

"ABIDE WITH US."

Thick on Thy world lie all things that are beautiful,
Fair are Thy skies from the dawn to the night,
Thousands of singers chant songs sweet and dutiful,
Stay Thou with us, and we too shall have light.

Lord, 'tis Thy face turning earthward in tenderness
Maketh all nature be happy and gay;
We are in sorrow, alone and defenceless,
Lord, abide with us, and bless us to day.

All the fair flowers bend their heads as harmoniously,
Nearer they creep to the feet of their King;
All the glad birds lift their voices melodiously,
Master, stay with us, and we too shall sing.

We have grown sad through long winters of carefulness,
Now the sun shines, and the summer is here;
Heed thou the cry that we offer in prayerfulness,
Thou art our Joy-Giver, Lord, come Thou near.

See, we are eager, confiding, and emulous,
We would fain keep Thee as others have kept;
None have come close to Thee, hopeful if tremulous,
Then, disappointed, returning, have wept.

So do we hold Thee, in faith and in lowliness,
Are we not sorrowful, needing Thy love?
Come to us, stay with us, teach us Thy holiness,
Then lead us home to be with Thee above.

Fair on Thy world lie all things that are beautiful,
Glad are Thy children from morning to night;
Lord, we adore Thee, now strong, loyal, dutiful,
Feeling Thee near us, we walk in Thy light.

—Marianne Farningham.

THE QUEEN AND THE WAIF.

Silk and diamonds and trailing lace,
Haughty carriage and fair proud face;
Out from the palace towering high,
Grand and bray 'neath the bending sky;
O'er the lawn with its carpet green,
Lightly stepping came Austria's Queen,
Flashing gems in the summer sun.

Jewels gleam on her royal hands,
Clasp her arms with their shining bands,
Sparkle and grow where the sunbeams fall;
But the most precious of them all
The nurse is holding with tender care—
The royal baby rosy and fair;
Pressing fond kisses on cheek and brow,
The Queen is only a mother now.

Down the lawn in its shadow deep,
A beggar woman lies asleep,
Hunger, poverty, pain and care
Darken the face once young and fair;
There by the wayside seeking rest,
Clasping a babe upon her breast,
His hungry wail across the green
Stirs the heart of the mother Queen.

Down on the green grass, kneeling low,
Baring her bosom white as snow,
Laying a child without a name
Where only royal babies have lain,
Feeding it from her own proud breast,
Hungry, staring—ah, there's the test.
Mother love spans the chasm wide;
Queen and station must stand aside.

SCHOOL REMINISCENCES.

While reading with pleasure the school reminiscences of some of your contributors, I am tempted to give you a short chapter on the same subject, if it has not grown threadbare. These scenes stand out so vividly in my mind, and show with such clear lines the difference between then and now—the old and new—in educational ways. Those were days when sternness ruled the school, and awe, not love, kept us in the right way. When tasks of Scripture were set us to learn as punishment for misdemeanors, and the pride of pupils was to see who could transgress most without being found out. I recollect a long task being set for me to learn as a punishment for taking a feast of green apples, with salt, in school, with another little girl who sat behind the door with me. The lecture that followed contained no explanation as to the harm to our stomachs of such a diet; only the great sin of not "minding our books" was held up in all its enormity. But the task from Revelations had its effect. For two or three years I never dared to go out of doors after dark for fear of meeting the "beast with seven heads and ten horns," or being hit on the head with some of the contents of those "vials of wrath." A vial was a very common receptacle

of medicine in those days. Of any medicine I had a horror, but to have it poured on one's head from heaven would be terrible. I used to look up, when I had committed any childish sin, to see if I could discover any trace of the vials coming down, and would take care to stay under a roof for a while.

Once a week we learned one of Watt's hymns, or a psalm in meter, to repeat. The lines of one hymn greatly mystified me—

"The moth around the candle wheels."

What were the candle wheels, and where could I see them? But I should never have dared to ask the teacher about it. And thus my childish mind groped along for several years.

We had a lady teacher from Boston one summer. She was prim, precise, exacting and somewhat stern. When she pursued her thin lips and leaned forward in her chair without bending her back, and tapped her little bell once and said, "Young ladies, less levity," there was a sudden cessation of smiles and a fixed attention to books. She was conscientious, and meant to be kind, as I now know; but to me then she was something to dread, and kept my little heart jumping into my mouth most of the time during that, to me, eventful summer.

At the close of a long day, after the books were laid aside, she said in tones that sounded very loud to me, and very awful, "Emma S—, you will please remain after school tonight." To be requested to remain after school could mean nothing but wrong-doing on my part and a lecture or punishment on hers. As I sat puzzling my brains to recall what wrong I had committed, or what duty omitted, my cheeks flushed, my eyes filled with tears, and trembling from head to foot, I saw the last one of my playmates file out of the school ground. I never can forget the dread and awe I felt at that moment. I think to be left entirely alone with that teacher for one half hour, just to have her sit still and look at me, without moving or speaking, would have been sufficient punishment for any sin I may have committed, although she never whipped us and seldom scolded. But I was timid and sensitive, and there was no love nor sympathy between teacher or pupils.

