

Our Young People

Little White Pinafore.
Did you meet a little maid down the street,
Busy and smiling, trim and neat,
Her figure winning with baby charm,
A basket of lunch on her small right arm,
Tripping along in the elm-shade cool?
It was little White Pinafore going to school.

Till dawned this wonderful day of spring
She's been "tied to her mother's apron string"—
The family beauty and pride and joy;
Just a bewitching human toy;
Her life without law or lesson or rule—
Now little White Pinafore's gone to school.

"My darling," I murmured, "my precious sweet,"
As I buttoned the shoes on her restless feet,
In the untrodden pathway eager to go,
"Poor mother will miss her baby so!"
"Don't cry," she said, with a birdlike coo,
"I will hurry home and take care of 'oo."

I put the doll and the toys away
When the wise little woman left her play;
And I go about with a touch of pain
Till my pretty scholar shall come again.
Oh, what shall we do on that dismal day
When little White Pinafore goes to stay?

—Youth's Companion.

What the Little Brook Said.

If you are 7 years old, 7 years and two days, as Ellice was, you know that one whole day is a very, very long time. Older people do not understand quite how long it really is, and they hurry about, here and there, just as if there were not twelve sunny hours between the time when the yellow sun comes smiling over the hill and the time when, all tired and finished, he lays his head on another hill's purple shoulder and goes to sleep.

Ellice's mother was sure that a day was only a little while, but Ellice knew better; so the mother hastily washed the breakfast dishes, made the house tidy, and changed her dress, and Ellice sat on the garden steps and wondered if she would grow any before mother came home at night.

There were only two of them in the small house, and one had to work very hard to get bread and milk and dresses and hats and shoes for the other.

"Mother," asked Ellice, her blue eyes full of tears, "must you stay all day?"

"Yes, dear. It's a house to clean, and mother won't be home before tea time; but I've put your lunch on the table here, and you'll have the cats and the dollies for company."

"Must I be tied, mother?"

Mrs. Fuller looked troubled.
"I'm afraid so, dear. You know mother is afraid to leave her little girl untied. The wagons might run over you, pet, or you might fall into the brook."

So the long rope was brought out, and fastened to the piazza, while the other end went around Ellice's waist. She backed off, to see how much range it allowed her. She could go to the very edge of the brook, then around to the doll house under the willow, down the garden path where the early flowers were coming up, and ever so far into the house.

When her mother bent to kiss her good-bye, Ellice's arms clung fast to her neck, and there was a choked little whisper in her ear:

"Can't I go to the Mission Band this afternoon? Can't you come home in time?"

It was hard for Mrs. Fuller to say "no," but it was a word that she had had to say to herself as well as to Ellice a great many times.

"No, dearie," she said. "You must give up the Mission Band today. Perhaps you will find some mission work to do here at home. It would be real mission work to keep little Ellice patient and contented—wouldn't it?"

When mother went away Ellice sat down by the brook and thought about it. The brook seemed to think as mother did; it smiled the way she did, and it had little twinkles in its eyes like hers. "Something here at home—something, something, something," it said over and over between the smiles. And Ellice smiled back. She did care so much what mother and the brook thought.

Just then she noticed at the water's edge a tiny fern, half uprooted by some mischance, and now drooping on the moss, its leaves uncurled and dying. All in a moment the brook put an idea in Ellice's head. "Something here at home," it kept saying faster and faster and more and more loudly.

Leaning far over, Ellice reached out, dug a little hole, and put the fern roots firmly in, pressing the earth around them. Her little brown hand made a cup, and Ellice and the brook watered the fern leaves until they began to revive. Then Ellice laughed to herself. "I'm a home mish'ny," she said, and hurried off to find something else to do.

Here was a dry patch of grass,

where a board had been lying all winter. She must carry water for that, and there was a dipper on the piazza. Back and forth she hurried, pouring on the water until all the tufts of yellow grass looked grateful.

Then she found a big ant whose hole had been stopped up by a falling pebble. The poor fellow tugged and pulled, and ran around and around the stone, but could not move it. The home missionary took a little twig and opened the ant's front door for him, smiling to see how he scuttled down the stairs to tell his family.

