

TWO CHRISTIANS.

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "POEMS WRITTEN FOR A CHILD."

Two Christians travelled down a road,
Who viewed the world with different eyes;
The one was pleased with earth's abode,
The other longing for the skies.
For one, the heavens were so blue,
They filled his mind with fancies fond;
The other's eyes kept piercing through
Only for that which lies beyond.

For one, enchanting were the trees,
The distance was divinely dim,
The birds that fluttered on the breeze
Nodded their pretty heads for him.
The other scarcely saw the flowers,
And never knew the trees were grand;
He did but count the days and hours,
Till he might reach the promised land.

And one a little kind career
Would to a tender rapture move;
He only ope'd his lips to bless
The God who gave him things to love.
The other journeyed on his way,
Afraid to handle or to touch;
He only ope'd his lips to pray
He might not love a thing too much.

Which was the best? Decide who can.
Yet why should we decide 'twixt them?
We may approve the mournful man,
Nor yet the joyful man condemn.
He is a Christian who has found
That earth, as well as heaven, is sweet,
Nor less is he who, heaven-bound,
Has spurn'd the earth beneath his feet.

[For the NEWS.]

LOCKED IN.

Mrs. Grimmie was a stickler for the proprieties.

Mrs. Miller was not.

Mrs. Grimmie frequently gave Mrs. Miller what she considered sound advice.

Mrs. Miller returned the compliment, she never took it.

The last time she called upon her friend, Mrs. Grimmie was quite affectionate in her solicitude for the well-being of that lady's pretty daughter.

"My dear Mrs. Miller," she began, "you really *should* be more careful of Daisy. It is most dangerous for her to go so often to the church alone."

"But she must practise on the organ," Daisy's mother responded meekly; "you know there is to be a grand choral service next Sunday, for the new clergyman is to be there, and will preach for the first time."

Mrs. Grimmie generally ignored opposition; a splendid means to get your own way.

"Think of its lonely situation," she pursued referring to the church, "up there in the fields. There was a tramp down in the village last night. It is not proper for her to spend hours there alone."

"But she has done so ever since she took the organ three years ago, and no harm ever came of it. Besides she doesn't go alone; she generally takes Amy Greene with her to work the bellows, or else one of the children go."

Mrs. Grimmie disregarded the protest, and demanded in magisterial tones,

"Does she leave the door open?"

"I—I suppose she does," rejoined Mrs. Miller with hesitation.

"I thought as much!" exclaimed Mrs. Grimmie, with the air of having convicted Daisy of a capital offence. "In future tell her to be sure to lock it on the inside." With this parting shot Mrs. Grimmie took leave supremely satisfied with herself. Nothing delighted her so much as managing other people.

Miss Daisy was excessively amused at the good lady's remonstrance when her mother talked over the visit that evening.

"Never mind, mother kind," she said, caressing her parent, (Daisy had pretty little pet ways.) "it's rather too late in the day to lock the door now. Of course the church is in a lonely situation; that makes it all the safer, because nobody ever comes."

"Still, dear, I think you'd better do it," urged her mother.

"Now mamma, you know Mrs. Grimmie always has something to complain of. It would put us on a par with herself if she hadn't. This is too absurd, after all the hours I've spent there unmolested. I shan't take the slightest notice of it."

The following afternoon she related the incidents to her friend Amy Greene, with great glee, as they climbed the stairs of the organ loft together. The latter, however, did not take so cheerful a view of the subject, and begged permission to run back and fasten the door on the inside.

Daisy would not hear of this however, and presently they both forgot everything else in the grand march she was playing. Then there were the chants to go through, then the hymns and finally Daisy stopped.

"I declare I wish I could play on forever," she sighed; "just one more voluntary Amy, and then we'll go."

She struck a few chords.

"What was that?" said Amy, peering over the gallery.

"Only me," from Daisy.

"No, no, I mean that queer, rattling sound. Listen!"

Daisy twisted round on the bench and leaned over the railing.

