

November.

BY ALICE GARY.

The leaves are falling and falling,  
The winds are rough and wild,  
The birds have ceased their calling,  
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,  
Doth darker and colder grow,  
The roots of the bright red roses  
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,  
And the boughs will get new leaves,  
The quail come back to the clover,  
And the swallow back to the eaves;

The robin will wear on his bosom  
A vest that is bright and new,  
And the loveliest wayside blossom  
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,  
The brooks are all dry and dumb;  
But let me tell you, my darling,  
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,  
And winds and rains so wild;  
Not all good things together  
Come to us here, my child!

So, when some dear joy loses  
Its beautiful summer glow,  
Think how the roots of the roses,  
Are kept alive in the snow!

A BOYS BEST CHUM.

BY REV. LEANDER S. KEYSER.

"There comes the boy who helps his mother wash dishes! He! he!"  
A loud shout went up from the three boys standing on the shaded levee of the river. It was Jim Lake who made the jeering remark, and as he uttered the taunt, he pointed toward a half-grown boy who was approaching.

This boy was Walter Westcott. His face was an honest, manly one, although just now it was flushed, while his eyes gleamed with something like anger. Still, he held back the retort that had almost sprung to his lips.

"Yes, an' he sweeps the house, too, for his mother, ha! ha!" scoffed Hal Bigsby.

"And he helps his mother to wash the clothes!" said Roy Lambert.

By this time Walter had come near the group. Their guying hurt his feelings, for he was a sensitive boy, but he tried to control his anger.

"Well, is it any disgrace to help my mother?" he asked, his eyes flashing a little.

"It's girl's work! It's girl's work!" jeered Hal. "I'd be ashamed to do girl's work!"

"But my mother has no girls to help her," replied Walter, stoutly. "If I didn't help her, she'd have to do all the housework alone, and that would be too hard for her."

"Oh, he's mamma's boy! mamma's boy!" sang Jim Lake, when he could not answer Walter's arguments.

It was no use to reason with the young scoffers, for, you know, there are people, old and young, who are much more skillful at ridiculing than at reasoning. Walter bit his lips and kept still. He might have gone home and pouted, but he was not that kind of a boy. Fond of play and sport like other healthy boys, he was willing to bear ridicule rather than be "at the outs" with the boys of the neighbourhood.

For an hour he played with the boys, and all of them had almost forgotten the unkind remarks made when Walter joined the group. He could toss a ball as well, jump as far, and run as fast as any of them, even if he was his "mamma's boy," and they could not help admiring his skill. But in the midst of the absorbing play a voice was heard calling:

"Walter, come! I need you."

It was Walter's mother.

"Yes, I'm coming, mother, right away," Walter replied, throwing down his bat.

"Oh, don't go!" coaxed Jim.

"No, don't!" added Roy. "We're having so much fun!"

"Mother needs me, boys," responded Walter, firmly, starting toward the house.

Then the three boys began to jeer at Walter, calling him all kinds of names, and even hurling a number of rocks after his retreating form. Their remarks stung him, but he did not turn or hesitate.

"Why are the boys making fun of you, Walter?" asked his mother.

"I don't like to tell you, mother," answered Walter, flushing crimson.

"But I think I ought to know. It's nothing, I'm sure, that you need to be ashamed of."

"No, indeed. Well, they were making fun of me because I help you with your housework. They call it girl's work."

"Oh! that is the trouble, is it? I hope, Walter, you won't let such things hurt your feelings. It is no disgrace to help your mother, my boy."

"I know that, mother. It would be a disgrace not to help you when you need me so much. I'd be ashamed to eat a meal if I didn't help you with your work."

"You are a brave boy, Walter," said Mrs. Westcott, the tears glistening in her eyes. "If it wasn't for you, I'd have to hire a girl to help me, and you know I couldn't afford to do that. But now, let me tell you something. The other day Mrs. Lake praised you to the skies. She said you were such a manly boy, a real young gentleman, because you helped your mother and wouldn't swear or lie or do anything else that's dishonourable. And then she complained bitterly about her own boy, Jim, who's just been making fun of you. She said he refused to do anything for her, and he was so rude and cross at home that she could hardly get along with him at all. Now, do you think that's manly? Isn't it a good deal more manly for you to help your mother than to be such a disobedient boy?"

Walter's face brightened. He had got a new idea of manliness. Then a helpful thought came to his mind, and he said:

"It isn't a bad idea for a boy and his mother to be chums, is it?"

His mother laughed heartily at the "cute" saying, and agreed with him.

