



OLD JIM.

SEPTEMBER.

BY A. H. D.

September is here; the summer is over,
The long, lazy days with the sun over
head;
The orchard, the bees, the scent of the
clover—
The joy of outdoors, when all is said.

It's over, it's over; September is here.
School bells are ringing the wide land
through.
It's book time, work time, study time,
dear;
The bells that are ringing are calling to
you.

Get out the big books and pile them
around you;
Draw down the curtains to shut out the
fun;
Forget that birds sing and bees buzz in
the clover.

Remember this, dear—that September
has come.

There are long days ahead to be patient
and brave in;
There are lessons to learn, there's tussle,
not joy;
But the boy that tries makes the man
that's wise.
Hurrah for the books and the work and
the boy!

OLD JIM.

Jim is a fine large horse. He lives in
the engine-house, and draws the hose-
carriage. His stall is so made that when
the alarm-bell strikes it opens in front
of him, leaving the way clear for him to
rush out and take his place in front of
the hose-carriage.

One night, the hose-man (who sleeps
upstairs in the engine-house, so as to be
all ready if there is an alarm of fire)

heard a great noise down below—a stamp-
ing and jumping, as if the horses were
getting ready to go to a fire, when there
was no alarm at all. He went softly
the stairway, and looked down, and there
was Jim jumping over the shafts of the
hose-carriage, first one way, then another,
just to amuse himself.

One day old Jim was in the yard be-
hind the engine-house, and a man went
out to catch him, and lead him in. But
he rushed and pranced around the yard
and would not be caught. Then the man
set out to drive him in, and what do you
think Jim did!

Instead of going in at the open door,
he made a leap and went in at the open
window, without breaking the glass, and
hurting himself in the least. No one could
see the window would believe that such a
great horse could possibly have got
through it.

When Jim is fed, he sometimes puts
his nose in the oats and throws them out
on the floor so that an old speckled hen
who is a great friend of his, might share
his meal with him.

Jim is a brave horse to go to a fire, but
there is one thing that frightens him
dreadfully, and that is a feather duster.
He is not afraid of anything he sees in the
streets, but show him a feather duster and
his heels will fly up, and he will act as
he were going out of his senses. The fire-
men think him a most amusing horse, as
they say he understands as much as some
people do, and can do everything but talk.

WHY NOT?

Tommy Brown was not at Sunday
school last Sunday. He was not there
Sunday before. What is the matter? This
is a proper question. Had you not better
look up the answer? Perhaps the boy is
very sick. Or it may be the holes in his
well-worn shoes have grown so large
that he cannot safely tramp through the
snow. Then the wintry winds are sharp
and chilling, and the coat that did so
well during the balmy summer days is
much protection now. See about Tommy.
If he is growing indifferent to the school,
your visit will re-enlist his interest. If
difficulty is with worn-out boots and
perhaps you can think of some way to
move that not very large obstacle. See
about Tommy at once. A visit from the
teacher will cause the boy's self-respect
to go up with a bound, and it will please
his mother to have her bare room brightened
by the smiles of one who takes so much
interest in her boy. The Browns live in
Shabby Lane now, but they once lived in
the avenue. Poverty and pride are closely
linked together in that poor little house.
That fact opens a door of opportunity
to you, teacher. A little gentle kindness
will win Tommy and Tommy's mother.