"It's some one turning the key," she muttered.

Amy grew white as death.

"Oh let us go home," she cried.

"Hush! Daisy whispered; "look there."

Over pieces of wood lying near the furnace for winter use stumbled heavy feet, next the tall form of a man was seen at the foot of one of the aisles.

"The tramp!" exclaimed Daisy in a tragic whisper; "Amy, what shall we do?"

Miss Greene had already answered that question; she had crept like a cat down the stairs and was now in the porch.

After a moment's hesitation Daisy followed. She gave one swift glance in passing at the intruder, who was now at the top of the church with his back to her and therefore unaware of her presence.

"Black, bushy hair," she thought; "I'm sure it's matched by a ferocious face;" and she crept after Amy.

Outside the church she had to run to get up to her.

"We're all right now!" she exclaimed endeavoring to make her friend slacken her speed, "I shan't feel safe till we are out of the churchyard," gasped the other.

Then they began to walk again.

"Amy," cried Daisy suddenly, "I forgot the church plate!"

"I don't wonder at it," rejoined Amy shortly. Daisy stopped.

"We must go back, Amy. It won't do to let him steal it. Come."

But Miss Greene showed no intention of accepting the invitation.

"Catch me doing any such thing. We can't help it, Daisy."

"We must help it," cried the brave little lady. "Do come back with me, Amy."

But Miss Greene stood upon a woman's noble prerogative—cowardice—and at this juncture prudently took to her heels again.

Plucky little Daisy, meanwhile, turned round and ran the other way. There was the door just as she had left it, a little ajar, and the key in the lock.

"Aha! you are caught, bushy black head; stay there till we call for you."

This, with a gleeful laugh as she ran down the churchyard.

Daisy was a woman of prompt measures, as you have seen, and she lost no time in walking her way to the nearest house, on the outskirts of the village. It was inhabited by an old officer who had been in the Crimea. He was standing in his garden as she approached, and she ran to him crying breathlessly:

"Oh Captain Cowan! there's a thief in the church; what shall we do to save the plate?"

"Hey-day!" rejoined the Captain, "he'll be off by this time."

"No he won't," replied Daisy with dancing eyes, "I locked him in."

And she related her exploit.

"Dear me," sighed the old soldier, "my rheumatism is so bad to-day I can hardly move; but Joe shall go with you my dear; he's a big, strong fellow."

Joe was the gardener.

"Come," said his master grandly; "go up to the church with this young lady and kick that fellow out, neck and crop."

Joe was a big, strong fellow, but he didn't seem to relish the business any better than Amy Greene. However, he could do no less than walk off with Miss Miller in silence.

It was characteristic of this young woman that she never once thought of remaining behind.

"I wish it had been anyone but Joe," sighed the adventurous dandy; "he walks so slow. I do believe he's frightened, and they say he has fits."

"Fortune favors the brave," says the proverb, and at the corner of the lane leading to the church pretty Daisy met four stalwart heroes, two of them her devoted slaves whenever she chooses to tyrannise a little.

"What's this Miss Greene's been telling us?" cried the quartette unanimously. "A robbery in the church?"

Daisy almost danced for joy.

"Oh I'm so glad to see you," she cried rapturously. "Come, every one of you." And in a few words she made clear Amy's confused recital.

"How plucky you are!" they cried in great admiration.

"Oh, I want to see the fun," rejoined Daisy turning it off.

"Now," she resumed, when they reached the porch, "let us listen."

They all stood quite silent for several minutes, not a sound was heard.

"Evidently he hasn't discovered he's locked in," said Daisy again. "Haden't two of you better mount guard to prevent any possibility of escape, and the other two go in and seize him."

"Let us go," cried the rivals eagerly, "and you must come Miss Daisy to identify him."

Daisy fitted the key into the lock with a hand trembling with excitement; pushed open the door and the three crept cautiously in. The two left without heard a sudden scurry of feet up the church, a slight scuffle, and then a loud triumphant shout.

