

ALL THE CHILDREN.

**S**UPPOSE if all the children  
Who have lived through the ages long  
Were collected and inspected,  
They would make a wondrous throng.  
Oh, the babble of the Babel!  
Oh, the flutter and the fuss!  
To begin with Cain and Abel,  
And to finish up with us.

Think of all the men and women  
Who are now and who have been—  
Every nation since creation  
That this world of ours has seen.  
And of all of them, not any  
But was once a baby small;  
While of children, oh, how many  
Have not grown up at all!

Some have never laughed nor spoken,  
Never used their rosy feet;  
Some have even flown to heaven  
Ere they knew that earth was sweet;  
And, indeed, I wonder whether,  
If we reckon every birth,  
And bring such a flock together,  
There is room for them on earth.

Who will wash their smiling faces?  
Who their saucy ears will box?  
Who will dress them and careen them?  
Who will darn their little socks?  
Where are arms enough to hold them?  
Hands to pat each shining head?  
Who will praise them? Who will scold them?  
Who will pack them off to bed!

Little happy Christian children,  
Little savage children too,  
In all stages, of all ages  
That our planet ever knew—  
Little princes and princesses,  
Little beggars wan and faint:  
Some in very handsome dresses,  
Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion  
Such a motley crowd would make,  
And the clatter of their chatter  
And the things that they would break!  
Oh, the babble of the Babel!  
Oh, the flutter and the fuss!  
To begin with Cain and Abel,  
And to finish up with us.

—The Welcome.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

**N**YBODY would have known  
that these boys were quite  
unused to city sights, while  
any one observing them closely  
would have known equally well that  
they were at a loss which way to  
direct their steps. Passing through a  
narrow street, they stopped before a  
dilapidated house to listen to a singu-  
larly sweet voice, singing

"What shall the harvest be?"

Over and over these words were  
repeated, and still the boys lingered,  
until they felt obliged to move on.

"That singing made me think of  
home," remarked one. "I was a fool  
to leave such a good home. It reads  
well enough in a book, but it is a  
different thing when you try it for  
yourself. I never was so tired in my  
life."

"You can't expect to have every-  
thing just as you want it to begin  
with," said another. "It is no time  
to complain now. Come and have  
some beer; I'll treat all 'round, and  
we shall feel better. I saw a saloon  
as we were coming along."

As they turned back they heard the  
same singer and the same words. A  
child was leaning so far through an  
open window that it would have lost  
its balance and fallen to the ground  
had not James Woodman, the boy who  
wished himself at home, caught her in  
his arms. Then some one called:

"Oh! bring my sister to me. I

can't walk a step, and there is no one  
here but me. Do bring her!"

James Woodman followed the voice  
and found himself in a small, plainly-  
furnished room, where sat a young  
girl, who welcomed him gratefully.

"How can I ever thank you  
enough!" she exclaimed, taking her  
sister from him. "Mamie is gener-  
ally very good, but to-day she has been  
restless, and I was so busy with my  
sewing I forgot to look after her as I  
should."

"I am glad I saw her. She made  
me think of my own little sister," said  
the boy, adding in a voice half-choked  
with sobs, "I wish I could see her,  
but I don't know as I ever shall."

"Why not? Is your home so far  
away?"

"No, but I have run away from  
home, and—and—"

"What shall the harvest be?"  
It was the singer, and James Wood-  
man forgot his companions waiting  
outside, while she gradually won from  
him the story of his discontent and  
folly.

"Where were you going when you  
saw Mamie in the window?" she  
asked at length.

"We were going to a saloon for  
beer," he replied.

"Oh! don't drink that dreadful  
stuff. You don't know about it as I  
do. What would your father and  
mother say? Oh! how could you  
come away and leave them? If you  
drink beer you'll be sure to drink  
something worse when you are older.  
Stop now, before it is too late. Go  
home as soon as you can, and persuade  
the other boys to go with you."

"I don't know as I can."

"Then go alone, and don't, for any  
reason ever taste a drop of beer. The  
missionary woman who comes round  
every month says boys who visit saloons  
and drink beer will reap a terrible  
harvest. I can't go out, so I sit here  
and sing that hymn, hoping and pray-  
ing somebody will hear me and stop to  
think what kind of seed they are  
sowing."

The boys waiting outside manifested  
their impatience in such a way that  
James Woodman felt obliged to go to  
them, but before doing so he promised  
to return to his newly-found friend.

"I have made up my mind, and I  
am going home," he said firmly. "I  
know what the harvest would be of  
such seed as we calculated to sow. I  
have seen enough since I left home to  
satisfy me. No more dime-novels or  
beer for me. Now let us all take  
back-tracks, own up that we have  
acted like fools, and go home as soon  
as we can. If I am punished when I  
get there it will be no more than I  
deserve."

"What shall the harvest be?" still  
sang the singer, and an hour later  
three repentant boys answered:

"We will try for a good harvest,  
and thank you for making us think  
of it."

A PHILADELPHIAN went to a physi-  
cian with what he had feared was a  
hopeless case of heart disease, but was  
relieved on finding out that the creak-  
ing sound which he had heard at every  
deep breath was caused by a little  
pully on his patent suspenders.

I THINK all lines of the human face  
have something either touching or  
grand unless they seem to come from  
low passions. How fine old men are!

A BRAVE LITTLE MEXICAN GIRL.

