

Vacation Song.

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES.

I have closed my book and hidden my slate,
And thrown my satchel across the gate,
My school is out for a season of rest,
And now for the school-room I love the best!

My school-room lies on the meadow wide,
Where under the clover the sunbeams hide;
Where the long vines cling to the mossy bars,
And the daisies twinkle like fallen stars;

Where clusters of buttercups glid the scene,
Like showers of gold dust thrown over the green,
And the wind's flying footsteps are traced, as they pass,
By the dance of the sorrell and dip of the grass.

My lessons are written in clouds and trees,
And no one whispers, except the breeze,
Who sometimes blows, from a secret place,
A stray, sweet blossom against my face.

My school-bell rings in the rippling stream,
Which hides itself like a schoolboy's dream,
Under a shadow and out of sight,
But laughing still for its own delight.

My schoolmates there are the birds and bees,
And the saucy squirrel, less wise than these,
For he only learns, in all the weeks,
How many chestnuts will fill his cheeks.

My teacher is patient, and never yet
A lesson of hers did I once forget;
For wonderful love do her lips impart,
And all her lessons are learned by heart.

O come! O come! or we shall be late,
And autumn will fasten the golden gate,
Of all the school-rooms, in east or west,
The school of nature I love the best.

—The Pansy.

NEMO

OR

The Wonderful Door.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN."

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

It was not a pleasant conclusion to arrive at, and Abel felt the perspiration streaming down his face, and his little legs shook with fear as he stood in the empty bedroom.

The crying had ceased when he entered the room, all was now quite still, and he was turning round to go downstairs that he might search the lower rooms in the house, when he thought he heard a sigh. A very small sigh it was, it seemed little more than a breath, and yet he felt sure that it came from something or some one close to him.

Abel noticed now that behind the door, in a recess, was a small cupboard, which he had not seen before. Could it be that the sound he had heard came from thence? Summoning up all his courage, he threw open the closet door and looked inside.

Was the cupboard empty? No, it was not. A bundle, a long, narrow bundle, lay on the lower shelf, and just as Abel caught sight of it, the same dreary wall to which he had been listening for so long broke forth again, and went straight to Abel's heart.

He lifted the curious little bundle out of the closet, and, carrying it into the next room, he laid it on his bed. A thick woollen shawl was pinned tightly round it, but with trembling fingers he took out the pins, one by one, and then there lay before him the contents of the bundle.

"Why, it's a little baby, bless it!" said Abel Grey pitifully;—"a poor little lonesome baby, that's what it is!"

The child was weak and exhausted, and did not cry long, but lay quietly on the bed, moaning every now and then, and softly sighing to itself, as Abel had heard it do before. It was neatly dressed, and its clothes seemed to be quite new and clean. It had a little white nightgown, with tiny frills on the top and sleeves, and round its neck was a small card on which some words had been printed in capital letters.

Abel untied the blue ribbon with which

this card had been fastened, and, holding it up to the candle, he read aloud—

Nemo,
From Nemo,
For Nemo.

"Well, to be sure!" said Abel to himself; "whatever does that mean? Who can Nemo be? Is it the child's name, I wonder?"

It was a night of wondering—there was no more sleep for little Abel Grey. He did not even attempt to go to bed, but sat all the rest of the night holding the tiny hand in his, wondering who the child was and where it had come from. It must surely belong to the people he had seen in the house when he came to look over it, and yet he had neither seen nor heard a baby when he had visited the house earlier in the day.

And now, what was he to do? It was clear he must wait until daylight came before he could do anything, and then he thought he would find the landlord, and ask for the address of the people who had been in the house before him. Meanwhile, he could only wait and wonder.

The child slept nearly all night, only now and then waking to cry, and then falling asleep again.

"It must be hungered to death, poor little thing, bless it!" he said; "why, it can have had no food for hours, and I've nothing in the house to give it—nothing at all."

But the child was not hungry, it was exhausted and weary, and there was a strange faint smell about its breath which Abel did not like, and which made him very uneasy.

