

## The Two Villages.

BY DANIEL A. FOLING AGED 15.

Yes, this is the town of Benton,  
A village that's clean and dry,  
There isn't a man in the poorhouse,  
And the wages we pay are high.

How do we build our sidewalks?  
How do we buy our lamps?  
Why, man, we had no sidewalks  
When the license was taken from  
Ramps.

The town was small and scattered,  
Of numbers very few,  
But when we banished whiskey,  
We prospered, and Benton grew.

The people read of our village,  
They heard of our temperance home,  
And, from the day we voted,  
Our Benton has flourished and grown.

Yes, stranger, that's the secret—  
The people of Benton were wise—  
Twas temperance built our village,  
And caused our rapid rise.

Yes, this is the town of Dayton,  
A town where whiskey runs free,  
And, though we get the license,  
We've walks not fit to see.

Oh, we can't afford any pavements,  
And lamps come very high,  
I wonder how we'd manage  
If the town were clean and dry?

Yes, the place looks rather seedy,  
And the streets are pretty old;  
But I don't see what's the matter—  
For the license is paid in gold.

The people come and visit,  
But they never come and stay,  
They say we're unprogressive;  
That business wouldn't pay.

Would you live in the town of Dayton,  
Where whiskey and beer are sold;  
Or stay in the village of Benton,  
Where no license is given for gold?

## Eric's Good News.

By the Author of "Probable Sons."

## CHAPTER III.

"Hullo! little chap! you are looking quite spry! What have the doctors been doing to you?"

Eric's weary wistfulness had indeed vanished, and there was a suppressed eagerness and interest in his expressive little face.

He put his little finger to his lips in a quaint, old-fashioned way as he glanced at his nurse, then held out his hand to the captain. Looking up at his strong, stalwart frame, he said very winsomely,—

"Do you like me, Captain Graham?"  
"Who does not, you young fisher?"  
"But do tell me! are you fond of me?"  
Captain Graham laughed heartily as he gazed down at the boy.

"What is coming, Eric? Out with it! Do you know that I have strolled down on purpose to see you this morning? Being one of the most selfish and lazy of human creatures, that says a good deal for your attractive power, let me tell you!"

"I want you," Eric said softly, as he stroked the hand he was still holding. "I want you to lift me out of the carriage and carry me to that rock over there, and let me sit on your knee, like father does. Only tell nurse you are going to do it first, or she will be coming after us, and I want to have a quiet private talk with you!"

It did not take long to carry out this desire, and as Captain Graham held the light little frame in his strong arms, he said,—

"Why, Eric, a puff of wind would blow you away!"

"I am not very heavy, am I? Now, then, you must listen, please—because my mind seems so very full that I must talk. I have wanted you so much. You see, I haven't let nurse see it—she doesn't know I have it, and you and I understand things together, don't we? You don't call me discontented and peevish, because you feel like it yourself, don't you? You know what I mean—you are unhappy and tired just like me, and we want things to be new, instead of old."

"Just so, old philosopher! Go ahead! I'm listening!"

Eric's eyes grew brighter, and the pink flush deepened on his cheeks, as he drew carefully out of his pocket a little brown paper parcel. Opening it, slowly he disclosed to Captain Graham's amused gaze the few pages of the Testament he had taken home with him.

"You said it was true, Captain Graham," the child asserted with an emphatic nod, "and it is wonderful!"  
"Is it, my boy? I am glad you have found it so."

"But, Captain Graham, have you ever read it? Such a story, and such, oh! such a good Man! I love him. I cried when I was in bed last night because I didn't live when he did! Oh! if I only had! If I only could have just seen him! and there is such a lot I don't understand, and such a lot I want to ask you about! Do you know, he could do anything! Fancy! he was going to cross the sea one day with some men, and he was so very tired, he just put his head down and went fast to sleep, and the waves got rougher and rougher, and the water came into the boat, and still he was so tired he went on sleeping—and then the other men were so frightened that they woke him up, and told him he didn't care for them whether they were drowned or not, and then what do you think he did? He just stood up and looked, and saw the rough waves, and all the sea trying hard to tip the boat over, and he told it all to be still at once, and it was! Wouldn't you like to have been there? And that isn't all, he just walked on top of the waves another time, when the other men were all in a boat by themselves, and there was a storm—he went to them like that!"

The boy's face was enthusiastic as he looked seaward, and stretching out his hand, he said as if to the ocean. "No one can manage you now, but you have been made to be still once, and it was grand, grand!"

"Your father is right—you would be a little enthusiast if— Captain Graham paused, but Eric looked up earnestly.

"Who is God, Captain Graham?"  
"My boy, you are going into matters too deep for you—better give me that book and forget all about it," and the



"HULLOO! LITTLE CHAP!"

captain looked uneasy as he ran his fingers through the curly golden hair resting against his shoulder.

"But I must know—forget it! as if I could! And it is all true, I feel it is true, and you said it was!"

"Did I? I don't think I did."  
"Captain Graham, isn't it true?"

The startled look in the blue eyes, as they were raised in all trustful innocence to his, stopped the denial already on the young man's lips. As yet, though the little faith he possessed had been nearly extinguished by his wilful acceptance of the doubts that had assailed him, there was in the depths of his heart the remembrance of a mother's faith and teaching, and of days gone by when he too had listened to the same old stories that were now absorbing the interest of the child on his knee.

