

THE GREENY.



"EE that greeny coming up the walk. Ha! ha! Just see him stare—and his mouth is wide open too. A real 'country greeny' as I live. Let us have some fun with him Frank."

Frank Newton glanced around at the awkward looking boy just a few steps away, and he could hardly keep from smiling. But he had been taught never to laugh at others who had not had the advantages of refined society, and so he turned his face in another direction.

"Just look at him, Frank," and Lewis Seaman stared at the awkward country boy in any but a polite manner.

Tom Grey was indeed an odd looking fellow, and the people of the large aristocratic village could hardly help looking at him as he passed along. His home-made clothes were much too large for him, and he evidently had on his feet a pair of men's boots which made a good deal of noise as he walked along. His hat dropped down over his face, but yet it did not hide his long hair. In short Tom looked like a "little old man" in his queer clothes. He would have looked better, undoubtedly, behind a plow in the field than in the streets of a fashionable town.

He evidently heard the unkind remarks of the stranger before him, for a flush came over his face, as he tried to go past them.

"Say, stranger, did you know that it was against the rules of the village to walk fast; you will be arrested and put in the 'lock up' if you can not pay the fine," said Lewis Seaman to Tom.

"It is not true," Frank Newton said, in a firm, manly voice; as he saw the country boy hesitate, and grow pale.

"But it is true. I guess, Greeny, that you have never been in town before," Lewis went on in his insolent way.

"No, I've never been to the town before, and I did not know"—and here Tom was interrupted by Frank who said again:

"It is not true what he is telling you; he is only trying to fool you. Don't pay any attention to him."

But Lewis interrupted Frank again and said, "He is the one that is trying to fool you, for he wants to see you arrested and taken to the 'lock up.' Be warned in time, Greeny."

"I shall believe him, for he has not called me names, and besides he don't laugh and sneer at me," said Tom, in reply.

Perhaps it might have occurred to Lewis Seaman that the boy was not so "green after all," for he evidently could detect the false from the true in spite of his awkward ways.

Just at that moment a pair of horses attached to a carriage came rushing around the corner, without any driver. They were going at a frightful speed, and the men and boys along the streets were paralyzed with fear at the peril of the occupants of the carriage.

"Oh, oh, that is our carriage, and mother and Ella are in it, oh, they will be killed," exclaimed Lewis Seaman, throwing up his arms wildly.

The occupants of the carriage were evidently in great peril, for just ahead of them there was a high narrow bridge which the frightened horses would un-

doubtedly never pass over without doing injury to themselves or to the carriage.

But just as they came nearly opposite the boys, Tom Grey ran swiftly toward them, and succeeded in grasping the check rein of the horse nearest to him.

"He can never hold them," some of the bystanders said who had witnessed the transaction. But Tom was stronger than he appeared to be, and he used his strength to a good advantage also. For a few steps he was dragged along by the horses—his hat going under their feet and his coarse boots thumping upon the paved road at every bound they made. It was evidently a very trying position for the country boy, but he still clung to the harness, and he succeeded in cramping the neck of the horse, until both were obliged to slacken their pace. Tom regained his footing, and then succeeded in reaching the cross line that was attached to the bit of the other horse. Some one else then ventured up to the horses' heads and they were stopped just before reaching the bridge.

The boy was very pale, for he had received several severe bruises, and he could scarcely stand when the ladies were helped from the carriage.

Lewis Seaman came up to the carriage just as they were helping Tom away. The father of Lewis also came.

He had left the horses for a moment, in his wife's care, not thinking of any dangers in so doing. But they became frightened at some object in the street, and so ran away. "Who is the boy that stopped the horses?" he asked.

But none knew Tom Grey, and so somebody replied, "Oh, he is a fellow from off the mountains, I guess."

"It does not matter where he is from. I do not wish to lose sight of him. Bring him to my house and then get a doctor for him."

"I don't want any doctor, I'm all right," said Tom who had begun to rally.

"You may be hurt worse than you think, my boy. It was an ugly job to rush before the horses, and then to be dragged along as you were," answered Mr. Seaman.

Tom was hurt worse than he thought, and he remained at Mr. Seaman's house two days, before he could go home.

Lewis Seaman was thoroughly ashamed of his conduct to Tom, and he made an humble confession to him before he went away. He received a lesson that he never forgot, for he became convinced that the "green country boy" was far braver and nobler than he himself.—*Baptist Weekly.*

KEEP THE CHILDREN HAPPY.

INVENT every possible amusement to keep your boys happy at home, evenings. Never mind if they do scatter books and pictures, coats, hats, and boots! Never mind if they do make a noise around you, with their whistling and hurrahing! We would stand aghast if we could have a vision of the young men gone to utter destruction for the very reason that, having cold, disagreeable, dull, stiff residences at home, they sought amusement elsewhere. The influence of a loving mother or sisters is incalculable. Like the circle formed by casting a stone into the water, it goes on and on through a man's whole life. Circumstances and worldly pleasures may weaken the

remembrance for a time, but each touch upon the chord of memory will awaken the old time music, and her face, her voice, and her loving words will come up before him like a revelation.

