

ly the hawks, and that none had died of brook in the neck. Poor, happy Mother Goose! No wonder that her feelings were too many for her, and that she poured them out in the celebrated lines:

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,  
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.

Yet her family cares seem, on the whole, to have set lightly upon her; for she was no wild goose, flying south and north with every turn of the sun, but she stayed by her nest through cold and heat, happy as the day is long, and living to be ninety-two years old. She even survived the father Goose many years, and she led her numerous flock and tenderly brooded them in the enclosure on Temple place till they were able to swim and forage for themselves.

One of these, her daughter Elizabeth, became the wife of Thomas Fleet. And here is the fact to which we owe it that her name and fame are spread through the world. Thomas Fleet was a printer, living in Pudding lane, a place whose very name had so savory a taste in the dear old lady's mouth that when Thomas Fleet became a happy father she insisted on going to live with him as a nurse of honor to his son and heir. To oddle her own grandchild, in Pudding lane, was the *dean* deal of blessedness for Mother Goose. Her activity and concern in the house were such as to throw what we read about busy mothers-in-law wholly into the shade. No doubt she would have been glad to save Rome, as certain other geese once did with their cackling, but lacking the opportunity to do this she sang her ditties from morning till night, "upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber," till her son-in-law became sensibly alarmed at the fertility of her genius. Sing she must, however, for she was not a poet, full of the divine fire which refuses to be quenched? It is well for the world that she was a law unto herself. No upstart son-in-law could control her, or keep her from humming and cooing at her own sweet will.

And now it was not a Roman Senate, but a Boston printer, that her persistent music awakened. A happy thought occurred to Thomas Fleet. He printed and sold songs and ballads at his printing-house in Pudding lane. Was it not a sign of something good about to come to him, that this precious mother-in-law, with her endless rockings and lullabies, had put herself in his way? He stopped asking the irrepressible songster to rock less, and urged her to sing more. And while she sat in her arm-chair, or shuffled about the room lost in sweet dreams, he carefully wrote down what he could of the rhymes which fell from her lips. His notes rapidly accumulated, and in a little while he had enough of them to make a volume. These he now printed, and bound them into a book, which he offered for sale under the following title "Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children. Printed by T. Fleet, at his printing House, Pudding Lane, 1719. Priced two coppers." This title-page also bore a large cut of a veritable goose, with wide-open mouth, showing that the proverbial irreverence of sons-in-law is not a thing of recent origin. They were just as saucy in the days of Mother Goose as now, and just as ready to taze a penny at the expense of their mothers-in-law. How the immortal author bore this profane use of her name, or what she thought of the ungracious but shrewd Thomas Fleet, history does not say. We have every reason to believe, however, that she took it just as sweetly as she had taken all the other trials and annoyances of her life.

Such is the true story of Mother Goose. Her little book started forth on its grand. It grew and multiplied with each new edition. It made her dear name a household word wherever it went. What shore or fastness has it not visited? Where is the home in which its loving rhymes are not sung? It is one of the few books which cannot grow stale or be destroyed. Let us hope that the day is not distant when a memorial statue will be erected to this venerable lady far out of the parks or squares of Boston. Let it be an appropriate symbol of her and her blessed ministry. Let it stand where the children of the city may gather in their daily sports, trundling their hoops and carts about it, and singing their dollies to sleep in its motherly shadow. Where could that memorial more fitly stand than on the triangular plot of ground at the corner of Boylston and Dartmouth streets, so near to the Present Old South meeting house, and in full view of other buildings and institutions which are the pride of Boston? If not there, yet in some place it should be reverently set up. And on it should be the following inscription:

Elizabeth Foeter,  
Known in the Literature of the Nursery as  
"Mother Goose."  
Was born in Charlestown, Mass. 1675;  
Married Isaac Goose, of Boston, 1693;  
Became a member of the Old South church, 1699;  
Was left a widow in 1710.  
The first edition of her "Melodies" was  
published in 1719.  
She died 1757.  
Aged 82 years.

THE EARLY YEARS OF OUR LORD'S LIFE.