A little farther on, in the garden path, lay a grasshopper, with all the hop gone out of him. Ellice didn't like grasshoppers when they hopped on her dress or flew in her face, so at first she thought she would let him alone. As she turned away, the rope caught her feet, and over she tumbled on the grass. When she scrambled up she went at once to the grasshopper. She could get up when she fell down, and he couldn't; so she must go to help him. The trouble was with his wing; it seemed to be torn, and he couldn't go about even when he was lifted up. So Ellice brought a maple leaf, and covered him up from the sun.

By this time it was lunch time, and the bread and milk on the table had to be eaten. Two brown cookies were carried out into the garden, and one was crumbled up under the willow tree for the birds, who twittered and chirped as they shared Ellice's lunch, and then put their wise little heads on one side to look a "thank you" to the missionary.

It took the rest of the afternoon to examine the morning's work. The fern and the yellow grass looked ever so much better, the big ant had all his family hard at work running in and out the open front door, and the grasshopper felt well enough to get home. So when the beautiful short day was over, when the tired sun felt just as much like going to sleep as Ellice did, and when the little girl was curled up in her mother's arms, she told all about her busy day.

"We had a mission band here at home," she said, smiling on her mother's shoulder, "and there were only two of us in it. I was one, and who was the other, mother dear?"

But mother had guessed the answer. "The brook," she said.—S. S. Times.

A Frozen Soap Bubble.

Did you ever hear of a frozen soap bubble? A boy out in Colorado, last winter, was amusing himself blowing them, when it occurred to him to try the effect of the cold outside air on one. His father, who tells the story, says the thermometer registered about 14 degrees below zero at the time, and when the bubble was released in the usual way, it fell to the snow perfectly frozen as a hollow sphere of ice.

It was subsequently found that when the temperature rose to zero, the bubbles would not freeze, but whether this was due to the change of the temperature or change in the air could not be determined. The father of the boy is anxious to know whether it is possible to freeze a bubble in a more easterly latitude, where the air is not so dry as it is in Colorado. Remember that, and make the experiment next winter.

Boys and Bees.

Spring is again here, and hurrah! for the streams and the meadows, and the out-door life which a boy loves so much. It looks now as if it would be no time until the days of bird-nesting, of flower-gathering and of butterfly-chasing. I am an old man myself, but I often recall both the summers and the winters that I had when a boy, and sometimes go out for a long walk over the country roads with my grandchildren, just to make myself believe that the old times have come back again. But I get tired sooner than I used to; and so I have to be content to sit down and rest and watch the youngsters at their happy play, or, if they feel in the mood for listening, tell them stories of what I did when I was a boy, long years ago.

I remember that when I was a little chap I ran about with bare feet in the meadows in summer time. I was always finding out something or on the lookout for anything new. Among my pursuits there was one I was very fond of, and that was hunting bumblebees.

When I saw a bumblebee gathering honey from the clover blooms, I would follow it until it got to its nest. It was not so easy, however, to get the honey; and that was what I was after. Often there were a dozen bees around, and I had to make a lively fight to get possession. Sometimes, too, I was driven off, and the bumblebee was left monarch of all he surveyed.

Bumblebees do not build nests for themselves, but take possession of deserted nests of field mice and store their honey there. They also lay their eggs and rear the young bumblebees in these nests. Often I have found white grubs in the honeycomb and have had to separate the cells in which the honey was stored from those in which the little bumblebees were kept while growing.

Of course you can understand that in my fights with the bumblebees I was often stung. I learned, however, that while many of the bees had stings, some of them had none. Most bumblebees have heads like little beads, but the stingless bee has a tuft of white hair on its head. These bees are generally found on thistle, not on clover blooms. Sometimes the boys

would catch the white-headed bees and let them loose where the girls were playing at school. You may be sure there was some fun then.

But there was one time when a certain joke or prank of mine did not end altogether as I expected it would. A boy from the city was staying at our house, and of course I took him out into the fields, and told him all about bee-hunting.

I was careful to go to the thistle blooms and pick off the bees with the tuft of white hair on their heads. I got him persuaded to hold some of them in his hands, and he found that they were stingless.

At last he came to the conclusion, and I did not disabuse his mind of it, that no bumblebees had stings.

Then we went to the clover blooms and the boy got hold of a bee with a black head. That bee meant business and he let go of it very quickly. How I laughed, and how he licked me when it dawned upon him that he had been made the victim of a joke. We were soon good friends again, however.