You wouldn't believe, boys, how it helps a lad to be much in the company of his mother, who, in her own way, can teach him many a useful lesson. This was proved in Walter's case a few weeks later. It was a pleasant evening, and Walter had gone out to the levee to take a walk and see the sun set. Presently those three boys, Jim Lake, Hal Bigsby, and Roy Lambert, came along. It was just growing dark.

"Hello, Walter," said Jim. "Come along with us. We're going to have some fun."

"Where are you going?" Walter asked.

"Sure you won't tell?"

"Of course not! I'm not a newspaper."

"Well," whispered Jim, "we're going to make a raid to-night on old Farmer Burbank's melon patch. Come along. We'll have a big haul."

Walter's very first thought was his mother. He had been with her so much in the work about the house that he knew just how strongly she would disapprove of theft of any kind. He never hesitated for a moment.

"I wouldn't go with you for a thousand dollars," he said, stoutly.

"Oh, come along!"

"Not a step."

"Mamma's boy! mamma's boy!" guyed Jim. "You're afraid to be out of doors at night."

"I'm not, but I am afraid to steal. It's a disgrace."

"All right. Go on home to your mother, and let her put you in your little trundle bed. But mind you don't cheep a word about what I've told you."

"I'm not a tattletale any more than I'm a thief," Walter flung back, as he walked away.

The next day there was great excitement in the neighbourhood. The following paragraph from one of the evening papers of the city will explain the cause of the excitement:

"Last night three of our city boys went out to the country on a foraging expedition. It turned out rather sadly for them. Their intention was to make a raid on Farmer Burbank's melon patch; but the old farmer was prepared for such customers; he had hired a couple of deputy-policemen to watch the patch. Scarcely had the boys begun to roll the luscious melons into their sacks before they were seized by the burly guards, borne triumphantly to town and placed snugly in the lock-up. To-day their parents have refused to pay a cent of bail for the young pilferers, and so they are destined to pine for a couple of weeks in gaol. The names of the three thieving urchins are Jim Lake, Hal Bigsby, and Roy Lambert."

That evening Walter and his mother were discussing the matter while they were washing the supper dishes.

"I'd a good deal rather be here washing dishes than be in the lock-up where Jim and Hal and Roy are," said Walter.

"Do you know, mother, that those boys wanted me to go with them last evening?"

"And why didn't you go?" questioned Mrs. Westcott, with shining eyes.

Walter's face fairly glowed as he replied: "Because a boy whose boat chum is his mother couldn't do anything like that!"

You may depend upon it, the three "gaol birds," as they were called for a long time after their release, never guyed Walter Westcott again for helping his mother.—Zion's Herald.

THE OLD SAPSON.

BY HELEN KENT.

"Hello, down there. What are you dreaming about?" called a cheery voice from the top of a crabbed old apple-tree, whose scanty branches swayed beneath the speaker's weight.

"Why, Rob Jennings, what are you in the top of that tree for? It will break with you."

"I'll risk it, little girl. What were you looking for in that hole?"

"A bird's nest. I was sure I saw a woodpecker fly out of there."

"The old sapson is about gone," said a pleasant voice. It was a noble tree when I was a boy, but we are going down together. There isn't a tree on the old place I care so much about. It has quite a pretty history of my boyish days."

"V. Is it, grandpa? Tell us about it."

The old man glanced above him, righted his spectacles, and looked again.

"Come down, you young monkey. You'll be tumbling on our heads next."

In an instant Rob was on the ground, and in another he had brought a chair and placed his grandfather in it.

"Here, Gem, is a place for you," and the roguish boy seated upon the grass pulled his sister down into his lap.

"There, grandpa, we're ready."

"Oh, I don't know as it is anything you will care for, children, but when I saw little Gem standing there so bright and cheery, it reminded me of another little maiden, with eyes as bright and cheeks as red, who stood in that same spot fifty years ago, trying to decide a hard question."

"You see, it was not as easy getting about in those days as it is now, and when Cousin Jennie came up from the city to make us a visit she usually stayed all summer."

"There were no girls in our family, and five great noisy boys kept things pretty lively. We did try to act a little less like bears when Jennie was here, for she was one of those girls who, if a fellow had done a rude thing, would make him feel ashamed of it, without saying a word or even looking at him. I used to wonder how she did it, but as I look back now, I see that she really did not do anything except to be what she wanted us to be."

"She wasn't one of the still kind by any means. A game of ball or tag was quite as enjoyable to her as to us, and a romp in the fields was her especial delight. In fact the greater part of her time was spent in the garden, hay-field or potato-patch, or wherever we boys were obliged to be."

"Mother used to declare that she was the brownest one in the lot, but she was as pretty as a picture for all that, and there wasn't one of us but would have lain down and allowed her to walk over us if it would have added to the little lady's pleasure."

