

## CHOICE LITERATURE.

## BE COURTEOUS.

BY MARY M. RYAN.

As Annie Hale sat by her open window, she heard a boyish voice exclaim in pettish tones, "You, Hat! Why isn't dinner ready? Hurry up, and don't keep a fellow waiting a week."

The voice belonged to the very individual of whom she had been thinking with loving pride. She knew how clearly the brown eyes shone; what a bright smile could light up the happy, boyish face; she felt glad to know her favourite cousin was so strong and healthy, and possessed such a quick, fine intellect; she was sure that if God spared his life he would make a true, good man, for Will had given his heart to God, and only the day before she had seen him stand in the little country church, and, with earnest face, promise before God and men to live a Christian life.

But one serious fault marred the otherwise noble character. Like too many other boys of his own age Will seemed to think politeness at home was a very unnecessary observance.

He ordered his mother and sisters to give him this, or do that; when dressing, he would stand at the top of the stairs and rudely call for any article of dress he might want, and failed to find in his room; at the table he helped himself first, quite forgetful of the wants of others. He threw his hat or gloves anywhere on entering the house, and found great fault if they were not in their appointed place when he wanted them again.

When away from home, Will was very polite, so Annie knew it was not ignorance, but thoughtlessness, and the mistaken idea, that "sweet, small courtesies" had nothing to do with home life.

Cousin Annie knew so well the terrible power of habit, and feared that if Will's eyes were not opened it would be too late; so with a silent, but very earnest prayer for help and wisdom, she resolved to have a talk with him.

An opportunity came that very evening, as Will asked his cousin to ride with him to town after the weekly papers, and Annie gladly accepted.

"What a beautiful night it is," exclaimed Will, as they rode slowly along in the moonlight. "Every thing seems brighter to me since yesterday."

"Yesterday was a most precious day to me, dear Will. I cannot begin to tell you of all the solemn joy that filled my heart when I saw you publicly professing Christ, and promising to keep his commandments."

"I do hope I shall be strong enough to keep that promise."

"God will give you strength if you ask Him. I know you will try, but Will, there is one command you forget, almost altogether. You must let me speak plainly, dear cousin, for I only do it because I love you, and want to see your Christian character without a flaw."

"I cannot imagine what you mean, Annie; for I have so carefully studied my Bible, with Mr. Milton's help, the last few months, to find out and understand Christ's commandments, before I dared promise to keep them in that solemn way."

"You will find this one in the third chapter of First Peter, and eighth verse; and it is given in two words—'Be courteous.'"

Will was silent for a moment, and then said: "Please tell me how I break it?"

"You fail to keep it when you order your mother or sisters, or the servants, to wait upon you, without a quietly spoken 'please'; when you tease the younger children, and make unnecessary trouble by your own carelessness. It seems to me that Christians should be particularly careful

about these little things, for they have so great an influence. I know you want to set a good example to your younger brothers, who all look up to you, and watch you so closely; and if your example teaches them to be gentlemanly, thoughtful and kind at home, you will accomplish much good. The truest politeness is forgetting one's self, and thinking of others' comfort. No matter how gracefully a boy lifts his hat on the street, or proffers to his lady friends polite attentions, if he constantly disregards the feelings of mothers, sisters and brothers, he is not a true gentleman; he has not learned the meaning of the Bible command, 'Be courteous.' Not one of your young lady friends can appreciate your considerate kindness, as will your mother and sisters. We have Christ's own example as we read of His loving thoughtfulness toward His mother, and all these acts of courtesy will help your Christian influence."

"Thank you, cousin Annie, for your plain speaking, I know I have not been courteous, but I will watch more closely, and pray for help to conquer what I know is wrong."

So Annie knew that her silent prayer had been answered, and that her words had fallen on good ground.

## CORUNNA'S LONE SHORE.

Do you weep for the woes of poor wandering Nellie,  
I love you for that but can't love you for more;  
All the love that I had lies entombed with my Willie  
Whose grave rises green on Corunna's lone shore.

On that night Willie died, as I leaned on my pillow,  
Thrice was I alarmed by a knock at my door,  
Thrice my name was then called in a voice soft and mellow,  
And thrice did I dream of Corunna's lone shore.

I thought Willie stood on the beach, where the billow  
Dashed over his head and so wildly did roar;  
In his hand he was waving a flag of green willow;  
"Oh, save me!" he cried, on Corunna's lone shore.

They tell me my Willie looked lovely while dying;  
His features were calm, though all clotted with gore;  
The boldest in battle around him stood crying,  
While night's gloom stole over Corunna's lone shore.

