

THE EASTER LOAVES.

(It was formerly a custom at Twickenham to throw penny loaves to the poor children from the steeple, on Thursday in Easter Week.)

All around the Twickenham steeple
Was gathered a crowd of waiting people
Watching the window, whence came out
The lad who scattered the loaves about,—

Mothers a few, and children many,
For each of the loaves was worth a penny.
Once in the year, you see, at least,
The Twickenham poor were given a feast!

Not much of a feast, perhaps you think—
You, who have plenty to eat and drink,
But enough good bread was a feast to the
people
Who gathered so close about Twickenham
steeple.

Out stepped the lad, and the loaves fell fast,
Till all were scattered, the very last,
And each a home in an apron found
Almost before it had touched the ground.

Merry laughter, and joyous shout,
From the scrambling girls and boys rang out;
But as the last loaf touched the earth,
A sound of sobbing broke through the mirth.

"It's little Polly!" a voice cried out,
"Whatever can she have been about!
She hasn't a single loaf—instead
She's a thump from one side of her head!"

"Here, child, take mine—see, it's brave and
fat!
I'm poor, but I'm not so poor as that!
Your granny's blind, and not fit to do—
Look here, if some of 'em aint grabbed two!"

"You greedy things—hold your apron, child;
Now then, there'll some of this bread be
spiled—
Oh yes, there will, and you needn't stare—
If little Polly don't get her share!"

"You needn't call names," cried the "grab-
bers" of two;
"You talk as if we all of us knew!
How could we see that the child got none?
Here, Polly, we're well content with one."

"I don't need mine!" "Nor I!" "Nor I!"
Once more the loaves seemed to fairly fly,
And the blue-check apron, long and wide,
Was stuffed so full that it came untied.

And little Polly, with laughter sweet,
Faltering her thanks, and with flying feet,
Rushed back to granny, alone and blind,
Who said, "Aye, God and His children are
kind!"

You must admit that some pleasant people
Lived in the shadow of Twickenham steeple.
—Margaret Vandegrift.

A SWISS HERO—AN EASTER
STORY.

"God has his plan
For every man."



there may be associated with war, we
have never hesitated to admire courage.
So now to our tale.

A soldier's widow lived in a hut,
near a Swiss mountain village. Her
only child was a poor cripple. Hans
was a kind-hearted boy. He loved his
mother, and would gladly have helped
her to bear the burden of poverty, but
that feebleness forbade him. He could
not even join in the rude sports of the
mountaineers. At the age of fifteen
years, he felt keenly that he was use-
less to his mother and the world.

It was at this period that Napoleon

Bonaparte was making his power felt
throughout Europe. He had decreed
that Tyrol should belong to Bavaria,
and not to Austria; and sent a French
and Bavarian army to accomplish his
purpose. The Austrians retreated.
The Tyrolese resisted valiantly. Men,
women and children of the mountain
land were filled with zeal in defence
of their homes. On one occasion ten
thousand French and Bavarian troops
were destroyed in a single pass, by an
immense avalanche of rocks and trees
prepared and hurled upon them by an
unseen foe.

A secret arrangement existed among
the Tyrolese, by which the approach
of the enemy was to be communicated
from village to village, by signal fires
from one mountain height to another,
and materials were made ready to give
instant alarm.

The village where Hans and his
mother lived was in a direct line of
the route the French army would take,
and the people were full of anxiety
and fear. All were preparing for the
expected struggle. The widow and
her crippled son alone seem to have
no part but to sit still and wait.

"Ah! Hans," she said one evening,
"it is well for us now that you can be
of little use; they would else make a
soldier of you."

This struck a tender chord. The
tears rolled down his cheek. "Mother,
I am useless," cried Hans, in bitter
grief. "Look around our village—all
are busy, all are ready to strive for
home and fatherland; I am useless."

"My boy, my kind, dear son, you
are not useless to me."

"Yes, to you. I cannot work for
you, cannot supply you in old age.
Why was I made?"

"Hush, Hans," said his mother,
"these repining thoughts are wrong.
You will live to find the truth of our
old proverb—

'God has his plan
For every man.'

Little did Hans think ere a few
weeks had passed this truth was to be
verified in a remarkable manner.

Easter holiday, the festive time of
Switzerland, came. The people lost
their fears of invasion in that season.
All were busy in the merry-making, all
but Hans; he stood alone on the porch
of his mountain hut, overlooking the
village.

In the evening of Easter, after his
usual evening prayer, in which he
breathed the wish that the Father of
Mercies would, in His good time, afford
him some opportunity of being useful
to others, he fell into a deep sleep.

He awoke in the night, as if from a
dream, under the strong impression
that the French and Bavarian army
were approaching. He could not
shake off this impression; but with the
hope of being rid of it, he arose, hastily
dressed himself, and strolled up the
mountain path. The cool air did him
good, and he continued his walk till he
climbed to the signal pile; but where
were the watchers? They were nowhere
to be seen; perhaps they were buried
with the festivities of the village.
Near the pile was an old pine-tree, and
in the hollow stem the tinder was laid
ready. Hans paused by the tree, and
as he listened, a singular sound caught
his attention. He heard a slow and
steady tread, then the click of muskets,
and two soldiers crept along the cliff.
Seeing no one—for Hans was hidden

by the old tree—they gave the signal
to some comrades in the distance.

