Spring is the morning of the year, And summer is the noontide bright; The autumn is the evening clear That comes before the winter's night.

And in the evening, everywhere Along the roadside, up and down, I see the golden torches flare Like lighted street lamps in the town.

I think the butterfly and bee,
From distant meadows coming back,
Are quite contented when they see
These lamps along the homeward track.

But those who stay too late get lost : own every lighted street the frost.

Will go and put the torches out!

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

A SAVAGE SCHOLAR.



daily labors in a tiny schoolhouse emong the Boylston hills.

It was a lovely, though lonely place. On one side the though lonely place. Or one size the hills, in gently sloping descent, melted softly into the pebbly beach of "Old Ontario"—and on the other rose, crest on crest, as far as the eye could see. One building alone gladdened my eyes alone red harm a half mile away. —a large red barn a half mile away.
Before the school house lay the broad meadows belonging to the owner of the barn, while behind it a tangled thicket of bushes and slender second-growth trees almost brushed the low roof.

traversing my spine, I walked the lonely road, many queer fancies came to me born of my loneliness and fears. If the panther should devour me, would my wraith haunt the road? Would travelers, walking through the mists, be startled by a pale-faced woman passing them with hurrying steps, and shivering, backward looks? And would she wear frizzles, and carry a tin dinner-pail? As this or some other ridiculous conclusion came to me I would laugh, and in a repeated way, the germ of the wheat, a tiny particle about the size by perish—I was never calmer in my distant home—I saw the golden-fruited hop vines—the grape vines swing in the woods—the maje trees before the house—the Juneroses in the fence corner—I woundered what my sisters were doing, and I wondered if my mother sat in the Boston rocker late of the wheat, a tiny particle about the size of a mustard seed, is separated from the white flour. It is what one might were ground up, it would not leave the patent flour so white and powdery, so and passes into the darker or lower grade flour. It contains, however, the best and most nutritious part of the wheat, a tiny particle about the size of a mustard seed, is separated from the white flour. It is what one might were ground up, it would not leave the patent flour so white and powdery, so and passes into the darker or lower grade flour. It contains, however, the best and most nutritious part of the wheat.

The last thing that happens to the patent flour so white and powdery, so and passes into the darker or lower grade flour. It contains, however, the best and most nutritious part of the wheat.

The last thing that happens to the patent flour so white and powdery, so and passes into the darker or lower grade flour. It contains, however, the best and most nutritious part of the wheat.

The last thing that happens to the patent flour so white and powdery, so and passes into the darker or lower.

shortly after the beginning of the afternoon session, I saw Sam Sharp's uplifted hand. As he never asked unnecessary questions I broke the rule "No questions during recitations" and asked, "What is it, Sam?" There was something besides mischief in the part of the bear's bride one over me, then a wader and bee, ows coming back, when they see the homeward track. There is a new scholar in the string his lunch now. Shall I go out and ask him to come in when he is through?"

E. SCHOLAR, and the bear and he'll forget his bashfuless when he finds we are all his friends."

A look of amusement curiously ming led at the present one a fittle beabful about coming in. He's eating his lunch now. Shall I go out storehes out:

E. SCHOLAR, and the bear and he'll forget his bashfuless when he finds we are all his friends."

A look of amusement curiously ming to the owner. A look of amusement curiously ming to the owner. The head of the star is the sex of my daily labors in a tiny schoolhouse among the Boyls. Co. On one side the ping descent, melted by beach of "Old the other rose, crest see ge delened my eyes, and he was sun the hole, and he was try-house dear waking a recitations." As he never asked unent to he entiry door—the bear's hideous far and was in the hole, and he was try bring to crowd his body through. A needing of despair came over me, then a wint to eceing on the said: "There as meeting he and was in the hole, and he was try upiffed hand. As he never asked unent with the bealing of each of my distinctions. The ment of the star of the was a little bashful about coming in. He's early a mit to a terrible death for myself, or the little ones in my care?

Desperate rage overwhelmed all other feeling, and grasping the pistol I runshed into the entry Just then a wint to he mit to a terrible death for the wint to enter the ming the said: "There are a wint to a wint to enter the ming the was a little bashful about coming in. He's early little ones in my care?

E. SCHOLAR,

E. G. HART.

E. G. HART.

E. G. HART.

E. G. HART.

noon!

A mist passed before my eyes—the black form tooked as large as an elephant, and multiplied before me until the yard seemed full of bears.

"What shall we do, Sam?" I gasped, grasping his rough boyish hand in mine.

"Close the shutters as quick as we can," he whispered, and in a moment, almost, we had fastened the heavy wooden, inside blinds, and thick darkness shut out the faces of the wonder.

wooden, inside blinds, and thick darkness shut out the faces of the wondering children. Then I said in a low voice, "Children don't move or stirthere's a bear in the yard."

The children only too well knew their danger and save a soft rustle as some little one crept nearer an older brother or sister no sound broke the stillness except Sam's step as he stole into the tiny woodshed and fastened the back door with its heavy bar. Then he mounted guard at the front door, where, through a chink, he could watch the movements of the bear.

An hour passed thus. Every mo-

me and said, "Well, teacher, how did you like that scholar? I think we gave him a warm reception and made him feel at home, don't you?" Mike Mullens, who shot the bear, complimented me highly on my

chose the schmid it a two-gial blacked of bushes and alleaded seven-gial and the series of the barn, while behind it a two-gial blacked by the barn, while behind it a two-gial blacked by the barn, while behind it a two-gial blacked by the barn and the

some other ridiculous conclusion came to me I would laugh, and in a revulsion of feeling come, out of the lifting mists, into spicy odors and merry child-life

September mists gave way to bright October—a veritable golden month—the late frosts, which had delayed almost to its beginning, glorified the hillsides into such wonderful beauty, I seemed to be living in a new world. No monster had come from the thicket—no dark form had bounded, with child-like ery, from the mists.

The last thing that happens to the pulverized kernel, before it is ready of market, is the filling of barrels or market, is

on dark form had bounded, with child-like cry, from the mists.

October was almost gone, vacation was only a month away, in the pleasant present, and anticipated future, I had forgotten my fears. One day,

oblivion! The world itself will fool in the season it as easily as a schoolboy's india rubber ball rolls down a hill, and when our world goes it is so interlocked by the law of gravitation with other worlds that they or perpetuated so far from having Aberdeen granite in this world there is no world in sight of our strongest telescope that will be a sure pediment for any siab of commemoration of the fact that we ever lived or died at all. Our earth is struck with death. The axiet earth is struck with death. The axiet earth is struck with death. Stelfar, the constaintions will brown the constaintions will rever lived the earth of the world there is no world in sight of our earth is struck with death. The axiet earth is struck with death. The axiet earth is earth of the world in the constaintions will rever lived in the population of the worlds as easily as a crocodile takes down a frow.

Yet oblivion does not remove or swallow. Yet oblivion does not remove or swallowed. The old moving like death were ever written and printed and published? The libraries would be stream of the world and the earth of the world and the stream of the world in the structure and see the completion of the work with high actise to execute his design, and when it is finished he would be stream of the world in the constaintion of the world and the world and the world the world world in the proposal takes of the world and the world the structure and see the completion of the work with high actise to execute his design, and when it is finished to worlds as easily as a crocodile takes down anything that had better not be removed or swallowed. The old moved is a structure with the constainting the world and the structure and see the completion of the work with high actise to world anything that had better not be removed to world anything that had better not be removed to world anything that had better not be removed to world anything that had better not be removed to world anything that had better not be removed to world and the world that the

REY. DR TALMAGES SEMMON

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