so high in the air! then sinking swiftly backwards, but to rise again still higher. After a little while Billie and Jimmie came up and watched him. Nobody had swung so high before, and they could not help wondering how he did it.

Pretty soon, Billie asked if he might get in too, and Johnnie gladly "let the old cat die,"—that is, he let the swing stop itself,—and then the two swung together a good long time. Suddenly, when they were high at the back, just starting down on the swift low sweep, they were startled by the cry, "Run away, sissy! Run, quick!" They saw a toddling baby right in their path. They would sure'y kill.

"Down with your feet, Billie! Stop her hard,—and hang on!" yelled Johnnie to his seatmate, as they came down like a flash. But Billie was too scared to do anything but hold on, while Johnnie struck the ground in full force, and held himself straight and stiff until the swing stopped just beside the little girl.

The crowd rushed up to cheer the brave boy, and take the baby out of danger. Then they saw that Johnnie's poor bare feet had great gashes cut in their soles, and that he had stood the pain like a hero to save the little girl's life.

Kind hands quickly bound up the bleeding feet, and two boys, besides some others, felt that those bandages were far more honorable than the finest shoes and stockings that were ever made. What made Johnnie happiest, however, was that one man promised him work at good wages. Do you suppose Johnnie disappointed him?—S. S. Times.

#### The Art of Listening.

Would there were more people who know to listen! We sometimes deplore the fact that there are so few good talkers; may we not rather regret that those who can talk so seldom find people who know how to hear them?

The habit of interrupting is one which is certainly on the increase. If one will sit quietly by and take notes of a casual conversation, he will be disagreeably surprised to see how few sentences are allowed to run their smooth and even way without some interruption. When the story is in telling by one of a small group, it is bound to be paraphrased by exclamations, needless questions, or would-be jocose speeches. To listen properly one should look at the speaker, and think of what he is saying. Such a listener is in himself an inspiration. We sometimes hear it said of a man or woman: "That person brings out all that is best in me in the way of conversation." And generally the reason for this is that this particular one gives appreciative heed to what is being said.

To look at a book, to turn over the pages of a magazine, or to glance over the columns of a newspaper, is not to listen attentively, and will serve as a damper to the most enthusiastic of speakers.—Harper's Bazar.