

EVANGELISTE.

THE Sabbath morn was fresh and cool,
And along the quiet street
The children came from Sunday-school.
I heard the pattering of their feet,
I saw their faces fair,
Their gravely happy air.
The sweetest sight in all the land
It was to see them meet or part,
Each with a Bible in her hand,
A holy lesson in her heart.

One child more fair than all the rest
(I wish that I could sing her name),
In richest silk and velvet dressed,
When school was over, onward came,
With childhood's beaming face
And childhood's winsome grace,
Holding her mother's hand. Her eyes
Were homes of holy love and prayer,
And kept the colour of the skies,
Untroubled by a tear or care.

And, as they trod the quiet street,
They met a poor, toil-weary child.
The children stopped as glad to meet,
And each upon the other smiled.
"Good-by," I heard them say,
"You'll come next Sabbath-day!"
"O yes! I'll come." And on she went,
Beguiled of half her care and fear.
The mother to her daughter bent,
"How do you know that child, my dear?"

"I know her lately," she confessed.
"Just since this morning when she came
To Sunday-school so badly dressed—
I do not think I know her name;
But she looked tired and shy,
And almost like to cry,
And half ashamed to onward pass.
I could not bear her face to see;
And no one knew her in the class,
And so I made a place by me,

"And smiled to her The place she took,
And then she smiled right back to me.
I let her read out of my book,
And she was glad as she could be;
And when the school was o'er,
And we were at the door,
She smiled again as I stood near,
And I smiled back; and so you see
We got acquainted, mamma dear."
The mother kissed her tenderly,

And onward went with solemn face,
Thinking, no doubt, how childhood's love,
How childhood's kindly care and grace,
Is most like that which is above.

THE FOX'S DINNER-PARTY.

ONE of the funniest animal stories I ever heard was lately told by a sober Quaker gentleman from New Jersey, who said it was related to him by the eye-witness himself. He was one day in a field near a stream where several geese were swimming. Presently he observed one of them disappear under water with a sudden jerk. While he looked for her to rise again, he saw a fox emerge from the water and trot off to the woods with the unfortunate goose in his mouth. The fox chanced to go in a direction where it was easy to watch his movements. He carried his burden to a recess under an overhanging rock. Here he scratched away a mass of dry leaves, made a hole, hid his treasure within, and covered it up very carefully. Then off he went to the stream again, entered behind the flock of geese, and floated noiselessly along, with merely the tip of his nose visible above the surface. But this time he was not so fortunate in his manœuvre. The geese by some means took the alarm, and flew away with a loud cackling. The fox, finding himself defeated, walked off in the direction opposite to the place where his victim was buried. The man went to the place, uncovered the hole, put the goose in his basket, replaced the leaves carefully, and stood patiently at a distance to watch further proceedings. The sly thief soon returned

with another fox, whom he had apparently invited to dine with him. They trotted along merrily, swinging their tails, snuffing the air, and smacking their lips in expectation of a rich repast. When they arrived under the rocks, Reynard eagerly scratched away the leaves, but lo! his dinner had disappeared. He looked at his companion, and plainly saw by his countenance that he more than doubted whether any goose was ever there at all. Appearances were certainly very much against the host. His tail slunk between his legs, and he held his head down, looking sideways, with a timid glance, at his disappointed companion. Indignant at what he supposed to be an attempt to get up a character for generosity on false pretences, the offended guest seized his unlucky associate and cuffed him most unmercifully. Poor Reynard bore the infliction with the utmost patience, and sneaked off, as if aware that he received no more than might naturally be expected under the peculiar circumstances.—*Harper's Young People.*

OUR OWN MOTHERS.

WHO does the horrid ugly creature belong to, any way?

At the sound of the shrill voice I glanced from my phæton in front of the post-office, where I was waiting for the morning mail to be distributed, across the white dusty country road to the top of a picket fence, where was perched a queer little old woman in quaint black dress and funny black bonnet, from which floated a long voluminous black veil. She was talking rapidly and brandishing a crutch toward a peaceable-looking horse that was feeding quietly by the roadside.

The men grouped about the little railway station near by, and those standing in front of the village store, laughed heartily at the queer spectacle, which was, indeed, ludicrous in the extreme.

"That ugly creature don't belong to nobody, auntie," called a rude boy from the top of a load of cordwood. "He is an escape from that circus advertisement over yonder on the blacksmith shop, and is not a horse at all, but a widow-eating ryoosona."

"Look out for him, black bonnet and crutches are his regular diet," shouted another young fellow who was loading lumber.

"For shame!" exclaimed a third young man, who then called politely to the woman on the fence: "The horse is perfectly gentle, madam, he will not hurt you."

Thus reassured, the poor woman clambered down, and still holding her crutch in a defensive attitude, shouted: "How long is he going to be round here!"

"All day, I presume," said another man, mischievously.

"Then how am I going to get home, any way?"

"We don't know, grandma."

The bystanders laughed with evident enjoyment. The poor woman looked perplexed enough, until the gentlemanly youth, who had reassured her before, said:

"I will go with you, if you would like to have me."

