

### Masks and Faces.

The stage was bright, the plaudits rang,  
The play was nearly o'er,  
With happy voice the player sang,  
"Love is for evermore!"  
"She never sang or looked so fair,"  
The people whispered low;  
But the real tale of the woman there  
Nobody cared to know.

The circus crowd was gay and glad,  
And loud the whirling ring;  
Huzza! the rider rode like mad,  
As jocund as a king,  
Huzza! to watch him laugh and leap,  
They cheered him high and low;  
But the tears that lay in his bosom deep  
Nobody cared to know.

And we are all players for our day,  
On the stage of life we fare,  
Each with his little part to play,  
Each with his mask to wear.  
And what is real 'tis vain to ask,  
And what is only show;  
For what lies hidden behind the mask  
Only ourselves may know.

—[F. E. Weatherly.]

### "Don't."

There are some systems of family government which all seem to be comprised in the one word "Don't."

They are systems of restriction. It is "Don't do this," and "Don't do that!" from the time the child can first understand the word, until it grows either into a negative nonentity, or breaking away from all bonds, goes forth where it will not even listen to the "don't" of its own conscience.

It is like putting a child into a room full of all beautiful and precious things; that appeal to every sense in its being, and then saying "you must not touch any of those things."

As if there were not enough of sweet and pleasant and helpful things in the world for a child to do, to make it almost forget the things that it must not do.

This was not God's method of governing the only two of his children whose training He did not intrust to others. His command to them was, "Of all the trees of the garden thou mayst freely eat," and there was but one "don't."

Mothers and fathers, take pains to find things that your children may do. Allow them, whenever possible, to do the many things that they desire that are not absolutely harmful, and do not fret and irritate them with an everlasting and hateful "Don't."

### Making Him Useful.

A learned physician once declared the manifestations of disease were so varied that he should not be surprised at any symptom, how ever peculiar. If that learned man is still alive he ought to start at once for Charlotte, N. C., to assist in the diagnosis of a malady which for over a month has afflicted a boy named A. M. Wilhelm, aged eighteen. If an ordinary bath-tub is filled with ice-cold water and that wretched youth's feet are placed in it, the water grows hot so rapidly that within six minutes it is at a boiling point. Wilhelm suffers intense pain and his tubs have to be continually changed; which is no light task, considering that his feet raise the temperature of water at the rate of 30 degrees a minute. And yet, in the Divine economy, even such a bad fate as Wilhelm's has its compensations. It is manifest that he would be invaluable in a Russian bath establishment, for if he can make a tub of ice water boil in six minutes, he could convert the contents of a reservoir into steam within an hour. Or he might be employed to sit upon the tender of a locomotive with his feet in the tank, at small expense to the company and most agreeable to himself. Moreover, he could find poetic justice in the latter occupation, for his malady is supposed to be due to a violent shaking administered to him by a steam engine, into which a full head of steam was accidentally turned while he was cleaning it.

### An Old Hebrew Legend.

A miser living in Kufa had heard that in Bassora also there dwelt a miser—more miserly than himself, to whom he might go to school, and from whom he might learn much. He forthwith journeyed thither, and presented himself to the great master as a humble commender in the Art of Avarice, anxious to learn, and under him to become a student.

"Welcome!" said the miser of Bassora; "we will go into the market to make some purchases."

"They went to the baker,

"Hast thou good bread?"

"Good, indeed, my masters, and fresh and soft as butter."

"Mark this, friend," said the miser of Bassora to the one of Kufa, "butter is compared with bread as being the better of the two; as we can only consume a small quantity of that, it will also be the cheaper, and we shall therefore act more wisely, and more savingly too, in being satisfied with butter."

They went to the butter merchant, and asked if he had good butter.

"Good, indeed, and flavory and fresh as the finest olive-oil," was the answer,

"Mark this, also," said the host to his guest, "oil is compared with the very best butter, and therefore by much ought to be preferred to the latter."

They next went to the oil vendor.

"Have you good oil?"

"The very best quality, white and transparent as water was the reply.

"Mark that, too," said the miser of Bassora to the one of Kufa; "by this rule water is the very best. Now, at home I have a painful, and most hospitably therewith will I entertain you."

And, indeed, on their return, nothing but water did he place before his guest, because they had learned that water was better than oil, oil better than butter, butter better than bread.

"God be praised!" said the miser of Kufa, "I have not journeyed this long distance in vain!"

### Saved by a Snake.

Count Zinzendorf, in the missionary labor, visited North America in 1742, and for a short time labored in the work among the Shawanee Indians. When he first came to them, they received him with boldness, and a plot was formed to assassinate him. The story of his deliverance, which reads like some narrative of apostolic days, is as follows: The count was sitting, one evening, in his wigwam upon a bundle of dry weeds, which had been gathered for his bed. While he was writing by the light of a small fire, a rattlesnake, warmed into activity, crawled over one of his legs. Just then the murderous savages lifted the blanket that served for a door, and looked in. The venerable appearance of the count, absorbed in his writing, while the snake crawled peacefully over his legs, awed the Indians. They stood motionless for some minutes watching the aged man, and then, gliding from the scene, fled into the forest. From that night the missionary found them friends and listeners.

### A Coal Bank Romance.

The Cleveland *Herald* gives currency to the following romantic incident: About thirty years ago a farmer residing in Springfield (O.) township, named Maxwell, visited a deserted coal-bank in the neighborhood, attracted thither by sheer idle curiosity. He stood at the slope opening for a time, and then started to walk down it, when at the entrance of this dark and gloomy place, he saw a bucket. He picked it up and soon there came from it the tender and suppressed cries of an infant. He carried it to the light, and then after removing the wrappings he saw a sweet little babe looking into his eyes, as if it wanted to say: "Please take pity on me. I am a poor little outcast without a home. Won't you take me out and love and take care of me?" Mr. Maxwell was a young married man, with a large, generous heart, and having then no children of his own he took the little waif home with him and he and Mrs. Maxwell took care of it and loved it as parents love their own children. The little foundling grew to be a beautiful and accomplished young lady, and she repaid her foster parents with abundance of affection and tender devotion. Twenty years had come and