

right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity. "Floy! this is a kind, good face. I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse. Stay here! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my child!" cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good-bye?"

"Ah, yes! Good-bye! Where is papa?"

His father's breath was on his cheek before the words had parted from his lips. The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried "Good-bye!" again.

"Now lay me down; and, Floy, come close to me and let me see you."

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the water runs between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea now. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. Now the boat was out at sea. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank!—

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death!

O, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, Angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!—[Charles Dickens, in "Dombey and Son."

Up from Slavery.

II.

The story of how the little colored boy, Booker T. Washington, conquered every obstacle which confronted him in his never-wavering determination to obtain an education, reads like a romance. While at work in a coal mine he overheard two miners speak of a great school for colored people somewhere in Virginia. It was called the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, at which poor but worthy students could work out all or part of the cost of their board, and at the same time be taught some trade or industry. He resolved at once to go to that school, although he had no idea where it was, how many miles away, or how he was going to reach it. He was fired by the one ambition—to get to Hampton. The thought was with him day and night and never left him, till after long service, patient waiting, and the learning, meanwhile, of many other practical lessons, he presented himself at its gates, which were to him as the gates of Paradise. The story of that intervening time is well worth the reading. A year and a half of it was spent under the strict supervision of a mistress whose teachings were of great value, and who rewarded his fidelity to his trust by furthering his great work later on. "Even to this day," writes the founder of Tuskegee Institute, "I never see bits of paper scattered around a house or street that I do not want to pick them up, a filthy yard that I do not want to clean it, a paling off a fence that I do not want to put it on, an unpainted or unwhitewashed house that I do not want to paint or whitewash it, a button off a coat that I do not want to put it on, or a grease-spot on the floor that I do not want to take it away." And so was learnt the lesson which has passed into the training of many others since—that everything must be done systematically and promptly; nothing must be either slipshod or slovenly, whilst

at the bottom of all must be found absolute honesty and truth.

HOW HE GOT TO HAMPTON.

Tramping part of the way, getting occasional rides in trains, wagons or cars, as his very small resources allowed, and once having to walk the whole night through, outside an hotel which would not admit him on account of his color, Booker at last reaches Richmond, Virginia, 82 miles from Hampton. He had never been in any large city, knew no one, and was without a copper left in purse; moreover, he was so hungry that the sight of the food stands, "with fried chicken and apple pies," was almost unendurable. He walked the streets till after midnight, "tired, hungry, and everything but discouraged," and then, finding a spot where, the sidewalk being elevated, was a nook into which he could creep, the weary traveller, at the extreme of physical exhaustion, snatched some hours of slumber, undiscovered and undisturbed by the tramp of feet overhead. For many nights the undaunted boy, having obtained work in the unloading of a ship, slept under the sidewalk, until he had earned enough to carry him to the promised land. Having been so long without proper food, a bath, or change of clothing, no wonder that there were doubts in the mind of the teacher to whom he presented himself, as to his admission; but at last she gave him his chance. "The recitation room needs sweeping; take the broom and sweep it."

"Never," tells Booker, "did I receive an order with more delight. I knew that I could sweep, for Mrs. Ruffner had thoroughly taught me. I swept that room three times. Then I dusted it four times—all the wood-work, every bench, table and desk; moved every piece of furniture, and cleaned every closet and corner. I had the feeling that, in a large measure, my future depended upon the impression I made upon the teacher in the cleaning of that room. She was a 'Yankee' woman, and knew just where to look for dirt, and her reply was, 'I guess you will do to enter this Institution,' and that made me the happiest creature on earth, for it paved the way for me to get through Hampton." Working early and late, preparing his studies as best he could, he mounted step by step upwards. Everything was new to him at first; even his very bed was a puzzle to him. The first night he slept under both sheets; the next night on the top of both of them, until, by watching his room-mates, he learnt that he was to sandwich his body between them. Greater problems were unravelled by his growing powers of observation, and difficulties, unsurmountable, as they would have appeared to most people, white or black, melted away before his indomitable will and steadfastness of purpose. From a pupil he became a teacher, supremely happy to use any opportunity which offered to help others as he had been helped himself, with or without fee or reward, until finally, in 1881 there came to him an invitation to his life-work in the form of a telegram, dated Tuskegee, Alabama, from the promoters of a proposed Normal School there: "Booker T. Washington will suit us. Send him at once." H. A. B.

(To be continued.)

Appreciation of the "Quiet Hour."

The following has just been received: Dear Hope—of the Quiet Hour,—You do not know how much your words in the Quiet Hour to-day on "Rest in the Lord" have cheered my heart. Have just been reading it in the quiet of this peaceful beautiful evening. It has been a day full of trouble and heart pain to me, and those beautiful words of Rest seemed to come to me as a special message, and have turned my thoughts away from home cares and worries to the beautiful world above, and my heart finds Rest. Thanking you so much for those as well as other cheering words, for I always love the Quiet Hour,

I am always a
WELLWISHER.



Puzzle Competition.

I will give you a few problems this week, but don't send in your answers just yet. You shall have full directions later on. C. D.

I.

A farmer had two sons. He gave nineteen cents to one and six cents to the other. What time would that be?

II. An acrostic.

Nature's renovator.
Hard water.
Proper.
A numeral.
Not far.

My initials when read downwards and my finals read downwards give the name of one of the apostles.

