

LITTLE CHILDREN SCOLD ONE ANOTHER.

Two little girls, one rainy day, Who had been pleasantly at play, With happy hearts and faces bright, Began at length to scold and fight. Then to mamma they quickly went, To give their angry feelings vent, And of each other to complain. And make in-doors a stir and rain. "Mamma," cried Florence, "only see! Mamie's as mean as she can be. O what a naughty, cruel trick! She whipped my pusey with a stick, It was a selfish thing, she said, There, now, Miss Mamie, that is true; You can't deny it, no, not you." "Now, Florry, that is just unfair; You are just hateful, I declare; 'Twas you that broke my china plate, And made a picture on my slate. I say, mamma, my story's true And I guess you'll believe it, too." And mother laid her sewing by, A look of trouble in her eye. "Children," she said, "if this is true, You've got a new verse, haven't you? 'Tis not like what I've always heard; I think you must have changed one word." She looked at one, then at the other, "Little children, scold one another." Their faces grew like roses red, But this was all the mother said. Mamie also began to cry, But Florry whispered with a sigh, "O dear! that's not a pretty verse; Let's make it better 'fore I'm worse." And then they kissed and ran away, But no more quarrelling that day. And when at night they went to bed They kissed mamma, and Florence said, "We'll have a better verse, dear mother, Than little children, scold one another." — Rochester Journal.

QUINCE, AND HOW THE LORD LED HIM.

(By Miss L. Bates.)

CHAPTER VI.

"NEVER LOSE YOUR FAITH IN THE BIBLE."

Mr. Ashburton opened his school under favorable circumstances. A mixed school, however, of boys and girls, each with different home training and with corresponding difference in mental strength and intellectual attainment, offers little encouragement to one who is inclined to systematic order and scholarly effort. Mr. Ashburton felt this with a keenness that would have been insupportable had he not in a measure fortified himself against depressing influences. Hence he endeavored to make the best of it, doing his utmost to classify and arrange, so that his pupils would reap the benefit of his experience and make positive advancement in their studies.

Thus far, Quince had studied without system; his mother had been his teacher chiefly, and she had taught him in branches that stand widely apart in the regular catalogue of a graded school. Arithmetic he understood so thoroughly that a class was given him to teach, and in return Mr. Ashburton aided him in some studies that he would take alone. In this way he could push his Latin, if he felt so disposed.

Had Esther been other than the kind-hearted woman she was, the many duties the lad had at home would have rendered it impossible for him to do much in the way of study. But the likeness to her own boy won upon her sympathy, and her timely suggestions helped him to economize both time and strength; and in this way everything was accomplished.

Quince had not been long in the house before he discovered that Mr. Petties was not only inferior from age, but was the victim of an incurable disease that was liable to prove fatal at any time. Esther watched over him with especial care, but the man himself did not seem to live like one whose summons might come, and probably would come without warning.

Quince has seen his mother wasting away with consumption; every day, he knew, was bringing her nearer and nearer to the grave. She likewise knew it, and she talked to him of that world to which she was hastening, and bade him remember, as he loved her, to honor God and to keep his commandments.

Mr. Petties was not a man to do this. True, the Lord's Day was not an ordinary day; business was not attended to as on other

days; but the house was generally full of company not at all given to church-going and Christian observances.

To his question as to whether they had church in Barnston, Esther answered with visible embarrassment:

"Yes, there are several churches, and they are open; but father does not care to go, and so I stay with him. If you like to go, Quince, you may."

"Mother said I must not forget to go to church, and I like to go to Sunday-school," was the reply.

"It's a habit with father; he will have company. If you go to church morning and night, I think perhaps it will be as much as you can do."

To Quince the idea that Mr. Petties did not regard the Lord's Day was quite shocking. Here was an intelligent man who did not consider it beyond an ordinary rest-day. In all of his perplexity with regard to the sins of the fathers visited upon the children, Quince still held by a strong faith to God—his mother's God. To attend church was to him a bounden duty. Under the circumstances, he could not hope to go to Sunday-school; but he had a Bible, and he could study it at home. And thus the question that he had longed to ask, and had decided to ask, was no nearer a solution than it had been.

When the snow came down Mr. Petties was confined still more closely to the house. Much of his time was spent in reading books the titles of which Quince had never heard, but, judging from the criticisms, books intended to show that God was a myth and eternity a dream of men who had not the least foundation upon which to build the hope of a future life.

Sometimes at night Quince went to church, but oftener he crept up to his room, warmed as it was from the kitchen stove. Once, Esther dropped in and set down her lamp with a dazed look in her face, as though searching for something that she could not find.

Quince turned hastily from the window. Their eyes met.

"I hope you find it pleasant here, Johnny used to say it was so nice in winter," she began.

"Yes, I like it." The woman let her hands fall idly, and gazed over the room with a dreary expression on her face:

"It was shut up for a long time; I could not bear to come into it. It made me think of him, and strange thoughts came over me. I could not endure to think that I was never to see him again."

