

There Were Ninety and Nine.

THREE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And, although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
passed through,
Ere he found his sheep that was lost:
Out in the desert he heard it's cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood drops all
the way,
That mark out the mountain track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone
astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and
torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a
thorn."

And all through the mountain thunder-
riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gates of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back his
own."

ITALIAN GOATHERD.

HIGH up in the slopes of the Alps,
where cattle can with difficulty find a
footing, great flocks of goats pasture
on the sweet, rich herbage. They are
wonderfully sure-footed, and will climb
from ledge to ledge, and leap from
crag to crag, in a manner that makes
it appear wonderful that they do not
slip and get dashed to pieces. The
chamois-goat especially reaches heights
almost inaccessible to man. Only the
boldest and most skilful hunters can
reach them in their far-off haunts.

But this is not the sort of goat of
which our handsome young goatherd
in the picture is charge. They are
a domestic sort which are kept for
their milk and for the cheese which is
made from it. It is the little fellow's
task to look after them all day, and if
they wander too far to recall them by
his horn or pipe, and in the evening
to bring them down from the moun-
tain pasture to the *châlets*, where they
are milked and housed. He wears,
you see, a rough jacket of goat-hair,
and on his head a coarse felt hat. At
his side is a leathern-bottle, which he
fills in the morning with goat's milk
or with the pure water of the clear
mountain streams, and we well know
how refreshing they are. On his
shoulder is his long, light, springy
alpenstock, by means of which he can
leap the streams, and climb from crag
to crag almost as nimbly as his four-
footed friends the goats. The Italian
fondness for jewellery is seen in the
earrings he wears, and in the coins
which dangle on his forehead and

checks. This is, doubtless, all he
owns. Handsome as he looks, he can
neither read nor write; but he is
learned in the mountain lore, and
knows all the paths and passes of the
neighbourhood, and his blithe carol
can be heard as he roams with his
shaggy flock over the grand mountain
slopes, climbing to the very skies. He
maintains his health and good looks
on very homely fare, at which Can-
adian boys and girls would be apt to
turn up their noses—black barley
bread, hard goat cheese, and pure
water, or, as a luxury, goat's milk.

HOW THE TURKEYS GOT
DRUNK.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

I HAIN'T nothin' agin' boys, as sich.
They're a necessary part o' creation, I
s'pose—like a good many disagreeable
things! But deliver me! I'd rather
bring up a family of nine gals, any day
in the year, with cats and dogs throw'd
in, than one boy.

There is that 'air Hezekier. His ex-
cuse allers was, he *didn't mean ter*
dew it. Once his pa give him about
tew quarts o' seed-corn in a bucket,
an' told him to put it to soak—his pa
generly soaked his seed-corn for
plantin'; he said it come up so much
quicker. Hezekier, he took the bucket,
but he was tew lazy to git any water,
so he jest ketch'd up the fust thing
come handy, which happened to be a
jug o' rum, an' poured it all into the
corn, an' then went to flyin' his kite—
he had the kite fever that year, an'
the trees was jest full of tails an'
strings, an' there was one skeleton I
remember left hangin' in the big pear
tree all winter—made mose provoked!

Wal, that arternoon, his pa was a-
goin' through the woodshed, an' he kep'
snuffin', snuffin', till bimeby says he,
"Melissy," says he, "what under the
canopy ye been doin' with rum?" says
he. Of course I hadn't been doin'
nothin' with rum, only smellin' on't
for the last half hour—I detest the
stuff!—but we put our noses together
an' follered up the scent, and there was
that corn!

"Now, Amos," says I, "I hope to
Gracious Goodness you'll give that boy
a good tunin'—for he's just sufferin'
for it!" says I.

But Hezekier he screamed:

"No, I ain't! I shall be sufferin' if
ye give it tew me!" says he. "I
seen pa drinkin' out o' the jug, an'
thought 'twan't nothin' but water!"
says he.

An' his pa jest kinder winked to me,
an' scolded and threatened a little, an'
then drove off to town, tellin' Hezekier
to toe the mark an' jest look sharp
arter things, or he'd give him Matthew,
Mark, Luke and John, when he got
lum. That was a sayin' of his'n—

"Matthew, Mark, Luke an' John,
Take a stick an' tuck it on!"

But sayin' was all it ever amounted
tew; which never'd a been my way to

bring up a boy, you may depend on
that!

Wal, Hezekier was perty quiet that
arternoon, which I noticed it, for
generly, if he wa'n't makin' a noise to
drive ye distracted, ye might be sure
he was up to some wus mischief: an'
bimeby think says I to myself, think
says I, "Now, what under the canopy
can that Hezekier be up tew now!"
think says I; for I hadn't heered him
blow his squawker, nor pound on a tin
pan, nor pull the cat's tail, nor touch
off his cannon, nor bounce his ball
ajin' the house, nor screech, nor break
a glass, nor nuthin', for all of five
minutes; an' I was a-wonderin', when
perty soon he comes into the house of
his own accord, a-lookin' kinder scaret
and meechin'; an' says he, "Aunt
Melissy," says he, "I'm a-feared there's
suthin' the matter with them 'air
turkeys," says he.

