

Girls Who Are in Demand.

BY SOLOMON S. Y.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good from the heart to the lips ;
Pure as the lily is white and pure,
From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.
The girls that are wanted are home girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and brothers can trust to,
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees ;
Kind and sweet to their own folks,
Ready and anxious to please.
The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and to say ;
That drive with a smile and a soft word
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of
sense,
Whom fashion can never deceive ;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare what is silly to leave.
The girls that are wanted are careful
girls,
Who count what a thing will cost.
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with
hearts ;
They are wanted for mothers and wives,
Wanted to cradle in loving arms
The strongest and frailest lives.
The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl.
There are few who can understand ;
But, oh ! for the wise, loving home girls,
There's a constant, steady demand.

THE YOUNG FARMER.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

Charlie Adams never felt any uncertainty about what he was going to be. Long before he discarded short trousers he was in the habit of telling any one who would listen to him that he meant to be a farmer and have horses and cattle, and raise things. And unlike many who are eager to tell what they intend to be, Charlie accompanied theory with practice from the first. When he was seven years old he had a corner of the flower-garden for his very own, and he insisted on putting in his seeds, and transplanting his geraniums and verbenas and asters, and doing all his weeding and cultivation, without help from anybody. When he was ten he was in the habit of saving his pennies to buy seeds and plants, and before he was twelve he had branched out into lettuce and tomatoes and radishes, and other small vegetables.

"It's the most curious thing I ever heard of," declared Mrs. Adams to an intimate friend, "he seems to be possessed with a mania for planting. I can't imagine where he gets it from, for none of his father's people nor mine were ever farmers, that I know of. We have tried to laugh it out of him, but sakes ! he don't mind. Already he is beginning to puzzle his father with some of his odd questions."

"Well, I don't believe I'd try to change him," said the friend, quietly. "Boys with hobbies generally come out all right. If Charlie isn't meant to be a farmer, he'll outgrow it after a while."

The Adams house was very small and unpretentious. There was a tiny lawn and two or three trees in front, and in back was a half-acre or so of garden which bordered on one of the side streets. Mr. Adams rarely visited this part of his lot; he was a clerk in a large drug-store on the other side of the town, and had no time for gardening.

But as he grew older, Charlie redeemed more and more of this half-acre from the sturdy grasp of the weeds and briars. When he was thirteen he had at least two-thirds of it in lettuce and other small vegetables. What on earth he was going to do with it all, Mrs. Adams said, she didn't know; but it amused the boy, and perhaps he would be able to feed it to the chickens and ducks he was already beginning to raise.

During the summer Seapoint was a popular shore resort; the hotels were generally full, and there were many wealthy cottagers along the rocks.

One day, as Charlie was hoeing among his lettuce plants he heard a carriage coming down the side street. As it came opposite him it stopped, and one of the occupants called:

"What nice lettuce heads you have, little boy ! Are they for sale ?"

Charlie walked to the fence.

"N-no, I don't know's they are," he said, doubtfully. "I hadn't thought about it. You see, I just grow 'em because I like to."

"But you have such a lot of them," the lady urged, "and they are so much nicer than my grocer brings me. I

think you can spare me a dozen. I will pay you five cents apiece."

Charlie's face flushed.

"Yes'm, I can let you have them," he said quickly, "but I don't believe they're worth that."

"Oh, yes, they are, everybody charges five cents, and yours are extra nice." She looked smilingly over the garden. "I see you have a nice little bed of beets and carrots and onions, and—yes, I do believe that is parsley and celery over there in the corner. I am very fond of celery tops in my soup. Could you not spare me some of each, say three or four bunches of beets and carrots and onions, and some celery and parsley, every other day ? You could bring them down to my cottage—Stoneycroft, you know. Your vegetables would be perfectly fresh, and it is difficult to get fresh ones here."

Charlie's eyes were sparkling now. What would Tom and Harry and Jim, and even his older sister Florence, say to this ? Certainly, they would never laugh at him any more. Only, he would not tell them just yet. Some day he would make their eyes open in astonishment by coming up the street with a brand-new bicycle. And he would buy more seeds, and would not forget a present for sister Molly, who never laughed at him.

"Do you think you can spare them ?" the lady asked again.

"Oh, yes'm ! I beg your pardon," Charlie said, confusedly. "I—I was just thinking. You see, I hadn't ever thought of raising things to sell—at least, not till I was a man." He hesitated a moment, and then added: "And—and after a while I expect to have some nice beans and tomatoes and cauliflowers, if you want some."

