

Daisies.

SHE was a little Irish maid,
With light brown hair and eyes of gray,
And she had left her native shore
And journeyed miles and miles away.
Across the ocean, to the land,
Where waves the banner of the free,
And on her face a shadow lay,
For sick at heart for home was she.

When from the city's dust and heat
And ceaseless noise, they took her where
The birds were singing in the trees,
And flower fragrance filled the air,
And their leaf-crowned heads upraised
To greet the pretty gray-eyed lass,
A million blossoms starred the road
And grew among the waving grass.

"Why, here are daisies!" glad she cried,
And with hands clasped, sank on her knees;
"Now God be praised, who east and west
Scatters such lovely things as these!
Around my mother's cabin door
In dear old Ireland they grow,
With hearts of gold and slender leaves
As white as newly fallen snow."

Then up she sprang with smiling lips,
Though on her cheek there lay a tear,
"This land's not half so strange," she said,
"Since I have found the daisies here."
—*Alden's Juvenile Gen.*

Gertrude's Diary.

My sin is ever before me.
Honour thy father and thy mother;
that thy days may be long upon the land
which the Lord thy God giveth thee.
Whoso curseth his father and mother,
let him die the death.
So the Lord was entreated for the
land, and the plague was stayed from
Israel.
Thou hast magnified Thy word above
all Thy name.

LOCUST SHADE, August, 1884

Yesterday was my birthday and I had the girls here to tea. We had a great deal of fun, and some things that were improving. For instance, we read over our verses and talked about them. The way we happened to do that, was because Namie said she thought they were easy this time. We asked her what she meant, and she said, "Why, they kind of had nothing to do with us girls." We laughed at her a little. Prissy said we must remember that people who gave Namie an easy time were those who had nothing to do with her, but of course she did not mean that. And then we got to talking over the verses, and making Namie prove why they had nothing to do with us.

She said the first one was for dreadfully wicked people—murderers, and thieves, and such. That their conscience troubled them all the time. And the third one was for very wicked people too. Who but a person who was fearfully wicked would think of cursing his father and mother? Then the fourth was about a plague, and we didn't have plagues in this country; and the last one couldn't be practiced, it was just a fact.

Then Ruth said: "Why, you have skipped the one that speaks right to us—Honour thy father and thy mother."

No, Namie said, she hadn't skipped it; but it was easy enough to do, for girls who had such fathers and mothers as we had. Of course we would honour them. We never thought of doing anything else. For her part, she thought her mother the best woman in the world. But I told her that that couldn't be, for it would not be possible for her to be better than my mother. Then we all got to laughing, and we were real gay over it. I didn't say much, but, after all, I didn't quite agree with Namie about some things. I know my conscience had spoken pretty loudly to

me sometimes, and wouldn't let me study or sleep, because I had done something wrong; and I hadn't stolen anything or murdered anybody either, but such things are hard to explain, so I didn't try.

It was after supper that I meant to tell about. We had a real splendid supper. Mother did everything that she could to make the table look lovely.

The girls said how lovely everything was, and Namie spoke of the verses again, and said it was easy enough for us to honour our mothers, she was sure, when they took such trouble for us.

Then we went out for a walk. We were going to the lake for a row, but Ben didn't come in time, so we went downtown instead. We walked away out to the long bridge, and rested awhile, until it began to grow dark. When we came down Duane street the lamps were lighted. By that time we were getting pretty tired. I don't know how it is that girls most always get so kind of wild and reckless when they are tired, but we do. Ruth said we better turn to Main street, for the west end of Duane street was always dark, and she did not like to walk there. So we came up Main, laughing and talking. We stopped at the postoffice, for Prissy expected a letter by the last mail. It wasn't quite distributed, and we had to wait. The office was pretty full. I never liked to wait there, but Prissy said, "Oh, do! There are four of us" Charlie Porter was there, and he is the worst tease in town. He came over to us and began to bother. He wanted to see the letter in my hand; it was nothing but a circular that I found in my pocket, and might have shown it to him as well as not, only it was no concern of his, and I thought I wouldn't. Then he snatched at it, and I snatched back, and in doing that I accidentally knocked his hat off; then he caught my sleeve and said, "Hallo! bring back that stolen property." I don't know how it was, but we got in a real frolic right there in the crowd. Ruth came to her senses first, and said, "Do come on, girls;" so, after all, we didn't get the mail.

"Mother doesn't like us to wait in the postoffice in the evening," Ruth said, as soon as we were out. "I am sorry we waited at all."

I never heard my mother say anything about it, because I don't go to the office, Ben does that. But I know as well as anything that she wouldn't have liked it.

I should have thought that we would have sobered down after that, but Prissy was in a real frolic.

"Let's have some fun," she said. "Let's go into the drug store here, and get some soda."

