

For Boys and Girls.

CONDUCTED BY T. W.

A LESSON OF MERCY.

A boy named Peter

Found once, in the road,
All harmless and helpless,
A poor little toad;
And ran to his playmate,
And all out of breath
Cried, "John, come and help,
And we'll stone him to death!"

And picking up stones,
They went on the run,
Saying one to the other,
"O, won't we have fun!"

Thus primed and all ready,
They'd hardly got back,
When a donkey came
Dragging a cart on the track.

Now the cart was as much
As the donkey could draw,
And he came with his head
Hanging down; so he saw,

All harmless and helpless,
The poor little toad
A-taking his morning nap
Right in the road.

He shivered at first,
Then he drew back his leg,
And set up his ears,
Never moving a peg.

Then he gave the poor toad
With his warm nose, a dump,
And he woke and got off
With a hop and a jump.

And then with an eye
Turned on Peter and John,
And hanging his homely head
Down, he went on.

"We can't kill him now, John,"
Said Peter, "that's flat,
In the face of an eye
And an action like that!"

"For my part, I haven't
The heart to," says John;
"But the load is too heavy
That donkey has on."

"Let's help him," so both lads
Set off with a will
And came up with cart
At the foot of the hill.

And when each a shoulder
Had put to the wheel,
They helped the poor donkey
A wonderful deal.

When they got to the top
Back again they both run,
Agreeing they never
Had had better fun.

—Our Dumb Animals.

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

"David and Jonathan" were only two freckle-faced country boys whose real names were Ben Allen and Joe Harris. They lived on adjoining farms sat at the same desk at school and on the same bench together in the meetinghouse. Their great friendship for each other had led the schoolmaster to speak of them once as "David and Jonathan," and "David and Jonathan," they were for the rest of their lives. They had played together from the time they were first big enough to run and jump and tumble around in the long grass.

Once, when they were both very small, Mrs. Allen missed Ben from his blocks in the house, where she had left him while weeding in the garden, and hurrying over to her neighbor's, she found Ben and Joe sitting contentedly in the sun making mud cakes, and ever afterward, when she wanted her boy, she was sure to find him if not at the Harris farm, always somewhere with Joe.

The boys themselves could not remember when they had not known each other. Ben had always had Joe; and Joe had always had Ben. There had been but few childish quarrels to mar their attachment, and every pleasure one had was shared by the other. One's pain was the other's sorrow.

What good times they had going for the cows, loitering along the road as the sun was slowly sinking to rest, stopping now and then to pick a ripe berry or a bunch of wint-ergreen leaves, as they turned into the woods, guided by the faint twinkle of old Brindle's bell. Then, having found their respective cows, they started home again, the whole drove being mixed together until they reached the Harris barn, where, after much noise and confusion, Ben succeeded in separating his cows from the others, and drove them on to their own barn. No remonstrances from their elders could persuade the boys that time and trouble could be saved by each driving his own herd home; so that the fracas around the barn every evening came to be looked upon as a general thing. Eagerly through the long winter the boys both waited for

the return of summer and its varied pleasures. To be sure, they found enjoyment in coasting, skating and other sports of the cold season; but these were as naught compared with fishing, berrying, riding the horses bareback, climbing trees for birds' nests, swimming in the stream by the hidden willows, and doing a thousand other things which only a country boy knows anything about. The boy who is born and bred amid dusty streets, closely built houses and the hurry and bustle of the city, loses much of the pleasure which falls to the lot of his country brother, who roams free as the air itself, amid the greenness of the fields, the freshness of the woods and the clear, wide expanse of the thinly settled country.

If Ben and Joe had lived in the city I doubt if they would have been such strong, sturdy, clear-eyed fellows as they were, but living in an atmosphere of pure air, untainted by smoke and grime, they were growing up to be healthy, happy, and free-hearted; physically and morally alike, unswayed.

But there came a day in their lives, when, like David and Jonathan of old, the two friends were separated, and David mourned long for his Jonathan.