There was a long silence; then Quince ventured to say,

"My mother died, but I shall see her again in the resurrection. I like to think it is so; it helps me."

"The resurrection? Yes. That is, I used to think—" with touching pathos in her voice.

She unclasped her hands and with a shy, timid movement took up her lamp. A moment she stood there, as if deliberating with herself; then she took a step nearer the table:

"You have a Bible, Quince. I saw it here the other day."

"Yes, I have a Bible. Here it is," laying his hand upon the cover.

"And, Quince, whatever you hear others say, never lose your faith in the Bible. I'm glad you read it every day; it is the only thing in the world that a body can cling to. Lose your faith in that, and you have nothing."

"Then you believe it—you do believe it? I was sure you did," exclaimed Quince.

"I can't say, Quince—I can't say. I would give worlds if I had never heard any doubts about it. It is dreadful, Quince, to lose faith in all that the Bible teaches."

With a slow movement Esther went down stairs, a thin wave of light from the lamp trailing behind her. She had doubtless come up purposely to say what she had said, and now she was gone.

Quince dropped his head into his clasped hands and thought how sad and hopeless Esther's life was. She knew he had a Bible; did she come in to read it? Would she come again? It must be terrible. She knew that it was terrible to lose faith in the Bible; hence she warned him. To be sure of himself, he must study more thoroughly. Above all, he must not doubt. In that hour his resolve grew stronger. What-*ever* Esther herself believed, she was anxious that he

should cling with unswerving trust to the old faith.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SKATES ON THE RIVER.

The river that ran through the lower portion of Barnston offered peculiar facilities for skating. Saturdays were usually given to this sport, but not unfrequently a score or more of youths and maidens could be seen on Sunday afternoon flying across the ice without the least compunction regarding the sanctity of the day. At night, in the moonlight, Quince could see them from the window of his room, and occasionally, when his Latin lessons permitted, he would put on a pair of skates that Esther had brought from some place of safekeeping, remarking as she did so,

"These were Johnny's skates. I think they will fit you, Quince."

"Just as though they were made for me," answered Quince, strapping them over his boots.

Esther brushed her hand over her eyes and looked at the skates:

"It will do you good to go out with the others," once more brushing her hand across her eyes.

Then she went down stairs, leaving Quince to feel that there was not in the world another woman—not even Grandmamma Evans—so good as Johnny's mother.

One evening, Quince, having half an hour to himself, took his skates on his arm and hurried away to the river. A large crowd had gathered, and there was racing between the young men; while a few of the smaller lads were drawing sleds, and still others were pushing chairs. Quince knew most of the schoolgirls, and offered to help several of the more timid ones. Isabel Hardon was sliding a little here and there, but not venturing far on the ice.

"Why, Bel, where are your skates? You used to manage them better than any of us," said one of her companions.

"Oh, I just came down to look on. I did not bring my skates," was the answer.

"Good reason for it; you know your father sold them for whiskey. The wolverine is that you came yourself," cried a lad who was cutting circles around the fire.

Quince came up in time to hear the remark, and the expression of the girl's face under the cruel taunt touched him.

"How dare you speak in that fashion to a girl?" he exclaimed, seizing the boy by the shoulders and shaking him till he cried out, "Apologize, or I'll shake the breath out of you!"

"Don't, Quince. Father did take my skates, and I have no right to be here," said the girl, tearfully.

"You have a right to be here, Bel, and you have a right to enjoy the skating; and you shall do it as soon as this fellow tells you he is sorry for the insult given you."

"I didn't mean to hurt her. I knew who took her skates, though, and I know who has 'em now: Carrie Jones has 'em, and her father is—"

"Never mind! You just say you are sorry you spoke to Bel as you did, and that you will not repeat it," cried Quince.

There was a dogged silence on the part of the lad.

"Say it!"

"Knew, let up a little, or I can't!"

"Now is your time," loosening his grip, so that the boy could breathe easily.

"I am sorry, Bel," was said, briefly.

"That will do. And now strike out! If I get my fingers upon you again, you won't get off so readily."

Quince was in a passion, and Bel was in tears.

"Now he's gone, you are to take my skates and have a good time," Quince said, at the same time unfastening the straps.

"No, Quince; I am going home. I don't know why I came out; only it is Saturday, and I have my lessons and father is away," returned Bel, blushing scarlet.

"I shan't like it a bit, if you don't take them to hang something red from the window, so that I should come home in time; and there it is. I must go now."

Bel looked in the direction of Mr. Pettie's house, and, sure enough, there was a red streamer hanging from the chamber-window.

"Then if you must go, I will take them," she said.

"Of course. There! The girls are coming in to the fire; when they start out again, you can go with them." Quince had recovered himself; his voice

was quite gentle, as though nothing had stirred him.