The lady smiled and nodded, and then motioned for her coachman to drive on. Charlie watched her until the carriage turned into Main Street, then he went over his garden and carefully selected the best beets and carrots and onions he could find. These he washed and bunched until they looked almost exactly like the bunches he had seen in the village market. Two days later he did the same thing, and he kept it up until the beets and carrots and onions gave out. But by that time some of the snap beans were ready to pick, and over in the corner near the celery four or five heads of cabbage were beginning to feel hard. When Charlie apologized for his scarcity of vegetables, the lady smiled and told him not to mind, she would take what he had to spare and get the rest from her grocer—only she liked his best.

At home they did not seem to be aware of what was going on. Tom and Harry were at work in a hotel as bell boys, and Jim was on the streets most of the time selling papers; and one day when Tom reported that he had seen Charlie going down a side street with a basket of vegetables, Mrs. Adams laughed and remarked that he was probably trying to earn something to pay for more seeds.

By the middle of August all the vegetables were gone except a small patch of late turnips which he had sown in July, and which were not yet ready to pull. Most of his spare time was now spent in digging a pit in a sheltered corner which he proposed to cover with window sash. In September he intended to plant cabbage and lettuce and cauliflower seeds, and winter the plants in the cold frame for early setting in the spring. Before this was finished it was time for him to begin school, and then he only had such moments as he could get from his chores for his garden work.

Winter came early, and by the middle of November there was a thick layer of snow on the ground. One evening as Charlie entered the kitchen he heard his father and mother talking in low tones in the sitting-room.

"There ! that will pay the rent and buy the winter's coal; and there will be two or three dollars for a cheap dress for you. I wish it was more."

"But your overcoat, dear ?" Mrs. Adams expostulated.

"Never mind that. I have worn my old one ten years, and it will do for another season. And we must be thankful that all the children are well and we are out of debt. It has been a good year. But here they come."

Charlie lay awake for a long time that night. He had saved more than half enough money for his bicycle. Another year, and he would be able to buy that and a nice overcoat for his father. But somehow he did not feel entirely satisfied when he went to sleep.

They had breakfast at seven o'clock, and a few mornings later when Mr. Adams rose from the table and went into the hall after his overcoat and hat, Charlie suddenly turned red and began to play confusedly with his knife and fork.

Presently there was an exclamation of surprise, then:

"Wife, whose fine overcoat is this ? I cannot find mine."

There was a sudden stampede to the hall, but no one seemed able to explain until Florence found a piece of paper with her father's name and address pinned to the back of the coat.

"My ! my !" said Mr. Adams, wonderingly, as he put on the garment and buttoned it up around his neck. "Isn't this fine ? I don't suppose any of you children know me now. But, really, it is the best overcoat I ever owned. Where could it have come from ?"

"Perhaps Uncle Phineas bought it," suggested Florence; "it is your birthday, you know, papa." Then she caught sight of Charlie's tell-tale face, and pounced on him eagerly; and then there was an explosive explanation, accompanied by much wonder and incredulity and rapture, followed by a general hand-shaking and—need I say it?—a few happy tears.

BAD BOOKS IN OUR HOMES.

What is to be done about it ? We can easily tell what ought to be done by heads of Christian families. They themselves know well enough what they ought to do. But it will require more sensitiveness of conscience and more will power than are possessed by many to get them to do what duty requires in regard to this matter. If newly converted heathens at Ephesus could burn books of magic, the Christians of to-day might do the same with the devil's literature in their houses. The first thing they ought to do is the very thing they will not do—namely, to expurgate their libraries. All bad books should be put out of the home—not only the very bad books, but all bad books. The poison of some is slow, that of others is quick; but it is death in all. This sacrifice is beyond what many parents are willing to make. They have a liking themselves for bad books that are flavoured with fascinations of genius, and secure in their own fancied superiority to their evil influence, they take the risks for their offspring. God pity such parents and their children !—Nashville Christian Advocate.

A BOY WHO COULD AND WOULD.

I knew a boy who was preparing to enter the junior class of the New York University. He was studying trigonometry, and I gave him three examples for his next lesson. The following day he came into my room to demonstrate his problems. Two of them he understood, but the third—a very difficult one—he had not performed. I said to him: "Shall I help you ?"

"No, sir. I can and will do it if you give me time."

I said: "I will give you all the time you wish." The next day he came into my room to recite another lesson in the same study. "Well, Simon, have you worked that example ?"

"No, sir," he answered, "but I can and will do it if you give me a little more time."