"It will be interesting to watch the influence of the teaching on him," he muttered, adding aloud,—

"Yes; I will not say that it is not true, Eric, to those who are able to accept it."

"Then who is God, Captain Graham? for this Man was his Son."

"God made the world," the young man said reluctantly, "he made everything you see, and is still—so people say—ruling over all, though invisible to mortal eye."

"And is he alive somewhere?" asked the child.

"He never can die."  
"Where is he?"

"He is supposed to be everywhere."

"I don't understand—where is heaven? Up in the sky? Because it says Jesus was 'received up into heaven at the right hand of God'; and I heard some one say once that it was a good thing

there was a heaven up there, and I asked father what it meant, but he said heaven was another word for sky. Oh! Captain Graham, I want to know such a lot of things—do be quick and tell me! And do you think Jesus is still alive? Now, to-day? Is he? Because, do you know, it was so wonderful! He was killed—oh, such a dreadful story it is—I cried, and I cried, and I cried about it, but I never thought it possible for such a happy end to come, and after he was buried he came alive again, and I shouldn't like him to die again. Is he alive to-day? Was this story written a very long time ago?"

"You should ask one question at a time, my boy. And what an excitable little mortal it is! Why, you are quivering from head to foot! Supposing we change the subject. Nothing in this world is worth such excitement."

"But this is about another world, and that's what I want to know. Is there another world? And how can we get to it? And is Jesus there? Oh! Captain Graham, you might tell me if you know!"

The back of Eric's small hand was brushed hastily across his eyes, but it did not hide the tears already welling up, and Captain Graham began to realize that the very depths of the child's soul had been stirred, that this was no light matter with him.

"Eric, I will tell you what has been told me, my boy. Now listen!"

Slowly and haltingly, but gathering strength from the intensity of longing and expectation from the blue eyes' upward gaze, Captain Graham told the child the old, old story. First a few words about the creation, then about sin entering the garden, and the plan of salvation, and the future life for each believing soul.

The time soon slipped away, and Eric's nurse soon appeared on the scene.

the heart which is bad. If the fountain is bitter, the stream will not be sweet.

Nothing but the blood of Jesus, applied by the mighty hand of the Holy Spirit, can cleanse the inside, for God's Spirit alone can reach the "inside."

## Smoking and Joking.

(A True Incident.)

A Gospel minister, of some renown, once took a journey to a distant town. His name and errand I'll not stop to say: 'Twould only check n'y story on its way. Well, he got seated in the warm stage coach,

And watched the other passengers approach.

First came a lady, young and passing fair;

And next, a whiskered beau with dashing air.

They placed themselves inside, the vulgar crew

Swarmed to the top. All's right 'n' now off, John!

Smack went the whip—off started horses' heels—

Out splashed the mud round went the dizzy wheels.

They clear the town, the rattling stones recede;

And nought but country then retards their speed.

Our spruce young spark, now feeling quite at ease,

Ever intent his charming self to please,

Produced a tube, a vile obnoxious weed,

Called a cigar most ill behaved indeed!

The man of peace was shocked beyond compare,

And, turning, said, "Sir, I must needs declare

Smoking in coaches never was allow'd,

And with a lady, too!" The lady bowed.

The whiskered boor made very quick reply,

"What, do you preach in coaches, dear old boy?

Do not insult me, sir, or do you joke?

I've paid my fare and have a right to smoke,

Or do what else I please with what's my own:

Do you the same, let other men alone."

The sage, observing well the creature's head;

Perceived his puppy brains were cased in lead;

So, finding reason for the task unfit,

Resolved to polut his arguments with wit.

Silent he sat, until the steeds were changed,

Then, while that bustling business was arranged,

He stepped into the bar: "Good hostess, pray,

Let me have two small tallow candles—nay,

Don't look surprised; I am in earnest quite,

And one of them be kind enough to light."

"To light the candle, sir! you surely joke!"

"Oh, no, I don't, I want some candle smoke."

The obedient dame uplifted hands and eyes,

And, to the other passengers' surprise,

Brought him the lighted candle safe to hand,

And from the sage received her due demand,

The gentle lady scarce knew what to think,

Until she saw one eye give half a wink,

Which spoke of some sly joke he had in head,

So quite demure she sat, and nothing said.

The burning candle left an inch of wick;

Then lighted he the other—what a trick!

Soon as the mantling flame was fixed and true,

The elder burning candle out he blew.

So that the smoke towards the dandy rose—

O what a fume saluted his poor nose!

Out broke his wrath—"Sir, what d'ye mean by this?"

The sly old man said, "Pray, sir, what's amiss?

I've paid my fare, then let me smoke, I say;

The candle's mine, mind your own business, pray!"

The lady laughed—who could a laugh refrain?

The beau, rebuked, with all his might and main

Threw his cigar into the turnpike mud,

Where it lay hissing in the puddly flood.

He laughed and blushed, owned the re-  
tort was due,

And kept good fellowship the journey through.

Ye who to teaching leaden heads aspire,  
Charge your bright arguments with smoke and fire.

—Cadet's Own.