

Our Young People.

Self-Satisfied.

'Twas at Old Orchard Beach I saw
This bit of baby fairing;
Each had walked forth with much
ecstasy
To give her dear an airing.

The city maid proudly displayed
In car of state Miss Dolly,
In robe of silk and lace arrayed,
And fashion's latest folly.

The fisher's child—a cockle shell,
In which there sat right bravely,
A toad who rode his chariot well,
And bore his honors gravely.

With much complacency and pride
She often spoke to "Dan'l,"
Around whose portly form was tied
A bit of scarlet flannel.

They met; to scorn their wonder grew;
Then they (for both resented)
Walked home, as all good mothers do,
Each with her own contented.
—From Little Men and Women.

Buying Shares.

BY MRS. S. C. B. SAMUELS.

Little Nannie was wild with delight. She was going to the fair and had \$10 to spend, which was a large sum for a child to spend wisely. But Nannie's dear mother was far away in the heavenly home, her fond papa was in a distant country, and her grandfather, with whom she lived, sometimes forgot that she was only a child. "Have a good time, little Nan," said he, tenderly stroking her golden curls. "Is your money safe?"

"Yes; here it is, grandpa," holding up a little crimson plush purse, then giving him a hug and a kiss she skipped away.

Nannie wandered about among the tables, seeing many pretty things and wondering what she should buy, when suddenly a sweet voice asked, "Have you seen the dolls' house, dear?"

"No," answered Nannie, to a very pretty young lady, Miss Meta Gray, who had a little fancy basket full of money on her arm, and in her hand carried a note-book and pencil.

"O then you must come and see it," said Miss Meta. "All the little girls want it. It is perfectly lovely. Come, dear," and slipping Nannie's hand in hers she led the way to the upper end of the hall.

There on a raised platform stood the most bewitching dolls' house that Nannie had ever seen. It stood upon a green lawn with a little pond in the center. There were graveled walks and a broad sweeping driveway. On the lawn were seats for dolls and a doll's swing. On the pond the whitest of swans floated and the tiniest of toy ships were being sailed by a boy doll. There were smiling dollies on the seats and in the swing. A barouche full of them, with a span of prancing horses, was being driven to the house by a colored coachman. At the front entrance were steps and a porch; a doorplate with Jones upon it graced the door, which opened on hinges, and there was a tiny doorknob that would ring when you pulled the knob. All the doors and windows would open and shut. There were two flights of stairs with real banisters and rails, chandeliers hung from the ceiling, and the whole house was elegantly and completely furnished, from the nursery, where a colored nurse was bathing a baby doll, to the kitchen, where a turbaned cook was getting the dinner. The downstairs closets were filled with silver, china, etc., and the upper closets with the clothes of the Jones family. The entire back wall of the house could be removed for convenience in playing. Altogether it was a most complete and charming baby-house, and it is no wonder that Nannie clasped her hands and uttered a long-drawn "O my!"

"Would you like to buy a share, dear?" asked Miss Meta. Nannie looked puzzled. "This house cost a great deal of money," explained Miss Meta, "more than any one person would like to pay. So we sell it by shares. There are 200 shares at a dollar a share. If you want one you pay me a dollar and choose a number. I write your name beside that number, and if it is the one drawn you get the baby-house."

"O yes," said Nannie, "I see. I will take a share." And she drew forth her purse and took out the \$10 bill.

"Have you all that money to spend, child?" asked Miss Meta.

"Yes. I am to spend it all at the fair."

"Then why not take more shares in this dolls' house? The more you have the more chances there are that you will get it."

"Well, then, I will take ten shares," said foolish little Nannie, "for I do want it dreadfully."

"O, thank you!" exclaimed Miss Meta. "I hope you will get it, dear." Then she started down the hall in search of new victims.