"Certainly, you shall have all the time you desire." I always like those boys who are determined to do their own work, for they make our best scholars, and men, too. The third morning you should have seen Simon enter my room. I knew he had it, for his whole face told the story of his success. Yes, he had it, notwithstanding that it had cost many hours of hard work. Not only had he solved the problem, but, what was of much greater importance to him, he had begun to develop mathematical power which, under the inspiration of "I can find will," he has continued to cultivate, until to-day he is professor of mathematics in one of our largest colleges, and one of the ablest mathematicians of his years in our country.—Ex.

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T COME.

Superintendent Torrey, of Mr. Moody's Bible Institute, Chicago, got up in one of the late report meetings, and said: "One of our students has made a queer mistake, and sent one of the prisoners in Cook County gaol an invitation to our Feast of Tabernacles." (This was a great praise-meeting, at which Mr. Moody was to preach). "He will no doubt be unavoidably detained; but here is his answer to the invitation:

"Dear Mr. Torrey: I cannot accept the kind invitation to your Feast of Tabernacles, as my term of confinement is still much longer; but I want to thank you very much for being remembered. I shall keep the invitation always, as it is the first I ever had."

"Think of that poor fellow, with only one thought to warm his heart with, that somebody in the outside world, whose every comfort and pleasure he had cut

himself off from, had thought of him, and wanted to give him a joy !

"When he comes out—where will he go—to a saloon, to find his old companions, or to Moody's, to see the kind friend who sent him this invitation ?"

Meantime at the glad Feast of Tabernacles, you may be sure many thoughts and prayers went out after the man who didn't come.

A HOME LIBRARY.

Those who are lovers of books are always sure of good companionship. Said Thomas Hood: "A natural turn for reading and intellectual pursuits probably preserved me from the moral shipwreck so apt to befall those who are deprived in early life of their parental pilotage. My books kept me from the ring, the dog pit, the tavern, the saloon. The closest associate of Pope and Addison, the mind accustomed to the noble though silent discourse of Shakespeare and Milton, will hardly seek or put up with low company and slaves." Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices.—Children's Visitor.

A Child's Taste in Reading.—"A parent ought to be constantly on the watch to suggest books that are suitable for his child's reading," writes H. Clay Trumbull, "and to incite his child to an interest in those books. It is a good plan to talk with a child in advance about the subject to be treated in a book which the parent is disposed to commend, and to tell the child that which will tend to awaken his wish to know more about it, as preparatory to handing the book to him. Reading with the child, and questioning the child concerning his reading, will intensify the child's interest in his reading, and will promote his enjoyment as he reads. And so it is that a child's taste in reading will be cultivated steadily and effectively in the right direction by any parent who is willing to do the work that is needful, and who is able to do it wisely. A child needs help in this sphere, and he welcomes help when it is brought to him. If the help be given him, he will find pleasure as well as profit in its using; but if he goes on without help, he is liable to go astray, and to be a life-long sufferer in consequence."

A Story for Boys.—Mr. Moody a few days ago related a little incident illustrative of the value to the individual of a personal interest in Christian work. There was a wide difference between the attitude of a mere spectator or outsider and that of a person who had become identified with the work by "giving something or doing something." The great evangelist recently preached a sermon to an audience of prisoners. It was the Gospel of Jesus, told with his usual touching eloquence, in plain, simple words. A little lad, the son of some visitor at the gaol, had been an auditor, and after the service said to an older friend, "That was the best sermon I ever heard—it was a great sermon." Surprised at his unusual appreciation, the friend asked, "What makes you think it so good a sermon, Willie ?" "Oh, so it was," insisted the boy, "you know I put a nickle in the plate." The little fellow had already learned the lesson of the value of actual contact with a good work as a means of stirring up interest and enthusiasm in the heart.

The Home Library.—The city of Boston still does something additional for its children. "A home library is a set of fifteen good books for children, with a selection of children's magazines, all put up in a neat bookcase. This library is taken to the home of Max Schwartz, or Celia Kelly, and Celia or Max becomes the librarian, while the neighbours' children, to the number of ten, are the patrons. All books are approved by a competent committee, and in each set there are stories of home life, stories of travel or adventure,—something for the youngest and something to encourage the older ones toward the reading of grown-ups. Each group of children is placed under the care of some person of sense, who meets with them once a week and spends an hour or two in talk about the books, in playing games, or in whatever way in widening the range of life for these children of the tenements. Eighty such libraries are now in use, and when, after two or three months, a set of books has been thoroughly read, they are passed on to another home and replaced by a set which has been doing duty elsewhere."