

Christian Family.

The Corn and the Lilies.

BY EMILY A. BRADOCK.

Said the Corn to the Lilies:
"Fress not near my feet,
You are only idlers,
Neither Corn nor Wheat.
Does one earn a living
Just by being sweet?"

Naught answered the Lilies,
Neither yea nor nay,
Only they grew sweeter
All the livelong day.
And at last the Teacher
Chanced to come that way.

While His tired disciples
Rest at His feet,
And the proud Corn rustled
Bidding them to eat,
"Children," said the Teacher,
"The life is more than meat."

"Consider the Lilies,
How beautiful they grow!
Never king had such glory,
Yet no toil they know."
O happy were the Lilies
That He loved them so.

—Sunday Afternoon.

A Sermon in Rhyme.

BY D. W. HOYT.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes; and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sing by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you,
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a loving brother's eyes,
Share them. And, by sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad,
When a brother's heart is sad?

If your work is made more easy,
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Fail for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest-giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So until his happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

—Amherst Record.

Be Still.

BY ALICE GARY.

Come, bring me wild pinks from the val-
leys,
Ablaze with the fire o' the sun—
No poor little pitiful lilies

That speak of a life that is done;
And open the windows, to lighten
The wearisome chamber of pain—
The eyes of my darling will brighten
To see the green hill-tops again.

Choose tunes with a lullaby flowing,
And sing through the watches you keep;
Be soft with your coming and going—
Be soft! she is falling asleep.

Ah! What would my life be without her?
Pray God that I never may know?
Dear friends, as you gather about her,
Be low with weeping—be low.

Sing slower, sing softer and slower!
Her sweet cheek is losing its red;
Sing low—aye, sing lower and lower—
Be still! oh, be still! she is dead.

"Beyond the Alps lies Italy."

Beyond the mountains crowned with snow,
Beyond the icy plain,
Lie summer seas—and rivers flow
Where valleys wave with grain.
Then, weary heart, press on and see
"Beyond the Alps lies Italy."

There musky roses bloom and die,
Grapes purple in the sun,
And summer airs and cloudless sky
Make earth and heaven seem one.
Take courage, then; to toil on and see
"Beyond the Alps lies Italy."

If friends are false, and loves are lost,
And life seems dark and drear,
Earth's pleasures evermore have cost
The true heart many a tear.
So ne'er despair; look up and see
"Beyond the Alps lies Italy."

Though days are dark, and nights are
long,
And sorrows cross thy way,
Take courage yet, be brave and strong,
They may not always stay.

O, weary soul, look up and see
"Beyond the Alps lies Italy."
Night will not always last, and rain
Will change to sunshine in the morn,
And joy will follow after pain.

Of sorrow sometimes Love is born,
And brave, true hearts ne'er fail to see
"Beyond the Alps lies Italy."
Then take this watchword to thy heart,
Press on the prize to win:
Id doubts forevermore depart,
And o'ry to foes within.

Like martial music, bold and free,
"Beyond the Alps lies Italy."
—New York Tribune.

How Horace Won the Prize.

BY HOPK LESTER.

"I think it's just prime!"
"Write about anything we please
—even a letter!"

"And such a splendid prize! I
wonder who it was put up the twenty
dollars? Mr. White said, a 'gentle-
man.'"

"What are you going to write
about?"

The boys clustered together, forget-
ting their favorite games in discussing
the prize which had just been offered
for competition. Not that this rare
interest in some study was a rare
thing, for Mr. White had a peculiar
knack of interesting his boys in their
school pursuits, but it was not often
that he offered a prize. Some of his
older scholars thought it was almost
reluctantly that he had said a gentle-

man had promised a twenty-dollar
gold piece for the best composition—
the subjects to be chosen by the
scholars themselves. Only the first
and second classes were to compete,
but as many of the younger boys had
brothers in these classes, the whole
school was interested.