Nannie now cared for nothing in the fair but that dolls' house. She hung over it, longing to move some of the dollies about; but a placard labeled "Do not handle," prevented this pleasure. She felt sure that one of her ten numbers would be drawn, and

the prize be hers; and what a lovely time she would have playing with it! Miss Meta soon came back again with a lady and gentleman, who duly admired the beautiful toy. They said "It would be just the thing for Lulu," and paid for a share; while Miss Meta, not noticing Nannie, sweetly exclaimed "Thanks, and I hope you will get it!"

"Why, that is just what she said to me," thought Nannie amazed, "and she can't hope that we will both get it!"

The young lady was off again, but next reappeared with a little girl of Nannie's age, who clasped in her hand a bright silver dollar which she had been saving for weeks to spend at the fair. It was all the money she had and she hesitated about using it all for the dolls' house, but Miss Meta, with her pretty face and winning manner soon coaxed her to buy a share, and this time she also said, "I do hope you will get it!" as she wrote down the name, Evie Norton.

"She says that to every one," whispered poor Nannie to her companion, "and does not mean it at all."

Just then they heard Miss Meta call to another young lady, "Sold all your shares, Dolly?"

"Yes, all. How many have you left?" "Only one. One little girl took ten shares."

"Ten shares? What a little goose!" "O she might as well spend her money for that as anything else! It is all for a good cause, you know," said Miss Meta, carelessly, and went off laughing.

"What a shame!" cried Nannie, on the brink of tears. "She coaxed me to buy the shares."

"So she did me," said Evie, "but I have only one; and if you have ten you will most likely get it."

"If I do," said Nannie, kindly, "you can come and play with me."

There now remained but one share to be sold. This was soon taken by a stout gentleman who said he "did not want it, and would not know what to do with the house if he drew it."

Directly after the drawing took place and this very man held the lucky number.

Nannie burst into a torrent of tears and fled to a corner to hide her grief. Evie followed to give comfort, though her lips quivered with her own sense of loss.

Presently the minister came along. "Why, my little girl, what is the matter?" he asked, kindly; and the whole story was sobbed forth, Nannie adding, indignantly, "We have both spent all our money, and we feel as if the fair had cheated us, for we have not got a single thing."

"You and Evie shall not suffer, however," he said, and drawing forth his pocketbook (not too well filled, good man that he was!) he gave Nannie a \$10 bill and Evie a \$1 bill. "Now dry your tears and go and buy something for your money."

"But I do not think it is right to take your money," said Nannie, gently.

"You must, my dear. I wish it. I consider myself to blame in that I allowed the raffling. I will never permit it again."

Just then Miss Meta passed, and the minister stopped her. "Did any other children take shares in that dolls' house?" he asked, gravely.

"No, sir," she replied; "they have not generally much money."

"That is fortunate," said he. "The gentleman who drew it has given it to me," continued Miss Meta, "and I will give it to the fair to be sold again."

"Not by shares. I will not permit it. I never approved of raffling, and now I am determined to take a decided stand against it."

The young lady stood reproved. "I never meant to distress the children, Mr. Lowe," she said, meekly.

"I believe that, my dear. It was thoughtlessness on your part, but if I had not happened to see them, what sort of an impression of this church fair would these children have carried away? Your very thoughtlessness is but another argument against this system of getting money."

Miss Meta glanced at Nannie's tear-stained face. "Whoever shall offend the least of these little ones," flashed into her mind. She stepped up to the child, and kissing her wet cheeks whispered "Forgive me, dear! I was very wrong, indeed. Forgive me, both of you," turning to Evie too. I am very sorry."

"Now, Mr. Lowe, she added, penitently, "I can make some amends. There is an old summer house in our garden. I will have it fitted up and put in order, and will keep the doll's house there, and these two little girls shall come and play with it whenever they like."

"That is a good idea," he answered, kindly. "Your heart is right, I see; you must let it influence your actions. There is your grandfather, Nannie, looking for you."