When he grew up he became a lawyer, and so did I. I have often been opposed to him in court, and have beaten him, and I think we are about even.—W. B. Holden.

Boz and Boswell.

It is known that Dickens was a great admirer of Boswell's "Life," and that he was thoroughly saturated with his spirit. His "Pickwick" is perhaps the only book written on the same lines. Mr. Pickwick was as rudely despotic as Dr. Johnson, and his friends were his "followers." Snodgrass kept a note-book in which he entered conversation and stories. As Dr. Johnson had his faithful black servant, so Mr. Pickwick had his trusty Sam Weller. Both leaders traveled about on coaches and stayed at inns. Mr. Pickwick went to Bath and drank the waters, as did Dr. Johnson. Johnson had his Mrs. Thrale, as Pickwick had his Mrs. Bardell. Mr. Pickwick attended a review at Rochester, and so did Dr. Johnson. Winkle somewhat resembled Goldsmith in trying to do feats, and always failing. After calling attention to these points of similarity, the St. James' Gazette says:

"Some of the passages in both books might be transposed and the change scarcely noticed. Witness this: 'The doctor appeared in pumps for a dance.' 'You in silk stockings!' exclaimed a gentleman jocosely. 'And why not, why not, sir?' said my revered friend, turning warmly on him. 'Oh, of course, there is no reason why you should not wear them,' responded the gentleman. 'I imagine not, I imagine not, sir,' said the doctor in a very peremptory tone. The gentleman had contemplated a laugh, but he found it was a serious matter; so he looked grave and said they were a pretty pattern. 'I hope they are,' said Dr. Johnson, fixing his eyes upon them. 'You see nothing extraordinary in the stockings, as stockings, I trust, sir.' 'Certainly not—oh, certainly not.' He walked away, and Dr. Johnson's countenance assumed its customary benign expression. 'This occurs not in Boswell, but in Pickwick, with a slight change of names.

"Sam's well-known story of the person who killed himself by eating three shillings' worth of crumpets—about three dozen—was taken from Boswell. In his book we are told of a gentleman who, having resolved to shoot himself, ate three buttered muffins for breakfast, knowing that he should not be troubled with indigestion. The story, however, is said by De Quincey to be given by Darwin, who relates it of a colonel who shot himself 'on principle' and because 'a muffinless world was no world for him.' Boz well knew his Boswell.

"In one passage Boz has attempted an imitation of the Johnsonian dialogue, which is really good: Johnson—Sir, if it be not irrational in a man to count his feathered bipeds before they are hatched, we will conjointly astonish them before next year. Boswell—Sir, I hardly understand you. Johnson—You never understand anything. Boswell (in a sprightly manner)—Perhaps sir, I am all the better for it. Johnson (savagely)—I don't know but that you are. There is Lord Carlisle (smiling); he never understands anything, and yet the dog is well enough. Then, sir, there is Forster; he understands many things, and yet the fellow is fretful. Again, sir, there is Dickens, with a facile way with him like Davy, sir—like Davy—yet I am told that the man is lying at a hedge ale-house by the seashore in Kent, as long as they will trust him. Boswell—But there are no hedges by the sea in Kent, sir. Johnson—And why not, sir? Boswell (at a loss)—I don't know, sir, unless— Johnson (hundering)—Let us have no unleses, sir!"

A SHORT ROAD to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL.

The man who was out in the fog until he incurred the rheumatism, says it is a great mist ache.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.

With The Poets.

Sonnets.

"I think the immortal servants of mankind,
Who, from their graves, watch by how slow degrees
The World-Soul greatness with the centuries,
Mourn most Man's barren levity of mind,
The ear to no great harmonies inclined,
The witless thirst for false wit's worthless lees,
The laugh mistimed in tragic presences,
The eye to all majestic meanings blind.
O prophets, martyrs, saviors, ye were great,
All truth being great to you; ye deemed Man more
Than a dull jest, God's ennui to amuse;
The world for you, held purport; Life ye wore
Proudly, as kings their solemn robes of state;
And humbly, as the mightiest monarchs use."

—William Watson.

An April Adoration.

