

ONLY NOW AND THEN.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Think it no excuse, boys,
Merging into men,
That you do a wrong act
Only now and then.
Better to be careful
As you go along,
If you would be manly,
Capable, and strong.

Many a wretched sot, boys,
That one daily meets
Drinking from the beer kegs,
Living in the streets,
Or at best in quarters
Worse than any pen,
Once was dressed in broadcloth,
Drinking now and then.

When you have a habit
That is wrong, you know,
Knock it off at once, lads,
With a sudden blow.
Think it no excuse, boys,
Merging into men,
That you do a wrong act
Only now and then.

—*Temperance Record.*

THE WIND'S REBUKE.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

"I shall go this morning," the young Prince said,
With a haughty toss of his regal head—
"I shall go this morning across the sea
To yonder island that seems to be
(I have watched it long from my palace tower)
All the year round like an evergreen bower.

"Ere the bells cease ringing the hour of ten
My ship must be ready; so hasten, my men."
Then low bowed the courtiers, and meek answer made,
"Your Highness but speaks to be quickly obeyed."
"See to it I am. And if any be late,
On shore he will tarry. *We Princes ne'er wait.*"

"Ah! there you're mistaken," the rude Wind cried,
And the trees began trembling on every side.
"I have just this moment come in from sea
To wander awhile over mountain and lea,
And until I return, great Prince though you be,
Your ship and your Highness must wait for me."
—*Harpers' Young People.*

JOHNNY'S MATHEMATICAL CALCULATIONS.

Johnny was pouring over his mental arithmetic. It was a new study to him, and he found it interesting. When Johnny undertook anything he went about it with heart, head and hand.

He sat on his high stool at the table, while his father and mother sat just opposite. He was such a tiny fellow, scarcely large enough to hold the book, you would scarcely think, much less to study and calculate. But he could do both, as you shall see.

Johnny's father had been speaking to his mother; and Johnny had been so intent on his book, that he had not heard a word; but as he leaned back on his high chair to rest a moment, he heard his father say, "Dean got beastly drunk at the club last night; drank ten glasses of wine. I was disgusted with the fellow."

Johnny looked up with bright eyes. "How many did you drink?"

"I drank one, my son," said the father, smiling down upon the little boy.

"Then you were only one-tenth drunk," said the boy reflectively.

"John!" cried the parent, sternly, in a breath; but Johnny continued with a studious air—

"Why, yes; if ten glasses of wine make a man beastly drunk, one glass will make him one-tenth part drunk, and—"

"There, there!" interrupted the father, biting his lips to hide the smile that would come; "I guess its bedtime for you, and we'll have no more arithmetic to-night."

So Johnny was tucked away in bed, and went sound asleep, turning the problem over and over to see if he was wrong. And just before he lost himself in slumber he had thought, "One thing is sure; if Dean hadn't taken the one glass, he would not have been drunk. So it is the safe way never to take one, and I never will." And the next thing he was snoring, while Johnny's father was thinking—"There's something in Johnny's calculation, after all. It is not safe to take one glass, and I will ask Dean to sign a total abstinence pledge with me to-morrow." And he did so, and they both kept it. So great things grew out of Johnny's studying mental arithmetic, you see.—*Christian at Work.*

ONLY LOOKED ON.

The music and the patriotic speeches were over for the day, but the boys gathered at evening around a bright bonfire in the street, laughing and chattering, adding fresh fuel and stirring it to a brighter blaze. The cheerful light—and perhaps the warmth also, for it was a cool night—attracted one unlike the others of the group. A barefooted, ragged boy drew near, and hovered on the outer edge of the company for a few minutes, but presently made his way nearer to the fire and stood beside it in evident enjoyment.

Then the largest, roughest boy in the crowd suddenly discovered him.

"Hello, Tatters! Where did you come from?"

The boy tried to draw back, but he was too late.

"Bare feet and such a cap as that! Well, you're too fine entirely. Don't you think that kind of a cap is better roasted?" and a quick blow sent the faded head-covering into the fire.

"That was mean, Jim," said one of the boys, faintly. The others said nothing, and one or two laughed.

The forlorn stranger drew back, escaped from the group, and sat down on a door-step at a little distance, drawing his ragged sleeve across his eyes to wipe away the tears of anger and grief. A pitying, indignant little face looked down upon him from an upper window, and a pair of childish eyes that had watched the scene, grew tearful in sympathy, and then brightened with hope of comforting. Lily hurried away, and was back in a few minutes with an outgrown cap of her brother's, a package of sandwiches and cookies that she had coaxed in the kitchen, and a bright silver dollar of her own. She put the other articles into the cap, fastened a string to it, and lowered it softly toward the boy on the steps, dropping the end of the string as it reached him.

"Why, Lily, what are you doing?" asked a voice as she drew back.

Lily shook her bright hair, and looked up at her brother.

"Doing what that speaker-man said this morning. He said, 'Let some of your blessings fall into the lap of those who haven't so much; and I did. It fell right straight into his lap, and I guess he didn't know whether it came from a window or from heaven, for he looked up real quick and queer, and said, 'Thank you. Amen!' and then ran away."

Guy laughed, but Lily's face was reproachful.

"You were there by the bonfire all the time. O, Guy, I don't see how you could do it."

"Why, I didn't knock his cap off," said Guy. "It was Jim Gregg; he's a rough fellow always. I didn't do anything or say anything; and the rest of the fellows didn't either."

"That was just the trouble," said his aunt, gravely. "I, too, watched the whole thing from the window, Guy; and if I were going to talk to American boys on a day like this, I should care far less about urging them to join this or that political party than about warning them against belonging to the great party in the world—those who only stand and look on. I believe they are responsible for the larger share of its evils. They do not help any good cause; they only look on and do nothing. They never hinder a wrong cause; they only watch it, and say nothing. O, Guy, did you ever think how our Lord's parable makes the final condemnation rest, not upon actual transgression, but upon omission?" "I was a stranger, sick and in prison, and ye did it not to me." They only looked on and did nothing.—*Morning Star.*