"We've got him!"

Too much tempted to remain, both rushed in. There stood their companions, pinioning with iron grip their prisoner, who was striving ineffectually to free himself. Daisy at a little distance stood watching them, a twinge of pity stirring her heart.

"Don't hurt him," her soft voice was pleading, "he doesn't look so very bad, poor man."

But when the eyes of the newcomers met those of the prisoner his struggles suddenly ceased. Then six pairs of eyes met in a general stare.

"Let him go!" they cried suddenly, and before the command was obeyed, added in convulsed tones.

"They took you for a church thief."

Then the old church rang with a laughter it had never heard before, and probably never will again.

"What does it mean?" cried the rivals resentfully.

"Who is he?" exclaimed Daisy, burning red.

"Don't you know," cried the others, when at last they could manage to speak.

"No," savagely.

"Why, the new Clergyman."

"That comes of listening to Mrs. Grimmie," cried poor Daisy; and in spite of all her bravery, she burst out crying with mortification, and rushed out of the church.

But before she reached the gate a tall figure came striding after her, and though above the outstretched hand hung a very tattered coat sleeve, the voice of the wearer was quite gentle. Daisy lifted her eyes to a young and pleasant face, the very reverse of "ferocious."

"Please, Miss Miller," he was saying, "if one may judge by appearances you look good enough to forgive even 'a tramp.'"

"But it is *you* to forgive," replied pretty Daisy blushing; then added archly, through her tears,

"I'll never do it again."

In spite of the laughable blunder, however, Mrs. Grimmie stuck to her colors through thick and thin, and a year later was heard to remark with emphasis.

"Proper for Miss Daisy to practise in the church alone indeed! what has come of it, if you please! why, marrying the new clergyman."

F. GWILT.

IN SEARCH OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

"What I want to see," said a Denver man, as he alighted from the train at Manhattan Beach recently,—"what I want to see is some of your boasted civilization. I ain't much on the swell myself, but I want to see some top-shelf society. That's what I want. Now, just parade your Astors, and your Vanderbilts, and your Jay Goulds, and your Knickerbockers and the other ancients before my presence. Don't be any way skeered of me. These clothes only cost \$15, and I'm not stuck up. I want to see some tone. Cut me off a thick slice of high life. I come a long piece to see the fashionables, and if they're in condition, just pull off the blankets and trot 'em forward."

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the manager, courteously, noticing the crowd gathering.

"Right you are, stranger. I come more'n a bushel of miles to see this climate, and I want the attractions spread so I can examine the lay-out. I can throw some money myself, but what I want to see is style. Tell 'em not to hide on my account. Just walk some of the dignitaries up and down before me a couple of times. I want to see their points. Fetch me out a couple of well-matched high-steppers and give 'em their heads."

"All the people you see around you, sir, are first-class people. They move in our highest circles and belong to the aristocracy," explained the manager.

"Are you giving it to me straight, partner? All those fellows way-ups? Who's the philosopher with his breeches tucked in his socks?"

"That is a Yale young gentleman, home on a vacation."

"I don't want that kind. Show me a high dandy, one of 'em that gets their name in the papers for going to whooping weddings and is called the elight. Pick me out some Astors. That's the trout I'm throwing for."

"I don't think any of Mr. Astor's family are here to-day. That stout gentleman, with side whiskers, belongs to one of the first families in New York. He is a very popular young man, and leads in the Germans."

"Ain't big enough. Haven't you got a couple of head of Vanderbilts, or a Jay Gould or so anywhere? You see, stranger, I've read about those fellows, and I'd like to greet 'em with cordiality. What I want is to wobble fins with the satin lined. That Yale man and the boss leg slinger in the Dutch fandango ain't new. We see them home when they string for tourists. I'm on to them, but what I want is the baloons, the soakers. Throw your pickaxe, stranger, and see if the wash don't pan better dirt. Strikes me your rock don't assay pretty well this evening. Where's the mob?"

