

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

GETTING WHAT YOU LOOK FOR.

"WILLIE! Willie! William Henry! Dou you hear?" called Ruthie, standing on tiptoe, so that she could look through the top bar of the barnyard fence.

William Henry did hear, for he was sitting on the opposite gate-post, and not only heard, but saw his little sister. But he was in the middle of a whistle, and nothing under an earthquake or a deluge could have stopped him until it was properly concluded.

"Yes, I hear. What do you want?" he answered, when the last flourish had been triumphantly effected.

"The people are moving in next door."

"I don't care."

"They've got lovely furniture; and a doll's carriage, too."

"That is none of my business."

"They've got a little boy."

"How old is he?" inquired William Henry, becoming slightly interested.

"He is littler than you are. But he's got a velocipede."

"Where is he?"

"Standing at the front gate."

"Oh!" Then, after a moment's reflection, Willie clambered into a standing position, and began to walk around the fence, whistling as he went.

"Are you going round, Willie?"

Willie nodded, and Ruthie bounded on before him, in order to get the best place on the front gate. When Willie reached that point, he put his hands in his pockets and began balancing himself first on one foot and then on the other, in a manner calculated and intended to fill the new-comer with admiration and envy; for this was a feat universally admired by the small boys who attended Miss Gregory's school.

The new neighbor watched him a moment, and then said: "Hello!"

"Hello!" replied Willie.

"I can do that."

"Let me see you, though."

The attempt proved a partial success.

"I can hang on our pear-tree by my feet for five minutes. I bet you can't do that!" said William Henry, anxious to recover something of his lost dignity.

"I never tried to do that."

"It's awful hard to do. Come, and I'll show you how."

"What's your name?"

"William Henry Bogart. What's yours?"

"Jack Foster. I fell down out of an awful high tree once, and cut my head," remarked Jack, gravely.

"I cut myself with our axe right on the foot. And it bled and bled and bled! I thought I'd bleed to death. You bet it hurt some. But I didn't cry one bit."

"It's a heap worser to fall out of a high tree than to be cutted, though."

"Pshaw!" sneezed Willie. "I fall out of trees every day, nearly. I don't mind it no more than nothing."

"You don't cut your head, though."

Willie, not being able to assert that he did and not being willing to confess that he didn't, remarked, composedly: "I'm president of our club."

"Are you, though?"

"Yes. And I'll get you in. I had the scarlet fever last winter," continued Willie.

"I never had that," said Jack, in a tone of humility.

"It's awful dreadful to have. I've had most a million kinds of sicknesses."

"Willie, your Mar says you and yer friend can take these two pails and go pick strawberries for lunch," called Nancy, the housemaid, setting two little pails on the back steps.

"Oh, pshaw! I don't want to. It's a shame to make me do everything," grumbled Willie, going slowly for the pails.

"Oh, it's jolly! I like to pick berries," cried Jack, seizing his pail, merrily.

But Willie took his with an ugly pout and reluctantly led the way to the strawberry-bed. The truth was he always imagined that, instead of red, juicy berries under the leaves, there were spiders and bugs; and, although he was able to stand upon one foot on the picket fence, and was also president of the Skating Club, he was very much afraid of bugs and spiders. So he fretted and pouted, and timidly pulled aside the leaves, pretending to look for berries, but in reality looking for spiders.

Jack's pail was heaped and running over by the time Nancy called the boys to lunch; but the bottom of Willie's pail was scarcely covered.

"Why, Willie!" said Mamma, "how is this? Your friend has filled his pail, and you have not gathered enough for yourself to eat."

"I don't like to pick strawberries, mamma; there are so many bugs and spiders among the leaves."

"Ah, Willie, Willie! I am afraid you searched for the spiders, instead of the berries. Your friend did not find any bugs or spiders, did he?"

"No, ma'am," answered Jack, quickly.

"And did you see any, Willie?"

"No, mamma, not this time."

Jack went in search of berries, and you went in search of spiders. Which of you sought the best thing, Willie?

"Him," said Willie, in a low voice, and pointing to his new friend.

"And it is just so all through life, Willie. Be sure and remember this: Those who look for good will find good, and those who are ever fearful and watchful of evil are pretty sure to find evil. You will get what you look for, boys."

READING BY COURSE AND BY TOPIC.

IN the ignorance and enthusiasm of girlhood, I asked a "bookish" elderly clergyman for a "course of reading." He very willingly handed me a list of books covering a sheet of commercial note paper, made up largely of such works as Rollin's "Ancient History," Grote's "Greece," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," and Buckle's "History of Civilization," with Whately's "Evidences," and Butler's "Analogy" for a diversion. With a commendable desire to be thorough and to begin at the beginning, I attacked Rollin. On account of some trouble with my eyes, half an hour a day was all I was allowed to read. By chance I happened to mention what I was doing to an enterprising sophomore of my acquaintance, who asked merrily:

"How long do you suppose it will take you to read Rollin, in half-hour instalments?"

"I am sure I can't tell," I answered.

"Well, somewhere between ten and fifteen years," he replied; "and you may expect to finish your list some time in the next century." The very thought so frightened me that I never opened the book again, not even to count the pages to see if he was right.

But this is reading by course, and not by topics. A friend of mine tried to read Macaulay's "History of England," without much knowledge of the detail of English history. She found so much of which she knew nothing taken for granted as familiar, that she grew quite discouraged, and gave it up. One day she saw the "Students' Hume." Here was the very book she wanted, and taking that and the "Students' France" for a basis she constructed a course of reading to meet her own necessities. She began with the Norman conquest, for she had no interest in the endless squabbles of the Saxons and Danes. (Some time afterward, however, when she was tracing the rise of the European nations, she was glad to read this earlier history.) She read first the story of the reign of an English king, then that of the contemporary French sovereign, at the same time weaving in a woof of poetry, romance, and biography. Bulwer's "Harold" made the times of the Norman conquest vivid and real; "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," and Shakespeare's "Henries" filled out the pictures of the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors; and the "Abbot" and "Woodstock" gave her the "local coloring" of the times of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Cromwell. She ran over some of the Erckmann Chatrian tales and Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," for a more vivid idea of the awful days of the French Revolution. The gossip "Queens of England" (abridged edition) showed her how the royal wives and mothers felt and acted, and Victor Hugo, in "Les Miserables," furnished a thrilling description of the battle of Waterloo. In this manner, with a poem here, a novel or biography there, she made up a glowing mosaic of the most important events in the history of the two countries nearest allied to our own, and with none of the tedium which belongs to the popular idea of reading history, and was thus prepared to enjoy Macaulay, Thiers, or Carlyle. How much more satisfactory her two or three years' work than if, like a humming-bird, she had sipped a little here, and a little there, and alighted nowhere! Green's "Short History of the English People" (the revised edition) is even better than the "Students' Hume," for the frame-work of such a course of reading, and Yonge's "Parallel History of France and England" has the important events arranged in tables, in such a way as to enable the eye to assist the memory.—"Mary Blake" in *Scribner for April*.

I HOLD him to be dead in whom shame is dead.

EVERY child should have his own Bible as soon as he is able to read intelligently, and the whole Bible, not the New Testament only. Parents often neglect this until the children get "big enough to procure one for themselves." Certainly a child who has school-books is large enough to have a Bible.