"I believe it has had chloroform or some such drug given to it," he said to himself, and then there followed a terrible thought. Perhaps the child would die before the morning. Ought he not to go for help at once? Yet where should he go, and whom should he bring?

He was a nervous man, with very little presence of mind, and he was not quick in thought nor ready in action. So the

There was old Mrs. Riddings in the next street, she sold milk. He wondered if she was up, and whether, if he went to her, he could get what the poor child so sorely needed. He determined to try.

There was no one in the street when Abel turned into it. The men who had to be at their work at five had all gone by, and the six o'clock men had not yet started. He wondered if old Mrs. Riddings would be asleep, and if so, whether he should have the courage to awake her. But, to his great joy, when he drew near the house he saw smoke coming out of the chimney.

It was churning day, and Mrs. Riddings was up early, and was making herself a cup of tea before she began her work. The door was open, and Abel almost sent the old woman into a fit by walking in and standing behind her as she poured the water from the kettle into her little black teapot.

"Ay, man, but ye scared me!" she cried. "Why, it's never you, Abel Grey, at this time of the morning! Whatever in the world are ye after now?"

"Mrs. Riddings," said the little man, "I want a pennyworth of milk."

"Milk at this time o' morning, man! What, are ye going off on your travels, and want maybe to make yerself a cup o' tea afore ye go?"

Abel was very much tempted to say Yes, that he might save himself from further questions, but he was a truthful little man, and so he answered,—

"Well, no, Mrs. Riddings, not exactly; in fact, it isn't for myself I want it."

"What, it's for a friend, is it?" said the old woman, all her woman's curiosity rising within her.

"Well, no," said Abel, as he pictured to himself the poor crying baby which had so disturbed his night's rest, "I couldn't exactly say it was for a friend."

"Well, it isn't for an enemy, I suppose?" said Mrs. Riddings, laughing.

"Oh, dear, no, not an enemy!" said kind-hearted little Abel; "not a bit of an enemy, Mrs. Riddings."

"Ah, I have it at last," said the milk-

search. It makes a boy really scholarly and enterprising. It gives promise of success in later life, and of real interest in its work and study.

This must be done for the most part out of school, as recreation. The same is true of a love for literature, which a child must acquire at home and not at school. That comes best by reading poetry. Let the parent plan to have at the best poetry, in the cheapest form, if necessary, in the house, especially narrative poems, like those of Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Moore, Whittier, and Longfellow. Nor let the humorist be missing—Hood and Holmes, which children will easily learn to love. The advantage of these is that children can be encouraged to commit such verses to memory, descriptive and sentimental, and not think it work. One thus will acquire a literary instinct, and for this purpose poetry, and a great deal of it, committed to memory, affords the very best discipline. We make a great mistake in not cultivating the memory enough, as if it interfered with the logical faculty. The memory is far the more important for the first fifteen years of life.

No matter how poor the parent may be, if the child shows unusual ability, if the boy (or girl) leads his classes, then nothing should stand in the way of giving him every opportunity for education. The parent may not be able to afford to send him to the higher and the highest school; but no matter. Let him go just the same. Any sacrifice should be made, and the child should be told to plan for it, and earn his own way through. There will be scholarships and ways of earning money by teaching. We want no mute inglorious Miltons in this age of opportunities. In our fathers' day the minister in the country town, who was the school committeeman, used to pick out the bright boys in the district school, and see that they went to college. I wonder if teachers and public school superintendents do this duty now, and give the parents of such children no rest and guide the ambition of such children into worthy channels.—New York Independent.

"Ready-made bridges are something new under the sun," explained a well-known and prominent bridge builder to a reporter of the Washington Star, "but there are a number of concerns now that keep on hand a full stock of ready-made iron bridges of nearly all sizes."

