



TRYING TO MAKE "BILLY" DRUNK. —A TEMPERANCE LESSON.

WHICH IS THE WISER?

The Dutchman in the picture thinks it a capital joke to try to make the goat drink a mug of beer. But Billy has more sense than Hans, and repels with indignation the proffered draught. I am sure he exhibits more wisdom than the whole drinking crew. They say goats will eat anything, from old boots to tin cans. But not a goat in Christendom will eat the stinking weed tobacco, which Hans seems to like. Beg pardon for using the nasty word, but no other will describe the nasty thing. When will men, created in the image of God, and destined for immortality, learn to be as respectable in their habits as the beasts that perish.

TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

We have recently read an interesting story. A colored man, just before he died, told his wife that he should probably come back to her as a yellow dog. It closes thus:

"Standing at the door, the old lady watched her visitors going and gazed reflectively toward the asparagus bed, where the feathery branches waved mysteriously.

" 'Suthin's in there!' she said. Presently the muzzle of a yellow dog appeared and after it his lank body. Slowly he crept up to her.

" 'Well, I never! Where'd you come from? Sho! Go 'way!' But the dog was at her feet, and something in his dark appealing eyes held her spell-bound. A chill seized her. She breathed fast; then rallying, grasped a broom.

" 'Git outen th' yard!' the dog crouched and licked her shoe.

" 'He said how's he might come back a pore valler dog!' The broom dropped weakly. 'John Bascom, ef so be your spirit is come back to me in this beast, as ye said, gimme a sign!' Two shaggy paws leaped upon her shoulders and there was a dog's warm tongue on her cheek.

" 'Well, John,' she said, 'if so be as it is you, why stay, an' I'll try to get used to you!'

" 'But a queer twinkle came into her face as she added, 'Now it's my turn to hev th' lead. Git under the stove and stay there, John Bascom!'

UNLAWFUL POSSESSION.

A boy came to the door of a lady's house, and asked if she did not wish for some blackberries, for he had been out all day gathering them.

" 'Yes,' said the lady, 'I will take them.' So she took the basket and stepped into the house, the boy remaining outside, whistling to some canary birds hanging in their cages on the porch.

" 'Why don't you come in and see that I measure your berries right?' said the lady, 'how do you know but I may cheat you?'

" 'I am not a'traid,' said the boy, 'for you would get the worst of it.'

" 'Get the worst of it?' said the lady; 'what do you mean by that?'

" 'Whv, ma'am,' said the boy, 'I should only lose my berries, and you would make yourself a thief. Don't you think you would be getting the worst of it?'

The boy was right. He who steals, or does anything wrong or mean, just to gain a few pence or a few shillings, burdens himself with a sin that is worse than all the gain.

A STRANGE DINNER.

If you ever should visit me in my island home far out in the Pacific Ocean, my half-savage neighbors would give a feast in your honor.

These people do not eat nor cook in the same houses that they sleep in. Each family has a "cook house." The food is cooked by placing it on hot stones, which have been heated in a bonfire. Water is heated by dropping hot stones into it.

Some families have a third house for an "eat house." But when you are invited to dinner the meal probably will be served outdoors in the shade of a breadfruit tree or a mango tree.

You may not like the breadfruit, though the islanders prize it much. It is their chief food. The trees bear three crops each year. Possibly at first you would not care for the mangoes, nor the jack fruit; but you would learn to eat all these and think them delicious. The oranges and bananas and pine-apples you surely would enjoy.

You need not be surprised that our host and his family do not eat with us. They would think a person very rude who would eat a part of the food that he had invited others to eat. And when we have finished dinner, all the food that is left will be sent to our homes.

You see that my strange neighbors are very particular to be polite, as far as they know how. I fear that not all people who think themselves civilized do as well.—Ex.