

SOME LITTLE FOXES.

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox, named—*By-and-bye*.

Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter—*Right away*.

Around the tender vine I plant
I find the little fox—I *can't*.

Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave—I *can*.

No use in trying—lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low, and drive him high,
With this good hunter, named—I'll *try*.

Among the small vines in my lot
Creeps the young fox—I *forgot*.

Then hunt him out and to his den
With—I *will not forget again*.

The little fox that hidden there
Among my vines is—I *don't care*.

Then let I'm *sorry*—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines, and you.

What mischief-making foxes, boys,
Are those that steal our grapes and joys.

But now the hunters' names you know,
Just drive them out, and *keep them so*.—*Ex.*

THE BOY WITH THE BLUE EYES.

Was there ever a boy who did not at some time wish to run away? And was there ever a boy who tried it who did not soon wish himself back again?

But sometimes it is easier to get away than it is to get back; and, besides, shame and sorrow keeps many a boy from returning to his *father's house*. Oh, if these wandering boys knew how much their parents longed for their return, and what loving welcomes are waiting for them, they would soon decide to return to the home they have left behind them. But often there is no communication open; and then the mother can only pray; but the Lord can hear and answer prayer.

A Christian woman engaged in rescue work in a great city tells this story of a case where a mother in a distant town whose boy had run away wrote her and

told her sorrows and desired her aid.

"My boy," said she, "has chestnut hair and blue eyes and is dressed in brown clothes. *Oh, do find him!*"

I smiled to myself and thought, "Poor mother! to suppose for a moment that I could search out an unknown, strange boy in this vast city." Something about the letter, so pathetic and so appealing, compelled my attention. I leaned upon my desk and cried out: "O my God, Thou knowest where the boy with the chestnut hair and blue eyes is. Thou knowest I cannot find him, but if he is in this city and if I can assist him and ease the aching heart of the mother and rescue the lost one, O send him to me." Laying aside the letter I closed the desk and went home.

On Monday morning, strengthened and refreshed, I opened my desk, and the piteous appeal of the mother was before me. Again I uttered the prayer, "If the boy with the blue eyes and the brown clothes is in this city, O my God, send him to me." Then I resumed my work.

While thus engaged I heard a tap on the door behind me. Without turning, as callers were frequent, I said "Come in." The knocks continued, and mechanically I replied, "Come in." After a little I was conscious of some one standing beside my chair. Lifting my eyes from my writing I saw the lad with the chestnut hair, the blue eyes, and the brown clothes, and I knew that the petition to send the boy to me had been answered. I said,

"Good morning," in a pleasant tone, and added, "What can I do for you?"

In a hesitating way he told me his story as given me by his mother.

I replied, "Well, Charley, I have just received a letter from your mother," and handed the missive to him.

Greatly surprised he began to read and I quietly resumed my writing. Soon I heard the great sobbing of the repentant boy. We sat down and I talked with him of mother and home, of God and duty. All that the homesick prodigal asked was for a chance to earn money enough to return. A place was found for him, and soon, with a radiant face and truly penitent heart, he appeared with the ticket honestly earned, on his way to the waiting mother.

In the meantime I had written her that her boy Charlie, with the chestnut hair and the blue eyes and the brown clothes, had