

OLIVET.

Triumph on Olivet! with praises greet Him,  
Israel's Messiah and Victorious King,  
Ye who would crown Him, go ye forth to meet  
Him,  
Lob-your Hosannas o'er the mountain ring!  
Ere the dark clouds of doom around Him gather,  
Anthems, prophetic of His glory, swell!  
Ancient of days, and One with God the Father,  
Love hath constrained Him in our midst to  
dwell.  
Glistens before Him Zion's stately city,  
Porches and pinnacles are all aglow,  
Lo, thy King cometh! In divinest pity,  
Tears for thy doom and sorrow overflow.  
"If thou hadst known thy day of vilitation,  
Peace had been thine!" thou, Olivet, hast  
heard  
Love's bitter wail in Jesus' lamentation,  
Ages have echoed on each mournful word.  
Wonder on Olivet, while earth's strange story  
Falls on the ear beneath the olive's shade,  
Nor yet the kingdom cometh and the glory,  
First must the Son of David be betrayed.  
Sorrow on Olivet! Death's bitter vial  
Must be outpoured, the Saviour's gentle lips  
Warn of betrayal, weakness and denial,  
Shame of the cross, and triumph's swift eclipse.  
Sorrows of centuries, and sin's dread burden  
Press on His spirit and torture His brow;  
Angel of heaven! whisper of joy's guerdon,  
Terrors of darkness encompass Him now.  
Lo! on Mount Olivet a King victorious  
With all His saints triumphantly shall stand;  
Mighty in majesty, in power glorious,  
Jehovah reigneth over sea and land!

CLARA THWAITES.

TIMOTHY'S QUEST.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

SCENE XIV.—(Continued.)

As she picked up the heap of clothes to lay them neatly on a chair, a bit of folded paper fell from the bosom of the little dress. She glanced at it, turned it over and over, read it quite through. Then, after retiring

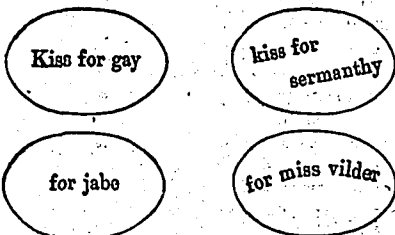
behind her apron a moment, she went swiftly downstairs to the dining-room where Miss Avilda and Jabe were sitting.

"There!" she exclaimed, with a triumphant sob, as she laid the paper down in front of the astonished couple. "That's a letter from Timothy. He's run away, 'n' I don't blame him a mite 'n' I hope folks 'll be satisfied now they've got red of the blessed angel, 'n' turned him ou'doors without a roof to his head? Read it out, 'n' see what kind of a boy we've showed the door to!"

"Dero Miss vilder and sermanthy. I herd you say i cood not stay here enny longer and other people sed nobuddy wood havo me and what you sed about the home but as i do not like homes i am going to run away if its all the same to you. Pleas give Jabe back his birds eggs with my love and i am sorry i broak the humming-bird's one but it was a naxident. Pleas take good care of gay and i will come back and get her when i am ritch. I thank you very mutch for such a happy time and the white farm is the most butifull plase in the whole whirld. TIM.

p. s. i wood not tell you if i was going to stay but billy penel thros stones at the white cow witch i fere will get into her milk so no more from TIM.

i am sorry not to say good by but i am afrade on account of the home so i put them here.



The paper fell from Miss Vilda's trembling fingers, and two salt tears dropped into the kissing places.

"The Lord forgive me!" she said at length (and it was many a year since any one had seen her so moved). "The Lord forgive me for a hard-hearted old woman, and give me a chance to make it right. Not one reproachful word does he say to us about showin' partiality, — not one! And my heart has kind of yearned over that boy from the first, but just because he had Marthy's eyes he kept bringin' up the past to me; and I never looked at him without rememberin' how hard and unforgivin' I'd ben to her, and thinkin' if I'd petted and humored her a little and made life pleasanter, perhaps she'd never have gone away. And I've scrimped and saved and laid up money till it comes hard to pay it out, and when I thought of bringin' up and schoolin' two children I cal'ated I couldn't afford it; and yet I've got ten thousand dollars in the bank and the best farm for miles around. Samantha, you go fetch my bonnet and shawl, — Jabe, you go and hitch up Maria, and we'll go after that boy and fetch him back if he's to be found anywhere above

ground! And if we come across any more o' the same family trampin' around the country, we'll bring them along home while we're about it, and see if we can't get some sleep and some comfort out o' life. And the Missionary Society can look somewhere else for money. There's plenty o' folks that don't get good works set right down in their front yards for 'em to do. I'll look out for the indivyals for a spell, and let the other folks support the societies!"

