

what was likely to be the end of it. The principal anxiety was as to how much it cost. They could all understand about that, but not one of them could see that the money expended could ever be made to come back. As to investing money in new undertakings upon faith, that was not in their line. Generally, they knew too much about blackberries; so that Uncle Benny never had the satisfaction of hearing that any one had pluck enough to follow his example.

But that absence of encouragement was of no importance to him. He had a mind and will of his own; he didn't pin his faith on any man's judgment; he knew what he was about; he had a little money to invest, and it was of no consequence whether other folks approved of his doings or not. How far he was correct will be set forth in a future chapter.

Poetry.

PRAYER FOR RAIN—AND PRAISE.

BY EDWARD P. WESTON.

God in His mercy, hear
Our cry of pain;
The fields are crisp for rain.

The heavens overhead
Are ceiled with brass,
And the clods are dust, instead
Of springing grass.

Evil alike and good
Thy promise read,
Not worthy of the food
For which they plead.

O'er burdened with such prayer,
"This poor man cried,"
Like one of old, somewhere,
At eventide.

And when the midnight passed,
Robed in his black,
The rain came sweeping fast
Upon his track;

And on the cottage roofs
Tramped such a tramp,
As of a thousand hoofs
Prancing from camp.

And then the poor man cried,
Starting with fear,
Which in a moment died,
"God's rain I hear!"

Then in his heart un sprung
Tumultuous praise,
Which his poor fettered tongue
Essayed to raise.

Falling to dreams again,
If yet he slept,
He smiled, e'en while the rain,
Repenting, wept.

Green fields on every side,
In vision born,
And little hills, in pride,
Of lifting corn,
Clapped hands, the night hours through;
And when the gray
Strove vainly to undo
The bars of day,

Still swept across the roofs
The trooping tramp
Of rain-hosts' rattling hoofs,
Out of God's camp!

And then the poor man said,
"God's hand I see;
What time I am afraid
I'll trust in Thee!"

—Chicago Journal.

WHO'D BE A BUTTERFLY?

A NEW VERSION.

Who'd be a butterfly? Not I for one!
Chased by each idle young son of a gun,
Damaged by many a slap and rap
From tatterdemalion's unmanly cap!
Who'd be a butterfly? Who, I say, who?
Not I, for one! For another, not you!

Caught by rude hands, whose brute owner presumes
Fingers don't damage our delicate plumes:
Rubb'd with rough touches till powerless to fly,
Then loosed to flutter away—and to die!
Who'd be a butterfly? Who, I say, who?
Not I, for one! For another, not you!

Who'd be a butterfly? E'en at the best,
Prey for the keen entomologist's quest,
Pierced with a pin, and with pinions displayed,
Safely away in a cabinet laid!
Who'd be a butterfly? Who, I say, who?
Not I, for one! For another, not you!

Ah! brother-butterflies—two-legged, I mean;
From these poor insects what mortals we gleam:
Do not our faults which the angels deplore
Soil our bright wings till they sink—and not soar?
Who'd be a butterfly? Who, I say, who?
I am, for one! For another, are you?

E'en at the best, we have butterfly-fame,
Pinned in a case with a label and name—
Gazed at with pride for a week—or a day—
Then in a dark cabinet huddled away!
Who'd be a butterfly? Who, I say, who?
Well, I'm afraid, my good friend,—I and you.
—Fun.

FLOWERS.

Your voiceless lips, oh flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook.

'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air.
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the dome where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane most catholic and solemn
Which God hath planned.

To that cathedral boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply.
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There, amid solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awd by silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.