Nannie, smiling now, drew Evie with her to meet him. She gave him an account of all that passed, and handing him the money, added, "That is too much, grandpa, for a little girl. Please take it back again and give me \$1, like Evie; I do not like to take care of so much money." Her grandfather laughingly complied, and the two little girls went off to spend the money together. The grandfather found a book he knew the minister would like, and folding the \$10 bill within it presented it to him.

After the fair Nannie and Evie had many a happy day together playing

with the lovely dolls' house, and Miss Meta, who has resolved to follow the Golden Rule more closely, proved one of their kindest and best friends.—[Congregationalist.]

Just for Fun.

He was a countymen and he walked along a busy thoroughfare and read a sign over the door of a manufacturing establishment: "Cast Iron Sinks." It made him mad. He said that any fool ought to know that.

"Just look at the color of this water. Why it's not fit to drink!" said an indignant guest to the waiter at a hotel in Seguin, Tex.

"Dat's whar you is foolin' yerself. Hit's de glass what dirty."

"Your daughter has a remarkably pretty foot, Mrs. Snaggs," said Mrs. Bloomfield to her friend.

"Indeed she has," replied the grateful mother, "and I have decided to let some sculptor make a bust of it."

Bodkins—Doctor, how can insomnia be cured?

Doctor—Well, the patient should count slowly and in a meditative manner 500, and then—

Bodkins—That's all very well, doctor; but our baby can't count.

"Let me see," said Brown to Jones, "isn't this Jones that we were just talking about a relative of yours?"

"A distant relative," said Jones. "Very distant?"

"I should think so. He's the oldest of twelve children and I'm the youngest!"

A LONG DISTANCE OFF.—During the war times an old negro mammy met with an accident on the cars which left her with various bruises, including a sprained ankle and a dislocated wrist. Her mistress advised her suing the railroad for damages.

"I certainly would sue them, aunty," she said, "and for good-sized damages, too."

"Lord, Lord," exclaimed old aunty. "Sue de compny fer damages, honey? Does n't ye tink I'se got damages nuff? No, no, honey; when dis pore old nigger sues dat compny, she done sues 'em fer repayas."

While I was stopping at a friend's house the other day her husband came home, and before he had taken off his coat or hat he exclaimed:

"Well, I wish you could have seen the woman I saw today!"

"Why, was she pretty?" we both asked.

"Pretty? Well, I should say so, and she had on the neatest little suit you ever saw. By Jove! I wish you could get something that looked like that once in a while," he said, turning to his wife.

"Well, tell us what it was like, and maybe I can," she returned.

"Oh, I can't tell you just what it was like, but it had those things over the shoulders like your purple dress."

"Do you mean ruffles?" interrupted his wife.

"Yes, I guess they are ruffles. It had a skirt of peculiar color, and the basque was a sort of green. She wore a coat of something like most women wear, and a hat with a ribbon over it. She looked stunning, I tell you!"

And his wife murmured, "I should think so."

Bishop Watterson's Pastoral.

American Press Opinions of the Roman Catholic Bishops' Temperance Position.

Perhaps nothing that has ever emanated from an American Roman Catholic dignitary on the temperance question has caused so much comment as the late Lenten pastoral of Bishop Watterson and indorsed by Mgr. Satolli. It is now said that the Pope was consulted and fully indorsed the representative's denunciation regarding those engaged in the liquor traffic.

Our Canadian leading papers have all, or nearly all, given publicity to the strong positions taken and have also given a good deal of editorial prominence to the subject. The American press of nearly every class have also made it one of the leading subjects of comment. We select the following from among a large number of leading American journals, which will be of interest to the HOME GUARD readers:

The Catholic Review, a leading quarterly review of New York, says: "Bishop Watterson's order is undoubtedly in conformity to the spirit of the decree of the Baltimore Plenary Council of 1855, a decree which expressly enjoined that Catholics should not engage in liquor selling, and requiring those already so engaged to withdraw from the business as soon as possible. There is little doubt that there is much in the attitude and manner of some of the Catholics in the west to antagonize and irritate the older settlers. One characteristic of the prevailing manners of the better sort of these natives is an aversion for public drinking and for public drinking places. The idea of the Maine Liquor Law—that of prohibition in fact—predominates among them. In itself there is nothing in this opposed to Catholic morality; on the contrary, many of the greatest leaders of Catholicity in English-speaking communities in our time

have been advocates of total abstinence and of prohibitory legislation."