I thought of how I had hidden my shoes in a hollow log on the way to school, and come bare-footed, because my great friends, the Hixon girls, came without shoes. I thought of the hole in the skirt of my dress, kept together with pins, of the part I had taken with others in teasing Bub Weeks, aged four, because he wore dresses and his sister brought a little pillow on which he took a nap every day. Each of these enormous crimes rose up in my mind, and I wondered for which I was to be arraigned.

When we were alone the teacher cleared her throat and said in solemn tones: "Emma, you have now arrived at the age of 10 years. It is proper that you should begin to write compositions. I wish you to write one for next week. This is Friday, and your composition must be brought in next Monday. As you are inexperienced in writing, I will assist you by giving you a subject. It is this:

"The spider's most attenuated thread is cord, is cable, to man's strongest tie on earthly bliss."

I sat dumb, bewildered. Had she told me to write a sermon and preach it on the next Sunday, I should have felt quite as competent. And yet I had no thought of disobeying her. I must write the composition, that I knew, and yet I could not. I could not even recollect the subject, and timidly asked her to write it down. With my sun-bonnet well pulled over my face and the slip of paper in my hand, I walked slowly home and sat down on the front door stone to think of it all and wonder what I could do. My heart was too heavy to join the other children in their play at the back of the house. The gate clicked. I looked up. Uncle Robert was coming. Great-hearted, tender, loving Uncle Robert! Seeing me alone and in tears, it did not take long, as I sat upon his knee, with his arms about me, to unburden to him the whole story. As I gave him the slip of

paper with the subject upon which I was expected to write, I wondered what made him laugh so long and heartily. The matter was so serious to me. At length putting the slip of paper in his vest pocket, he took my hand and led me down the walk to the garden at the side of the house. It was a sweet, old-fashioned garden, with its chamomile bed, and its patches of thoroughwort, fennel and dill. On one side were vegetables, and on the other grew flaming poppies, yellow marigolds, ragged ladies, hollyhocks and sunflowers. I loved them all, and to this day no flowers are so sweet. On the flower side were some hives of bees, standing on a bench close by the fence.

A honey bee lighted on a flower near us. My uncle called my attention to it; to his curious body—in three parts; to his legs made to carry pollen for bee bread; to his little pipe through which he gathered honey. He talked in plain language and kind voice about the bee, its habits and structure, drew from me all that I knew or could think of about honey, etc., called my attention to the similarities and differences between bees and other insects, told me how they talked to each other by means of feelers, how the queen was made by being fed upon royal food, and of the care the worker bees took of their young; fanning them when too warm, and hovering them if in danger of being chilled. In short he interested and delighted me, I forgot my sorrow. "Now," said my uncle, "will my little girl write down for me all she knows about the honey bee?" Yes, indeed I would! How much I could think of! Two whole pages, and no one helped me. The writing it was a pleasant pastime.

When finished, my uncle wrote a note which he said I was to hand to the teacher on Monday morning together with what I had written.

I never knew what the note contained, but my effort was accepted and, "the spider's attenuated thread" was not alluded to afterward.

The ice once more broken, I found that if permitted to choose my own subjects and write about things I knew something of, compositions were not such a great bug-bear after all.—Dolly Juniper, in Rural Press.

WILL HE SUCCEED.—In nine cases out of ten, man's life will not be a success if he does not bear burdens in his childhood. If the fondness or the vanity of father or mother has kept him from hard work; if another always helped him out at the end of his row; if instead of taking his turn at pitching off, he stowed away all the time—in short, if what was light always fell to him, and what was heavy about the same work to some one else; if he has been permitted to shirk until shirking has become a habit, unless a miracle has been wrought, his life will be a failure; and the blame will not be half so much his as that of his weak and foolish parents. On the other hand, if a boy has been brought up to do his part, never allowed to shirk his responsibility or to dodge work, whether or not it made his head ache or soiled his hands, until bearing burdens has become a matter of pride, the heavy end of the wood his choice, parents as they bid him good-bye may dismiss their fear. The elements of success are his, and at some time and in some way the world will recognize his capacity.

A MAN OUT West obtained a divorce from his wife and married again within three days after the decree was granted. An Irishman, commenting on the man's action, remarked, "Bedad, he couldn't have had much respect for his first wife, to be marrying again so soon after lavin' her."

"MINE poy Hans," said Smiggelritz to a friend, "is the piggesht pig der vas in Galveston." "How did he do?" "Vell, I sends him the odder day to the grocery to bring me a pucket of pear for minaself all alone, and, py shimmy, he drinks himself almost a pint on the way home."