

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

IN a little white house on a hillside green,  
Lives a beautiful woman as ever was seen;  
In the sixty-five years that she's lived, I may say,  
She been growing more beautiful every day.  
You do not believe it? Ask Susie, my sister,  
She's the very first person that ever had kissed her.  
And if she'd not nursed her by night and by day,  
Poor Sue would have been in a very bad way.  
I can bring other witnesses whom you may face,  
They will tell you the same—they were in the same case.  
"Has she lovers?" Yes, surely! No less than eleven!  
She has seven on earth, and four more up in heaven.  
Her hair is so beautiful—faded and thin,  
There are beautiful wrinkles, from forehead to chin.  
Her eyes are as charming as charming can be,  
When she looks o'er her glasses so fondly at me,  
And I know by her life, which has beautiful been,  
She is like "the king's daughter"—"all glorious within."  
Ah, you've guessed who it is! It could be no other,  
I'm sure, than my beautiful, darling old mother.

—Joy Allison, in *Youth's Companion*.

### THE APPLE ORCHARD.

"YOU girls keep out of this barn if you don't want me to set the dog on you, d'ye hear?"

"Of course we hear you, polite boy; how could we help it when you holler so loud; we're not deaf, I guess." I declare Tom does nothing but scold, scold, scold. I'm tired of hearing it, and am driven to paying my chicks a visit; good-by Mr. Crosspatch, I hope when we call again we'll find you in a better humor."

The girls walked away to play with the little speckled hen who had but lately strutted off the nest with ten tiny seabrights. When left alone, Tom said crossly, "I'm not a crosspatch, it was mean in the girls to say so; they think they know everything, but they are mistaken." Suddenly he remembered that he once had the mumps, and how very uncomfortable he felt, especially when he could eat none of the spring chicken which the rest had, but had to have his face tied up in a silk handkerchief, and drink broth like a baby. It was strange that it had never occurred to him before, that it was Ellie who made some delicate jelly, because it slipped down his throat easily; and he forgot until now how pleasant it was to hear the delightful adventures of Robinson Crusoe read aloud when he felt too sick to read it himself. But, better late than never, is a wise saying, and he did not forget to call to mind his sister's kindness; so, changing his mind, he patted the pony's neck, whistled to Carlo, and ran out of the barn in search of the girls.

In the meantime they had visited the chicken yard, discovered the little hen and her lilliputian brood sunning themselves in the hay field, and had likewise squeezed through a hole in the fence into the apple orchard, where they were filling their pinafores with ripe green boughs that had dropped from the limbs. Tom felt sheepish; he dared not trust himself in the girls' society quite yet. He knew he would say something in trying to make up that would turn his good resolutions topsy-turvy; so he hung over the fence pretending to pet Carlo, and wishing with all his heart they would ask him to come over where they were.

They were too wise for that: so waiting a long time and receiving no encouragement he finally climbed over the fence and confronted the girls quite boldly.

"Do you find any good apples?" he stammered, trying to conceal that he felt ashamed

of himself. "Maybe if I shook the tree some better ones would fall."

Seeing they were not inclined to be angry, he scrambled up the straight trunk, clinging with his arms and feet, and lifting himself to a limb, he shook it well, sending down a shower of lovely boughs.

"Oh, Tom! Tom! that's enough," they cried, "we never could eat so many," and Tom, once again in a good humor, suggested, "how would you two girls like to climb this tree? Then we could tell stories and pull the apples off as we wanted them."

"Yes! let's do it," they exclaimed, "but how can we? I'm afraid we are not such good climbers as you are."

"Suppose I get a ladder," said Tom, "then you can."

The ladder was brought; the girls carrying one end and Tom the other. By this means they all three climbed into the tree, which formed a bower thick enough to hide them, and with its crooked branches afforded arm-chairs where they could take their ease.

"Let's pretend Tom's grandfather," said Ellie, "he always tells such delightful stories. Tom shall tell us about the king who hid in the oak while his enemies passed by; what a splendid old tree that must have been; how I wish it grew in this field."

