

THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

TELL you about it? Of course, I will!
I thought 'twould be dreadful to have
him come,
For Mamma said I must be quiet and still,
And she put away my whistle and drum—

And made me unharness the parlour chairs,
And packed my cannon and all the rest
Of my noisiest playthings off up stairs,
On account of this very distinguished guest.

Then every room was turned upside down,
And all the carpets hung out to blow;
For when the Bishop is coming to town,
The house must be in order, you know.

So out in the kitchen I made my lair,
And started a game of hide-and-seek;
But Bridget refused to have me there,
For the Bishop was coming—to stay a week

And she must make cookies and cake and pies,
And fill every closet and platter and pan,
Till I thought this Bishop, so great and wise,
Must be an awfully hungry man.

Well! at last he came; and I do declare,
Dear grandpapa, he looked just like you,
With his gentle voice, and his silvery hair,
And eyes with a smile a-shining through.

And whenever he read or talked or prayed,
I understood every single word:
And I wasn't the leastest bit afraid,
Though I never once spoke or stirred;

Till, all of a sudden, he laughed right out,
To see me sit quietly listening so;
And began to tell us stories about
Some queer little fellows in Mexico.

And all about Egypt and Spain—and then
He wasn't disturbed by a little noise,
But said that the greatest and best of men
Once were rollicking, healthy boys.

And he thinks it is no matter at all
If a little boy runs and jumps and climbs;
And Mamma should be willing to let me crawl
Through the banister-rails, in the hall,
Sometimes.

And Bridget, sir, made a great mistake,
In stirring up such a bother, you see,
For the Bishop—he didn't care for cake,
And really liked to play games with me.

But though he's so honoured in word and act
(Stoop down, for this is a secret now)—
He couldn't spell *Boeten*! That's a fact!
But whispered to me to tell him how.
—*Wide Awake.*

"DON'T SCOLD, JOHN."

REV. C. F. JANES.

A WOMAN had been bitten by a rattlesnake. Her home was some nine miles from town on the prairie. A fresh breeze, invigorating as the sea-air, was blowing as the minister and his pony hastened along the fenceless road, which seemed to choose its own way, generally following the "divides," and so escaping the low and wet intervals, or "sloughs." Often neither house nor tree was in sight; but the waving grass was parti-colored with flowers, and occasionally the road skirted large fields of Indian corn. At length the house was reached, a rude and newly-built cabin around which even the cotton-wood trees had not grown sufficiently to shade from the scorching summer sun, or to shelter from the north wind. There were two rooms in the house. In one of these the woman was lying. The first dreadful pains were over. All had been done that could be done, and it remained to see whether nature could rally against the deadly poison.

After some conversation with the woman, who was now resting in full faith and calmly awaiting the issue, the minister remounted his horse and prepared to return. The husband of

the stricken woman followed a little way, and told the circumstances of the accident. It was evidently a relief to be able to disburden his heart by a kind of confession.

"Bad, isn't it, parson? And I am the one to blame. I don't mind telling you.

"I came home awhile ago tired and cross. Things had gone edgewise with me that day. I had some business in town. A waggon-wheel wanted setting and a plow-point was broken, so I left my woman to look after the stock, and went away. We have no fences yet, and need to keep watch of the cattle.

"I came home cross, as I say—the blacksmith wasn't civil, and I met a sharp-tongued neighbour—when, there were the cattle right in the corn!

"I drove them out, and went to the house. The woman was baking; but I spoke out sharp: 'Seems to me ye a'n't mindin' the cattle! How do ye expect to have any corn!' And I grumbled about working all day, and coming home to find it hadn't done any good.

"She didn't say much—she don't often—and I felt ashamed afterwards, though I didn't tell her so.

"But I went away again about a week after, and as I was coming back I said to myself: 'I wonder if Susan has kept the cows out of the corn this time.'

"By and by I came in sight of home, and there were the cattle, sure enough, in the corn. Well, I thought to myself: 'See here, old boy; don't you make a fool of yourself this time. It never does any good to fly at your own nose. Better have peace at home than growl over spoiled corn.'

"So I drove the cows out, and went in. I looked into the kitchen, but Susan wasn't there, and somehow things looked deserted. The tea-kettle wasn't boiling, and the dishes were scattered about as my woman don't usually have them.

"I called Susan, and I thought I heard a little sound in t'other room. I went there, and found her pale as death.

"'What's the matter?' says I.
"'Don't scold, John,' said she.
"'Don't scold, John; I did try to drive them out. I did truly.'

"And now you know what ailed her. That woman had gone to drive the cows away, a-fearing that I would scold, ye see, and there in the field a snake struck her.

"She crawled back to the house. The poison went all over her. She fainted and came to. Her mouth was dried, and she couldn't move to get a drink of water. There she lay on the floor five hours, awaiting and praying. And yet, sir, when she saw me, she didn't say she was hurt. She just feebly spoke, 'Don't scold, John; I tried to drive the cows out.'

