

One by One.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall,
Some are coming, some are going—
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one the duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each
Let no future dreams class thee;
Learn thou first what those can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily, when given—
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one the griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade, while others greet thee,
Shadows passing though the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain,
God will help thee for to-morrow—
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passion's hour despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven, but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

JACK.

"GOD BLESS HIM."

"GREENS! Greens! Dand'lion greens!" shouts a child's voice.

And I heard the quick steps of small bare feet pattering up the lane.

Presently a face appeared at the open window of my kitchen, where I was busy superintending the Saturday's baking.

"Please, ma'am, don't you want a basket of fresh greens, all picked with the dew on 'em? They make a good dinner, and only cost five cents."

Poor little manikin! I thought, to work so long, and to trudge so far, all for five cents. My dinner was provided, and dandelion greens were not included in the bill of fare—but how could I refuse him?

"Yes, Jack, come in here and eat a doughnut while I empty your basket."

He was not slow to accept the invitation, and chattered like a magpie every minute while he eagerly devoured several doughnuts, and looked longingly at a pan of cookies just taken from the oven.

"Thank you, ma'am! You see, it makes a feller awful hungry—this dand'lion business does. I like to get 'em when they're fresh and cool, before the sun has been on 'em long, so I start at five o'clock, and sometimes earlier, and of course I don't have any breakfast first, and when it happens that a feller hasn't had any supper the night before, it makes him feel kind o' empty like."

All this was said without a moment's pause, and swinging his bare heels together, as he sat perched up on the window, he laughed the merriest laugh in the world, which brought to the

surface a great dimple hidden away in each sunburned cheek, and showed all his pretty white teeth.

"But you had your supper last night, hadn't you?"

"No, ma'am. You see there was only two potatoes to go round, and the round they had to go was mother, Susie, and me—a big round for two small potatoes, don't you think so, ma'am?"

And again he laughed, as if it was the funniest thing he had ever heard of, instead of a most pathetic story.

"How did you manage?" I asked.

"Well, you see, ma'am, I haven't been to school long enough to learn how to divide two potatoes between three people so that each shall have a whole one. So says I to mother, 'You take this one, and Susie and I'll handy-spandy for the other.' Then I held it behind me, and said to Susie:

"Handy-spandy, Jack-dandy, upper hand or lower!"

"Lower," says Susie.

"And lower it was, to be sure, 'cause I held both hands even till she answered and then dropped the one with the potato in it lower; which wasn't cheatin', ma'am, now was it?"

"No, my brave little Jack; it surely was not cheating," I answered, turning away, that he might not see the tears in my eyes.

"Well, Sue, you see, didn't like to take it, for she's awful generous, if she is poor, and she tried to get it back on me by saying the thought upper, and 'twas only her lips that said lower—she meant upper all the time. She isn't well—Sue isn't."

"She's little and white, and one potato ain't much of a supper for the like of her, anyway. And at last I made her eat the whole of it. I told her that we'd have a good dinner to-day, 'cause I knowed somebody would buy my greens, and I'm going to spend the whole five cents for one dinner. What do you think of that? I'm going to get three herrings, at a cent apiece, and the rest in potatoes."

And he smacked his lips as he thought of the treat in store for them all.

"I think," he continued, "that you've paid me pretty well for my greens in doughnuts, without any five cents at all. Still, as I look at it," he added, with a sly twinkle in his great blue eyes, "doughnuts is doughnuts, and cents is cents, and the doughnuts is a present, and the cents is pay."

I laughed aloud at his reasoning, which certainly was most sensible and true, and then said:

"Now, Jack, I want you to keep your five cents till some night when you haven't any supper, and let me fill your basket with something that I know will go around. I want Susie to have a glass of fresh milk. So you must carry this tin pail besides the basket. Do you think you can manage them both?"

"Well, ma'am, I guess you'll see

whether I can manage 'em or not. But do you think I can dig greens enough to pay for all them things you're putting in?"