"There's one thing—we've got time
enough," said Frank Irving, "six
weeks for it; I'll write mine in two
days at the longest."

"I propose to write one every
week, and then pick out the best,"
said Jim Scott.

There was one boy who took no
part in all the animated talk, but sat
a little apart, looking from one to an-
other.

"I say, Horace," said Frank, turn-
ing suddenly to the quiet fellow, "are
you going to try?"

"I? I—there's no chance for me,
I know very well."

"You don't grade high in composi-
tions; that's a fact," said Frank, a
little patronizingly, "but twenty dol-
lars is not to be sneezed at—I guess
you'd find a use for it."

The tone might have offended some
boys, but Horace had been early
taught to take the bull by the horns,
and so, though he flushed a little, he
said, brightly, "Indeed I should! I
would give it to my mother and then
have another term at school, perhaps."

If some had felt inclined to tease,
this answer silenced them; even the
more selfish for one moment were
true to their better natures, and
honestly wished Horace Graham, the
only poor boy in the school, would win
the prize.

"Mother," said Horace that even-
ing, "why don't I grade higher in
compositions? I'm head in almost
everything else, but can't write decent
compositions. Mr. White says if it
was not for my pains as to punctua-
tion and spelling, I'd be the lowest of
all—what's the reason?"

The mother laid down her work to
think. Like all mothers, she be-
lieved her boy was fully as talented
as any other boy; how could she help
him? "Horace, how do you prepare
for your compositions?"

"Prepare? Why, I get my pencil
sharpened well, and sit down alone
and go at it."

"Do you have to write on some
particular subject?"

"Generally we have five or six to
choose from, but sometimes we choose
our own subject—Oh, mother, just
think, if I should get the gold piece!"

"Don't think of the prize, but of
your composition. But it's tea-time
—suppose you bring the teapot in, I
have laid the table."

"The teapot? Why, mother, you
haven't put a bit of tea in it!"

"Well, that's the way you act
about your writing. You try to
pour out when you haven't put in.
Very, very few, my dear boy, can
write anything original, but they re-
peat what they have learned. Now,
I advise you to treat your mind as I
do my teapot—put in the tea and let
it draw, before you expect anything
worth drawing out."

The boy's face brightened, for he
was not slow to catch an idea. "But
where's the tea to put in, mother?"
he asked; "if we only had plenty of
books!"

"You've the best book in the world
open before you all the while—the
book of nature; read there and mark,
learn and inwardly digest what you
have read, and even if you do not win
the prize you will have learned a
valuable lesson."

"What page of the book shall I
read, mother?"

"Turn to F, dear, and look for
Frogs—we've plenty about us."

The boy laughed, for through the
spring air came the sound of the
croakers, "All right, mother, I'll
gather my tea and put it to draw as
soon as possible. Your way is a slow
way, but it's worth trying."

Nothing more was said for several
weeks. The time was drawing near
for the compositions to be handed in,
and many "chums" confided to each
other what subjects they had chosen;
but when Horace was questioned his
answer was invariably, "I'm only
making notes."

But his mother knew how interest-
ing the making notes had become to
her boy. How, while watching the
frogs and tadpoles he had learned
about the "darning needles" and
crickets, had discovered a muskrat's
nest, and, better than all, had almost
lost sight of any desire for the prize
in interest in his subject. At last,
just three days before the time ap-
pointed to hand the compositions in,
Horace brought his mother his ac-
count of frogs.

"What!" said she, "are all these
pages about frogs?"

"Not quite all, mother, but I just
poured out. You see I found so
many wonderful things about that
marshy pond down there, that I
couldn't help telling about them; and
then there was all about the tadpole
we kept here, and how he changed
into a frog. Then there are so many
different kinds of frogs, and toads
seemed so nearly the same that I told
about them, and—"

"I see, dear," said Mrs. Graham,
smiling, your mind was full, and the
writing was easy. But what if you
are disappointed?"

"About the toad I'm taming to
prove what I've said!"

