

A BARN FROLIC.

ISN'T the barn a splendid place,  
When the rain falls all the day?  
To clamber up in the great high loft,  
And cuddle down in the hay.

The hay that seems to keep in itself  
The warmth and glow of the sun,  
And the fragrant breezes that softly blow,  
And mingle them all in one!

Here, in the corner, old Spot has laid  
A nest-full of creamy eggs.  
Ah, there she goes! Oh, my, what a jump!  
I should think she would break her legs!

And overhead, in the rafters snug,  
The swallows have built their nests;  
And, ruffled over the edge of two,  
We can see the mother's breasts;

While in and out the fathers dart,  
With steady wing, and strong;  
And chipper, and sing to the mother birds,  
As if they would help along.

One little fellow loves to light  
On the rafters over here,  
And look little Dolly full in the face,  
With never a thought of fear.

He seems to know that the sunny curls,  
And the tender eyes so blue,  
Are just outside of a little heart  
That is warm, and soft, and true.

And when she twitters away to him,  
He twitters back to her;  
And when she capers about in the hay,  
The dear little thing don't stir.

Oh, poor little boys and girls who live  
In the city's pent-up streets—  
We wish you could just be here awhile,  
And taste of the country's sweets!

And oh, the stories we love to tell,  
And the plans we love to lay—  
While the rain falls softly, overhead—  
And we're cuddled up in the hay!

BRIBES.

"JUMP up, Dickie, do, there's a good boy!"  
said poor patient Agnes, as Dickie lay on  
the floor and kicked and roared.

"I won't get up! and I ain't a good  
boy!" snarled Dickie, and he kicked at the  
piano, and roared louder than ever.

"That last is true, anyhow," said his  
elder brother, from the sofa where he was  
lounging.

Then Agnes said: "Please don't, Henry,  
you make me so much worse; and I can't  
do anything with him when he gets in one  
of these spells, and mamma is away.

Dickie, dear, if you will get up this minute  
and be a good boy, I'll give you a great big  
orange."

"I want two oranges and a bunch of  
grapes," said Dickie, stopping his roaring  
long enough to consider.

"Very well; jump up, then, and I'll get  
them."

So Dickie jumped up.

"The Empress Agnes," said brother  
Henry; "I declare, the name is all right,  
too; look out for yourself, my empress;  
the story has a bad ending."

"What story?" said the kilt-suited boy  
of six.

"The story of the Empress Agnes, and  
her son Heinrich. Your sister is the em-  
press, and you are Heinrich."

"Tell about them," said this young  
"Heinrich."

"Why, when he was five years old his  
father died; and his mother, the empress,  
had more than she could do to manage him  
and the nobles too; she used to hire them  
to behave themselves, just as Agnes hires  
you with oranges and grapes, only, instead  
of those things, she gave them money and  
land. They grew worse and worse, just as  
people always do who are hired to do right,  
and by and by they resolved to take the  
little boy away from his mother, and refuse  
to obey her any more. So, when he was  
about thirteen they invited him and his  
mother to a beautiful island to spend some  
weeks; then they asked Heinrich to take a  
ride in a boat, and he was no sooner in  
than they started for the main-land, leaving  
his mother and her maids all alone on the  
island. Heinrich tried to jump overboard  
and swim back to her, but he was caught.  
Those were the very people she had coaxed  
and hired to do right—doing as wicked a  
thing as they could."

"I wouldn't have done it," declared  
Dickie.

"I don't know about it; you think you  
wouldn't; but, you see, people who are  
never good unless they are hired with  
oranges and things never amount to much."

"What became of Heinrich?" said  
Dickie.

"O, Heinrich grew up to be a bad man;  
a very bad man; and he had plenty of  
trouble, just as bad men are sure to have."

"He wasn't the one that they coaxed to  
be good," said wise-eyed Dickie, who,  
though a naughty boy, was a quick-witted  
one.

"I'm not sure of that. If he had a  
mother who did not know any better than  
to try to hire her nobles, don't you believe  
she managed her little boy in much the  
same way?"

"My mother doesn't," said Dickie, and  
he took his grapes and oranges and went  
off to the front porch to watch for her  
coming.

"Henry," said Agnes, 'do you think I  
hurt Dickie by trying to hire him to be  
good when mother is away?"

"I shouldn't wonder if you did. The  
Empress Agnes certainly injured her boy  
in some way. Dickie made mother with-  
out bribing."

FLYING FOR REFUGE.

THERE was once a little bird chased by a  
hawk, and in its extremity it took refuge  
in the bosom of a tender-hearted man.  
There it lay, its wings quivering with fear,  
and its little heart throbbing against the  
bosom of the good man, whilst the hawk  
kept hovering overhead, as if saying,  
"Deliver up that bird that I may devour  
it." Now will that gentle, kind-hearted  
man take the poor little creature, that puts  
its trust in him, out of his bosom and  
deliver it up to the hawk? What think  
ye? Would you do it? No, never. Well,  
then, if you flee for refuge into the bosom  
of Jesus, who came to save the lost, do you  
think he will ever deliver you up to your  
deadly foe? Never! never! never!—*The  
Sunbeam.*

STEALING A WHISTLE.

A GENTLEMAN who has a steam-mill in  
Waldo, purchased a large steam-whistle,  
which he carried home and placed on his  
mill.

A number of boys conceived the idea of  
stealing this whistle, and the owner, hearing  
of their plan, remained in his mill all night.  
Sixty pounds of steam was kept up.  
About midnight the boys put in an appear-  
ance, and climbed up on the roof of the  
building. Just as one applied a wrench to  
the whistle, Mr. Sanborn opened the throttle  
wide, and there went up into the stillness  
of the night such a screech as was never  
before heard in Waldo. People jumped  
from their beds in a fright, and wondered  
what was up. The boys tumbled off the  
roof of that mill as though shot, and de-  
parted as rapidly as their legs could carry  
them, while Mr. Sanborn fired a gun after  
them to hasten their retreat. The whistle  
is still on the mill, and the boys will prob-  
ably think twice before they again under-  
take to steal anything as noisy as a steam-  
boat whistle.

Boys who are at home and in bed as  
they should be, at night, keep out of such  
scrapes and other worse ones.