

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

THE TWO FARMERS.

I CONDUCTED, two months ago, said a clergyman, "the funeral service of one of my parishioners. He had been a farmer. Forty years ago he commenced work with 100 acres of land, and he ended with 100. He was a skilful, industrious working man, but he had laid by no money in bank. I understood the reason, as I listened to the comments of his friends and neighbors.

"It was always a warm, hospitable house," said one. "The poor man was never turned away from the door. His sons and daughters all received the best education which his means could command. One is a clergyman, one a civil engineer, two are teachers all lead useful and happy lives." Said another, "Those children sitting there weeping, are the orphans of a friend. He gave them a home. That crippled girl is his wife's niece. She lived with them for years. That young fellow who is also weeping so bitterly was a wail that he rescued from the slums of the city.

"And so the story went on—not of a miser who had heaped dollar on dollar, but of a servant of God who had helped many lives, and had lifted many of them out of misery and ignorance, into life and joy.

"On my way home from the funeral, I stopped at the farm of another parishioner, who said to me in a shrill, rasping tone: "So poor Gould is dead! He left a poor account not a penny more than he got from his father. Now I started with nothing, and look here," pointing to his broad fields: "I own down to the Creek! D'ye know why? When I started to keep house, I brought this into it, the first thing, taking an iron savings bank in the shape of a wolf out of the closet. 'Every penny I could save went into its jaws. It is surprising how many pennies you can save when you've a purpose. My purpose was to die worth \$100,000. Other folks ate meat; we ate molasses. Other folks dressed their wives in merino, mine wore calico. Other men wasted money on schooling; my boys and girls learned to work early and keep it up late. I wasted no money on churches, sick people, paupers or books. And, he concluded triumphantly; "now I own to the creek; and that land, with the fields yonder, and the stock in the barns, are worth \$100,000! Do you see?"

"And on the thin, sharp lips, was a wretched attempt to laugh. The house was bare and comfortless, his wife, worn out with work, had long ago gone to her grave. Of his children, taught only to make money a god, one daughter, starved in body and mind, was still drudging in the kitchen; one son

had taken to drink, having no other resource, and died in prison. The other, a harder miser than his father, remained at home, to fight with him over every penny wrung out of their fertile fields.

"Yesterday I buried this man. Neither neighbor nor friend, son nor daughter, shed a tear over him. His children were eager to begin to quarrel for the ground he had sacrificed his life to earn. Of it all, he has now only enough to cover his decaying body. Economy for a noble purpose is a virtue; but in the house of some, it is avarice, and, like a wolf, devours intelligence, religion, hope and life itself."—*Ec.*

HOW WILL WAS CURED.

I DON'T know what to do with my little boy, said Willie's mother. "He hasn't been well, and the doctor told me to take him to the seashore, and let him play all day in the sand. But how am I going to make him play, when he does not feel like it? He hides from the merry children, and sits and mopes by himself."

"I know a prescription much better than your doctor's," said a strange lady sitting by. "What is it?" asked Will's mother.

"Call him, and let me try it," said the stranger.

"Will! O, Will! come here a minute, my son," called his mother.

Will got up slowly, leaving his bucket and spade in the sand. "They are just going to tease me about not playing," he grumbled to himself. "I wish everybody would let me alone."

But they didn't say a word to him about playing. "Will," said the strange lady brightly, "if you are not too busy, I wish you would help me a little."

Will pricked up his ears. It had been a long time since he had been allowed to help anybody but himself.

"You see that little yellow cottage way off there?" asked the lady. "It is about a mile up the beach. There is a lame boy in that cottage, and I want to send him an orange; will you take it?"

"Yes, ma'am, certainly," said the small boy. "And, Will," she continued, "if you can do any thing to amuse or cheer him, it would be a good thing, you know; he can't get out of the house by himself, but he might wish you to help him."

Will was done moping now, forever and a day. He forgot all about himself, in doing things for lame Lucien. That strange lady's prescription worked wonders. If you ever feel dull, young readers, I advise you to try it.—*The Sunbeam.*