She has a cousin who is clerk in the store, and we sometimes go there. Ruth held back, but Prissy coaxed, and said she had twenty cents to spend as she liked, and it was burning a hole in her pocket, and she was dreadfully thirsty. So at last we went. There were a good many people there; among them a young man who used to board at Prissy's. He came over to where we were and began to frolic with us, and we talked and laughed, and had just the gayest time! I didn't think how late it was getting and none of us did, until just as we were going out. Dick—that is the young man—asked us to wait a minute; that he had a package he wanted Prissy to take to her brother. We stood in the door and waited, and we were laughing then over some of the funny things

Dick had said; but we heard a man in the back part of the store say: "Who are those girls?" His voice sounded real gruff. I turned around and looked at him, but I did not know him. The clerk answered:

"Oh, they are some of our townspeople."

"Well, they must have queer mothers!" This was what the gruff voice said next, and I tell you we girls were still enough. We looked at one another, and wondered if he could possibly mean us, and we didn't speak a word.

He did though. "I have been watching them," he said; "I never saw properly brought up girls act so badly on the street. They have been in the postoffice, talking loud and shouting with laughter, and romping with a young fellow there; and now they are doing the same thing here. It isn't possible that they have been properly taught, or they would not behave like that on the street. If they have respectable mothers they ought to know that their daughters are disgracing them."

Only think of it! O, Journal, if you could think, sometimes it would be a great comfort to me! We stood still and looked at one another. Our cheeks were as red as blush roses; mine burned like fire, away out to my ears. Dick hadn't come back yet, so we couldn't rush out as we felt like doing.

"He can't mean us!" Prissy whispered, and her teeth chattered.

"Yes, he does mean us," said Namie. "Mean old fellow that he is. Our mothers, indeed! Only think of it!"

Someway that seemed to make every one of us think of the verse that we had decided was so easy. I looked at Ruth and she looked at me. "Honour thy father and"—I said, and then stopped.

"Yes," exclaimed Ruth, "I should think as much!"

Then she walked right across that drug store like a queen and marched up to the man.

"I want to tell you, sir," she said, "that you are mistaken. We have good mothers, who have taught us how to act. We just got into a frolic and forgot; but you need not blame them, sir, not one bit, for they would be as sorry as you are."

Then she walked away before that astonished man could say a word.

We all marched out the next minute, and we all talked at once when we reached the street. We said that was a horrid old man, and he ought to be ashamed of himself, and we were glad Ruth told him the truth. But at last Ruth said:

"Girls, he told the truth, too; we did disgrace our mothers. They wouldn't have liked the way we have acted ever since we started out."

Well, we went home every one of us. And we all told our mothers every bit about it. We said we would. Mine cried a little, and said she was shocked and sorry. But she kissed me and said she was glad I had told her. And she promised to expect me to honour her after this. I guess I shall be more careful than I have been. I don't believe there is a verse in the Bible but what fits us girls.—*The Pansy.*

NEVER seek to play when you can be more usefully employed.

Who is the great man? He who is strongest in the exercise of patience; he who patiently endures injury.

Some Queer Ants.

"WHAT would you think, to see an ant carrying a parasol?" asked Uncle Fred.

"Oh, uncle!" cried Johnny and Puss at the same time.

"You know an ant could not carry a parasol," added Puss.

Their uncle had just come home from a long trip to the West Indies and South America. He had a great many wonderful stories to tell them about the queer sights he had seen and the strange places where he had been. But they thought he must be joking with them now, for they could not believe that an ant could do such a thing.

"Well," said Uncle Fred, "their parasols were not made of silk stretched over a wire frame. They were only pieces of leaves from trees, and the ants held them in their mouths in such a way that they covered their bodies entirely. You could not see the ants at all; so the leaves looked as if they were marching along of their own accord. The first time I saw any was in the West Indies. One day, when I was riding with a friend out to his plantation, a great swarm of these ants crossed our road. We watched them a long time. It was a very queer sight, I assure you. They did not travel very fast. There must have been thousands and thousands of them; for we could not see either end of the column."

"Where were they going, I wonder," said Johnny.

"They were carrying the leaves to their nests. They did not eat the leaves, but they are very fond of a fungus which grows on them after they have been a little while in their underground nests. The ants are very destructive, and do a great deal of damage. Sometimes they will cut every leaf off a tree."

"Don't we have any here?" asked Puss, who was much interested, and wished she could see some.

"No," said Uncle Fred. "We have some curious ants, but none like those I have been telling you about."

What Ought We to Do?

"PATTY, come here; for I want to ask you some curious questions that my mother has been asking me. What ought we to do in March, when the wind blows?"

"What ought we to do? Why, hold our bonnets fast, that they may not be blown away."

"Yes; but that is not the answer. I will tell you what it is: we ought to love one another."

"Very true; but I did not think of that."

"Now for another question. What ought we to do in April, when the showers fall?"

"Why, put up an umbrella, or run under a tree, or into the house."

"You have not given me the right answer now." This is the right answer: we ought to love one another."

"That is just the same as the other."

"Yes, it is. And now for my last question. What ought we to do when May comes with its flowers?"

"Why, love one another, I suppose."

"You are right, Patty. List the month be what it may,—whether the wind blow, the showers fall, and the flowers spring or not, just the same,—every month of the year, and every hour of the day, we ought to keep the commandment of the Saviour, 'Love one another.'—*Guiding Star.*