III. A charade.

My First is a short and familiar name
You give to an islander well-known to fame,
And if you reverse it you mention the place
Where sometimes that islander's found in disgrace.

I'm sorry to say that all I have left
Is caused by my First when of reason bereft;
In fact, I am told that when out of employment
He looks on it quite as natural enjoyment.

I wish I could add that my Whole is a name
That all of his countrymen justly could claim.

IV. A riddle.

When has a man four hands?

V. A flower wedding.

1. What was the bridegroom's name?
2. The bride's name?
3. At what hour was the wedding?
4. Who was one dark-eyed bridesmaid?
5. One from between the mountains?
6. One precise maiden guest?
7. What sealed the marriage contract?
8. What did the bride wear on her head?
9. What did she wear on her feet?
10. What kind of glove did she wear?
11. What style of collar?
12. What was the color of her eyes?
13. What fop was at the wedding?
14. What bashful guest?
15. What waved over the house?
16. What homely gifts did two country cousins give the bride?
17. What did the bridegroom wear on his coat?
18. What did the bride say to her friends when she went away?
19. What star shone on the newly-married pair?
20. How long will their love endure?

I am a word of 14 letters. Tom and Harry, who were 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 companions, 8, 8 school, were 11, 10, 14 day talking together of the glorious 6, 1, 5, 9, 11, 10, 4 of men, both on 4, 14, 6 and land. "For my part," said Harry, "9 admire 10, 6, 12, 11, 13, 14, 11, 7, and 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14 more than many others."

"But," said Tom, "1, 6, 7, 10, 11, 8 you admire 10, 14, 13, 4, 2, 3 as much." My whole is a city of Europe.

Sowing and Mowing.

Be careful what you sow, my boy,
For seed that's sown will grow,
And what you scatter day by day
Will bring you joy or woe.
For sowing and growing,
Then reaping and mowing,
Are the surest things that are known
And sighing and crying,
And sorrow undying,
Will never change seed that is sown.

Be watchful of your words, my boy,
Be careful of your acts,
For words can cut, and deeds bring blood,
And wounds are stubborn facts.
Whether sleeping or weeping,
Or weary watch keeping,
The seed that is sown still will grow;

The rose brings new roses,
The thorn tree discloses
Its thorns as an index woe.
Be careful of your friends, my boy,
Nor walk and mate with vice;
"The boy is father to the man";

Then fly when sins entice!

The seed one is sowing
Through time will be growing,
And each one must gather his own;
In joy or in sorrow,
To-day or to-morrow,
You'll reap what your right hand has sown!

A Small Hero.

We did not know he was a hero, but I think he was, and perhaps after you read this little story you will agree with me.

He was a square-shouldered little boy who lived on our street. His mother was quite troubled because he had such mannish ways before he was fairly out of babyhood. But he was "nobody's baby." He had a pair of blue overalls, such as nice boys on our street wore when they played in the dirt, and when those were on he had a funny way of taking long steps and standing with his feet far apart, as if he were about as tall as his father.

Half a dozen other Tom Thumbs, who also wore overalls and took long steps, chose Charlie for their leader. Instead of calling them Kenneth, and Willie, and Joe, our Charlie used their last names—Knox, Robinson, Clarke, and so on—while they called him MacArthur, or, still better, "Mac." He was happy when he could be "Mac" all day.

These dear little pygmies had a big football which some older brother had worn out, and they "blew it up," and patiently mended it day after day, and kicked it so vigorously that usually the kicker fell backward into the dust, but that was taken as part of the game.

Charlie's mother used to say: "Charlie is a born leader. Oh, if I could only know he would be a good one!" I can tell you, boys, between ourselves, that ever so many mothers are thinking of that very thing.

Well, one day a little chap wandered into our street and began to play with Charlie and his "regiment"—for that is what he called the boys who followed his lead. I do not know what sort of parents or home this bad boy had, but somewhere he had taken lessons in evil, and before he had been with them a half hour, he began to swear, taking the name of "the great God in vain." Charlie stopped playing and drew a long breath.

"Did you do that a-purpose?" he asked.

"Yes, and I'll do it again," replied the boy from outside, as he did.

"Robinson!" cried Charlie, to his oldest follower.

"Here!" answered Willie, running to Charlie's side, while the rest of the boys followed.

"He swore," said the little captain, standing very straight and pointing to the culprit, "and we don't play with boys that swear, on this street."

"No, we don't; no, no!" they responded.

"What'll we do with Sullivan?"

"You can't do anything. I'll stay here if I'm a mind to," said the boy, kicking dust toward them.

"Not if you swear when the Commandments say not to," answered Charlie.

"No, sir; not if you swear," echoed the others.

"And we don't want you if you've got bad words inside," added the leader.

"I don't care; men say 'em' on the street," said the defiant Sullivan.

"But this regiment don't and you can't play with us 'less you promise never to again."

The boy took up a stone to throw, but as he looked at the six determined little figures he dropped it and turned sulkily away.

"Tell your mother to wash out your mouth with soap-suds," said Willie Robinson.

"And don't you come again till—you's over it," added the captain, as if the dreadful habit were a disease.

They waited until "Sullivan" turned a corner, and then they went on with their play.

But Charlie's mother, who sat beside an open window, could not see to set another stitch until she had wiped the tears from her eyes. But they were not "sorry" tears. MRS. O. W. SCOTT.