Sang the sunrise on an amber morn—
"Earth be glad! An April day is born."
"Winter's done, and April's in the skies,
Earth, look up with laughter in your eyes!"

Putting off her dumb dismay of snow,
Earth bade all her unseen children grow.

Then the sound of growing in the air
Rose to God a liturgy of prayer;

And the thronged succession of the days
Uttered up to God a psalm of praise.

Laughed the running sap in every vein,
Laughed the running flurries of warm rain.

Laughed the life in every wandering,
Laughed the tingling cells of bud and shoot.

God in all the concord of their mirth
Heard the adoration-song of Earth.

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

A Woman's Answer.

"Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above?
A woman's heart, and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?"

Do you know you have asked for these priceless things
As a child might ask for a toy,
Demanding what others have tried to win,

With the reckless dash of a boy?
You have written my lesson of duty out,
Man-like, you have questioned me;
Now, stand at the bar of woman's soul
Until I have questioned thee.

You require your dinner shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as the purest, your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a cook for your mutton and beef;
A seamstress you're wanting for socks and shirts;
I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called Home,
And a man that the Maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did the first,
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the roses will fade
From my soft young cheek some day—
Will you love me then in life's autumn hours
As you did in the flowering May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are good and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give all this, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If this cannot be, a laundress and cook
You can hire and little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Should never be thrown away."

—Mary T. Lathrop.

OUT OF SORTS.—Symptoms: Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parnee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

Scissors Grinder—How is business?
Rag Man—Picking up. How is yours?
Scissors Grinder—Pretty dull.

Smoking Services.

What next? Are not new departures and novel devices almost exhausted when, after snacking concerts, we now behold "smoking services" initiated by the clergy themselves? In the early part of July this notice was widely circulated in Whitechapel: "If you want a smoke free, come next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock to Christ Church Hall. A free cup of tea, if you like. Tobacco gratis." Accordingly, the Rev. J. H. Scott, M.A., at the time appointed appeared with the unprecedented canonicals, in shape of a bag of tobacco and a short brier pipe. The latter he himself puffing at, while he doled out the contents of the parcel to a congregation of the poorest people of East London. This enterprising cleric conducted services and preached to the congregation which he had first baptized in a cloud of narcotic vapor. The service was orderly, the prayer earnest, the sermon simple, and the singing of certain ladies on the platform excellent. A cup or tea was afterward given to each of the congregation. This incident, which has already attracted the widespread attention of the press, will be productive of varied comment. The motive of the rector can be easily understood and may be commended. But most people will contemplate the proceeding with very mixed feelings, in which perhaps humiliation and shame will predominate. No tendency of the time which seems, not to uplift the Christ, but to drag him through the mire, can be commended. While the Apostle Paul became "all things to all men" that he might "by all means save some," we cannot imagine him, for instance, conducting a smoking service. Smoking in clubs is one thing, at religious services quite another.—The Outlook.

Bible's Literary Beauty.

Those who drawn to the Bible by its literary characteristics are prone to dwell most on its grandeur and sublimity, or its simplicity and grace, and to pay scant attention to the beauty and depth of its pathos. Yet in its pathos consists much of the purely literary charm of Holy Writ, and especially of its poetry, narratives and traditions. In the Old Testament it is a marked literary characteristic, the pathos lying in the insistence of the Israelites on carrying out their own purposes, and their absolute and unquestioning submissiveness when those purposes are overruled by God. Their attitude is that of a child pleading and arguing with its father for permission to follow its own course, at times offering to modify its will to gain its way in part, and always certain that an impartial hearing will be granted it, but accepting the final decision without sullenness, and as irresistible and irrevocable.