"No, Jack, I don't; for they are not to be paid for. I want to send these to your mother—that's all; and as you said yourself, doughnuts is doughnuts, and cents is cents."

"To be sure," he answered, merrily.

"Well, ma'am, I just wish you could see 'em when I tell 'em how good you have been to me. Some folks ain't good, you know," he added, with a sigh.

While I filled the basket he told me their little history, never realizing how full it was of the deepest pathos—the struggles of the poor mother to keep her family together after the death of her husband, a good, kind man, who had left her one morning, full of life and strength, to go to his work in the great iron factory, and was brought back to her a few hours later, having met his death while toiling for those he loved.

He did not realize, either, how his own self-sacrificing spirit shone out through his words, proving to me the strength and sweetness of his character. What a hero he was, this little twelve-year-old Jack!

"Mother has worked so hard for Sue and me that she hasn't much strength left. And don't you think," he added, straightening himself up proudly, "don't you think I'm big enough to take care of us three? Leastways, I've been lucky this morning, for I've sold my greens and found you."

The gratitude in his heart was plainly visible in his little face as he turned it up to me.

I told him that henceforth we would be the very best and warmest of friends, and that happier days were in store for him and for those at home; that I could find work for him to do which would certainly help toward the support of all three.

Such a happy Jack as he was when I sent him home that April morning, with the heavy basket on one arm and a pail of milk on the other! And I wish I could tell you—for I am sure you would like to hear—what pleasant days followed for Jack and those dear to him; but it would make such a long story we should never come to the end of it.

Indeed, there is no end to it. It is a story which is being lived through now, and it grows more interesting and more beautiful, more tender and true with every chapter.

Jack is proving himself the hero I knew him to be.

He works early and late on a small piece of ground, which we allow him to cultivate on our farm, and he carries his produce to town in a basket, strapped on his back, and he is as happy as a king—happier than many kings, I am sure.

Little pale Susie is not half so pale as she was before; and she, too, had the chance given her to "help."

She has free range in my flower garden, and makes up the daintiest "button-hole bouquets," with which she fills her small basket every morning for Jack to take with him.

He never finds the least difficulty in disposing of them all, and a proud little lass she is when he drops the pennies into her hands at night.

The mother, we think, is growing strong and well again—happy in her boy's thoughtful care and cheery, light-hearted ways.

He is not yet thirteen years old, but his mother calls him the head of the house, and he truly deserves the title.

Brave little man, God bless him.—
Golden Days.

MAKING ODD MOMENTS PAY.

A BOY was employed in a lawyer's office, and he had the daily paper to amuse himself with. He began to study French and at the little desk became a fluent reader and writer of the French language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper, and taking up something not so amusing but far more profitable.

A coachman was often obliged to wait hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time. He found a small volume containing the "Eclogues" of Virgil, but could not read it, so he purchased a Latin grammar. Day by day he studied this, and finally mastered its intricacies. His mistress came behind him one day as he stood by the horses waiting for her, and asked him what he was so intently reading. "Only a bit of 'Virgil,' my lady." "What! do you read Latin?" "A little, my lady." She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him. In a few years David became a learned man, and was for many years a useful and beloved minister of Scotland.

NOT LEAD AT ALL.

DID you think the lead in your pencil was lead? Not so; it is graphite—at least, graphite and clay. Graphite is the softest mineral dug out of the earth. It is first pulverized—a long process; then mixed with clay—a clay from Germany—to the consistency of cream. It is then ground over and over again, forced into little molds the size of a lead in your pencil, heated in a crucible, and baked. Afterwards the pine or cedar case for the pencil is made and sawed in little strips the length of six pencils. They are passed under a cutter which makes the grooves for the leads. Then the leads are placed in the cases by girls, and lastly a revolving cutter clips them off to the required length.

The graphite is pulverized under water, and the finer qualities float off into a succession of hoppers. The deposit in the last tub makes the finer pencils. The cheaper grades are made from the coarser dust.