

Juvenile Foresters.

The Future of the Impecunious.

All of us dream of a day to come
Bringing no trouble or care;
When we never shall look at our pocket-book twice,
For the dollar that isn't there.

When we'll pay every debt we ever have owed,
With compound interest beside;
When we shall not think, in anxious mood,
Of the needs unsatisfied.

When we shall not fret and worry and screw,
For the sake of saving a dime.
We can buy the dress, and the bonnet, too,
Indeed, two frocks at a time!

When we shall not sigh that the flour is out,
Or the coal disappears so fast;
When the time that Johnnie's shoes must be toed,
And his trousers patched, are past.

We can meet the wants of a suffering friend,
Without undue look to our own.
We may lift the feet that stumble and bend,
Without heed lest we trip on the stone.

For a better use of the "filthy stuff"
We could make, than Brown or Gray;
And we'll have—a little more than enough
In that coming time—Some Day.

O brilliant castles we never behold!
O day with never a dawn!
For most of us fight clear out to the end,
And die with our armor on.

But the dream of that wonderful, far-off time,
That ever-fair to-morrow,
Helps many faint heart do braver part,
Bearing to-day its sorrow.
—Eva Lovett Carson, in the *Housewife*.

Prince William.

A contributor to the *Sunday School Visitor* relates the following characteristic incident of Frederick William, Crown Prince at the time the incident occurred, and afterwards Emperor of Germany. It was during the war of 1870, when the German troops were marching on Paris, Philippe Lerouge, a young French girl living not far from the city, had a pet cow, Fauchette which was almost the only support of her family. To save the animal from the Germans she was taken out to graze only at night, and kept hidden in the daytime.

It was Philippe's task, as soon as she had cleared away the supper things, to take Fauchette to the meadow where she grazed, and stand guard over her for the hours necessary to give her sufficient time for her meal. It was a lonely and dreary vigil, and many times Philippe felt her heart sink while undergoing it.

One night, when the new moon gave just enough light to make out objects clearly, Philippe was sud-

denly startled by the sound of horses' feet coming along the road. It needed no glance in that direction to know that a body of horsemen were approaching at a slow gallop.

With the swiftness of the wind she flew to Fauchette's side, and, with her hand on the gentle creature's shoulder, was about to push her away toward a clump of tall bushes. But through some carelessness the bell had not been removed, and either it gave out a tinkling sound or Philippe's swift running had drawn attention to herself. At any rate, before she could move the cow, a gruff voice called to her in her own tongue:

"Hold on there! Don't see you! Don't take that cow away!"

Overcome with terror, Philippe could only stand with her hand against the cow's shoulder, looking in the direction whence the gruff voice had come.

The soldiers had halted. Some had already dismounted, and were climbing the fence. Others tore a wide gap and entered through it on their horses. How their guns and sabres glittered in the moonlight!

"O Fauchette!" exclaimed Philippe with a burst of tears, as she threw her arms around her dear cow's neck, "I am afraid they are going to kill you!" Then with a sudden determination she cried, "But if they do, they shall kill me first!"

"Let go that cow, girl!" said the same harsh voice, now unpleasantly near to her. "We must have her."

"What do you want of her?" asked Philippe, raising her head and wondering at her own bravery.

"To eat!" was the gruff response.

At these words Philippe burst into tears. To eat! Her beautiful Fauchette!

"Are you going to get away or not?" the man asked again. "If you do not, I shall take you away by force. Come!"

She did not move, but stood with her arms firmly clasped about the neck of Fauchette. The officer turned to two of the men who had dismounted and were standing near.

"Seize her!" he said.

They started to obey orders. Philippe saw them coming, and her screams rung far and near. They were echoed by an angry exclamation from the direction of the road, and the next moment a horseman on a powerful horse came galloping through the gap into the field.

He was a man in the prime of life, with an air that bespoke the commander. When they saw him the men who had been about to seize Philippe moved away. Only the officer held his ground, looking confused.

"What does this mean?" sternly demanded the new-comer. But he didn't wait for an answer; he seemed to comprehend the situation at a glance.

"There, little girl, do not cry!" he said in the kindest tones. "They shall not take your cow. Go home with her. It is late for a little girl like you to be out."

Then while Philippe, smiling through her tears and courtesying, drew Fauchette away, the commander turned and she could hear him, after she had gone some distance, angrily reprimanding the soldiers.

Philippe did not know until long afterward that the noble-looking horseman who had come just in time to save her dear Fauchette was no less a personage than Frederick William, Crown Prince of Germany—the good "Unser Fritz," as he was called, who died nearly three years ago, so universally loved and regretted.