It was in utter stillness, in prayerfulness, in the quiet round of daily duties—like Moses in the wilderness, like David among the sheepfolds, like Elijah among the tents of the Bedawin, like Jeremiah in his quiet home at Anathoth, like Amos in the sycamore groves of Tekoa—that the boy Jesus prepared Himself, amid a hallowed obscurity, for His mighty work on earth. His outward life was the life of all men of His age, and station, and place of birth. He lived as live? the other children of peasant parents in that quiet town, and in great measure as they live now. He who has seen the children of Nazareth in their red caftans, and bright tunics of silk or cloth, girded with a many-colored sash, and sometimes covered with a loose outer jacket of white or blue to who has watched their merry games, and heard their ringing laughter as they wander about the hills of their little native vale, or play in bands on the hill-side beside their sweet and abundant fountain, may perhaps form some conception of how Jesus looked and played when He too was a child. And the traveller who has followed any of those children to their simple homes, and seen the scanty furniture, the plain but sweet and wholesome food, the uneventful, happy patriarchal life, may form a vivid conception of the manner in which Jesus lived. Nothing can be plainer than these houses, with the doves sunning themselves on the white roofs, and the vines wreathing about them. The mats, or carpets, are laid loose along the walls; shoes and sandals are taken off at the threshold; from the centre hangs a lamp, which forms the only ornament of the room; in some recess in the wall is placed the wooden chest, painted with bright colors, which contains the books or other possessions of the family; on a ledge that runs round the wall, within easy reach, are neatly rolled up the gay-colored quilts, which serve as beds, and on the same ledge are ranged the earthen vessels for daily use; near the door stand the large common water-jars of red clay, with a few twigs and green leaves—often of aromatic shrubs—thrust into their orifices to keep the water cool. At meal-time a painted wooden stool is placed in the centre of the apartment, a large tray is put upon it, and in the middle of the tray stands a dish of rice and meat or *hiddin*, or stewed fruits, from which all help themselves in common. Both before and after the meal the servant, or the youngest member of the family, pours water over the hands from a brazen ewer into a brazen bowl. So quiet, so simple, so humble, so uneventful was the outward life of the family of Nazareth.—From Farrar's "Life of Christ."

MINISTERS' CHILDREN.

"It is a common observation that the children of ministers turn out worse than those of their neighbors. When therefore the minister's child goes out into the world he finds these two hostile judgments waiting for him in many minds: first, that he is to blame if he is not better than other children; second, that he is likely to be worse. Boyish pranks, that in other children are simply laughed at, are often regarded as signs of deep depravity in the children of ministers. "You're a pretty minister's son!" is the comment often heard on the playground and on the street. Be no censor, little or big, ever thinks of saying: "You're a pretty jeweller's son!" or "Just what you might expect of an apothecary's daughter!" The influence of theories and expectations so unfavorable, of judgments so partial and unfair, upon the character of a child can only be injurious. Is it any wonder that a sensitive boy, oppressed by a sense of the unjust demands that are made upon him, and the unjust suspicions with which his conduct is regarded, should burst into tears of vexation and discouragement, and say that it is of no use for him to try to do right? It is not true that ministers' children, as a rule, are worse than other people's children. It is true that some of them turn out bad. Doubtless this is sometimes due to defective training. But is it not also in many cases due to this "common observation" which the minister's child cannot help bearing, and this discouraging expectation, of which he is constantly reminded. It is not wholly the minister's fault when his children do go astray. It is partly the fault of his parishioners and his neighbors, who surrounded them with an atmosphere of distrust in which virtue can scarcely live. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." Give a child a bad name, and keep impressing it on him that he can do better, no other, and you are doing what you can to fit him for the gallows. It might be well, therefore, for those who are in the habit of repeating this "common observation," first to be very sure that it is true before they quote it again; second, to consider what the effect of giving it currency must be upon the characters of ministers' children.—S. S. Times.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE SUN.

The fact is, that the sun is nearly a million and a half times as large as our world, and more than 91,000,000 miles away. But don't think you will get any idea of this distance from the numbers. No one can. When wise men begin writing about the sun, they keep putting down numbers with long rows of noughts after them, to show how many millions they mean; but they are as far from being able to imagine the distance in their mind as we are. Here is one way of thinking of it. Suppose a train, going at express speed, fifty miles an hour, were to start from the earth, and go up, up, up to the sun. Suppose it travelled day and night, rushing through the air without stopping for a single moment, do you know how long it would be before it reached the sun? More than two hundred years! Is it any wonder that, at such a distance, it looks smaller than the world?

Now we shall finish with a story, to show you what false ideas, and what funny ideas too, people take into their heads, when they are left to guess about the sun and the stars, and have no guide but a pair of eyes. There are savage tribes that think that there is a new sun every day; and there are some negroes that believe less sensible things than that.

There was an African negro who was once asked by a traveller what he thought of the sun. He believed the world was flat.

"The sun!" said he. "It comes up in the morning over there, and goes down in the evening over there, and the next morning it comes up at this side again."

"Does it?" said the traveller; "how does it go across, then?"

The negro was puzzled, but at last a bright idea struck him—"It gets across in the dark!"—From "The Source of the Sunshine," in Little Folks.

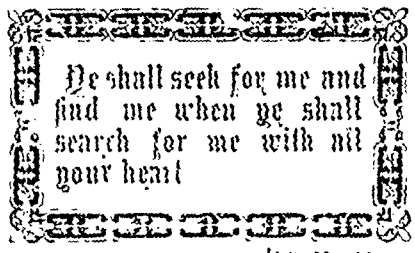
THE WAY TO JESUS.