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" cried the woman. "I left bread in

the oven, and Nancy Jane is sick, and I've got medicine here for her, and I ought to be at home this minute."

The young man crossed the road, picked up her parcels from the damp, dewy grass, and walked beside her as she swung herself rapidly along, her black veil streaming back like a banner.

"I would pitch into anybody who called me a coward," said one of the railroad boys, doubling his fist in a pugilistic way; "but I wouldn't have gone over there and walked across the bridge with that old woman for fifty dollars."

"I don't know as I would," said a middle aged man who had lost an arm at Antietam; but I suppose no one disputes that moral courage goes far ahead of physical courage. I do not think I am lacking in the last."

They were still talking upon this point when the young man returned, evidently expecting to be chaffed by all hands. He blushed a little at the remark of one of the older men.

"We should all have been glad to have done just what you have done, but we were afraid of the laugh."

"I was as foolishly afraid of that as any of you in the first place," he replied, frankly; "but, in my mind, I changed the saying, 'Do as you would be done by,' so that it ran, 'Do as you would have your own mother done by' and then, of course, I went right along with the poor, nervous, timid old woman, as any of you would have done had you put it in that way."

"That is so," chorused the men, and one said, solemnly:

"I don't care how rough a fellow may be, if he always keeps a soft place in his heart for his own mother."

"I think we should all get along better if we would always make a point of following our best impulses," said the gentlemanly young man.

The locomotive sent out its shrill call, and the young freight hands ran to their places on the top of the long, sinuous line of smoky cars, each one, I was sure, with a softened heart under his rough, begrimed jacket.

SOWING WILD OATS.

THIS is the story that a well-known clergyman tells:

"The most magnificent specimen of young manhood that I have ever known was a young fellow-student named Henry Haines. As an athlete on the campus, as a scholar in the arena of debate, he was *facile princeps*, everywhere and always. We were not so much envious of him as proud of him, and we fondly fancied that there could be no height of fame or fortune too difficult for his adventurous feet to climb, and that the time would come when he would fill the world with the echo of his fame, and it would be a proud thing for any of us to declare that we had known him. A little tendency to dissipation was by some of us observed, but this was only the wild oats sowing which was natural to youth and genius, and which we did not doubt that after years would chasten and correct.

"But the years came and went, and the young collegians were scattered through the world, and ever and anon would some of us wonder what had become of Henry Haines. We looked in vain for his rising star, and listened long for his coming feet.

"Some time ago, for a single Sabbath, I was preaching in New York. My theme in the morning had been, 'The Ghost of Buried Opportunity.' On my way to the hotel I discovered that I was shadowed by a desperate-looking wretch, whose garb, whose gait, whose battered, bloated look all unmistakably betokened the spawn of slums. What could the villain want with me? I paused at my door, and faced about to confront him. He paused, advanced, and then huskily whispered, 'Henson, do you know me?'

"I assured him I did not, whereupon he continued, 'Do you remember Henry Haines?'

"Ay, ay, well enough; but surely you are not Henry Haines?'

"I am what is left of him—I am the ghost of him."

"I shuddered as I reached for his hands, and gazing intently into his face, discovered still some traces of my long lost friend, still doubtly lost though found again. I put my arms about him in brotherly embrace, and took him to my room, and drew from his lips the story of his shattered life. I begged him by the old loves and un-forgotten memories of better days to go back with me to my Philadelphia home, and under new auspices and with new surroundings to strike out for a noble destiny, which I hoped might still be possible. But, striking his clinched fist on my table he said: 'Henson, it's no use to talk to me I'm a dead beat, and am dead broke. I'm a burned-out volcano, and there's nothing left of me but cinders now. I have come to New York to bury myself out of sight of all that ever loved me. I know the ropes here, and shall stay here till I rot. I live in a muskrat hole near the wharf. I shall die as I have lived, and I have lived like a dog.'

"In vain were my earnest protests and brotherly pleading. He tore himself from me, and went shambling off to his den by the wharf. He had sown the wind, and was reaping the whirlwind. He had sown to the flesh, and was reaping corruption. He had sown 'wild oats,' and the oats were now yielding a dreadful harvest of woe."—*Selected*

DO YOU KNOW THE PLANTS?

IT is not only a pleasure, but very useful, to know the names and qualities of trees, plants, herbs, and flowers. All this you can learn only by keeping your eyes open. Many a time you will need such knowledge. A vessel was once wrecked in the English Channel. Only four persons were saved. No one could see them for the darkness, nor hear them for the noisy storm. They climbed from rock to rock till they could get no higher, but just then one of them, by a flash of lightning, saw a samphire plant. By this he knew they were safe; for it never grows in a place where the tide can reach. Then they knew they could rest. So life might often be saved if you knew certain common herbs and plants that are cures for diseases. Keep eyes and ears open as you pass through life, and you will learn much that may be useful to you. Then, too, such knowledge is in itself a pleasure, even if you never need it.