

BOYS AND GIRLS

Father and Son.

(C. H. Faure Field, in the 'Spectator,' London.)

[Che in la mente m'è fitta ed or m'accora
La cara e buona imagine paterna
Di voi, quando nel mondo ad ora ad ora
M'insegnavate come l'uom s'eterna.]

—Dante.]

I had a father; when he was alive,
I did not greatly care his will to please;
I did not know his habit was to strive
For me, his son, upon his bended knees.

My careless eyes found him but common-
place,

And thus untreasured chances passed
away
Of watching Time—consummate artist!—
trace
A character like Christ's in 'common' clay.

Then he appeared a Philistine, too stiff
To sympathize with my superior mind;
But now, when he is dead, it seems as if
He were the vision-seer, I the blind.

He knows now all the secrets of the grave
Versed in profounder than Hegelian lore;
He wears the crown God gives to those who
brave
The world's contempt and all its sneers
ignore.

And I who could so lightly talk with him,
Confronting wisdom with youth's insolence,
Would give all that I have to walk with
him,
And think a great boon won at small ex-
pense.

I did not know how fervently he longed
In me deep-cherished hopes to realize,
Too late I see it now, the love I wronged,
Then in my reach, now out of reach, the
prize.

Though they are lost, which might have once
been won,
Rich opportunities I cast away,
I trust that even now he sees his son
Tracking his footsteps to the land of day.

Then will I tell him what I had to keep
Buried within my breast, a life-long woe;
And he will say: 'My son! my son! why
weep?
I have forgiven it so long ago.'

Molly's Repentance.

'Well, Molly, why such dreadful confusion?' exclaimed Margaret Anten, as she came into her schoolmate's room.

'I've been hunting for an hour for my diamond ring, and I can't find it anywhere.'
'You surely can't mean the diamond ring your father gave you on your birthday!'

'The very same. I would not lose it for the world. The last letter I had from home mother wrote: "Be sure and not be careless and lose that beautiful ring, Molly." You see our folks think I'm careless, but I'm not—it's the way things have of getting out of sight just at the moment.'

Molly was crawling under the bed in quest of the lost treasure, and after a search drew her head out and gave it a hard knock on the side of the bed.

'Oh, dear, I've hurt myself.'
'I'm so sorry; but why did you expect to find your ring under the bed, when you said you left it on the bureau? I'll wet my handkerchief in hot water and put it on the bump. You did give it a nasty knock, and no mistake.'

'It's almost time for my French lesson, and I know but little of it. Do go to Madame and tell her I have a headache, and ask her to excuse me. She will do it for you.'

After Molly's schoolmate left the room, she threw herself downward on the bed and sobbed as if her heart would break, as one of the girls said, who passed the door.

Her friend found her in that state when she returned. Madame had been quite gracious, for her, and Molly was over-
'To think Madge, that father of mine

South Africa, and may die there, and what if that ring should be the last present he will ever give me?'

'Look on the bright side of questions. Now, I'm going to rearrange all this dire confusion, and see if I can't find the ring.'

'I've just thought of something,' Molly exclaimed, wiping her eyes. 'I believe that little red-headed girl who takes care of our rooms took that ring. When I had it on once, she looked at it and said, "Miss Sampson, that's the prettiest ring I ever saw in all my life."'

'O Molly, you do not know she did, and it does not seem fair for you to come to such a conclusion. It is terrible to accuse another wrongfully. She always seemed like a good sort of a girl to me, and think of all the pretty things we girls leave around in her way, and she has never taken any of them.'

'I am going to Madame and report my loss. I shall tell her my suspicions, too.'
At that moment the little red-headed girl who took care of the rooms came along the hall with a broom in her hand.

'Jane, have you seen anything of my ring? It is missing from my room,' Molly said, in a severe tone of voice.

'No, miss; I have not seen it except the other day when you had it on.'

'Do you remember telling me that it was the prettiest ring you ever saw?'

'Yes, miss, I do. It was a lovely ring. I'm sorry you lost it.'

'Do you suppose you could find it, Jane? I will give you five shillings if you produce that ring to-day; I have my suspicions about it. I shall report the loss to Madame.'

'I would not take your five shillings, miss. I should only be too happy for anything to find it for you. I'll tidy up your room, again, and I'll hunt in every place. Perhaps you lost it when you was outside somewhere.'

'No, because I remember taking it off and putting it right in that spot on the bureau. Come, Madge,' added Molly, 'I'm going to stay in your room and let Jane have a clean sweep.'

'Jane!' she called back, 'my father gave me that ring, and he has gone abroad, and I may never see him again, and I would not lose it for the world—remember!'

