

In the Cathedral—Easter Sunday.

BY WM. SARGENT LEE.

Only a girlish face,
Tinged with a sweet bright bloom,
Blushing in shyest gladness
As only a maiden could;
With beautiful eyes of love-light
That lustered the fretted gloom,
Like a vanguard of kingly sunshine
Cleaving through wold and wood.

Only a girlish hand,
With a sparkling of jewelled flowers,
A glistening of beaded spray drops
In wreathing of sunny gold,
That whispered of love's caressings,
Of drifting, dreamful hours,
An Eden's unending summer,
A youth that grows never old.

Only a girlish foot,
Tiny, and lowly, and meek,
Peeping in mouse-like shadow
Into the creviced aisle;
Neath a hem of the softest drapings
Playing its hide and seek,
Like the noiseless pattering of children
That dreams create from a smile.

Only—yet all. And in her
The love and the tenderness met;
Still in the fresh young outgush
Of mingling laughs and tears:
While the chilly, coquettish daybeams
Seemed mistful with sad regret,
As beyond the mirage of hoping
Is the desert of wasted years.

Song of the Autumn Wind.

Mournfully, mournfully, mournfully!
Sings the Autumn wind to-day;
Whirling the leaves from bush and tree.
Sobbing and moaning,
Sighing and Crying,

Whistling at times like a child at play,
Whispering anon, as it passes by,
Tales forgotten among the years;
Ending its tale with a sigh;
Sinking its voice till it sounds at times
Like rippling waves of musical chimés.

Changingly! Fitfully! Solemnly!
Sings the Autumn wind to-day;
Bending the boughs on the shivering trees;
Scattering the leaves like ocean's spray;
Lispings and cooing,
As if it were wooing

Summer back from the far away;
Then changes its song of peace;
With angry blast complains again,
And whirles its dead leaves o'er the plain;
Beating the bushes, all red
With the berries, which tell us so plain,
Of the Autumn, and flowers now dead.

Mockingly! Mockingly! Mockingly!
Sings the Autumn wind to-day;
Laughing derisively as we sigh,
While the sweet flowers
We once called ours,

Withered and dead around us lie!
Mocking us still, as with tearful eye
We thank the Father that by-and-by
The summer comes, which will last for aye,
With no dead leaves in the pilgrim's way!

An Exercise Song.

MRS. REBECCA D. RICKOFF.

This is the top of my little head,
And these two are my ears;
This is my forehead, these my eyes,
Sometimes they're full of tears.

This is my nose, and these my cheeks,
And here's my mouth between;
These are my teeth, and this is my tongue,
And here is my little chin.

These are my shoulders, square and straight,
And this is my neck so round;
These are my arms, and these my hands:
Just see me turn them round.

This is my back, and this is my breast,
And here is my little heart;
I have two legs, and knees that bend,
Two feet that stand apart.

Two feet that run and skip about
And take me where I will;
Just hear them, how they want to start!
Hush naughty feet, be still!

God made my body beautiful,
And useful every part
So I must take good care of it,
And thank Him in my heart.

As the different parts of the body are mentioned,
the pupil should point to them.

As a Little Child.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Of such is the kingdom! Teach thou us,
O Master, most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these words of thine!

The haughty feet of power shall fail
Where meekness surely goes,
No cunning find the key of heaven,
No strength its gates unclose.

Alone to guilelessness and love
Those gates shall open fall;
The man of pride is nothingness,
The child-like heart is all.

Old Dan.

Farmer Henderson came in from the barn one morning, with his hands and clothes wet and covered with mud, his face red and his eyes flashing.

"Ned!" he shouted, as he entered the kitchen. "Where's Ned?"

"Here I am?" came a cherry voice in reply; and an instant after, a bright strong boy, of some sixteen years entered the old-fashioned country kitchen from the adjoining wood-shed, where he had been cutting potatoes for the day's planting. "Do you want anything?"

"I want to tell you just this," said Mr. Henderson, as he washed himself at the sink, and rubbed his weather-beaten face with the coarse towel until it was even more red than before. "Old Dan must be killed! Just see the state I am in, and all from the worthless old rascal! I won't have him about the house another day. He's good for nothing, but to make trouble, and he must be shot before night!" added the farmer, wrathfully. Ned was about to plead for his pet, when his little sister came into the room.