One bright, sunny morning in July, when the air was filled with the buzzing of the bees that flitted from flower to flower searching for the hidden honey, and the birds singing merrily, winged their way to their nests in the woods, Ben and Joe with a basket of lunch and two bright tin buckets, tramped cheerfully along the narrow road and up the hill, after strawberries. They laughed and sang in their gladness of heart, as happy and gay as the birds themselves. With bare feet, and torn hats pushed back from their foreheads, with light hearts and clear consciences, a king himself might have envied them.

Once a rabbit darted across their path and again a squirrel showed himself amid the green branches, and the boys forgetful of their quest, would rush through the woods in eager pursuit. At last, after much racing and scrambling they succeeded in reaching the summit of the hill where the strawberry bushes were in rank confusion. Laughing and panting, they threw themselves down on the ground to rest, and both feeling rather hungry, they concluded they would eat their lunch before they filled their buckets with the ripe red berries. The slices of bread and butter and huge quarters of fresh apple pie were soon demolished, not even a crumb being left to tell the story, and the two boys set to work with a will to pick the berries which literally covered the bushes all around them. The work was fascinating, and for a while they picked in silence, now and then putting a handful in their mouths.

The sunbeams danced amid the foliage and then crept farther back into

the woods as the afternoon slowly waned away, and yet the large buckets were not quite full, and the stains on both places showed plainly the reason why.

Suddenly Joe, who was a short distance from his friend, uttered a sharp cry of pain, which caused Ben to drop his bucket, unmindful of its contents, and rush hurriedly to him. A slight rustling of the leaves at his feet as the writhing, wriggling body of a snake, crept quickly out of sight, revealed to Ben the situation, and he recognized the poisonous copper snake.

"Where did it bite you, Joey?" he asked, and poor Joe, pale and trembling, pointed to his foot, where a tiny red spot on the ankle was visible through the dirt. Without a word Ben knelt down and applied his mouth to the bite, sucking out the poison and spitting it out again. At last he arose, feeling satisfied that the poison had all been withdrawn from Joe's foot, but his head felt queer and dizzy and he staggered back against a tree, a strange, sharp pain shooting through his cheek, as with his tongue he detected a small abrasion on the inside of his mouth. A tremor ran through his body, he was poisoned. It was Joe's turn now to assist Ben, and he threw his arms around his friend, crying:—

"O Ben, what is it?"

"I guess I'm poisoned," gasped Ben as another fit of shivering attacked him.

The tears rushed to Joe's eyes and overflowed, as he exclaimed:—

"Let's go home!"

The buckets of berries and the empty lunch baskets were left unheeded, as the boys, weak, and sick, pushed their way through branches and briars over sticks and stones down the hill. No need for the rabbit to skurry away now, or the squirrel to slyly hide its head; all else save pain and fear was forgotten by the poor lads who slowly and painfully clambered down the hill. Ben reeled and would have fallen, but Joe's arm around him supported him.

"Lean on me, Ben!" he cried, big tears rolling down his cheeks at the sight of his friend's distress, and at last, after much exertion, the road was reached. The way had never seemed so long, nor the dust so hot, as with pale frightened face, Joe assisted his companion, whose trembling limbs almost refused to carry him, until faint and almost exhausted, they arrived at the Allen farmhouse.

Quickly they put Ben to bed, and while his father mounted the swiftest horse and sped away for a physician, his mother tried all the herbs and arts known to the country housewife. Joe, who felt himself unharmed, but only weak and trembling, sat sobbing by Ben's side refusing to go home; and as his friend writhed in his pain, his own heart beat in sympathetic throbs.

The wise old doctor looked grave as he watched Ben's contortions, and at last, though he did not tell them, it was apparent to all the anxious watchers, that Ben would not get well. The poison had entered his blood through the abrasion in his mouth during the long time spent in getting home had penetrated his system, and help came too late. All through the

long, dreary night they hoped and prayed; eagerly, lovingly, looking for some signs of improvement but none came; and as the rosy beams of the rising sun shone through the windows and lighted up the pale face of poor Ben, with one long, last quiver of pain, and a little whisper "Joe," the kind, boyish spirit passed away.