**M**R. NEWTON PERKINS  
gives the following account  
of a Mexican girl named  
Florescia Tomayao, who lives in the  
village of Guantla Morelos in Mexico.  
She had no father, and as soon as she  
was old enough she began to help her  
mother in the house and in the field.  
One day she heard a man who was  
gathering a crowd about him in the  
streets and talking to them. Drawn  
by curiosity, she followed him, and  
heard him tell of a good man who had  
at one time lived on earth, and who  
was kind and forgiving to his enemies,  
and died for all sinners. It was the  
first time she had heard of the Saviour,  
and she eagerly followed the missionary  
and heard him preach until she, too,  
believed the gospel and became a  
Christian.

Some months after this she again saw  
the missionary. It was in the ceme-  
tery, on the first of November, on  
which day the Roman Catholics go to  
the graves of their dead friends, and  
place on them dishes full of meat, bread,  
fruit and wine, believing that in that  
way the dead will be benefited by it. A  
great crowd had gathered. While  
Florescia was walking through the  
cemetery she saw her friend, the mis-  
sionary, addressing the people, and she  
stopped to listen. He was telling them  
that the dead needed no offerings of  
meats and drinks, and that Christians  
did not follow such customs. Some one  
threw a stone at him and wounded him.  
The others laughed, and some bad men  
shouted, "Kill him! kill him!" and  
threw more stones till he was beaten  
down to the ground.

Florescia rushed through the crowd  
and threw herself down upon the suffer-  
ing, bleeding man, covering his head  
with her arms; the big stones intended  
for him fell upon her and wounded her,  
but she clung courageously to her friend  
and shielded him unmindful of her own  
danger, and caring only to saving his  
life. In vain did they try to pull her  
away; she held on with all her strength,  
and cried for help. In a few moments  
help came; for the *gens d'armes* drove  
the assailants away, and took the mis-  
sionary and little Florescia, both bleed-  
ing and sore, to the house of friends,  
where they were carefully nursed. But  
for this noble act of self-sacrifice, the  
brave man would have been killed.  
The bravery of this little peasant girl  
alone saved him. She sympathized  
with his suffering, and dared to help  
him at the risk of her own life.

NEW EXPERIENCES.

**I**T is not easy to realize that pota-  
toes and tobacco were unknown  
to the civilized world before the  
discovery of America. How  
strange to think of Ireland without her  
"praties," or of a German without his  
meershaum! Yet even some of our  
common articles of food are strange to  
those who live on the other side of the  
ocean.

An English lady, while visiting the  
United States, dined with some friends  
on whose table was a dish of green corn.  
Having been asked if she would take  
corn, she replied, "A small piece, if  
you please," and was surprised when a  
large ear was placed on her plate. Not  
daring to attack it, she quietly watched  
the other persons at the table while

they ate. On writing home about the  
new vegetable she said,

"Their manner of eating it is some-  
thing like playing on a flute."

Less poetical but much bolder was  
the Irishman on his first introduction  
to green corn at a Boston restaurant.  
Observing how those about him man-  
aged, he quickly followed their example.  
He found the vegetable very palatable,  
and when he had finished one ear, he  
called the waiter, and handed him his  
cob, saying:

"Sure, an' I'll take some more banes  
on the stick, if you please."—*Ex.*

GIFTS FOR THE KING.

**T**HE wise may bring their learning,  
The rich may bring their wealth,  
And some may bring their greatness,  
And some bring strength and health.  
We, too, would bring our treasures  
To offer to the King:  
We have no wealth or learning;  
What shall we children bring?

We'll bring Him hearts that love Him;  
We'll bring Him thankful praise,  
And young souls meekly striving  
To walk in holy ways.  
And these shall be the treasures  
We offer to the King,  
And these are gifts that even  
The poorest child may bring.

We'll bring the little duties  
We have to do each day;  
We'll try our best to please Him,  
At home, at school, at play;  
And better are these treasures  
To offer to our King  
Than richest gifts without them;  
Yet these a child may bring.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT A THING.

**T**WO boys went to hunt grapes.  
One was happy because they  
found grapes; the other was  
unhappy because the grapes had seeds  
in them.

Two men, being convalescent, were  
asked how they were. One said, "I  
am better to day;" the other said, "I  
was worse yesterday."

When it rains one man says, "This  
will make mud;" another, "This will  
lay the dust."

Two boys, examining a bush, one  
observes that it had a thorn; the other,  
that it had a rose.

Two children were looking through  
colored glasses. One said, "The world  
is blue;" the other said, "It is bright"

Two boys were eating their dinner.  
One said, "I would rather have some-  
thing better than this;" the other said,  
"This is better than nothing."

Two men went to see New York.  
One visited the saloons, and thought  
New York wicked; the other visited  
homes, and thought New York good.

Two boys, looking at some skaters,  
one said, "See how they fall!" the  
other, "See how they glide!"

One man is thankful for his blessings;  
another is morose for his misfortunes.

One man thinks he is entitled to a  
better world, and is dissatisfied because  
he hasn't got it; another thinks he is  
not justly entitled to any, and is satis-  
fied with this.

One man enjoys what he has; another  
suffers what he has not.

One man makes up his account from  
his wants; another from his assets.

One man complains that there is evil  
in the world; another rejoices that there  
is good in the world.

One says, "Our good is mixed with  
evil;" another says, "Our evil is mixed  
with good."