There are some little girls, and boys, too, who go to Sunday-school and church every week, and yet who do not know the way to Jesus. They "say their prayers" and study their lessons; but they act all the time as though Christian life belonged to their parents and friends, and to grown people generally, while they had nothing to do with it. Now this is a great mistake. If all the children could learn the way to Jesus, and could become Christians in earnest this year, what a wonderful thing it would be! We should never hear a cross word, or see an angry face, and all the little folks would do their best to make each other and all the world happy. They would learn their lessons faithfully, and sew their seams, and help their mothers, and in everything they would grow brighter, sweeter, purer day by day. The love of Jesus and the habit of trusting Him may be as strong and sincere in a child's heart, and as vital in its effect, as in a man's. Learn the way to Jesus. He says: "Come unto Me."—Word and Work.

INDIFFERENCE AT HOME.—Ingratitude and indifference sometimes mar the character of men. A husband returns from his business in the evening. During his absence, and throughout the livelong day, the wife has been busy with mind and hands preparing some little surprise, some unexpected pleasure, to make his home more attractive than ever. He enters, seemingly sees no more of what has been done to please him than if he were a blind man, and has nothing more to say about it than if he were dumb. Many a loving wife has borne in her heart an abiding sorrow, day after day, from causes like this, until, in process of time, the fire and enthusiasm of her original nature have burned out, and mutual indifference, spreads its pall over the household.

A DISAPPOINTED DOG.—Philip Gilbert Hamerton never told a more beautiful story than the following: "A dog was bereaved of his master, and became old and blind, peering the dark evening of his existence sadly in some corner, which he hardly ever quitted. One day came a step like that of his lost master, and he suddenly left his place. The man who had just entered wore ribbed stockings, the old dog had lost his scent, and referred at once to the stockings that he remembered rubbing his face against. Believing his master had returned after those many years of absence, he gave way to the most extravagant delight. The sparks. The momentary illusion was dispelled, the dog went sadly back to his place, lay down wearily, and died."

Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.



SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- 1. This sacrifice was offered at His birth, Who lived, deceased and poor, upon the earth.
2. Calling the wise man (for he greatly feared), He asked of them what time the star appeared.
3. Warned by an angel, thither Joseph went, Etc the dark hours of night were fully spent.
4. He slept, and God, in pity and in love, Gave him, in this, a glimpse of heaven above.
5. The tribe of us who served God night and day, And in that temple lived to watch and pray.
6. Take it upon you, in your Saviour's might, In youth 'tis easy, and 'tis rest at night.
7. Men saw its light, at heaven's eastern gate; It passed before them, and their joy was great.
8. In haste 'twas eaten, with the staff in hand; For Israel's children sought a better hand.
9. Her little ones as Christian martyrs slept, She knows not, and refusing comfort wept.
10. The prophecy, a virgin shall conceive, Will tell the name which she her Son should give.
11. 'Twas here in wisdom and in stature too, And grace with God and man, our Saviour grew.
12. The place where Christ bade his disciples stay, Whilst he should leave them for a time to pray.

The initials give the whole. Though God's great mercy, in man's blackest night, It came from heaven, to give his people light, To bid our fears in death's dark shadows cease, Guiding our feet into the way of peace.

SELECTIONS.

There is an innate delicacy which respects the feelings of a child, and without which no man is fit to wear the name of gentleman.
Is your voice a soporific? enquired a committee man of a young boy who applied for a position in the choir.
That's the smallest horse I ever saw, said a countryman overlooking a Shetland pony. I should now, replied his Irish companion, but I've seen one as small as two of him.
Pa, I came near setting my boots yesterday. You did, sir? Well, it's lucky you didn't set 'em. How did you come near doing it? I laid em half soled.
Mistress, come, Bridget, how much togeer are you going to be about filling that pepper-box? Bridget (a fresh importation from where they don't use pepper-casters). "Shure, ma'am, and it's mesool can't say how long it'll be takin me to fill all this stuff in the thing through the little holes in the top.
A Highland piper who found his congregation going to sleep, one Sunday, before he had fairly begun, suddenly stopped and exclaimed "Brethren it's no fair. Give me a half a chance. Wait till I get along, and then if I'm no worth listening to gang to sleep. But don't go before I get commenced. It's a man a chance.
The painter Verelst related that somebody gave employed him to paint a landscape with a cave and St. Jerome in it. But when he delivered the picture, the purchaser who endeavored nothing of perspective, said, "The landscape and the cave are well done, but St. Jerome is not in the cave.
I understand you, returned Verelst, I was mistaken.
He took the painting and made the shade darker, so that the saint seemed to sit further back. When those men next saw the painting, it again appeared to him that the saint was not in the cave. Verelst then painted out the figure and returned the picture to the gentleman, who seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he showed the picture to strangers, he said, "Here you have a picture by Verelst, with St. Jerome in his cave."
" But we do not see the saint."
"Excuse me, gentlemen," returned the possessor "he is there, for I have seen him standing at the entrance, and afterward further back, and am therefore quite sure that he is in the cave."