"Why papa, what is the matter?" she cried, running to him in astonishment.

"Did you fall into the creek?" "I might as well," he replied, half laughing. "Old Dan butted me into the watering trough!"

There was a shout of laughter from both children, in which their mother joined.

"Well Jedediah," said Mrs. Henderson, coming into the kitchen, and still shaking with mirth, "What could you have been thinking about to let an old ram, most twenty years old, knock you into the watering trough?"

"But," explained her husband, "he took me unawares. I had just filled one pail to carry to the barn, and was stooping to dip the other, when the old rascal came at me like the wind and knocked me completely into the water! He scampered, I tell you before I could get out. He knew he had done mischief. Anyhow, he's got to be killed to-day sure. He's only a nuisance, and I'll shoot him to-night when we come back from town, if he's on the farm!"

Two hours later, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson drove away, to be absent from home till night. As they rattled out of the yard, Old Dan suddenly appeared close to the gate and wagging his tail as if in derision, gave utterance to a hoarse "Baa-a!"

The farmer turned and shook his whip at the fellow and cried, "this is your last day, my boy! make the most of it."

Ned and Carrie were the only children. Leaving Carrie in the house alone, after they had considered for awhile whether there was any way of averting old Dan's sad fate, Ned shouldered his hoe and marched off to his work, planting potatoes with Brownson, the hired man, in the back lot.

But the little girl of thirteen had no thought of being afraid. She had the breakfast dishes to wash, some sweeping to do, and the dinner to get all before twelve o'clock.

Time fled. The dishes stood in shining rows upon the pantry shelves, the broom had performed its work, and Carrie was preparing the vegetables to be boiled, when there came a faint knock at the door. Supposing it to be one of the neighbors, the little girl did not rise but called—"come in!"

The door was slowly opened and a man stepped within.

He wore a long black coat, buttoned to the chin and very threadbare. His trousers, too, were black and shiny, and much too short for him. On one foot was a boot, while the other was graced by a ragged shoe. He carried a battered silk hat in his hand. His face was long and solemn, but quite red, his eyes bleared, his hands very dirty, and altogether he was a queer looking visitor.

"Is your ma at home, miss," said he, in a half whine, as he glanced sharply around the room. "No, sir," replied Carrie, wondering why he asked; "she has gone to Underhill. Did you wish to see her?"

"O, no," the man replied, "I only asked out of politeness, you know," and he smiled solemnly at the little girl and winked one eye. "No, I came out on business with your particular urgent business. 'Spose he's round, is he not?"

"No sir, he went to town with mother," said Carrie.

"Now that's too bad!" exclaimed the visitor, as he seated himself; "and I've come so far to meet him! But perhaps your brother or sister would do as well."

"I haven't any sister," said the little hostess, laughing, "and my brother is over in the back lot. He'll be in by and by, though, if he'll do."

"Well, I don't hardly believe he will, after all, said the man shaking his head thoughtfully, "and I can't wait to-day anyway. I haint the time. But I'm terribly hungry. If I could I'd stay to dinner, miss. However, under the circumstances, perhaps you had better give me a light lunch before I go; a piece of pie and a cup of tea, and a little cold meat, or something of that sort."

"O, certainly, only I can't give you the meat, for we haven't it in the house," said Carrie, rising; "but I will find something." And she brought from the pantry a whole apple-pie, which she placed before him, with a knife and fork.

"If you will help yourself, I'll have the tea ready in three minutes."

"All right, my dear!" said the man, seizing the knife and drawing the pie toward him. "I will act upon your advice. The last time I took dinner with Gen. Grant," he continued, as he cut a piece and began to eat, "he said to me, 'Governor, Governor,' said he, 'never disregard a lady's advice,' and I have always remembered what he said," and he chuckled merrily, and nodded his head at the delicious-looking pastry before him.

Carrie wondered a little at the table manners of the man who had dined with Grant; but she steeped his tea, flavored it with rich cream and sugar, and passed it to him.

