



IN THE FIELDS.

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TOMMY and Maggie went off in the train
 Away to visit Grandmamma Cane,
 Over the mountains, down valleys so green,
 'Twas the prettiest sight they ever had
 seen.

Grandmamma prepared them a supper
 so nice,
 Of all kinds of cakes and pasties and
 pies;
 When this they had finished they scam-
 pered to bed,
 And beautiful dreams filled each little
 head.

They woke with the sun and planned for
 the day;
 What they should do and what they
 should play,
 So they played hide and seek in the fields
 of new hay
 And played in the brook all the rest of
 the day.

YOUR EVENINGS.

JOSEPH CLARK was as fine looking and
 healthy a lad as ever left the country
 to go into a city warehouse. His
 cheek was red with health, his arm strong
 and his step quick. His master liked his
 looks, and said, "That boy will get on."

He had been a clerk about six months
 when Mr. Abbott observed a change in
 Joseph. His cheek grew pale, his eye
 hollow, and he always seemed sleepy.
 Abbott said nothing for awhile. At length,
 finding Joseph alone in the counting house
 one day, he asked him if he was well.

"Pretty well, sir," answered Joseph.

"You have looked sickly of late," said
 Mr. Abbott.

"I have the headache sometimes," the
 young man replied.

"What gives you the headache?" asked
 the merchant.

"I don't know, sir."

"Do you go to bed in good time?"

Joseph blushed. "As early as most of
 the young men, sir," he said.

"And how do you spend your evenings,
 Joseph?"

"Not as my pious mother would
 approve," answered the young man, tears
 standing in his eyes.

"Joseph," said the old merchant, "your
 character and all your future usefulness
 and prosperity depend upon the way you
 pass your evenings. Take my word for
 it: it is a young man's evenings that
 make him or break him."

LITTLE MAY MATTHEWS.

LITTLE May Matthews was a friend of
 mine who wanted to do right, but who
 "forgot" very often. Sometimes she for-
 get to say "Thank you," or "Please" and
 many other things.

One day mamma said, "How can you
 make yourself stop doing these naughty
 things, and learn to do right and polite
 things?"

"I know," said May. "I'll name each
 one of my fingers and thumbs, then I'll
 be sure to remember."

So she named one "Thank you," and
 one "If you please," and one "Put-away-
 your playthings," and one "Be-kind-to-
 baby," and one "Don't-make-a-noise."
 Then, every time she looked at her dear
 little hands, she thought of the things she
 must do, and the things she must not do,
 until she became a very thoughtful child.

What do you think of her plan?

A BED-TIME SONG.

SWAY to and fro in the twilight gray,
 This is the ferry for Shadow-town;
 It always sails at the end of the day,
 Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head on my shoulder, so,
 'A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
 Drifting away from the world we go,
 You and I in the rocking-chair.

See, when the fire-logs glow and spark,
 Glitter the lights of the shadowland;
 The winter rain on the window—hark
 Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim,
 A lake lies shimmering, cool and still—
 Blossoms are waving above its brim—
 Those over there on the window-sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light
 Silently lower the anchor down.
 Dear little passenger, say "Good night,"
 We've reached the harbour of Shadow-
 town.

TWO FACES.

I KNOW a little girl who has two faces
 When she is dressed up in her white dress
 and blue sash, and has on her blue kid
 shoes, and around her neck a string of
 pearl beads, then she looks so sweet as
 good that you would like to kiss her.
 For she expects that the ladies who call
 her mother will say, "What a little dar-
 ling!" or, "What lovely curls!" or, "Wh-
 a sweet mouth!" and then kiss her, as
 perhaps give her some sweets.

And the ladies who praise her think she
 is very lady-like too, for she always says
 "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," when she
 is asked, and says, "Thank you" so sweetly
 when anything is given to her.

But when she is alone with her mother
 then she is sometimes very naughty. For
 she cannot have what she would like, or
 cannot do just as she wishes, then she
 will pout and scream, and no one would
 ever think of kissing her, and no one
 would think her to be the same little girl
 who behaves so prettily in company.

So, you see, this little girl has two faces.
 One she uses in company, and puts on with
 her best dress, the other she wears when
 she is alone with her mother.

I know another little girl who has only
 one face, and that is always as sweet as
 peach, and never so sweet as when alone
 with mamma.

Which little girl do you like best? The
 one with two faces, or the one who has
 but one? And which will you be like?