"I'd rather have this old apple tree," Tom said feelingly, "oaks are not half so good, and Robinson Crusoe's more interesting than the king."

"But oh, Tom! Robinson Crusoe is not true," the girls exclaimed.

"Who says it's not?" retorted Tom. "If it was not true it would never have been written." He pulled the book from his pocket, and finding the place where Crusoe killed the cannibals, read aloud while Ellie and Lucy listened, only occasionally venturing to make an exclamation when Tom read anything particularly horrible.

A book like that was far more interesting than dinner, and they never thought of the time until their names were called.

"Hush!" said Ellie, laying her finger upon her lips, "they will never find us here; don't any one speak."

But John, the gardener, thought those vines over the porch needed trimming, and marching over to the tree, carried away the ladder without their knowing it. This was an unlooked-for piece of fortune. Bidy would never find them now.

"We might imagine we were Robinson," Tom said. "Ellie can be my man Friday, Lucy can be his father, and Bidy shall be the captain who sailed up in his big ship and rescued them."

"Where can the children be," Bidy called loudly. "Tom, Ellie, Lucy, don't ye hear me calling yez?"

Nobody moved or spoke until Bidy stood right under the tree; then very slyly Tom let fall an apple which frightened poor Bidy, so that Lucy putting her hand over her mouth to keep from laughing made a queer little giggle through her fingers which revealed them at once.

"Oh, we are having such fun," Ellie called. "I'm Friday and Tom's Robinson Crusoe. Must we go in? Do, dear Bidy, let us stay a little longer."

"Indade no, it's a cold dinner ye'll get now,"

and Bidy ran to find John to bring back the ladder.

"Biddy's an old cannibal," said Ellie.

"That's so," said Tom, "and we'll play we are going to a feast after the battle. That will do, won't it?"

So John helped them down the long ladder and they hurried home to put on clean aprons for dinner and attend the feast.

It was a happy morning while the three children played they were on a desert land. Try it yourself some day, and see if you can do what Tom did, and if you cannot guess what it was, ask mamma and she will tell you.

### WHEN IT IS SAFEST TO RUN.

"GO the other way! go the other way!" cried Mr. Grace, a thoughtful neighbor, as Samuel Hawkes was about to get over the fence into Mr. Benson's orchard. Sad complaints had been made of the boys for pelting the fruit-trees, and Mr. Grace would have felt ashamed of any Sabbath scholar who would dare to take what belonged to another.

Mr. Grace had a good opinion of Samuel Hawkes, for he was a steady lad; but he thought the temptation might be too much for him, so he persuaded him to take the other path.

"Samuel," said he, "listen to me. I once saw a man running from the door of a public-house, while two or three other men were hallooing after him. Aye, thought I, this fellow has been drinking, and is running away without paying for his liquor. Presently after, however, I overtook the man, and asked him what made him run away so fast from the tavern door.

"Why, sir," said he, "not a very long time ago I was a sad drunkard; my wife and children were in rags, and I was about going to jail, when a good friend stepped forward and agreed to save me from prison, if I would promise never to drink another glass of spirits as long as I lived. Up to this hour the promise I then made has not been broken. Having walked a long way to-day, I called at the door of the public-house yonder for a draught of water; but no sooner had I drank it, than an old companion of mine came up, and offered to treat me with a glass of gin. Having drank my glass of good pure water, and seeing the landlord pouring out the gin, I fairly took to my heels, for I knew too much of my own heart to trust myself. If I were to pause, and stop to talk in a place of temptation, it would be too strong for me; but so long as I can run away from it I am safe."

"Well, thought I, I must take example from this man, and run away from temptation whenever it approaches me. Now it will be a good thing if you will do just as he did; for a boy is as likely to be tempted by a cherry-checked apple as a man is by a glass of gin.

A RECONCILED and quiet conscience is the work-shop of spiritual joy.—*Osiander*.

"HOWEVER much the church may for a season be distracted and troubled, error and its advocates can not finally prevail, God will frustrate their schemes."

IF one should seek fire in snow, or ice in fire, he would not find it; so he who seeks life, righteousness, and salvation in the law, and not in Christ, will never receive them.