

## Learn a Little Every Day.

LITTLE rills make wider streams;  
Streamlets swell the rivers' flow;  
Rivers join the mountain billows,  
Onward, onward, as they go!  
Life is made of smallest fragments—  
Shade and sunshine, work and play;  
So may we, with greatest profit,  
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests;  
Drops of rain compose the showers;  
Seconds make the flying minutes,  
And the minutes make the hours!  
Let us hasten, then, and catch them  
As they pass us on the way;  
And, with honest, true endeavour,  
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,  
Cull a verse from every page;  
Here a line, and there a sentence,  
'Gainst the lonely time of age.  
At our work, or by the wayside,  
While the sun shines, making hay;  
Thus we may, by help of study,  
Learn a little every day.

## Kasper Hauser.

ABOUT seventy years ago public interest and curiosity were turned toward a youth with a mysterious birth. He was a German, and was first seen in the market-place in Nuremberg. He wore the coarse, plain clothes of a peasant, and was staring wildly around, in helpless bewilderment. His frightened face and strange actions attracted the notice of passers-by, and one after another gathered curiously about him, and began to ply him with questions.

"What is your name?" was a kind inquiry.

"Kasper Hauser."

"Where do you come from?"

"I don't know?"

"Ha! ha! Not know where you came from?" laughed a bystander.

"I don't know," Kasper continued to answer.

"Can you write?"

A pen was given him, and he wrote in a clear, bold hand, "Kasper Hauser," but no information beyond his name could be gained from him.

He underwent a thorough examination, and a letter was found addressed to a citizen of Nuremberg. It stated that the writer was a labourer. He had kept Kasper Hauser in close confinement since he took him from his mother's hands, when he was six months old. She was a poor girl, and her son was born April 30th, 1812, and his father was a cavalry officer. The time had come for the boy to be released from his custody, and the labourer had brought him to Nuremberg, and left there during the night.

This mysterious letter, withholding all names, occasioned a great deal of wonder and interest among all classes of people.

Kasper's complexion was very fair, his features were good, and he was well formed. He was evidently about sixteen, and showed some indications of high birth. Who were his parents? Where did he come from? The person was found whose name was upon the letter; and to every question, the boy's only answer was that his name was Kasper Hauser, and he wanted to become a cavalry officer, like his father.

The boy could speak a few words, and write a little, but was entirely ignorant of all else. He would eat dry bread and drink water, but refused every other kind of food. He showed a want of knowledge of the most common objects. For a short time he was held in prison as a vagrant and impostor, but this charge proved to be unjust.

The mayor of Nuremberg learned of this

strange, unaccountable youth, and took him to his house, taught him the use of words, and, little by little, gained something of his history.

Kasper Hauser told this kind friend he had been shut up in a dark place—something like a cellar—as long as he could remember. The only person he ever saw was a man, who came to him always at night, and washed and dressed him. Bread and water was his only food and drink, and a wooden horse was his only pleasure. The face of this man was always covered. Just before the boy's release he was taught to walk and write. This man carried him on his back, and left him at Nuremberg.

What gave greater credence to his story was, his small feet showed no signs of wearing shoes. Kasper's education was given to Professor Daumer, and for a time his mind developed rapidly. Then his mental power began to decline, from what cause it was impossible to discover.

Kasper received great kindness from Professor Daumer and his family. He took great pleasure in riding horseback, and sketched natural objects with much skill.

One morning Kasper was missing. Professor Daumer found him lying on his face in the cellar. He was carefully carried to his room, and a wound on his forehead attended to. Kasper said: "A man with a black face attacked me with a knife in his hand. I was afraid, and ran and hid in the cellar."

A rigorous search was made for the villain, but no trace of any stranger lurking about the house could be gained.

Among the many people who became interested in Kasper, was Lord Stanhope, of England. This nobleman sent him to Anspack, to complete his education at his expense.

In a few months another attempt to assassinate Kasper was made. He received a stab in the side, and, weak and bleeding, reached his home with difficulty. He said his murderer was a stranger. He had been lured into the palace garden by him, under the pretence of making important disclosures as to his parentage. Instead, he had stabbed him on the left side.