They tell me my blue eyes have lost all their splendour,  
My locks once so yellow now wave thin and hoar,  
They say it's because I'm so restless, and wander  
My thoughts ever dwell on Corunna's lone shore.

But tell me, O, where shall I go to forget him;  
While here in my home my heart bleeds to the core,  
For this sofa—alas—where I used oft to seat him,  
Cries think, Nellie, think of Corunna's lone shore.

Here oft in my dreams my arms seem to enfold him,  
For here he has kissed me a thousand times o'er;  
My brain gets bewildered, as I think I behold him  
All bloody and pale on Corunna's lone shore.

Hark! What do I hear. 'Tis the voice of my Willie—  
"Come loved one," he says, "now for me weep no more,  
For I've gone to those realms of bright glory, dear Nellie,  
Far removed from the woes of Corunna's lone shore.

"Come, Nellie, prepare, for the Saviour is calling;  
Here soon we shall meet and will never part more;  
No sorrow nor sighing, no briny tears falling,  
You'll never weep here for Corunna's lone shore."

## CARLITO AND LUZITA.

In the city of Mexico there is a great number of little Indians. They are very busy little people and run about the streets or sit at the corners all day long, selling fruit, sweetmeats, little baskets and brooms which they make themselves, funny little brown jars and plates just large enough for toy kitchen furniture, and many other interesting things. But among them all there are few so intelligent and pretty as Carlito and Luzita.

These two little children had kind parents, who, although they could neither read nor write, knew the importance of knowledge, and sent Carlito and Luzita to school. They were very studious, and had learned to read their little primer and to make big letters on their slates, when one sad morning their papa lay sick and quiet with closed eyes, and before night he was dead.

They lived in a tiny cottage on the banks of

one of the old canals which lead from the city of Mexico to the large lake lying miles away at the foot of the mountains. It was not a pretty white cottage like the small farmhouses in the United States, but a low building containing only two rooms. Its walls were of rough stones fastened together with coarse mortar, and the roof was only a thatching of dried plaitain leaves; but it was home to this simple Indian family, and now the kind, strong father was gone. Carlito, although only ten years old, was the man of the house, and must do a man's work. There was the mother, Luzita (two years older than Carlito), and a baby brother, who lay all day in a basket, fighting the air with his little brown fists. There was the garden full of fresh vegetables planted by the father, which must be harvested by other hands than his; and in the canal in front of the cottage was the rude, empty canoe, tied fast to an old tree stump.

Somehow the garden and the canoe must be made to continue their work of bringing bread for the desolate family.

In those first days of sorrow little Carlito sat and thought very earnestly. His head was weary with the care thrown upon him, but his courage grew larger and larger as plans for the future opened before him. His mother could take care of the garden, he was sure of that for he had seen her digging and hoeing many long sunny days, while the father was away in the city selling vegetables. And he and Luzita could sell things, of course they could. He knew lots of boys and girls who did it who could not reckon and count as well as he could.

Besides the vegetable garden, there were pear trees, pomegranates and quince bushes, all loaded with ripe fruit. And great numbers of *tunas* grew all about the cottage.

The *tuna* is a very large cactus, with great round prickly leaves. Its fruits, which is green, and shaped something like a small plump cucumber, has a thick skin, which encloses a pale green pulp, as delicious and refreshing as a glass of cool water. The fruit grows in a very curious manner. It has no stem but springs directly from the top and sides of the great leaf, first appearing as a little green knob, which, after the yellow blossom falls, swells and swells until it attains its full size.

The pomegranate you will perhaps remember is one of the fruits brought back by the men sent by Moses to spy out the land of Canaan. It is a very beautiful fruit, containing hundreds of juicy seed vessels of the richest crimson. It flourishes all over the American tropics as plentifully as in the Promised Land in olden time.

It was a very proud moment for Carlito when, for the first time, he loaded his canoe with great bunches of juicy carrots, baskets of fresh peas and beans and tomatoes and peppers, and rich ripe fruit from his own trees, and taking his seat among his treasures, with Luzita at his side, paddled down the canal toward the great city in the early morning. And he was prouder and happier still when, late in the afternoon, he and Luzita paddled home again with an empty canoe, but with their pockets filled with little shining silver pieces.

Hard work and keeping at it brought success to these two little Indians. The mother, with Carlito's help, tilled the little garden, and on days when the load of vegetables was very abundant she would strap the baby on her back, wrapped in her blue and white cotton mantle, and come herself to the city to sell them in the great marketplace, while the two children sat at the street corner with their fruits. Carlito was soon able to buy a large, square piece of straw matting, of which he made an awning, that Luzita might not suffer from the hot rays of the sun.

If you come to the city of Mexico, and go to a