Hans saw instantly the plot and the
danger. The secret of the signal pile
had been revealed to the enemy; a
party had been sent forward to destroy
it; the army was marching to attack
the village. With no thought of his
own peril, and perhaps recalling the
proverb his mother had quoted he
seized the timber, struck the light, and
flung the blazing turpentine brand in-
to the pile.

The two soldiers, whose backs were
then turned to the pile, waiting the
arrival of their comrades, were seized
with fear; but they soon saw that
there was no foe in ambush—naught
but a single youth running down the
mountain path. They fired, and lodged
a bullet in the boy's shoulder. Yet
the signal-fire was blazing high, and
the whole country would be roused.
It was already roused from mountain-
top to mountain-top. The plan of the
advancing army was defeated, and a
hasty escape followed.

Hans, faint and bleeding, made his
way to the village. The people with
their arms were mustered thick and
fast. All were consternation. The
inquiry was everywhere heard, "Who
lighted the pile?" "It was I," at last
said a faint, almost expiring voice.
Poor crippled Hans tottered among
them, saying, "The enemy, the French
were there." He faltered, and sank
upon the ground. "Take me to my
mother," said he; "at last I have not
been useless."

They stooped to lift him. "What
is this? he has been shot. It is true;
Hans, the cripple, has saved us!"

They carried Hans to his mother,
and laid him before her. As she bow-
ed in anguish over his pale face, Hans
opened his eyes, and said, "It is not
now you should weep for me; I am
happy now. Yes, mother, it is true

'God has his plan
For every man.'

You see He had it for me, though we
did not know what it was."

Hans did not recover from his
wound, but he lived long enough to
know that he had been of use to his
village and the country. He lived to
see grateful mothers embrace his moth-
er, to hear that she should be considered
a sacred and honoured bequest to the
community which her son had pre-
served at the cost of his own life.

Great emergencies like these which
met Hans cannot exist in the history
of all. To all, however, the Tyrolese
motto may speak, and all will experi-
ence its truth. None need stand useless
members of God's great family. There
is work for every one to do, if he will
only look out for it. So long as there
is ignorance to instruct, want to re-
lieve, sorrow to be soothed, let there
be no drones in the hives, no idlers in
the great vineyard of the world.—
Christian Life.

A BUTCHER enters a lawyer's office.
"Sir," he asked, "when a dog does
any damage, is not his owner respon-
sible?" "Certainly." "That being the
case, as your dog has just carried off a
magnificent leg of mutton from my
shop, you owe me two dollars." "Noth-
ing could be more just," replied the
lawyer; "and, fortunately, that is
exactly the price of the consultation I
have just given you."

"MY MOTHER'S BEEN PRAY-
ING."

IN February, 1861, a terrible gale
raged along the coast of Eng-
land. In the Bay of Hartle-
pool it wrecked eighty-one
vessels. While the storm was at its
height, the *Rising Sun*, a stout brig,
struck on Longrear Rock, a reef ex-
tending a mile from one side of the
bay. She sank, leaving only her two
topmasts above the dashing and foam-
ing waves.

The lifeboats were away rescuing
wrecked crews. The only means of
saving the men clinging to the sway-
ing masts was the rocket apparatus.
Before it could be adjusted, one of the
masts fell. Just as the rocket bear-
ing the lifeline went booming out of
the mortar, the other mast toppled
over.

Sadly the rocket men began to draw
in their line, when suddenly they felt
that something was attached to it; and
in a few minutes hauled on to the
beach the apparently lifeless body of a
sailor boy. Trained and tender hands
worked, and in a short time he became
conscious.

With amazement he gazed around
the crowd of kind, sympathizing
friends. He looked up into the
weather-beaten face of the old fisher-
man near him and asked:

"Where am I?"
"Thou art safe, my lad."
"Where's the cap'n?"
"Drowned, my lad."
"The mate?"
"He's drowned, too."
"The crew?"
"They are all lost, my lad; thou
art the only one saved."

The boy stood overwhelmed for a
few moments; then he raised both
hands and cried in a loud voice:

"My mother's been praying for
me!" and then he dropped on his
knees on the wet sand and put his
sobbing face in his hands.

Hundreds heard that day this tribute
to a mother's love, and to God's faith-
fulness in listening to a mother's
prayer.

GO HOME, BOY.

BOYS, don't hang around the
corner of the streets. If you
have anything to do, do it
promptly, right on, then go home.
Home is the place for boys. About
the street corners, and at the stables,
they learn to talk slang, and they learn
to swear, to smoke tobacco, and to do
many other things, which they ought
not to do.

Do your business, and then go home.
If your business is play, play and make
a business of it. I like to see boys
play good, earnest, healthy games. If
I was the town, I would give the boys
a good, spacious playground. It
should have plenty of soft green grass
and trees and fountains, and broad
space to run and jump and to play
suitable games. I would make it as
pleasant, as lovely as it could be, and
I would give it to the boys to play in,
and when the play was ended, I would
tell them to go home.

A SIX-YEAR-OLDER was seated in a
barber's chair. "Well, my little man,"
said the barber, "how would you like
your hair cut?" "Oh, like papa's, with
a little round hole at the top."