SCENE XV.

Wilkins's Woods.

LIKE ALL DOGS IN FICTION THE FAITHFUL RAGS GUIDES MISS VILDA TO HIS LITTLE MASTER.

Samantha ran out to the barn to hold the lantern and see that Jabe didn't go to sleep while he was harnessing Maria. But he seemed unusually "spry" for him, although he was conducting himself in a somewhat strange and unusual manner. His loose figure shook from time to time, as with severe chills; he seemed too weak to hold up the shafts, and so he finally dropped them and hung around Maria's neck in a sort of mild, speechless convulsion.

"What under the canopy ails you, Jabe Slocum?" asked Samantha. "I s'pose it's one o' them everlastin' old huddled jokes o' yourn you're tryin' to hatch out, but it's a poor time to be jokin' now. What's the matter with you?"

"Ask me no questions 'n' I'll tell you no lies, is an awful good motto," chuckled Jabe, with a new explosion of mirth that stretched his mouth to an alarming extent. "Oh, there, I can't hold in 'nother minute. I shall bust if I don't tell somebody! Set down on that nail kag, Samantha, 'n' I'll let you hev a leetle slice o' this joke — if you'll keep it to yourself. You see I know — 'bout — whar — to look for this here — runaway!"

"You hev'n't got him stowed away anywhere, hev you? If you hev, it'll be the last joke you'll play on Vildy Cummins, I can tell you that much, Jabe Slocum."

"No, I hain't stowed him away, but I can tell putty nigh whar he's stowed hisself away, and I'm ready to die a-lafin' to see how it's all turned out just as I suspicioned 'twould. You see, Samantha Ann, I thought 'bout a week ago 'twould be well enough to kind o' create a demand for the young ones so't they'd have some kind of a market value, and so I got Elder Southwick 'n' Aunt Hitty kind o' started on that tack, 'n' it worked out slick as a whistle, tho' they didn't know I was usin' of 'em as innocerent instruments, and Aunt Hitty don't need much encouragement to talk; it's a heap easier for her to drizzle 'n it is to hold up! Well, I've ben surmisin' for a week that the boy meant to run away, and to-day I was dead sure of it; for he come to me this afternoon, when I was restin a spell on account o' the hot sun, and he was awful low-speerited, 'n' he asked me every namable kind of a question you ever hearn tell of, and all so simple-minded that I jest turned him inside out 'thout his knowin' what I was doin'. Well, when I found out what he was up to I could 'a' stopped him then 'n' there, tho' I don't know's I would anyhow, for I shouldn't like livin' in 'sylum any better 'n he doos; but thinks I to myself, thinks I, I'd better let him run away, jest as he's plannin', — and why? Cause it'll show what kind o' stuff he's made of, and that he ain't no beggar layin' roun' whar he ain't wanted, but a self-respectin' boy that's wuth lookin' after. And thinks I, Samantha, 'n' I know the wuth of him a'-ready, but there's them that hain't waked up to it yet, namely, Miss Vildy Trypheny Cummins; and as Miss Vildy Trypheny Cummins is that kind o' cattle that can't be drove' but hez to be kind o' coaxed along, mebbe this runnin'-away bizness'll be the thing that'll fetch her roun' to our way o' thinkin'. Now I wouldn't deceive nobody for a farm down East with a pig on it, but thinks I, there ain't no deceivin' 'bout this. He don't know I know he's guin' to run away, so he's all square; and he never told me nothin' 'bout his plans, so I'm all square; and Miss Vildy's good as eighteen-karat gold when she gets roun' to it, so she'll be all square; and Samantha's got her blinders on 'n' don't see nothin' to the right nor to the left, so she's all square. And I ain't