"The turkeys!" says I. "What in
the name o' Goodness can be the
matter with them?" says I.

Says he, "I don'o," says he; "but I
guess ye better come out an' look,"
says he—so innercent!

I did go out an' look; an' there be-
hind the woodshed was all them seven
turkeys, the hull caboodle of 'em, ol'
gobbler an' all, only one hen turkey
was a settin', an' another was off with
a brood o' chicks—lucky for them!—
all keeled over an' stretched out on the
ground, a sight to behold!

"Massy Goodness sakes alive!" says
I, "what's been an' gone an' kill'd off
all the turkeys?" says I.

Says he, "I don'o, 'thout it's suthin'
they've e't," says he.

"E't!" says I. "What you been
givin' on 'em to eat? for Goodness
sakes!" says I.

"Nothin'," says he, "only that corn
that was sp'ilt for plantin'; I tho't
'twas too bad to have it all wasted, so
I fed it to the turkeys," says he.

"Fed it to the turkeys!" says I.
"An' you've just killed 'em, every
blessed one! An' what'll yer pa say
now?" says I.

"I didn't mean ter!" says he.

"I'd *didn't mean ter* ye, if ye was my
boy!" says I. "Now ketch hold and
help me pick their feathers off an'
dress em' for market, fust thing—for
that's all the poor critters is good for
now," says I—"so much for yer
plaguy nonsense!"

He sprung tew perty smart, for
once, an' Lucindy she helped, an' we
jest stripped them 'air turkeys jest as
naked as any fowls ever ye see, 'fore
singein—all but their heads, an' I was
jest a-goin' to cut off the old gobbler's
—I'd got it ontew the choppin' block,
and raised the ax, when he kinder give
a wiggle, an' squawk'd!

Just then Lucindy, she spoke up:
"Oh, Aunt Melissy! there's one
a-kickin'!" says she. I jest dropped
that 'air gobbler, an' the ax—come
perty nigh cuttin' my toes off!—an'
looked, and there was one or tew more
a-kickin' by that time; for if you'll
believe me, not one o' them turkeys

was dead at all, only dead drunk from
the rum in the corn! an' it wasn't
many minutes 'fore every one o' them
poor, naked, ridic'ulous critters was up,
staggerin' 'round, lookin' dizzy an'
silly 'enough, massy knows! While
that Hezekier! he couldn't think o'
nothin' else to dew, but jest to keel
over on the grass an' roll an' kick an'
screech, like all possessed! For my
part, I couldn't see nothin' under the
canopy to laugh at. I pitied the poor
naked, tipsy things, an' set to work
that very arternoon a-makin' little
jackets for 'em to wear; an' then that
boy had to go intew conceptions agin,
when he seen 'em with their jackets
on. An' if you'll believe it, his pa, he
laughed tew—so foolish! An' jes'
said to Hezekier: "Didn't ye know no
better'n to go an' give corn soaked in
rum to the turkeys?" says he, an'
then kinder winked to me out o'
tother side of his face; an' that's every
speck of a whippin' that boy got!—
The Independent.

THAT'S MY BOY.

I REMEMBER once standing by the
surging billovs, all one weary day,
and watching for hours a father strug-
gling beyond in the breakers for the
life of his son. They came slowly
towards the breakers on a piece of
wreck, and as they came the waves
turned over the piece of float, and
they were lost. Presently we saw the
father come to the surface and clamber
alone to the wreck, and then saw him
plunge off into the waves, and thought
he had gone out in a moment he
came back again, holding his boy.
Presently they struck another wave,
and over they went; and again they
repeated the process. Again they
went over, and again the father
rescued his son. By-and-by, as they
swung nearer the shore, they caught
on a snag just out beyond where we
could reach them, and for a little time
the waves went over there till we saw
the boy in the father's arms, hanging
down in helplessness, and knew they
must be saved soon or be lost; and I
shall never forget the gaze of that
father. And as we drew him from
the devouring waves, still clinging to
his son, he said, "That's my boy,
that's my boy!" and half frantic as
we dragged them up the bank, he
cried all the time, "That's my boy,
that's my boy!" And so I have
thought in hours of darkness, when
the billows roll over me, the great
Father is reaching down to me, and,
taking hold of me, crying, "That's my
boy!" and I know I am safe.—*Dr. Fowler.*

It has been found by experience
that nothing can restrain the people
from buying these liquors, but such
laws as hinder them from being sold.
—*Bishop of Oxford in 1743.*

"O MAMMA, I burned me on a big
fly!" exclaimed little Rosa, when a
hornet stung her.