"But one day a great trouble came to our little favourite. I never knew exactly what it was, for we boys were not called to family council. We only learned that Jennie had a letter from home under cover to mother, who was to read it before delivering. That some dreadful thing had happened I was certain, when I found Jennie one afternoon under the old sapson, crying as if her heart would break."

"I saw at a glance that it was a sorrow too deep for words, but, boy-fashion, I offered clumsy consolation by climbing the tree and bringing from the topmost branches the ripest and reddest apples."

"You are so good," she sobbed, "but I can't eat them. Oh, Jimmy, do you know I am going away, never to come back?"

"No, I didn't know any such thing," I blurted out. "Who is going to hinder, I'd like to know?"

"I am, Jimmy."

"You? Don't you like to come here, Jennie?"

"Like to?" and then the pretty face hid itself upon my shoulder, and, not knowing what else to do, I drew her down into my lap, as you are holding little Gem, Rob, and ran my fingers through her brown curls.

"Mamma told me," she went on after awhile, "that I might decide it myself. I can stay in this beautiful place and be auntie's little girl always, or I can go back to mamma and begin work in one of the shops."

"You, go to work in a shop? I almost screamed. 'You who have never done anything but play.'

"All the more reason why I should

begin to earn something," she said with a smile, which reminded me of a ray of sunshine breaking through a cloud.

"Oh, I can help mamma ever so much, and she will have a hard enough time if I do all I can," and then the dear little thing told me all she could about their trouble, leaving me to guess that her father had done some dreadful deed, and had been sent to prison for life, and that her mother, in order to get away from the disgrace, for the children's sake, was going far away.

"Jennie, being such a little creature, had been allowed to decide whether she should go with her mother, or, remaining with us, be adopted by my parents and brought up as one of us."

"I came out here to make up my mind," she said. "The old sapson is such a noble fellow. I know he would not advise me wrong."

"As I look back upon that afternoon, it seems a little odd to think of that tiny creature being entrusted with so weighty a matter, but her mother, wise woman that she was, had no cause to regret the trust she had placed in her little daughter."

"Did she truly go away and never come back?" cried little Gem, her eyes filling with tears.

"Yes, she went thousands of miles away, and I have never seen her since," replied the old man, but a peculiar ring in his voice caused both children to look up.

"Just fifty years ago to-day little Jennie made her noble resolve beneath the friendly branches of the old sapson, and I sometimes wonder if it does not long for her as I have done, but if all is well, neither of us have much longer to wait. For Jennie will be here to-night on the five o'clock train from N—"

"Is little Jennie Auntie Morris?" cried both children in a breath. "The one whom papa writes to, so often?"

"The very same, my dears. Fifty years," the old man added dreamily, "what a long time to wait! But she will never leave us again until called to that country where there is no parting. I am glad the old tree is standing."

HIS MOTHER'S MEDICINE.

BY JOHN TRUK.

It is quite probable that very many men and women continue to take beer or wine as a medicine when they are not in need of any drug whatever, and take such a drink simply because they like it, and not because they need it. That was the case with a certain lady who had a very bright little boy. She enjoyed her glass of ale at lunch, and another glass at dinner, and would not deny herself even for the sake of her boy. Her physician said she might continue to take ale or beer medicinally. One day, as her boy was looking out of the window, he saw a woman stagger out of the corner saloon and fall down. He cried loudly:

"Oh, mamma, dear, look there! See that woman!"

"Yes, dear; she has fallen down."

"What is the matter with her, mamma?"

"She has been drinking too much beer, darling."

"Is that what you drink, mamma?"

"Yes, dear; but you know I take it as a medicine."

The child said no more, but he evidently was not satisfied with her excuse.

A few days later he came bounding in the room after a frolic out of doors, his eyes bright and cheeks glowing.

"Oh, mamma!" he exclaimed, "it is such a lovely day and I feel so well. Are you well, mamma, dear?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Are you perfectly well, mamma?"

"Yes, darling. I am perfectly well."

"Then, what do you take medicine for, mamma?"

She could not reply to that question. She could not tell him the truth that she took her beer because she craved it. She felt condemned for the first time.

The little fellow was in earnest, he evidently wished to convert his mother, to make her a total abstainer, for he said: "Mamma, if you won't take any more beer or ale, I'll give you all my pocket money, ever cent until I get to be a man."

He looked up into her face with such a loving, pleading look, that his mother could not deny his request. The boy was allowed to keep his money, but his mother from that day onward stopped taking her beer medicine.

From one of the "L" road stations in New York, the passengers took down upon a sloping roof, on which is painted in large letters: "Under this roof will be found the dry goods store of Bookman & Book."