"By this," added the bridge-builder, "I do not mean that I could pick up, ready-made, a bridge as long as the Long Bridge. I would have no difficulty, however, in finding ready-made and packed, so that it could be shipped in less than a half-day after the order was received, a bridge as long as the so-called chain bridge on the Upper Potomac. The customers for the ready-made bridges are mostly railroad companies, who, when they want anything, want it mighty bad and are in an awful hurry for it. Only recently a railroad bridge was washed away from a stream in Pennsylvania. In less than two hours a bridge ninety-seven feet long and nineteen and a half feet wide was ordered by wire. In six hours every part of it was shipped, and in two hours less than three days' time trains were running regularly over it. It had to be hauled over two hundred miles, too."

Margaret W. Leighton says that scarcely a day passes in which we do not see some forms of fungi, so common are they—inhabiting every nook and corner. If we walk in the fields, the woods, even in the dooryard, we see the little white, gray and brown umbrellas of the toad stools and mushrooms. Going to the preserve closet, we see that on the tops of many of the bottles a white growth has formed. Our old shoes hidden away in the dark have a greenish dust upon them; this is another fungus; and the "mother" in vinegar claims cousinship with the yeast which raises our bread. The paste-pot is flecked with pink, green and gray spots, all fungi. Some of the grain crops are often subject to partial or complete destruction from different kinds of fungi—the "smut" of wheat and corn, ergot of rye and others.

When the Roman Emperor Titus had let a day pass without accomplishing anything worth while, he used to say in the evening, "I have lost a day."

A class of girls in a certain Sabbath school were so impressed when they learned this fact about the emperor that they formed themselves into a Titus Society. The condition of membership is that each one shall allow no day to pass without speaking some kind word or doing some helpful deed.



THE POWER OF A SMILE.

night passed away whilst he tried to decide what was best to be done, and when the grey morning light stole into the room he was still holding the tiny hand in his, and still gazing anxiously into the pretty little face of the sleeping child.

The baby was so quiet, so terribly still, that several times he thought it must be dead, and he stooped down and strained his ears to listen for its gentle breathing, and he felt for the tiny beating of the small pulse, in order to assure himself that life was still in the child, and that it was not yet too late to save it.

But when the cocks in the next garden began to crow, and the sounds of life began to be heard in the street, the baby woke, and cried more loudly than before. Then its little hand went into its mouth, and it began to suck it ravenously.

"It must have something to eat, poor little thing," said Abel Grey. "Could I fetch it anything from home?"

He went over in thought all that his little larder contained. There was a bit of Cheshire cheese, and a smoked haddock, and a slice or two of Bologna sausage, and a small box of sardines, but he fancied he had never seen such things as these given to babies.

There was old Mrs. Stubbs, who had that baby from the workhouse to nurse—what did she give it? Why, she had a little, and a nasty dirty bottle it was, and it looked like milk inside it. Yes, it was milk he wanted, and how was he to get it? The man who brought him his pennyworth every day did not come round until eight o'clock, and it was now half-past five, and before eight o'clock the child might die.

woman; "it's for your old tabby cat, now, isn't it?"

"Nay, you're wrong again, Mother Riddings," he said; "but I want the milk in a great hurry, so if you'll promise not to ask me a single question more, I'll tell you what it's for."

"All right! tell away then," said Mrs. Riddings, laughing heartily as she went to the dairy to get the milk.

"Well, then," said Abel, as he took it from her hand,— "not another question, you remember,—the milk is for—is for—is for—a baby. Good morning, Mrs. Riddings."

(To be continued.)

GIVE THE BOYS AND GIRLS A CHANCE.

I wonder that there is not in every town one man or woman who knows plants and animals and birds and insects, who will take classes of children in their vacations, or on their holidays, into the fields, and there instruct them. While a child one should learn how to analyze a plant, and should have been taught the nature and habits of things that walk or fly, and should make collections of them. The enterprise thus learned is often the best part of a boy's education. It is more valuable to him than half the scientific biology he will now be taught in college. I would give more for a cabinet of minerals which a boy has collected by hard breaking of rocks, going on expeditions to localities, and trading with his fellows, than for all the trigonometry he is ever likely to learn. This has in it the element of re-