But few had seen the contest between the two boys, and still fewer had comprehended just what it all meant.

"Serve him right!" exclaimed Will Rice, grasping Quince by the hand. "He's always bullying some small boy or weak girl. I was glad to see you settle him."

"Had it been any other than Bel, I should not so much have minded it; but I knew her father was once a superior man. And just think of his doing anything like that! and how mortified Bel must be over it!" "Such fellows as that are cowards. He won't try it again," said Will, with emphasis.

Quince had not enjoyed the skating, but he had helped another to enjoy it; and his face was cheerful as he started home.

Esther did not enquire into particulars, and Quince answered, in a general way, that he had been on the river and that the ice was in good condition.

The story got afloat, however; and one evening, as Quince finished his studies and was putting up his books, Esther detained him a moment, in order to learn the truth, as she said.

Briefly the lad narrated the incident, and then looking with his honest eyes into the face bending over him, asked if she blamed him.

"No, Quince, I do not blame you, but I am sorry it happened. Father heard it in a garbled form; I will tell him how it was, and then we will think no more about it. Jones is a saloon-keeper, and he did not want it known how he came by the skates."

"That accounts for it, then," said Quince, quietly.

"Accounts for what?" Esther asked.

"You gave me some money for Christmas?" pausing for assent.

"Yes."

"The skates did not fit Carrie, and I bought them. She was delighted, and said that she did not want them; they had made her trouble enough, and she was glad to have them out of her sight."

"Then Johnny's skates are not the ones you use?" with a little hurt tone that was like a stab to Quince.

"I did not buy them for myself; I gave them to Isabel."

"My boy, I am very glad to know this. I was told you had given away Johnny's skates. One of the boys said he saw Isabel skating with them."

"Just that day, and she was feeling so badly I am sorry that you could for a moment think I would give them away, when I knew how much you prized them," quick tears springing into his eyes.

"It was a momentary doubt. I know you better now, Quince."

There was a sweet serenity in Esther's voice very different from the tremulous flow of her first words. Evidently there had been a burden, and as evidently it was lifted.

Long after Esther went down stairs Quince sat gazing into the night. The reflection of the moonbeams no longer came to him from the white headstones and the slant spire of the old church in Scarborough, but from the ice-bound river and the glittering roofs in Barnston. How was it with Hugh Mercer? And did Grandmamma Evans and Rachel still think of him? He longed to see them and to tell them how kind Esther was, and how well he was getting on in his studies.

The Bible was lying on the table he reached forth his hand and drew it nearer. His eye falling upon a passage, he read it aloud: "He shall choose our inheritance for us, the excellency of Jacob whom he loved."

Quince's thought was not centered in God because of his attributes as God, but because the God whom he worshipped was his mother's God. For her sake he studied his Bible, and the promises that had been dear to her heart he repeated; and thus he failed to receive the strength they were designed to give and the rest they were fitted to afford. He failed because of this exaltation of the human, because, though loving right and loving to do right, it was mainly in order to keep his promise to his mother, and not from the inspiring motive of self-consecration to a loving Redeemer and an all-wise Friend. Had it not been for the thought that God could punish the innocent for the sins of the parent—unto the third and fourth generation," it is possible Quince would have seen with a clearer vision.

CHAP. MR. HARD.

Mr. Ashburton's; one at a time until in summer there was but the winter term added over by a girl as a paid assistant. Quince in arithmetic. "W questioned the mas was settled: Quince of the classes in arith I don't think he you in this way," endeavored so to; everything could trustees ought to pa teacher."

"I am here to answered Quince, then picking it up; he has learned more than he ever did by tic; only I want to Do you mean to Esther asked, lett boyish face."

"I cannot say that I am here this winte my time."

"I trust you will Father grows more I depends upon you. can see it in the w every morning, an he thinks it is u in."

"You are both v kinder than I ever I am only glad that ing what was requi There was now Quince felt obliged Latin, and his recit hours."

Coming from Mr. night at a later hou bled over the prostr across the pavemen of him. Had the s or had the man glance into the pu story. It was ing home at that lat While Quince was q of calling some one inebriate home, Isal

"I have been to nie he had started f how am I to get him "There! don't cry "It is dreadful, if be a good man, if it

"I know he wou It was a difficult man to his feet, and walk, more than or pavement and deno and imprecations, b him alone."

"I have to listen I would spare you," best to appease her f "This won't do, "Wait he, Bel; I help us."

"No, no! I can one look at him."

In the voice there removed from tears. Another attempt they reached his h standing in the door from a solitary han to which they were

Quince had unfast before Isabel came u pocket and gave it c "I am glad I was you again need ass upon me."

The woman sa over the broken st shining, and down t nous points mark c As Quince was passi young men tottere holding to each ot alley and were hidde

Quince had know had passed them e never seen so much c ing. It was "drea And was there nothi ren from ruining bringing upon their