After the girls had gone into Madge's room, some of their mates came in, who had heard of Molly's loss, to condole with her.

'I'm pretty sure Jane will produce that ring. I'm convinced in my own mind she has it, and she knows I'm going to Madame to report the loss.'

Poor Jane swept and garnished every crevice and corner—she moved out all the furniture, but the ring was not forthcoming.

Molly told the Madame of her loss and suspicions. She told everybody. The other maids heard it talked of and told Jane. Madame questioned Jane very closely. The young ladies looked at her with suspicious glances, and all passed her by without the usual pleasant greeting. Five shillings reward was offered for the recovery of the ring, then one pound, but three weeks passed by, and it was not found. The situation was a very trying one for poor Jane, and she gave up her place—a proof of her guilt, as Molly and some of the other girls reasoned. Then Madame would not give her a recommendation for another place.

There was to be a reception at the end of the three weeks at Madame's, and the young ladies were planning to wear their party gowns, and were getting them out for that occasion. Molly's had been folded up in the bottom of her trunk since she came back to school. She was taking out the waist when the missing ring dropped on the floor.

'My ring! my ring!' she exclaimed, 'Now I remember, I was bending over the trunk that last night I wore it, putting away my organdie dress, and it must have dropped into the trunk. Madge, Madge, girls, all of you!' she called out, running through the hall, 'I've found my ring,' and, hurriedly, she explained the mystery as she held up the recovered treasure.

'But Jane, poor Jane,' said Madge.
'Yes, Jane,' said Molly, in a sad tone of voice. 'I had not thought of her. What shall I do? Does anybody know where she can be found? I must not delay a minute.'

With the number and street of Jane's

whereabouts, Molly put on her wrap, and begging Madge to go with her, she was soon on her way to make restitution.

'I never had such a hard thing to do in my life, Madge,' she said, as they rode along in the 'bus. 'I do not know what I can say to undo the wrong. What a bitter lesson I have learned.'

Jane was found in the small house in which she made her home. She looked pale and thin and careworn. Molly poured out her whole heart, filled with the saddest regrets, to her. Would she forgive her?

Oh, yes, Jane would forgive. Mother would be so glad the ring has been found; it had almost killed mother to think her child had been suspected of a theft and she had been ill for over a fortnight.

Molly looked about the room; she knew they must be very poor. She took her monthly allowance, which she had just received, out of her purse, and put it in Jane's hand.

'Nothing can ever recompense you, dear,' she said, with tears, 'for the wrong I have done you, but so long as I live I shall try and show how I am sorry for my injustice.'

As Molly and Madge rode home, Molly said:

'I can never have the same respect for myself again. I shall share part of my allowance with Jane so long as I am in school.'

'This meant a great giving up for Molly,' Madge said, 'for none of the girls liked pretty things to wear and good things to eat better than Molly did.'

In Jane's bureau drawer to-day a 'honest character paper' is neatly kept in a box. She is doing piecework in a shop, and is a very deft workwoman.

Molly is abroad with her father, but very often the postman stops at the tenement house door with a loving letter from Molly for Jane Barstow.—'Christian Globe.'

Just You What?

When everything goes crooked;
And seems inclined to rile,
Don't kick, nor fuss, nor fidget
Just—you—smile!

It's hard to learn the lesson
But learn it if you'd win;
When people tease and pester,
Just—you—grin!

When some one tries to 'do' you
By taking more than half,
Be patient, firm, and pleasant;
Just—you—laugh!

But if you find you're stuffy
(Sometimes, of course, you will!)
And cannot smile, nor grin, nor laugh,
Just—keep—still!

Mother's New Name.

(Kate S. Gates, in 'Zion's Herald.')

Martha Evans had been spending Sunday in town with her dearest friend, Lillian Towne, and as she rode home on the train Monday morning, she was thinking rather wistfully of Lillian's more favored lot in life. Lillian's city home was so attractive and luxurious, she had so many friends, and there was always a tea or a reception, a concert or entertainment of some sort, for the day or evening, or both. And Lillian herself was so dainty and sweet—just like her name!

'I do really believe I should be daintier and sweeter myself if I hadn't such a dreadful name. Martha is so hopelessly prosaic and homely. Well, it is typical of my humdrum life,' and Martha hurriedly brushed a tear away as the train slowed up at the station.

Rob was there waiting for her, and as they rode out home he told the home news: mother had a sick headache, Ted had cut his finger, father could not find the seeds he wanted to plant, and Nora was cross as could be.

'Dear me!' laughed Martha, cheerily. 'You are all in a peck of trouble, aren't you? What is your grievance? I know you well