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"Why not take one?"

"It is this, Thomas. I suppose I

have been unfortunate in my observa-

ance in 'em. I have little courage to

try Meanness seems to be bred in

the bone, or something's the matter."

"As I said, it is not always so. I

see new waifs on the streets every

Golden Hair.

Golden Hair sat on Grandfather's knee,

Dear little Golden Hair! tired was she,

All day busy, as busy could be.

Up in the morning as soon as 'twas light:

Out with the birds and butterflies bright.

Flitting about till coming of night.

Grandfather toyed with the curls on her head,

"What has my baby been doing?" he said,

"Since she arose, with the sun, from her bed."

"Pity much," answered the sweet little one,

"I cannot tell, much things have I done,

Played with dolly and feeded my bun.

"And I have jumped with my little jump rope,

And then I made out of water and soap,

By little words—Mamma's castles of hope.

"Then I have readed in my picture-book:

And little Bella and I went to look

For some smooth stones by the side of the brook.

"Then I come home—and eat my tea,

And I climbed up to my Grandpapa's knee,

I'm jes-as-tired-as-tired-can-be!"

We are but children! the things that we do

Are as sports of a babe to the Infinite view,

That sees all our weakness and pities it too.

God grant that when night overshadows our way,

And we shall be called to account for the day

He may find it as guileless as Golden Hair's play.

And oh! when a weary, may we be so blest

As to sink like an innocent to our rest,

And feel ourselves eased to the Infinite bread.

"Black Your Boots."

Mr. Manning's big wagon, with

white cover and red wheels, rumbled

over the stones into Jersey city.

Bounce and Bet, the great bay horses,

with fat, shining sides and long, flow-

ing manes and tails, shied this way

and that, picked up their ears and

stamped and snorted at the engines;

but Mr. Manning's kind voice kept

them in check; his "Whoa! boys,"

"Hey! there, Steady, my good fel-

lows," reassured them. The ferry

they did not like at all; their noses

were high in air sniffing, their eyes

staring wildly at the strange, shimmer-

ing sheet of water before them;

but they only needed their master at

their head, powerful as they were, to

keep them quiet.

Mr. Manning's wagon looked like

an emigrant's, but it was only cover-

ed for marketing purposes. If you

could have peeped inside, you would

have seen jars of sweet butter, bas-

kets of eggs, and boxes of the whit-

est honey, nice enough for the daint-

est table in the city. Over the

stone pavements, through the busy,

noisy streets up to Mr. Thomas Man-

ning's mammoth grocery—or, the

great wagon rolled on its way. That

gentleman came out of his office and

greeted his brother with sincere cor-

diality. What though the farmer's

manis were rough and brown, his

clothes coarse and worn, his hat a

palmetto and his boots "stogies,"

he was every inch a man. The wag-

on was unlouled and the horses were

driven to a livery stable for food and

rest.

Mr. Manning intended return-

ing home that day, but a conversa-

tion at his brother's dinner table

changed his mind. In the course of

their chat he remarked:

"Neighbor Watson's lound boy

ran away the other day. It's the

way with these charity children.

I've no faith in 'em; you can't keep

'em; it's no use trying."

"You must not condemn them all

by a few; many have done well and

made useful men and women. In-

deed I was going to suggest to you,

as I have done before, to take one,"

answered his brother smiling.

"Oh! I know your hobby, Thom-

as," laughed the farmer, "but I don't

prove a good catch, you see. Really,

though, wife and I have thought

more about it of late; we are getting

old, and the house is dreadful lone-

some since Johnny died.

He sighed heavily. They had

buried all their children, three in

number; Johnny, a little fellow of

seven years, was the last. How des-

olate is the home and hearth without

the merry voice and busy feet of the

children, especially if the light has

once burned and then gone out—still,

blank, void! Mr. Thomas Manning

had a lively and earnest interest in

city children. He gave of his time

and money liberally. Now his heart

was delighted with the new interest

manifested by his heretofore incor-

rigible brother, who had always

seemed very indifferent on the sub-

ject; so to draw him out still farther,

he simply asked:

"Why not take one?"

"It is this, Thomas. I suppose I

have been unfortunate in my observa-

ance in 'em. I have little courage to

try Meanness seems to be bred in

the bone, or something's the matter."

"As I said, it is not always so. I

see new waifs on the streets every

day driven out for bread—bread.

The surroundings soon harden them;

they catch the manners of street life;

they have to fight to live. If some

of them could be taken before this

hardening process they would of

course be more easily managed; but

even some of the worst turn out well.

Only, yesterday I saw among the

boot-blacks a little fellow who I am

sure is unused to their rough way;

his face has haunted me ever since.

I'm sorry now I didn't stop to speak

with him. I was in a hurry and he

seemed under the protection of one

of the older boys, so I thought he

would not be absurd, as new recruits

usually are."

"Well," said the farmer, "if I could

find one could have faith in it with

me, I would try one."

"You would? Well then, suppose

you stay over night and we will see

what we can find. I will go over the

missions with you and the orphan

asylums, if you like. I'd like you to

take a look at the armies on the

streets, too."

"I should never take one from the

streets, I'm sure; I have a horror of

them, with their rags and dirt and

oaths."

"Not all! not all! George!" re-

peated Mr. Thomas Manning.

The farmer shook his head incred-

ulously; but answered, "I don't know

what wife will say; but I'll stay and