

AN ANTI-CIDER ENTERTAINMENT.

BY E. L. BENEDICT.

(Over the platform stretch a piece of green cloth, so as to form a canopy, high enough to be out of the way of the tallest participant. A few yards of green cambric or strong netting will do. Into this fasten small leafy branches and twigs from the apple-tree, and to these attach some apples by cords fastened to the stems. Around the sides of the platform hang festoons of dried apples, made by running a string through the pared quarters. In the centre place a table containing all the various dishes mentioned in the exercise, and as many more as can be provided. The speakers enter at one side of the table, take from it the dish that illustrates their respective parts, and hold it while they speak. After which the dish may be returned to the table, the speaker passing to the other end of the platform, and remaining until all have spoken.)

FIRST SPEAKER.

[*Holding up a large, rosy apple.*]

This is an apple, juicy and sweet,
Fit for a king or a queen to eat.

SECOND SPEAKER.

This is a dish of apple-sauce,
Made (without an atom of loss)
From ripe, rosy apples, both tart and sweet,
Fit for a king or a queen to eat.

THIRD SPEAKER.

Here are some apples baked, you see,
A most excellent dish for dinner or tea.
When dressed with cream that's rich and sweet,
They are fit for a king or a queen to eat.

FOURTH SPEAKER.

This is a big, round apple-pie,
For a piece of which I often sigh,
'Tis made of apples so juicy and sweet,
It is fit for a king or a queen to eat.

FIFTH SPEAKER.

This is a dish of marmalade,
Which I with mother's help have made
Out of some apples so juicy and sweet,
Fit for a king or a queen to eat.

SIXTH SPEAKER.

This is a dumpling, which, as you know,
Is made of flour mixed up into dough,
And slices of apples, juicy and sweet,
Fit for a king or a queen to eat.

SEVENTH SPEAKER.

This is a jelly, see it shake?
'Tis a joy to taste, though a task to make,
For the apple juice must be made so sweet!
Or else it will never be good to eat.

EIGHTH SPEAKER.

This is an apple johnny-cake,
Which I will teach you how to make:
You mix cornmeal and water, as thick
As you can conveniently stir with a stick,
Then baked with chopped apples, juicy and sweet,
'Tis fit for a king or a queen to eat.

NINTH SPEAKER.

Here is an apple pyramid;
Within it raisins and almonds are hid,
And each of these apples so juicy and sweet,
A king or a queen would be glad to eat.

TENTH SPEAKER.

This is something we call Brown Ben.
You take ripe apples, as many as ten,
And pare and quarter and put in a dish,
With crumbs of bread, and crusts, too, if you wish;
Then stew until all is juicy and sweet,
Fit for a king or a queen to eat.

ELEVENTH SPEAKER.

You've learned to make dumplings and marmalade,
Now I'd like to tell you how cider is made.
First, up in a tree all clean and sweet,
Fit for a king or a queen to eat,
Grow the ripe rosy apples, all juicy and sweet,
But a man comes along, and down to the ground
Shakes big and little and rotten and sound,
Then gathers them up and they help to fill
The old waggon-box for the cider mill.
The apples there are dumped on the floor,
Where they lie and rot for a week or more;
Then in the hopper are ground into mush,
And fall to a trough below, all slush.
From here the miller shovels the mess,
With a dirty old scoop, to a dirty old press;
And there it is squeezed till the juice runs out
To a barrel below through a dirty old spout.
Then when it has stood in the barrel some days,
Till all the good that's left in it decays,
The stuff, called cider, is sold, don't you think!
To people who're told it is good to drink.

TWELFTH SPEAKER.

It doesn't appear to me very wise
To take all those apples that ought to make pies,
And grind them all up into filthy old swill,

And sell them to folks with small wit and small will.

If I were a farmer I'd eat them or dry them,
Or put them in cans, or pickle or fry them,
Or fix them in some manner, dainty and sweet,
And sell them to sensible people to eat.

[*All sing, to the tune of "Never Say Fail."*]

Oh, yes, I like apples, all juicy and sweet,
Not any cider for me,
I'm sure they were made just on purpose to eat,
Not any cider for me.

In pies or in puddings they're fit for a queen.

In cider they're turned to a poisonous thing,

Apples for me, apples for me,
But, thank you, no cider for me.

—*Temperance Record.*

SELMA'S LESSON.

It was an absurd picture, and a queer little story, that one about Molly Ray; how she dreamed that she was a prisoner at the bar, with a judge and a jury, and many lawyers, of cats! She was found guilty of cruelty to her own poor kitten. Selma had read the story to her little sister Mollie, and shown her the picture; they had laughed much over it, and said how wise the twelve jury cats looked; and how solemn the judge was. Mollie had gravely declared she was glad she was in Molly Ray's place; she would have been "just awful scared."

"Why?" laughed Selma, "would you have been 'found guilty,' do you think? I'm sure you never stroke your kitty's fur the wrong way, or forget to feed her, do

her ask her. She hasn't time, she says, but my friend Nellie Marlow up there on the shelf, dressed in brown and gold, knows that she has read her through since Monday evening."

"O, don't, don't!" exclaimed Selma, putting her hands to her ears. By this time she almost fancied the books were really talking; it was more reasonable to imagine that books could talk than cats! But what stories they would tell if they could! No wonder Selma's cheeks burned.

She took up her Bible that very minute, dusted it carefully, and picked one crumb from it to help her get through the afternoon. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

"I will," she said, decidedly; and with resolute hand she pushed the gayly bound volume farther back on the shelf, and picking up her arithmetic, set to work.

Whether or not little sister Mollie downstairs learned a lesson from "Molly Ray," certainly the big sister up-stairs had learned one, which may help her all her life.—*Pansy.*

EDITH'S FIRST ENDEAVOR.