The New York Voice, the leading American prohibition journal says: "Mgr. Satolli's decision is equivalent to an official condemnation of the saloon by the Catholic Church. It sets the church's seal of disapprobation upon the liquor traffic, making it a business disreputable for Catholics to be in. It says, in effect, no liquor dealer can hereafter be the best of Catholics. He may be tolerated as an erring brother in the church, whom the church desires to save, but he cannot hereafter be regarded as standing upon an equality with Catholics not in the liquor business. The importance of the decision is further enhanced when it is remembered that about 50 per cent of the saloon-keepers in the United States are Catholics. We hail with unfeigned delight the reinforcements which Mgr. Satolli thus brings the prohibition army. In this battle for humanity we are all brothers—Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, Agnostic, 'infidel' and Jew. The enemy is a common foe."

The New York Tribune, long one of the foremost of American journals, says: "But the practical difficulties in the way of enforcing such a rule are very great. In the first place, many sincere Roman Catholics are disposed to minimize the authority of Mgr. Satolli. Another difficulty lies in the fact that so large a proportion of men interested in the liquor traffic are Catholics, and, moreover, generous supporters of their church."

The Springfield Republican, another leading American journal, says: "The practical effect of this official declaration that a liquor seller cannot be a true son of the Roman Catholic Church is, we fear, as likely to be an abandonment of the church as their business by the liquor-sellers concerned. When men go into this business the motive is usually money getting, and when the Roman Catholic Church sets up its claims to obedience against this greed of gain it is not easy to predict which motive will prevail in influencing the conduct of the individual appealed to."

The Woman's Journal, of Boston, says: "Archbishop Satolli has given a decision for which Protestants will thank him as heartily as his warmest Catholic supporters. He has not simply sustained the right of a Catholic bishop to guard 'faith and morals' in the limits of his diocese, but he has declared the liquor traffic 'a source of much evil,' and his approval of excluding saloon-keepers from societies. No previous action of the Catholic Church on this subject has been so important as this utterance of the Pope's representative in the United States."

The Churchman, a leading American Episcopalian journal, says: "Bishop Watterson, by his courage and persistency, has shown to Protestants that he can institute a crusade against intemperance on lines as strict, uncompromising and unpopular as Father Matthews or Canon Wilberforce. There can be no doubt that drunkenness is one of the crying evils of modern civilization. It is too often the canker of a religious profession, and it is the rust and moth of prosperity. Whatever prudent reasons the bishop may have had, in trying to stop the flow of money from societies and sodalities into the coffers of the publican, his foundation motive is one which the whole religious world will approve. He has struck a valiant blow at the hydra of drunkenness, and its example will encourage all those who in any denomination are laboring in the cause of national happiness and virtue. Whether other Roman prelates will follow the example of their courageous western brother, no one can predict. It will, however, be admitted by all that the Roman Church will not attain her highest possible usefulness and success on these shores until she puts herself in line with the best moral and philanthropic movements which the end of the nineteenth century has witnessed is the widespread and earnest attempt which Christian men and women are making to cure the deep-seated and widespread evil of intemperance."

To do an evil action is base; to do a good action without incurring danger is common enough; but it is the part of a good man to do great and noble deeds, though he risks everything.—[Phylarch.]

Pet Names.

Pet names and pretty diminutives should be kept strictly for home use. They belong to the same realm with the kisses, caresses, and endearing expressions sacred to family life and love, and inappropriate in the ears of the public.