"No, I mean about the prize."

"Oh—well, mother, I'll be sorry for
your sake, but I've had a jolly time
writing the composition."

"That's what I hoped." But as she
read the bright, boyish account of
tadpoles, toads and frogs, Mrs. Gra-
ham's heart swelled with joy. What
matter if her boy did not get the
prize—he had learned to observe and
describe, and he had only to go on as
he had begun, and greater prizes were
sure to be his.

The boys handed in their composi-
tions unsigned, and a committee of
three was appointed to read them.
If the same composition was chosen
by two of the committee, the writer
was to have the prize.

What a time of suspense the next
week seemed! None of the boys
could settle down to anything—none
but Horace. Now, that he need make
no secrets of his pursuits, he was
eager to tell the boys all the delights
he had found—of his tame toad, and
his frog who was a tadpole a week or
two ago; and the little cottage was
invaded by muddy feet and clamorous
tongues as the boys gathered about to
hear Horace "lecture on frogs," as
Frank Irving said.

At last, on Friday afternoon the
committee appeared, and the boys
listened breathlessly.

"Two of the committee pronounce
in favor of the composition on 'Frogs
and Toads,' the third decides in favor
of a story entitled 'How I Spent My
Summer.' Both these compositions
have an air of truth—the writers have
told what they know—which is lack-
ing in all the others, though we would

notice favorably"—then followed a
short list.

But little cared the boys.

"Three cheers for Horace!" called
Frank Irving, before the committee
had asked the name of the successful
author; and to Mr. White's surprise,
the boy who ranked so low in "com-
position" came forward to receive the
prize.

"What! Horace!" said the teacher.
"I am delighted, but surprised. How
did you do it?"

"I filled up, sir," said the boy,
smilingly.

The gentleman who had decided in
favor of the story leaned forward
eagerly. "That's what I said," he
interrupted, "the boy read up about
frogs."

"I told you in the composition
what I had read—those anecdotes, sir,
but I only read one book."

"And what was that?"

"The book of nature."

Mr. White smiled approvingly as
he handed the gold piece to Horace.
"The boy has learned the secret of
almost all successful writing," said he
to the school. Observe and read—
then tell, in your own language, what
you have observed."

"I say, Horace," said Frank Irving,
as the boys crowded about to see his
prize, "if we just had another chance,
I'd look up about birds—there's lots
to tell about them."

"And I about fishes—my mother
has an aquarium."

"Never mind the prize, keep your
eyes open, and you'll gain better prizes
than the gold piece," said Mr. White,
coming up; and some of the boys
have proved the truth of his words,
for though Horace has made himself a
name as a naturalist, Frank is not far
behind him, and even Tom Owens,
though obliged to keep books, has his
collection and is quite an authority
about insects. As Horace often tells
his own children, they have learned
"how to put tea into the teapot."—
Examiner.

Our Girls.

Girls don't be foolish! You are
made of flesh and blood. When you
die you will go into decay just like
other people. In all human probab-
ility you will grow gray and wrinkled
and homely before you die, and the
time is not far off when you will sit
in the corner and—smoke—or some-
thing. You ought to know you can't
get a number two shoe on a number
four foot. You act as if you thought
God made a mistake. Now just look
at that dress! It wouldn't do far a
fly-net and the wind is blowing a hur-
ricane; a buffalo knows better than
to travel without a proper protection.
You can't deceive anybody! People
know you suffer in your tight shoes
and corsets and without proper cloth-
ing, and people know too, your moth-
ers don't force you to dress in that
way. Now do take advice and loos-
en up a little, just to get a good long
pure breath of air, and let your foot
spread out until it is at rest. You are
not angels, and if you keep on in this
way it is doubtful if you ever will be
one. You are silly; men don't love
wasps, and they have no use for sim-
pering, silly, sauntering, slipshod,
selfish, groaning women. Do let your
feet and hands and waists grow. If
you think you can get through this
world without muscle you are deceiv-
ed. If you can't carry yourselves
some one must carry you and no one
will be willing to do this long. If
some men are daily praying for their
wives to go to heaven the short way,
it is their own fault. It does very
well to sit with hands crossed a little
while, but the interest in this tableau
is lost with a coming appetite.