"I am not much of a hand for tea," said the man, as he drained the cup, "but my doctor says that I must drink it for my digestion. Ruined my digestion while in the army, you see," and he winked solemnly. "By the way," he continued, picking up silver teaspoon from his saucer, "have you any more of these? They are as neat a pattern as I ever saw, and odd, too. I should like to see the rest of the dozen, if you have them."

"Mother has only eleven," said Carrie, in her innocence, "and she is very proud of them; but I will show them to you."

Then she brought the little box with the precious table-silver—eleven teaspoons, four table spoons, and an ancient cream jug, all pure silver and shining brightly—and placed them before her inquisitive visitor to admire.

He had finished his "light lunch." That is, the pie was demolished, and the tea-pot was empty. As the little girl handed him the treasures, he took the box to the window, and examined its contents with a critical eye for a moment, and then, as if in joyful surprise, cried:

"I am right! They are the very spoons! The very same identical spoons that my friend lost when he was a boy! How lucky it is that I have found them at last!"

With these words and a very low bow, the rascal opened the door and slipped away with the spoons and the silver cream-pitcher down the path toward the gate.

For an instant Carrie stood motionless, then rushing after him, she shrieked:

"Give me those spoons! They are

my mother's spoons, and you are trying to steal them. You are a thief! Bring them back! Bring them back!"

The man, however, paid no attention to the child's cries, but ran rapidly down the path, carrying the box in his arms; and the spoons and pitcher would have been lost forever if a new party had not appeared on the scene.

Old Dan was quietly nibbling the grass near the gateway. Hearing his little mistress' voice, he looked up at the very instant that the tramp had passed. What he saw about the man that disturbed him, I don't know; but erecting his head with a hoarse "Baa-a!" he shot after him like a cannon ball.

The man turned to receive him, and defend himself, but the ram struck him fairly in front and knocked him half senseless, flat on his back, scattering the silver in all directions.

For an instant the fellow remained sprawling in the dust, then he slowly arose, limping and groaning, and without a glance at his enemy, began to gather up his stolen spoils.

He had partly completed his task, when Old Dan, who all the time had been watching the proceedings from behind his shaggy eyebrows, shook his long beard, and with another tremendous "Baa-a!" dashed at him again, and over he went a second time, his treasures flying from his hands.

And now began a strange battle. With cries of rage and pain, the man recovered his feet and turned upon the ram, kicking and striking him furiously, while Dan, accustomed to such warfare from years of experience with the boys of the country-side, easily eluded him, and in return butted him to the earth again and again.

The spoons and cream-pitcher were knocked hither and thither, as the combatants struggled, the road was trampled like a race course, the air was filled with very bad language, very angry baas, and a great cloud of dust.

But after some five minutes, victory declared itself on the side of the quadruped, and bruised and bleeding, with clothes in rags, minus hat and shoe, the vanquished man suddenly turned away and ran limping down the road, leaving his antagonist in full possession of the field and the stolen silver.

Old Dan remained motionless, gazing after his enemy, until he disappeared around a distant turn in the road, then, shaking the dust from his coarse wool, he gave utterance to a low grumble of satisfaction, and wagging his tail, returned to his dinner in front of the house.

Half an hour later, as Carrie washed the coveted spoons and the bright little pitcher, and laid them carefully away once more, she told her brother the story, and how the robber was foiled; and Ned, full of enthusiasm, cried:

"We will not kill old Dan at all, for I do not believe that father would shoot him now for a hundred dollars!"

And the boy was right. The old ram won more than he knew when he fought the tramp and conquered him. He won his master's regard and a free and happy life for the remainder of his days.—F. E. HAMILTON, in *Youth's Companion*.

—A velocipede is not a good thing to go down stairs on. I was fully satisfied of this from a story told to a gentleman in the horse cars, which certainly did not seem confidential. It appeared that a gentleman "between two wines" and under an obstinacy pressure of 130 pounds to a square inch, insisted upon riding a velocipede in the second story hall of a large hotel. He rode the full length of the hall successfully, but turning to go back, made a half turn and went down stairs. A portion of the time he was on top; and a portion of the way the velocipede rode. The pair took every one of the thirty-eight steps in a series of short and very neat flip-flaps, and arrived at the bottom with the carriage in fragments and the man in good state of preservation, with all his bones sound and not one bruise. Had he been sober he would probably have been killed. Drunkenness, taken in moderation, is sometimes healthy.