"Darling," "Love," "Baby," and other caressing home names are for home use, as are the abbreviations of Christian names—Bab, Sadie, Etta, Lulu, etc. Barbara and Sarah are worthy of being honored by use in public places, and before others than the family.

A wife in addressing her husband naturally says John, or Mark, or Theodore, but in speaking of him to friends says "my husband," or Mr. —. If he has a title, as judge, or doctor, or professor, she will do well to observe this in writing or mentioning him. The married woman consults her husband's interests and maintains his and her own dignity by this formality of speech, which becomes her better than flippant familiarity in the eyes of the world.—[Harper's Bazar]

With the Poets.

Lost.

Upon the hour when I was born,
God said, "Another man shall be,"
And the great Maker did not scorn
Out of Himself to fashion me;
He sunned me with his ripening looks,
And Heaven's rich instincts in me grew,

As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up and paint them blue.

Yes, I who now, with angry tears,
Am exiled back to brutish clod,
Have borne unquenched for four score years
A spark of the eternal God;

And to what end? How yield I back
The trust for such high uses given?
Heaven's light hath but revealed a track
Whereby to crawl away from Heaven.

Men think it is an awful sight
To see a soul just set adrift
On that drear voyage from whose night
The ominous shadows never lift;

But 'tis more awful to behold
A helpless infant newly born,
Whose little hands unconscious hold
The keys of darkness and of morn.

Mine held them once; I flung away
Those keys that might have open set
The golden sluices of the day,
But clutch the keys of darkness yet;

I hear the reapers surging go
Into God's harvest; I, that might
With them have chosen, here below
Grope shuddering at the gates of night.

O glorious Youth, that once was mine!
O high Ideal! all in vain
Ye enter at this ruined shrine
Whence worship ne'er shall rise again;

The bat and owl inhabit here,
The snake nests in the altar stone,
The sacred vessels moulder near;
The image of the God is gone.

The Lament of El Moulok.

Within the sacred precincts of the mosque,
Even on the very steps of St. Sophia,
He lifted up his voice and spoke these words,
El Moulok, who sang naught but love songs once
And now was crazed because his son was dead:

"O ye who leave
Your slippers at the portal, as is meet,
Give heed an instant ere ye bow in prayer.

Ages ago
Allah, grown weary of his myriad worlds,
Would one star more to hang against the blue.

Then of men's bones,
Millions on millions, did he build the earth.

Of women's tears,
Downfalling through the night, he made the sea.

Of sighs and sobs
He made the winds that surge about the globe.

Where'er ye tread
Ye tread on dust that once was living man.

The mist and rain
Are tears that first from human eyelids fell.

The unseen winds
Breathe endless lamentation for the dead."

Not so the ancient tablets told the tale,
Not so the Koran! This was blasphemy,
And they that heard El Moulok dragged him hence,
Even from the very steps of St. Sophia,
And loaded him with triple chains of steel,
And cast him in a dungeon.

None the less
Do women's tears fall ceaselessly day and night,
And none the less do mortals faint and die
And turn to dust; and every wind that blows
About the globe seems heavy with the grief
Of those who sorrow, or have sorrowed here.

Yet none the less is Allah the Most High,
The Clement, the Compassionate. He sees
Where we are blind, and hallowed be his name!

—T. Bailey Aldrich, in Harper's.

When Ma Was Near.

I didn't have one bit o' fear
'Bout nuthin' 'tall when ma was near;
The clouds could bank up in the sky,
Or 'fore the wind in white streaks fly,
But somehow 'nuther I didn't fear
A snap for them—when ma was near.

Goblins that sneak at night to skeer
Us little folks—when ma was near
Jes' fairly flew, and wouldn't stay
'Round there one bit, but runned away;
An' didn't seem to be one bit queer—
They couldn't help it when ma was near.