interferin' with nobody. I'm jest lettin' things go the way they started, 'n' stan'in' to one side to see whar they'll fetch up, kind o' like Providence. I'm leavin' Miss Vildy a free agent, but I'm shapin' circumstances so's to give her a chance. But, land, if I'd fixed up the thing to suit myself, I couldn't 'a' managed it as Timothy hez, 'thout knowin' that he was managin' anything. Look at that letter bizness now! I couldn't 'a' writ that letter better myself! And the speerit o' the little feller, jest takin' his dorg 'n' lightin' out with nothin' but a per-lite good-bye! Well I can't stop to talk no more 'bout it now, or we won't ketch him, but we'll jest try Wilkins's Woods, Maria, 'n' see how that goes. The river road leads to Edgewood 'n' Hillside, whar there's consid'able hayin' bein' done, as I happened to mention to Timothy this afternoon, and plenty o' blackberries 'side the road, 'specially after you pass the wood-pile on the left-hand side, whar there's a reg'lar garding of 'em right 'side of an old hoss-blanket that's layin' there, one that I happened to leave there one time when I was sleepin' ou'doors for my health, and that was this afternoon 'bout five o'clock, so I guess it hain't changed its location sence."

Jabe and Miss Vilda drove in silence along the river road that skirted Wilkins's Woods, a place where Jabe had taken Timothy more than once, so he informed Miss Vilda, and a likely road for him to travel if he were on his way to some of the near villages.

Poor Miss Vilda! Fifty years old, and in twenty summers and winters scarcely one lovely thought had blossomed into lovelier deed and shed its sweetness over her arid and colorless life. And now, under the magic spell of tender little hands and innocent lips, of luminous eyes that looked wistfully into hers for a welcome, and the touch of a groping helplessness that fastened upon her strength, the woman in her woke into life, and the beauty and fragrance of long-ago summers came back again as in a dream.

After having driven three or four miles they heard a melancholy sound in the distance; and as they approached a huge wood-pile on the left side of the road, they saw a small woolly form perched on a little rise of ground, howling most melodiously at the August moon, that hung like a ball of red fire in the cloudless sky.

"That's a sign of death in the family, ain't it, Jabe?" whispered Miss Vilda faintly.

"So they say," he answered cheerfully; "but if 'tis, I can 'count for it, bein' as how I fertilized the pond lilies with a mess o' four white kittens this afternoon; and as Rags was with me when I done it, he may know what he's bayin' 'bout, — if 'tis Rags, 'n' it looks enough like him to be him, — 'n' it is him, by Jimmy, 'n' Timothy's sure to be somewheres near. I'll get out 'n' look roun' a little."

"You set right still, Jabe, I'll get out myself, for if I find that boy I've got something to say to him that nobody can say for me."

As Jabe drew the waggon up beside the fence, Rags bounded out to meet them. He knew Maria, bless your soul, and 'thout he clapped his eyes on her, he approached Miss Vilda's coat, and quivering whiskers seemed to be saying where have I smelled that body has a mistake not, it has been here a more than once. Ha! I have seen Vilda Cummins of the White Farm, 'n' her of the white cat and wash-pail, and 'n' companion of the lady with the firm hand, who wields the broom! whereupon he leaped up on Miss Cummins's black alpaca skirts, and made for her flannel garters in a way that she particularly disliked.

"Now," said she, "if he's anything like the dogs you hear tell of, he'll take us right to Timothy."

"Wall, I don't know," said Jabe cautiously; there's so many kinds o' dorg in him you can't hardly tell what he will do. When dorgs is mixed beyond a certain p'int it kind o' muddles up their instincts, 'n' you can't rely on 'em. Still you might try him. Hold still, 'n' see what he'll do."

Miss Vilda "held still," and Rags jumped on her skirts.

"Now, set down, 'n' see whar he'll go."

Miss Vilda sat down, and Rags went into her lap.

(To be Continued.)