"These are the best people I know of to-day," said the manager in despair. "Mr. Vanderbilt is not here nor is Mr. Gould."

"Ain't you got any Knickerbockers on draught? Don't you keep the best article in stock? You'd make out to starve in Denver, if you wasn't interfered with, partner. When a man throws himself for a hotelier in those parts, he keeps the high-toned population right out in front and shored up behind. You don't seem to have much experience in running a beef-a-la-mode ranche. Just begun haven't you? If I was in your place I'd have them Goulds and Knickerbockers and Vanderbilts and Astors ranged right along the front edge of that back stoop spitting at a chip for drinks, and the fust one that broke gravel would pay his bar bill or go home bareheaded; now, you hear

me. What you want, stranger, is enterprise. All you've got is shed and some water, and if your liquor ain't any better 'n your judgment, I'm going back dry."

"You will find everything first-class here, I think," argued the manager. "We aim—"

"Just so, chief, but you don't hit. You aim too low. You've got room here to hold the biggest bug that ever straddled a blind, but there isn't a card out higher'n eight spot. I reckon you play pool without the fifteen."

"Would you like to try something?" asked the manager, anxious to disperse the grinning crowd.

"You might fetch me and these gentlemen a little tan-bark, if it's good. I don't want any stock where the shareholders are responsible for the debts, but if you've got some liquid sympathy in Q major, I'll wrap up a cartridge with you, stranger."

"Join me in the bar-room," said the manager, nervously.

"Good stake off for a junction. Gentlemen me and the engineer are going for the doxology. Will you join us?"

They "joined," and the manager ordered refreshment and left, despite the entreaties of the gentleman from Denver that he would introduce him to the ladies, such as they were, and he would forego the top lifters until he (the manager) had run along the vein to the prospect of a paying clean-up.

VARIETIES.

ALTHOUGH there are scattered over the land many persons, I am sorry to say, unable to pay for a newspaper, I have never yet heard of anybody unable to edit one.—Dudley Warner.

"COME," said one of a couple of lawyers, sauntering through the New Law Courts in Melbourne the other day, "Let's take a look at what is to be the new court." "Yes," returned the other, "let's view the ground where we shall shortly lie."

A BASHFUL young man one evening escorted an equally bashful young lady home. As they approached the dwelling of the damsel, she said entreatingly, "Jehial, don't tell anybody you bea'd me home." "Sally," said he emphatically, "don't you mind—I'm as much ashamed of it as you are."

It is common enough to find dogs who are attached to their masters, but it is not so common to find dogs who are attached to their master's horses. There is at present in the neighborhood of Paris a gentleman's dog, who, whenever he gets the chance of stealing carrots, or parsnips, or fruit of any kind from the garden, or the markets, or the kitchen, makes way with it to the stable, where one of the two horses is his peculiar friend. The other horse he refuses to notice. Whilst his friend is meditating upon or consuming one carrot the dog stands by wagging his tail, and when the carrot is quite consumed he hurries away to look for another.

THEY have "post offices" and "banks" in Fort Scott, Kansas, as a means of beating the prohibitory law. In a recent prosecution for violating the prohibition on whisky, the following was proven to be the method of procedure: In this case, the defendant had built upstairs what was called a "post office;" his patrons rented boxes and owned their bottles; the boxes were provided with keys. When a man wanted a drink he went to his post-office, opened a box, and found his bottle filled. When the bottle was emptied he deposited so much money in a bank downstairs, which was equivalent to the price of a bottle of the ardent, always getting credit for it on the "pass book." Every time he drew a "check" on the "bank" he proceeded to the "post office" and drew his bottle.

NEVER FORSAKE A FRIEND.—When enemies gather round, when sickness falls on the hearts when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you—who has studied your interest and happiness—be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists—in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who have never loved a friend, or laboured to make one happy. The good and the kind, the affectionate and the virtuous, see and feel the grand principle.

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 500 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.