



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

WHENCE THEY CAME,

Potatoes came from far Virginia;
 Parsley was sent us from Sardinia;
 French beans, low growing on the earth,
 To distant India trace their birth;
 But scarlet runners, gay and tall,
 That climb upon your garden wall—
 A cheerful sight to all around—
 In South America were found.
 The onion travelled here from Spain;
 The leek from Switzerland we gain,
 Garlic from Sicily obtain,
 Spinach in far Syria grows;
 Two hundred years ago or more
 Brazil the artichoke sent o'er.
 And Southern Europe's seacoast shore
 Beetroot on us bestows.
 When 'Lizabeth was reigning here,
 Peas came from Holland, and were dear.
 The south of Europe lays its claim
 To beans; but some from Egypt came.
 The radishes, both thin and stout,
 Natives of China are, no doubt;
 But turnips, carrots, and sea kale,
 With celery, so crisp and pale,
 Are products of our own fair land,
 And cabbages, a goodly tribe,
 Which abler pens might well describe,
 Are also ours, I understand.

Being generous grows on one just as
 being mean does. The disposition to be
 kind to others should be inculcated and
 fostered in children. It is the way to im-
 prove the world, and make happy as
 people who are in it.

HOW AUSTIN GOT HOME.

It was getting dark; it was also
 getting chilly. Fleet, the Texas
 pony, had made good time, and yet
 the little boy on his back did not
 seem to be any nearer home than
 when he started.

"You must cross the creek at the
 mill, you know, Austin," Uncle John
 had said; "turn to the right, go up
 a long hill, and at the top you will
 find a five-barred gate; go through
 that and you will find a straight
 road home."

So the little boy crossed the
 creek, turned to the right, went up
 a long hill, but where was the five-
 barred gate? He couldn't find it.
 He never did find it. The fact is
 there were two long up-hill roads
 after he crossed the creek and after
 he turned to the right. Uncle John
 had forgotten that, and Austin took
 the wrong one that didn't have any
 five-barred gate on it. And now,
 as I said, it was getting dark, it was
 getting chilly, and Austin brought
 Fleet to a standstill.

"I have lost my way," said the
 little boy to himself, feeling the cold
 chills run down his back. "What am
 I going to do?" He turned in his
 saddle and looked all around. There
 was a rim of light along the horizon,
 and bats were wheeling in circles
 between him and that far rim; but

no other living thing was in sight.

"God knows the way, of course," said
 Austin; "I'd better just ask him to show
 Fleet."

He dropped the reins on the pony's
 neck, folded his hands, and asked God to
 take him home.

No sooner did Fleet feel the reins on his
 neck, and no ignorant little hand guiding
 him the wrong way, than he turned right
 around in his track, trotted down the long
 wrong hill, up the long right hill, waited
 till Austin opened the five-barred gate,
 and soon the home lights twinkled through
 the gathering shadows.

So God had answered Austin's prayer.
 True, the instinct to find the way home
 had come to the pony through hundreds
 of generations of ponies. But God had
 put it there in the first place, and had
 used it now, as often before, to help his
 children when they lost their way.

One of the easiest things in the world is
 to find fault with other people; but how
 difficult it is too see our own faults, to un-
 derstand our weak points, and to re-
 member that as we see faults in others
 they see faults as bad, and perhaps worse,
 in us. Let us be charitable, and do as the
 great artist who painted a picture of his
 monarch, upon whose brow there was a
 scar. He placed the king with elbow
 resting on a table and his head supported
 by his hand, but with finger covering the
 scar. Let us endeavour to place the finger
 of charity over the scars of our brethren.

NOBODY.

"Nobody b'oke it! It cracked itself,
 It was clear away on the topmost shelf,
 I—perhaps the kitty-cat knows!"

Says poor little Ned,
 With his eyes as red
 As the heart of a damask rose.

"Nobody lost it! I carefully
 Put my cap just where it ought to be,
 (No, 't isn't ahind the door.)
 And it went and hid;
 Why, of course it did,
 For I've hunted an hour or more."

"Nobody tore it! You know things
 will
 Tear if you're sitting just stock-stone-
 still!"

I was jumping over the fence—
 There's some spikes on top,
 And you have to drop
 Before you half commence."

Nobody! wicked Sir Nobody!
 Playing such tricks on my children
 three!

If I but set eyes on you,
 You should find what you've lost!
 But that, to my cost,
 I never am like to do!

Don't live a single hour of your life
 without doing exactly what is to be done
 in it, and going straight through it from
 beginning to end. Work, study, play—
 whatever it is—take hold at once, and
 finish it up squarely; then to the next
 thing, without letting any moments drop
 between.