Recall, for example, the almost dogged pertinacity with which Abraham pleaded for the safety of Sodom, coming back again and again, each time with a smaller number of righteous as its price. Or the submissiveness of David when his pleadings for the life of Bathsheba's son had been overruled by God. So long as there was a hope in his mind that the divine purpose might be accomplished by his own change of heart, and that this effected, the child might be spared, he never ceased to wrestle with God. But when the divine will had declared itself, he "came into the house of God and worshipped." A still better example of the pathos of this mixture of tenacity and submissiveness is found in the story of the Shunammite woman, perhaps the most beautiful, from a purely literary standpoint, in the Old Testament. The reserve which she maintained with respect to her child's death, and her reply to the questionings of her husband and of the prophet's servant, "It is well," is, as an evidence of the unquenchableness of human love and the tenacity of human faith in divine power, one of the most pathetic in all literature. She never once let go the belief that the prophet who had revealed to her God's purpose to give her a son, could also carry out the divine purpose to restore him to her. The history of the Hebrew people is full of the pathos of insistence on their own way, and of resignation to the will of God, of an overweening confidence in divine grace and of absolute submissiveness when the divine decision is clearly understood. They argue and expostulate with God, yet they say, with Eli: "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth to him good."—[New York Observer.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption. A large order.—Happy bridegroom—[Waiter, I want dinner for two.] Waiter—Vill ze lady and gentleman haf table d'hote or la carte?

Happy bridegroom (generous to a fault but weak in French)—Bring us some of both and put lots of gravy on 'em.

The never-failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc.; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

A Smile And a Laugh.

A monopoly is a good deal like a baby. A man is opposed to it on general principles until he has one of his own.

Twynn—bunting is very superstitious about numbers.

Triplett—Which is his favorite? Twynn—He's always looking out for number one.

Architect—And on these panels you wish, I believe, the double convolute. Mrs. Neweatt—Oh, no, indeed! I said I wanted just a plain wiggle running down each side.

"I wonder what a man's sensations are when he is struck by lightning?" said Dawson.

"I should think he would feel more or less thunderstruck," said Hicks.

She—Professor, did you ever read Martin Luther's commentary on the Diet of Worms?

The Professor—No, I have not. I am a strict vegetarian, you know.

He was a countryman, 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.

A wee resident has been taught to save a piece of everything nice for "papa." When castor oil was being administered a bright thought struck the youngster.

"I dess I'll save the rest for papa." Mother—I wish you would go on an errand.

Son—My leg hurts awful. "Too bad. I wanted you to go to the candy store, and—"

"Oh, that isn't far. I can walk there easy."

"Along side of it you will see a grocery store. Get me a bar of soap."

Kittie was walking down street with her auntie one day and her big, blue eyes were wide open to all the curious things in the world—a new world to her. Suddenly she espied some tempting-looking pears before a grocery store.

"O—oo, auntie!" she cried, "See all those little cunning, long-tailed apples!"

"What have you named your baby, Rastus?"

"Sam Pro Tem Johnson, sah."

"What is the Pro Tem for?"

"To show that the name is only temporary, sah. We kind o' thought Sam might like to choose his own name when he grew up, sah, so we put the Pro Tem in as a warning to de public."

Johnny, do you know that it is very wrong for little boys to throw stones? Never let me see you do it again. Johnny looked into his mother's face with that calm assurance which comes of a sense of innocent intent and said: "Mamma, s'posin' David's folks had been so particular, wouldn't it have been a bad thing for the Israelites?"

On a church door near Eufaula, Ala., years ago was found the following: "Notice.—There will be preaching in this house, Providence permitting, Sunday, and there will be preaching here, whether or no, on the Monday following, upon the subject: 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved and he that believeth not shall be damned, at precisely half-past three in the afternoon.'"

Two compositions—School compositions occasionally turn out better, from a literary point of view, than teachers anticipate. A teacher in Illinois asked her pupils to bring in "three items of information" about the river which flowed by their town; and from one small boy she received their model of concise composition:

"THE SANGAMON RIVER. 'I have lived near it. 'I have scated over it. 'I have fallen into it.'"

He Knew His mother.—Mrs. Williams is a widow with three boys, whom she has brought up with great firmness. It is one of her rules that obedience to her commands must come immediately, and explanation, if at all at her leisure.

"Freddy," she said a short time ago, to her youngest boy, aged seven, "I am going to do something in a few days about which I want to talk to you a little."

"Yes'm," responded Freddy, meekly. "I am intending to marry Doctor Morse next week on Monday," said his mother, and then she paused for a moment.

"Yes'm," said Freddy again, and then he added, with a look of awe on his small face: "I s'pose Doctor Morse won't know anything about it till the time comes, will he, mother?"

THE BEST PILLS.—Mr. Wm. Vandervort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parnee's Pills, and find them by far the best pills we ever used." For delicate and debilitated constitutions these pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.