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BY FRED'K L. BAKER

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Learning to Read

Only beginning the journey. Men, a mile to go; Little feet how the water; Wandering to and fro; Trying again bravely; Laughing in baby glee; Hiding a face in mother's lap; Proud as a baby can be.

Talking in the oddest language Ever before was heard; But mother, 't would hardly think so; Understands every word.

Whispering now and falling; Eyes that like going to cry; Kisses and plenty of love-words; Willing again to try.

Father of all, O! guide them; The patterling little feet; While they are treading the up-hill road; Braving the dust and heat!

Aid them when they grow weary; Keep them in paths ways blest; Aid them the journey's end; Saviour, O! give them rest.

The way to keep Him

"Out again to-night," said Mrs. Hayes, fretfully, as her husband rose from the tea-table, and donned his great coat.

"Yes, I have an engagement with Moore. I shall be in early," he said in the library. "Good night." And with a careless nod, William Hayes left the room.

"Always the way," murmured Lizzie Hayes, sitting back upon the sofa. "Out every night. I don't believe he cares one bit about me now, and yet we have been married two years. No man can have a more orderly house, I am sure, I never go anywhere. I am not a bit extravagant, and yet I don't believe he loves me any more. Oh, dear, why is it? I wasn't rich; he did not marry me for my money, and he must have loved me then; why does he treat me with so much neglect?"

Let me paint her picture as she lay there. She was a blonde, with a small graceful figure and a pretty face. The hair which showed by its rich waves its tendency to curl, was brushed smoothly back, and gathered into a rich knot at the back—it was such a bother to curl it, she said—her cheek was pale, and the whole face a discontented expression. Her dress was a neat chintz wrapper; but she wore neither collar nor gloves.

"What's the use of dressing up just for William?" Lizzie slept soundly for two hours, and then awoke suddenly. She sat up, glanced at the clock, and sighed drearily, at the prospect of the long interval still to be spent before bedtime.

The library was just over the room in which she sat, and down the fire-staircase, through the register, a voice came to the young wife's ears. It was her husband's.

"Well, Moore, what's a man do do? I must have pleasure somewhere. Who would have thought that Lizzie Jarvis, so pretty, sprightly, and loving, would change to the fretful dowdy she is now? Who wants to stay at home to hear his wife whining, all the evening about her troubles and sorrows, and her headache and all sorts of bother? She's got the neck of that drawing white so pat, poor my life I don't believe she can speak pleasantly."

Lizzie sat up, as if stunned. Was this true? She looked in the glass. If not exactly dowdy, her costume was certainly not suitable for an evening with only William to admire. She rose, and softly went to her room, with bitter, sorrowful thoughts, and a firm resolution to wipe back her husband's heart, and then his love regained to keep it.

The next morning William came into the breakfast room, with his usual careless manner, but a bright smile came on his lips as he saw Lizzie. "A pretty chintz, with pearl collar and sleeves of snow-white muslin, with a wreath of soft fall curls, had really metamorphosed her; while the blush her husband's admiring glance called up to her cheek did not detract from her beauty. At first William thought there must be a guest, but glancing around, he found they were alone.

At that hour, lay untroubled, as if he chatted gaily on every pleasant topic, she could think of nothing, by his grateful interest and cordial manner. "You will be at home to dinner," she said as he went out.

"Oh, no, my dear Lizzie, I've business out of town, but I'll be home early to-day. Have something substantial for I don't expect to dine." "Good night," and the smiling look, which had been so lately longing, faded half of the previous evening.

"I'm in the right path," said Lizzie in a low whisper. "Oh, what a fool I have been for the last two years!" A fretful dowdy! "William, you shall never say that again."

Lizzie loved her husband with a real wifely devotion, and her lips would quiver as she thought of his confidence to his friend Moore, but like a brave little woman, she stifled back the bitter feelings, and tripped off to perfect her plans. The grand plan, which for months, was opened, and the linen-covers taken from the furniture, Lizzie said: "He shall find many a parlor more pleasant than the worst I ever terminated."

Tea-time came, and William came with a little flourish, and a bright smile, smooth, courteous, and such a lovely, bluish and smile stood ready to welcome William as he came in; and tea-time passed away with its wonted haddone. After tea there was no more conversation, and towards the back rack William stood up beside the table, lingering and chatting, until Lizzie arose; She led him to the light, warm parlors, in their pretty glow of tasteful arrangement, and drew him down on the sofa beside her. He felt as if he were courting over again, as he watched her fingers busy with some fancy needle work, and listened to the cheerful voice he had loved so dearly two years before.

"What are you making, Lizzie?" "A pair of slippers. Don't you remember how much you admired the pair I worked for you—oh! ever so long ago?"

I remember, black velvet with flowers on them—I used to put my feet on the fenders, and dream of blue eyes and bright curls, and wished time would stop for the day, when I could bring my bonny wife home to make music in my house."

Lizzie's face saddened for a moment, as she thought of the last two years, and how little music she had made for his loving heart, gradually weaning it from its afflictions, and then she said: "I wonder if you'd love music as much as you did ten years ago?"