In the little country churchyard they laid him to rest, and on the stone at the head these words were carved, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Although Joe has now grown to manhood and is far from his childhood home, yet amid the cares and business of the world he has never forgotten the friend of his boyhood, and every year, when the summer air renders the city hot and stifling, and the inhabitants hurry away to cooler places, Joe wanders back to the old farm and views again the scenes of his childhood. Scenes so old and familiar, around which lurk old associations bringing ever up before his mind, the picture of two happy, bare-footed boys. Once more he visits the old swimming hole, the little red school-house that stands on the hill, the orchard and the woods where they played, and as he, no longer young, climbs with difficulty to the top of the hill, and gazes upon the spot so dear to his heart, the spot where years before Ben had proven his love for him, he looks back over the years of his life, and knows, that nowhere, in the great busy world, with its rushing and grasping after wealth, has he found a friend who loved him like that little country lad; and in the hush of the early morning he makes his way to the little, old-fashioned churchyard to lay a bunch of flowers on the never forgotten grave of the boy who gave his life for his.—Louise Marks Reeder, Exchange.

Patience at Home.

If you give this matter any consideration my dear young readers, you will find that first of all, it is with your own self you must be patient. If you have any right feelings, any aspirations to be good, amiable, noble minded, nothing will try you more than your constant short comings and your repeated failures to reach the standard of excellence you have set before you. You should then be patient and pity yourself, your faults and failures. It will do no good either to yourself or others, to get enraged or discouraged; and your failure should only incite you to make more and vigorous efforts towards success.

You should also be patient with your parents. At first sight, it would seem almost a disrespect to speak of patience in this connection; but in fact it is much required by the children of to-day. When they begin to grow up and exercise their own reason and judgment, instead of relying, as heretofore, on simple obedience to those who have authority over them, they become aware that parents are not infallible. So far from it, it often happens that the son or daughter is conscious, in question where there is a discussion or opposition of views, that justice, good sense and learning are on their side, and if they do yield to the opinions of

their parents, they do so ungraciously and impatiently. Surely there is no more lovely trait of filial duty than that which leads you to be meek and forbearing with your parents. Seeing their faults only to excuse them in their own heart and keep them from the eyes of others. It is an obvious duty to have forbearance and kindness for their infirmities, mental or physical, in sickness or old age.

Again you should be patient with your brothers and sisters. One irritable disputing temper is the bane of peace in a home where there are several brothers and sisters; while one truly patient mind will sometimes succeed in reconciling the most discordant elements and making a tranquil home of one that was most turbulent. Be patient then my dear young readers, especially at home and constantly strive to increase its harmony.

A Boy Ought to Know.

First—That a quiet voice, courtesy and kind acts are as essential to the part in the world of a gentleman as of a gentlewoman.

Second—That roughness, blustering and even fool-hardiness are not manliness. The most firm and courageous men have usually been the most gentle.

Third—That muscular strength is not health.

Fourth—That a brain crammed only with facts is not necessarily a wise one.

Fifth—That the labor impossible to a boy of fourteen will be easy to the man of twenty.

Sixth—That the best capital for a boy is not money, but a love of work, temperate habits, simple tastes, and a heart loyal to his friends and his God.

The Souvenir of Gratitude.

An instructive and pathetic custom still prevails in Munich. Every destitute child found begging in the streets is arrested and carried to a charitable institution. On his arrival he is photographed—dirt, rags and all. After being maintained and educated, when he leaves the institution to begin life, the before-mentioned photograph is given to him, and he is required to make a solemn declaration that he will keep it as a reminder of the wretched state from which he was saved and of the kindness shown. The society has received many gifts from its reclaimed waifs.

How Edward Got Along.

Edward was a young boy of good character and honest ambition, says the Emerald. He made up his mind that he would get a good education, and that he would pay for it. His parents died when he was fifteen years of age, and left him nothing but the memory of noble character and upright conduct. After the funeral services Edward sought work. His pay at first was small, yet he managed to save a little of that. As he grew strong and skilled in the discharge of his duty his pay was increased, and in five years he saved six hundred dollars.

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year he came out first in his examinations. After a few days' vacation he went back to his old employers, who had a great regard for him, and they set him to work. During the vacation he saved one hundred dollars. After he had graduated, the writer of this article introduced him to the Bishop, spoke of his manliness and sincere piety. The Bishop received him into his seminary, and Edward J. H. is now a distinguished pastor, helping all the boys of his parish along in the battle of life.

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