Kasper's wound proved fatal, and in three days he died, December 17th, 1833. This melancholy end caused great indignation and excitement, but all efforts to secure the assassin were useless.

Of the many conjectures as to Kasper's origin, the most probable is, that he was the son of the Grand-Duke Charles of Baden and his wife Stephanie, and that the Countess Hochberg was the instigator of his imprisonment and murder, to secure the succession of Baden to her own and the Grand-Duke Charles Frederic's children. That he was a youth of high birth there can be no doubt; but what his real name was will ever remain a mystery.—*Children's Friend.*

## Seen and Judged.

JENNY DREESE came home from school, many years ago, with a new purpose in life. She belonged to a large, disorderly family of adults. The men were journalists, the women artists. Their wit was bitter and sharp; there was constant clashing of tastes and opinions; each lived for himself; there was no head to the family, no order, no system. A chill atmosphere of antagonism and discomfort pervaded the house.

Jenny set to work to bring order and happiness out of it all. She swept, she sewed, she cooked. She mended Bob's jacket, cleaned Mary's brushes, cured John's cold. She had no grace; neither had she wit or beauty.

All the family laughed at the homely, good-

humoured Cinderella, and valued her much as they did the domestic cat by the hearth. They never saw the work she had done, but God saw it. Out of all the misery and mutual dislike she brought, at last, a beautiful and loving home.

In many families a humble, commonplace woman is doing Jenny's work, unrecognized and neglected. There is an Arab tale of Assam, a poor weaver, who, year after year, wrought upon a prayer rug. He did not follow the rules of his neighbours, who wove great carpets on their looms. He had no rules. Each stitch was done by hand, according to some plan hid in his own mind.

There was a ground-work ornamented with gold. There were thrown on it stars, Arabic letters, mysterious lines and circles in a confusion of dark, rich hues. When it was done, the neighbours laughed. Not one line was straight, not one figure like another.

But when the Sultan saw it, he said, "This is the work of a great artist. He had a high purpose in his mind, and has made it clear."

The Sultan, the old story states, bought the rug to spread in the mosque before the altar of the King of kings.

Some humble worker in an obscure home may find comfort and hope in this fable of Assam. Let the world laugh if it will; God sees her work, and judges it justly.

## Bits of Fun.

"—The significant notice, "Hands off," is placed over a circular saw in a wood-working factory.

"—Uncle John, can you tell me what time it is by that thermometer?"

"Yes, sah—wintah-time."

—Little flaxen hair—"Papa, it's raining."  
Papa (somewhat annoyed by work in hand)—  
"Well, let it rain."

—Little flaxen hair (timidly)—"I was going to."  
—Book Agent—"I would like to show you the very latest English cyclopædia."

—Old timer—"No, sir; English or American, I could never learn to ride one at my time of life."

—Some one asked an old lady about a sermon, "Could you remember it?"

"Remember it? La, no; the minister couldn't remember it himself. He had to have it written down."

—Professor—"Gretchen! Please take the cat out of the room. I cannot have it making such a noise while I am at work. Where is it?"

Gretchen—"Why, Professor! You are sitting on it."

—Jack—"I should think you Vassar girls would get up an orchestra."

Margerie—"O, we couldn't."

Jack—"And why not?"

Margerie—"Not a girl there would play second fiddle."

—Railroad Superintendent—"Any of the passenger-cars need repairing?"

Head Examiner—"Yes, sir. No. 306 is in very bad shape. Ought to go to the shop at once."

Railroad Superintendent—"What's the matter?"

Head Examiner—"Two of the windows are so loose that an ordinary man can raise them, sir."

—Little Lucy's parents are about making a change of residence, and Lucy was asked if she wanted to go to Rochester.

"No," said Lucy, "I don't want to leave dog-ma (grandma), and I don't want to leave God."

"God will be in Rochester," said grandma.

"Just the same God there is in East Orange!"

"Just the same."

And Lucy was reconciled.