"Of course I do." I very often drop into Mrs. Smith's for nothing else than to hear the music."

"I can play and sing better than Mrs. Smith," said Lizzie, pointing. "But you always say you are out of practice when I ask you."

"I had the piano tuned this morning. Now open it, and we will see how it sounds."

William obeyed joyfully, and, tossing aside her sewing, Lizzie took the piano-stool. She had a very sweet voice, not powerful, but most musical, and was a very fair performer on the piano.

"Ballads, Lizzie?" "Oh, yes, I know you dislike opera music in a parlor."

One song after another, with a noticeable, or lively instrumental piece, occasionally, but when they filled up another hour, presently, the little mantel clock struck eleven. "Eleven! I thought it was about nine. I ought to apologize, Lizzie, as I used to do, for staying so long; and I can truly say, as I did then, that the time passed so pleasantly I can scarcely believe it is so late."

The Day-Preacher

It would be well before the weary eyelids closed in sleep, for each to ask that question of his conscience and his memory. Right had gleaned more than the scattered ears, left by the reaper; she had heard her husband's endeavoring devotion to help another in a commendation in fitting words; and her heart had gathered up a priceless treasure of content and peace, so that when she laid the golden safe of corn at the feet of her friend, she had something more precious left than she might share but not bestow.

And so when morning calls for renewed activity, we must go forth to glean, each one to his scene of labor with more or less of industry or serious purpose, by different paths in different fields; and with aims how much at variance; each to use his allotted time, and at evening to stand in the presence of his Judge and answer, where hast thou gleaned to-day?

Let us be certain that our calling is innocent that we possess in it no selfishness, no aim upon its own, but if we have garnered up amid the treasures of the day, "deeds, or sin" in any form, then in vain for us wealth's glittering pile grows larger. If a broken commandment lies upon the road, we have traversed, if a neglected duty is stranded by the wayside, if the gentle charities that heal and soothe and bless, be forgotten, then shall night come upon us as the withdrawal of the Father's smile, the seal of His holy disapprobation.

The habit of frequent self-examination is of primary importance, and if persisted in, would present a shield of almost impenetrable strength to the world's temptations. Adopt Christ's standard and his precepts as the rule, remember his patient, loving, resolute heart, see how fearlessly he trod where duty pointed, and then daily note the progress towards his perfection, such a habit of life would almost surely lead one to the attainment of what is most to be desired, a Christian character.

If not always free to glean in the field we would choose, we are at least accountable for the manner in which the duty is performed; and however distasteful the allotted task may be, we can take our recompense from the unseen and the intangible, and bear away so sweet a consciousness of God's approval, that all the darker aspects of our condition fade into insignificance.

Many paths that we tread are dry and rough; but none without a way-side flower, or an occasional burst of melody. If clouds hang low and dark, and afford no drift, through which sunshine can fall, yet we know that the sunshine is there, flooding the vast fields of azure that stretch above this cloudy canopy; and when the shades of life close, thick around us, and all upon which we leaned, totters to its fall, then faith, the gleaming of happier hours, proves its divine origin by raising the soul above the level of this world's sorrows into the region of God's own peace.

If amid the competition, anxieties and toils of city life, men can glean the virtues that ennoble humanity, surely he who goes forth to his labor in the seeming fields, God's blue arch above him where winds and birds make ceaseless melody, should not return at evening without other treasures than those that fill his granary. All day the clouds have moved in silent beauty above his head and laid their cool shadows at his feet, the autumn flower hath betrayed the touch of God's finger to his eye, and the far-off brook hath sent to his ear the sound of laughing waters. Perchance the glory of the day has been dimmed by the down-rushing rain, reaching ringing drop a witness of God's presence.

And shall the reaper enter his home and leave behind him all the memory of his toil? Shall Nature, with her countess voices, have called to him in vain? Shall the great miracle of vegetation, itself possess no interest for him? Will he lie down to slumber, without inquiring where he has gleaned besides in his own broad field?

When all life's hopes and cares and toils are ended, and the soul, tired of its mortal vestments, casts them aside to receive its immortal robes, then must it answer to the question, applicable alike to all, where has thou gleaned in the day of thy life? Let each be prepared to meet the question truthfully, fearlessly, with the approving conscience, which withheld not his only Son for our salvation.

Reasons for Bishoppity

Sweet girl! I'm happy when I can, I'm merry while I may, For life's at most a narrow span. At best a winter's day. If this could make a sunbeam wear, I might as well be glad to see it. The evening star shined but more fair, The blue sky took more blue. I might as well be glad to see it. Sweet girl! I'm happy when I can, I'm merry when I may, And merry when I may, I might as well be glad to see it.

My faith should be the same, But since the single wings are white, And e'en the young man's smile, Since yit we've a word to say, And vice a bow of grace, as it is said, Since laughter is not under ban, Nor gladness clad in grey.

And merry when I may, I might as well be glad to see it. Sweet girl! I'm happy when I can, I'm merry when I may, And merry when I may, I might as well be glad to see it.

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