Custodianship of Others' Character.

In addition to that true responsibility for others—responsibility on the part of parent, teacher, brother, friend, employer, fellow-worker—which at times must rest upon every member of human society, there is also laid upon every man a duty not so much for others as for others. We must stand in a representative and responsible position not only as substitutes for, or leaders of, those with whom we have to do, but also as the medium by which their characters are presented to those who know them only through us. Great and responsible as is our duty to our fellows in the matter of our influence upon them and our necessary assumption of responsibility for their acts, our duty does not end here. It also includes the constant obligation to make a right presentation of their character and their work, and to extend their good influences by our own offices of judicious friendship, instead of harming their reputation and limiting or destroying their labors by our own folly or wickedness.

An English essayist says, in writing of the world's greatest composer: "It is perhaps, one noteworthy evidence of the inherent greatness and stability of Beethoven's genius, that even his admirers have not been able to write him down." How great is the injury done to eminent men, in every department of labor, by ill-adviced and extravagant eulogy, every student of history and biography well knows. Worthless characters, to be sure, have for a time been "written up," but such artificial fame is less lasting than the real mischief brought upon the reputation of true heroes, and artists, and authors, by those who have overburdened them with indiscriminate praise. The general rectitude of the motives of extravagant adulators does not save their work from the mischievous results which surely follow it in the minds of a disgusted public of readers. In effect though possibly not always in morals, the ultimate result of the most sincere praise, if it lacks the needed elements of discretion, and right thinking, and sound mental regimen, may not be different from those of malicious detraction. Indeed, they are sometimes worse, for a good character can rally from mean hostility more readily than from sickening praise.

But our duty, as custodians of the character of others, in our presentation of their disposition and doings, is by no means chiefly confined to our treatment of the great men of the world. To present a false or unwise picture of a man of established reputation is a slow and difficult process; to present such a picture of one of our equals, or an ordinary social acquaintance is a speedy and easily accomplished act. Daily and hourly, by our words and manner, we are called on to bear testimony to others of those known to us, and unknown or partially known, to them. If that testimony is in the line of silly and unmerited praise, or hasty and unjust criticism, or one-sided and ignorant information, we may by it greatly, and perhaps permanently, injure the reputation and the moral usefulness of those of whom we speak amiss. The harm that we can do in the one direction of laying false emphasis—perhaps unwittingly—upon some particular deed, or word, or phrase of character, may be as hurtful as though we had lied outright, and set about to wreak malicious vengeance upon those whom we profess to honor. Could we always remember that, when we speak of one person to another, we are, to the extent of our words, the custodian of his character, and that we have no right to speak save in obedience to large laws of truth and justice and charity, the number of wounds—nay, of positive murders—of character would be far smaller than it is now.—S. S. Times.

Locks and Keys.

Locks are as plenty as grains of sand.
Under the sea and over the land,
Locks that are strong as strong can be—
But what is a lock without a key?

We hunt and hunt the whole house o'er
For the missing key that was in the door,
And no peace or comfort I'll be bound,
Will come till the truant key is found.

This piece of steel with its curious make
We prize for the hidden treasures sake,
And guard it well with a ring or clasp
To keep it out of the vandal's grasp.

Do you never think, O neighbor mine,
That our hearts have locks both strong and fine
To guard the wealth that therein may be,
And that some dear hand must hold the key?

A tender word in the hour of pain
Will bring forth tears like the summer rain;
Tears long pent up, like jewels bright,
Long hid from the glorious morning light.

And after the tears will come the calm,
The blessed rest, the healing balm;
And less and less will seem the woe
That other men's our sorrows know.

A loving kiss will prove a key
To the children's heart, so sweet and free,
And kind words scattered here and there
Are keys to the holy gate of prayer.

—New York Sun.