It wasn't bad to be sick when
You felt the joy that ma was near;

The throbs o' pain couldn't stay much
Under the cooling of her touch,
But seemed to stand in mortal fear
Of ever' thing when ma was near.
—E. N. Wood.

A Story of a Czar.

The Emperor Nicholas of Russia was in the habit of traveling about incognito, accompanied only by one of his generals, in the diligence. On one of these occasions they were told on arriving at the postal station that the next piece of road was so bad the diligence would take quite three hours to reach the town, but if they liked to walk through the woods they would get there in half that time. As the weather was fine, and the path through the woods was said to be a very good one, the Emperor and the general set off on foot. By and by they came suddenly to a rapid river, but they could see no bridge. A peasant happened to come by, and the Czar asked him where the bridge was.

"There is none," said the peasant. "Then is there no way across?"

"No—only through the water."

"Well, I'll give you 10 roubles if you'll carry me over."

The peasant immediately took the Czar on his shoulders and in a few minutes landed him on the opposite shore.

"Now, 10 roubles more to bring my friend over."

The peasant waded back, took the general on his shoulders, and started with him. When they got to the middle the Emperor called out:

"I'll give you 20 roubles to drop him into the water!"

In a moment the general was splashing in the river.

"A hundred roubles to carry me on," gasped the general.

The peasant picked him up again, but had not gone three steps before the Emperor shouted:

"Two hundred roubles to throw him in again!"

The peasant stood still in perplexity. "Five hundred roubles to carry me to the bank!"

"Eight hundred roubles to drop him!"

The peasant began to slip the general off his back, but the general clutched him tightly and cried:

"A thousand roubles to put me on the bank!"

The Emperor was laughing too much to say any more, the general was put on shore, and the two, guided by the peasant, reached the town. After they had lunched the general made up his official imperial accounts. In them were these items:

"To carrying his Majesty over the river, 10 roubles; to carrying Gen. A., under difficulties graciously created by his Majesty, 1,000 roubles.

Perfect Liberty.

An amusing story is told of a connoisseur in the fine arts who once said to a friend, "I wish you would come to my house and see a picture I have bought. I want your candid opinion of it. A friend of mine had the impertinence to tell me last night that it wasn't an original! If another man said that, I should be tempted to knock him down! But come up and see it, and give me your candid and unbiased opinion."

A "liberty of action" corresponding to this "freedom of opinion" is said to have been granted by Col. McLane during the Revolutionary War to the troops under his command. They were suffering for provisions and clothing, and Congress had been repeatedly petitioned for that relief which it was not in its power to bestow. Under these circumstances, Col. McLane paraded his band of suffering soldiers, who were about going into winter quarters at Valley Forge, and addressed them as follows:

"Fellow soldiers, you have served your country faithfully and truly. We have fought hard fights together against a hard enemy. You are in a bad way for comfortable clothes, and it almost makes me cry to see you tracking your half-frozen, bloody feet on the cold ground.

"But Congress can't help it, nor can I. Now if any of you want to return home, to leave the army at such a time as this, you can go. Let those who would like to go step out four paces in front. But—the first man that steps out—if I don't shoot him my name is not McLane!"

It is needless to add that not a single "volunteer for home" was to be found in the ranks.

Moody on Repentance.

Some people think that they can sit down with folded arms and just wait for repentance to come upon them. I believe myself that God has done about all he can do for us. He gave us his son and we killed him; he has given us the commandments and we have broken them, and he has tried to help us and we have turned away from him. Men have gotten into the belief that some day they are going to get frightened into repentance. No man will get into it by being frightened, you may be sure of that. And then there are lots of people who cry over a sermon and feel bad, but that isn't going to do them any good. God uses conscience for the purpose of repentance. If a man has been a public transgressor, let him confess it in public, in private and before God. The reason why we have so many sham conversions is because the iron of contrition has not touched deep enough.