"Scold! I could have spit on myself, and kicked myself into a slough, for troubling her precious soul!

"But, thank God, sir, she lives. The venomous beast nearly killed her, but he didn't quite. For some time I thought she would die. But what cut me the worst was that, when she was out of her head, she would turn to me again and say, 'Don't scold, John.' I reckon I would as soon scold an angel.

"But she is much better now; I think she will live. You must come and see us again, parson."

THE SPARROW.

RETURNED home from the chase, and wandered through an alley in my garden. My dog bounded before me. Suddenly he checked himself, and moved forward cautiously, as if he scented game. I glanced down the alley, and perceived a young sparrow with a yellow beak and down upon its head. He had fallen out of the nest (the wind was shaking the beeches in the alley violently), and lay motionless and helpless on the ground, and his little unfledged wings extended. The dog approached it softly, when suddenly an old sparrow, with black breast, quitted a neighbouring tree, dropped like a stone right before the dog's nose, and, with ruffled plumage, and chirping desperately and pitifully, sprang twice at the open, grinning mouth. He had come to protect his little one at the cost of his own life. His little body trembled all over, his voice was hoarse, he was in an agony—he offered himself. The dog must have seemed a gigantic monster to him. But, in spite of that he had not remained safe on his lofty bough. A power stronger than his own will had forced him down. The dog stood still, and turned away. It seemed as though he also felt this power. I hastened to call him back, and went away with a feeling of respect. Yes: smile not! I felt a respect for this heroic little bird, and for the depth of his paternal love. Love, I reflected, is stronger than death and the fear of death; it is love alone that supports and animates all.—*Turgeneff, the great Russian Poet.*

LUTHER'S SNOW SONG.

ON a cold dark night, when the wind was blowing hard and the snow was falling fast, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper, when he heard some one singing outside—

"Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird unto his nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest."

Tears filled the good man's eyes as he said, "What a fine sweet voice! What a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather!" "I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before and whose heart was open to take pity on the little wanderer. Conrad opened the door and saw a ragged child, who said: "Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake!" "Come in, my little one," said he. "You shall rest with me for the night." The boy said, "Thank God," and entered. The heat of the room made him faint, but Ursula's kind care soon revived him. They gave him some supper, and then he told that he was the son of a poor miner, and wanted to be a scholar. He wandered about and sang, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep they looked in upon him, and were so pleased with his pleasant countenance that they determined to keep him, if he was willing. In the morning they found that he was only too glad to remain with them. They sent him to school and afterward he went into a monastery. There, one day, he found

a Bible, which he read, and learned the way of life. The sweet voice of the little singer became the strong echo of the good news—"Justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Conrad and Ursula, when they took the little street singer into their house, little thought that they were nourishing the great champion of the reformation. The poor child was Martin Luther! "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers."

THE POWER OF LOVE.

MISS FLETCHER, who has brought so many Indian children to the school for them at Carlisle, tells this story: "The great grandmother of one of the boys was once on the hunt when the Sioux came on the Omahas. The women and children were placed in the rear for safety, and they began at once to dig pits and jump into them to escape the arrows. This woman had her three grandchildren with her, and they pretty well filled up the pit. The Sioux pressed forward and came toward the place where the children were. The grandmother had no time to conceal the hole, so she threw herself over it as if dead. The Sioux passed her, but she dared not stir, for the shouts of fighting were all about her. Soon the Sioux returned and two warriors discovered her. 'She's dead,' said one. 'We'll see,' said the other, drawing his knife and stabbing her in the shoulder. The woman never winced. 'She's dead,' they said, and off they went, leaving her in pain and joy, for her grandchildren were safe. When the three little boys were taken out of the pit they were nearly frightened to death, but they all grew up to be men, and lived to see their children's children, and tell many times the story of the loving grandmother."
—*The Watchman.*

CHOSEN FOR HIS WORTH.

ONE morning at the breakfast table Mrs. Grey said to her husband: "We had such a fine rain during the night, and I think the garden had better be weeded and the walk smoothed over to-day."

"Let Sam do it," said Mr. Grey; "he is large enough."

"But he is so careless," said his mother; "Johnny would do better."

"Johnny is too small," said his father.

"Johnny is small, but he is the best worker," answered his mother; "He is conscientious, and whatever he does he does well. You can depend upon him."

So Johnny was sent to the garden to pull up the weeds, and make the walks look trim and neat, feeling very proud and happy at the honour placed upon him by his parents.

Dear children, God has work for us all to do, and sometimes he calls very young people to do important work. He chooses only those whom he sees are fitted for the work. The pure in heart and life, and the earnest and faithful ones are those he wants. Try to be what he would have you, that you may be fitted for and able to do the work he gives you.

THE ancients could beat us to death painting pictures; but look at our frames!