The time will come, before you think, when you would give the world to have your house tumbled by the dear hands of those very boys; when your heart shall long for the noisy steps in the hall, and their ruddy cheeks laid up to yours; when you would rather have their jolly whistle than the music of Thomas or the songs of Nilsson; when you would gladly dirty carpets, aye, live without carpets at all, but to have their bright, strong forms beside you once more. Then play with and pet them. Praise Johnny's drawing, Betty's music, and baby's first attempt at writing his name. Encourage Tom to chop off his stick of wood, and Dick to persevere in making his hen-coop. If one shows a talent for figures, tell him he is your famous mathematician; and if another loves geography, tell him he will be sure to make a good traveller or a foreign minister. Go with them to see their young rabbits, and chickens and pigeons—and down to the creek-fall to see the flutter-mill in full operation. Have them gather you mosses, and grasses, and bright autumn leaves, to decorate their room when the snow is over all the earth. And you will keep yourself young and fresh by entering into their joys.

FIVE STEPS.

A LITTLE sip of cider,
A little sip of beer:
A taste that's rather bitter,
But what is there to fear?

A glass of foaming lager,
A choice perfumed cigar;
It's funny what fanatics
Those temp'rance people are.

Say, boys, here's to our welfare—
May none here lack a dime
To buy a glass of liquor
At any other time.

Say, can't you trust a fellow?
Give us a drop of gin
To stop the dreadful gnawing
That's going on within.

Found dead—a common drunkard!
Alas! how came he there?
It was the beer and cider;
Beware! beware!! BEWARE!!!
—*Temperance Banner.*

POLITENESS.

BE polite. Some young folks think that it is hard to be polite; that it is somehow unnatural, and that if people would only agree not to be offended when they were treated rudely, this would be a great deal easier world to live in. But they forget that it is learning to be polite, rather than being so after they have once accustomed themselves, that is hard. The boy who complains that it is hard to be polite, is something like the one who couldn't see how folks could bear to comb their hair every day, he only did it once a month, and that nearly killed him. It may be that good-manners are not so easily acquired as bad or indifferent ones, but then all good things cost something. A good suit of clothes is not so easily obtained as a poor one; and yet the experience of the world teaches us that "the best is the cheapest."

THE MISSIONARY DOLLY.

BY K. H. J.

"**W**HAT a queer dolly!" I hear you exclaim;
"Pray, how did it come by such an odd name?"

And what possible good could its waxen face do
To Chinese or Choctaw, to Turk or Zulu?"

Well, I'll tell you the tale, as it came down to us,
For this dolly had really raised quite a fuss;
And when we all heard how she went on a mission,
We laughed and we cried at this prettiest vision.

A six-year old darling, with eyes full of tears,
Was losing a very dear friend, it appears—
He would tell the poor heathen beyond the great sea,
How Jesus, our Saviour, said, "Come unto Me."

And bright eyes must show him how dearly she loved;
In some wonderful way her love must be proved.
"O, what can I give him?" they all heard her say;
"What beautiful plaything to carry away?"

She looked at her treasures with serious thought,
And then she exclaimed, as she found what she sought,
"My new Paris dolly! with bright golden hair,
And eyes that will shut, and such fine clothes to wear:

I'll just give him that to 'member me by!"
But the wise grown-up people said, "O darling, why?
Why that is your very best dolly, my pet;
Don't give that on which your heart is so set."

What think you, she said, this heroic young soul,
Who had learned the deep secret of love's sweet control?
"But that's what I want him to have," she sobbed low—
"The beautifullest thing in the world that I know."

"But then," they insisted, "you surely forget
That gentlemen don't play with dollies, dear pet.
Pray what would your 'dear Mr. Dale' do with that?
A real grown up man, who wears a tall hat."

She pondered a moment, perplexed and distressed,
And then her eyes brighten with gladness unguessed—
"He'll want it," she said, a sweet fancy weaving—
"He'll take it; 'twill help him to 'mooze the poor heathen."

So the love of the darling had conquered at last,
And her "dear Mr. Dale" held the "dear dolly" fast;
And surely enough a wise prophet was she,
For it did "'mooze the heathen" far over the sea.

The Lord Mayor of London presided at a late temperance meeting in the Guildhall, at which twelve of the chief Magistrates of England were in attendance. The Lord Mayor said it was his experience as a Magistrate that nine-tenths, if not nineteen-twentieths, of the brutality and crime that came before him had their origin in the curse of drink. Mr. Woodhouse, the Mayor of Leeds, stated that the money spent annually on the three great textile industries—cotton, woolen, and linen—amounted to £66,000,000, the amount expended on bread to £70,000,000. Adding these together, the total wasted in intoxicants was as nearly as possible the same, £136,000,000.