BY LAUREL CLEVES.

"But to take part in meeting! That's something I can't do."

"You wouldn't find it so hard after a little while, Edith."

"Oh! I know I could never get used to it. It's well enough for you to talk, Lilla, it's so easy for you."



THE PICTURE SELMA SHOWED MOLLIE.

you?" Then she had kissed Molly, and gone up to her own room. But the story, foolish as it was, followed her. She sat in her study chair by the open window and had a dream, a day dream; not about cats, but books. Suppose books had minds, and tongues, and met together and talked their owners over. What could hers say of her? There lay her arithmetic under the table where she had flung it when Helen Marsh came for her to walk; suppose it should say: "There are three of my examples not done; yet she left me and went out walking."

On the shelf was her French book; what if it should suddenly speak out, with: "She hasn't written a line of my exercise, and our recitation comes the first thing in the morning." Beside it lay a gayly bound book which might add: "Oh! I know what the trouble is; she read in me, all the time she ought to have been working on you. She wouldn't like to have her mother know it, but I saw it all, of course."

Just below these two, on the table, was her pretty Bible, her last birthday present, with a little film of dust gathering on the cover. She imagined its mournful tone as it said: "What do you arithmetics and French books think of me? I am the one book which her Heavenly Father made for her, to feed her soul with, every day, and she hasn't opened my covers this week, though she knows her mother wants her to read a few verses every morning; I heard

Lilla flushed a little as she answered, "That's what you all say—it's so much easier for some one else than for you. But really, Edith, it isn't a great while since I suffered agonies every time I took part in our Endeavor meetings. Every time I thought I ought to speak my heart would beat so violently that it seemed as if every one must hear it thump, thump, thump. And I remember so plainly that I tried one evening to repeat a very familiar Bible verse, and I got the end all wrong."

"Why, Lilla, I never dreamed it was hard for you to speak; you speak so easily and say such helpful things. I believe that if I could do as well as you I might almost be willing to try."

"You don't know how much you encourage me, Edith. So many times when I have tried to say something, it has sounded so foolish to me, and it has seemed as if it must sound so to every one. I think I should have been unhappy many times about it, if I hadn't thought, 'Did you say those words to-night, to have your friends say, "How well Lilla Hall speaks!" or to please your Saviour? That always comforted me. But I must go home now. Edith, I do hope you'll join us.'"

"I promise to think about it."

And Edith did think of it, and she came to the conclusion that her place, as a Christian church-member, was among the active members of that society, whose motto is, "For Christ and the Church."

The following evening her name was read for active membership in the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of Eliot Church, to be voted on the next week.

"At least," she thought, "I needn't begin to take part until next week."

But she did take part, for as one and another spoke simply of the thoughts which had come to them, she, too, told of the thought which had been with her all day.

In her room, in Mrs. Brown's boarding-house, sat Rachel Dudley. Her head was bowed in her hands, and her heart was full of sorrow, almost despair. She was so lonely. Only a week ago she had come to this city to fulfil the last request of her mother, by laying her body beside her husband's, in the city where he had died, leaving her with a baby girl to care for. She had soon moved away from the place where all seemed to remind her of her loneliness.

In all these years, Rachel and her mother had been all in all to each other, each being happy while the other was near.

And now! "O mother, mother," sobbed Rachel, "I am so lonely! If I could only see you! If you could only tell me what to do!"

In a little while she became calm. It seemed as if she could not bear her loneliness another long evening. But where could she go? She had no friends here. Suddenly there flashed through her mind an invitation which the pastor had given on Sunday, in the church to which she had gone. After reading the notice of the prayer-meeting of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, on Tuesday evening, he had added, "All young people, and especially strangers, are cordially invited to come."

Rachel had never been in the habit of going to prayer-meeting. But now it seemed so desirable compared with the loneliness of the room that she decided to go. There was yet time to get ready, and the Eliot Church was not far away.

When she reached the vestry door a feeling of timidity came over her at the thought of going alone into a strange place. But just then she heard steps behind her, and a sweet voice said, "You are coming in, are you not? Let me show you the way." And she followed the young ladies inside the door, and immediately a young man stepped up to her and said, kindly, "Let me show you a seat."

"How pleasant they all are," Rachel thought, as she followed him.

The meeting soon began, one after another taking part, without any pauses. It was after they had sung, "Something for Thee," that Edith Fay found courage to speak her thought. "It seems to me," she said, "that one of the most precious thoughts given to me, as a Christian, is that I have a Friend who is lovingly looking after my welfare all the time, and who knows just what is best for me, and can give it to me. There are so many times when a decision has to be made, and I don't know how to make it. And I feel so thankful that I can go to Jesus and tell him all about it, and feel sure that he will guide me aright. Then I need feel no anxiety about the result because it has been decided by a Friend who loves me and who knows what is best for me."

Rachel's heart beat faster as these simple words were spoken. How much she needed just such a Friend! She bowed her head and whispered, "Oh, God, give me this Friend to help and guide me." And the loving Father of the fatherless heard his child, and gave her peace.

As the last hymn was sung, Rachel's voice joined in gladly, reverently, as she sang:

"I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend,
He loved me ere I knew Him."
and when she sang the last line, it was as a vow:

"And I am His, and He is mine,
Forever and forever."
—*Golden Rule.*

GOOD COMPANY.

A traveller, toiling on a weary way,
Found in his path a piece of fragrant clay,
"This seems but common earth," says he, "but how
Delightful!—it is full of sweetness now!—
Whence is thy fragrance?" From the clay there grows
A voice, "I have been very near a rose."
—*J. J. Piatt, translated from the Persian.*