Nothing is so lovely in this world
as a girl—a girl nature-made, with
the vigor and bloom and muscle and
brain and development of romping,
laughing, glowing health, tempered
and toned with purity of thought and
purpose. O, the freedom and joy and

blessing of girlhood! No pinched
feet, no crowded lungs, no lace no hat,
Curly flying, feet skipping, eyes spark-
ling, heart bounding, laugh ringing.
We can hear it yet; over the hills,
across the meadows, out of the woods,
on the water. Ah, ye days of sun-
shine with the girls! How the shad-
ows have fallen since then; and how
things have changed! Girls were
girls then. They climbed and ran race,
and jumped and played at bat and
ball, and were our peers wading in the
brook. In classes they stood by our
side, quick to learn, quick to help.
Yes, many a hard problem we were
helped to solve by a romping girl.
Now, she would be called "in love."
Maybe she was, and maybe he was too.
No matter, those were days of purity
and progress and growth, and their
perfume floats yet over life's barren
highways and we are glad we did not
live in the days of pinched waists and
feet, and gloved hands so helpless.
God bless our girls! Half the battle
is fought when they are in the ranks.
Life is ended when their foot-fall is no
longer heard.—Advocate.

The Weaker Sex.

Our daughters must be educated to
bear their share of the burdens of life.
We do not wish them to be Amazons,
to contend as athletes, to become re-
nowned as horsemen, as good shots, as
successful pedestrians; but we must
not go to either extreme and train
them to be delicate, helpless, ignorant,
incapable. They must understand the
whole duty of woman. Of course we
desire them to have loving, indulgent,
faithful husbands. But marriage is a
partnership, and unequal partnerships
never turn out well. Suppose to the
partnership the husband brings a
strong, well-built body, developed by
all manner of wholesome and manly
exercise, and the wife brings a feeble
body, weak from want of exercise, in-
jured by tight-lacing, improper dress
and bad ways of living, so that how-
ever willing she may be to do her part
she is physically incapable of discharg-
ing the responsibilities she assumes at
the hymeneal altar. What then? Can
happiness follow such a union? There
is plenty of work about a house that
will make girls strong. Sweeping is
capital exercise, so is ironing and cook-
ing and the whole round of domestic
activity, and it is so varied that one
has a chance to rest from one kind of
labor while performing another kind.
Then in the husbands of our daughters
we wish intelligence, culture, knowl-
edge of men and things. Do we see
to it that in these respects our daugh-
ters shall be capable of becoming com-
panions to them? A marriage in
which there is no companionship is a
very flimsy and unsatisfactory affair.
If mothers would see to it that their
daughters are physically and intellec-
tually capable of becoming good wives
and mothers and bearing easily the
burdens of married life the
course of life would be helped.
As we can not foresee what bur-
dens our daughters may be called
upon to bear, it is well to prepare them
for all emergencies. There is no ob-
ject more pitiable than a feeble, inca-
pable woman who must depend upon
herself.

The Overflowing Cup.

BY A. B. BAXTON.

Into the crystal chalice of the soul
Is falling, drop by drop, Life's blend-
ing mead.
The pleasant waters of our childhood
And enter first; and Love pours in its
whole
Deep tenderness and gall. There roll
The drops of sweet and bitter that pro-
ceed
From wedded trustfulness, and hearts
that bleed
For children that outrun us to the goal.
And later come the calmer joys of age—
The restful streams of quietude that
flow
Around their fading lives, whose heritage
Is whitened locks and voice serene and
low.
These added blessings round the vessel
up—
Death is the overflowing of the cup.
—Scribner.