

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL, SO.

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A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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Each thing lives according to its kind,—the heart by love, the intellect by truth, the higher nature of man by intimate communion with God.

CHAPIN.

WHAT'S TO HINDER.

WHAT'S to hinder when a boy
Once makes up his mind
That the surest travellers
Never look behind?
When a boy discovers that
All our noblest men
Kept a steadfast goal in sight,—
What's to hinder then?

What's to hinder when a boy
Climbs each ladder round,
Since a prize is seldom won
At a single bound?
When a boy sets out to win,
Like our truest men,
Step by step and day by day,
What's to hinder then?

The Myrtle.

For Every Other Sunday.

MR. SLOCUM: A TRUE STORY.

BY ALICE GAY JUDD.

ELEANOR stood at the dining-room window with such a disconsolate expression on her face. "Where do you suppose he can be, grandma?" she said. "I've called and called and called, and he don't come."

"I don't know, I'm sure," said grandma. "It isn't at all gentlemanly of Mr. Slocum to act so. But I see Uncle Phil coming, and perhaps he can tell you."

As soon as Uncle Phil reached the house, Eleanor pounced on him. "O Uncle Phil, do you know where Slocie is? I've hunted and called, and he don't come; and I'm so afraid something has happened to him."

"Yes, I know where he is, and something has happened to him," said Uncle Phil, grimly. "He is under the barn, and I've filled up all of the holes, so that he can't get out till I decide what is to be done with him."

Eleanor looked horrified. "O my poor Slocie! What did he do, Uncle Phil, that makes you so cross to him?"

"Well, you know Eleanor, we've been missing the pigeons and little chickens lately, and I couldn't find the thief. So this morning after I fed them, I hid behind the lilac-bush and watched, and who do you think the robber was? Your own Mr. Slocum! Just as soon as they began eating, he sneaked out of the bushes, and with a spring he was among them, and caught one of my finest white pigeons. When I started after him, he dropped it, and ran under the barn. The poor pigeon wasn't killed; but his wing was broken, and



AT SUMMER CHURCH.

he won't be able to fly any more. Now what do you think I ought to do with Slocie?"

Eleanor caught her breath with a little sob. "C-couldn't you reason with him, Uncle Phil?"

Uncle Phil didn't smile: he looked very grave. "I'm afraid it's too late to reason with him, dear," he said. "But you think all day, and I'll think all day; and perhaps we can find a punishment for him."

Then Uncle Phil got his hat, and Eleanor slipped her hand in his to walk with him to the gate. But, when they opened the front door, what do you think they saw? Mr. Slocum, sitting on the step, making his morning toilet as calmly and carefully as usual. When he saw Uncle Phil, he regarded him very gravely, as though not quite sure of his reception.

But Eleanor caught him in her arms, crying: "You naughty, naughty kitty, to eat Uncle Phil's lovely white pigeons! What made you do it?"

"Meow," said Slocie, in a very subdued and solemn way.

Uncle Phil laughed. "I can't imagine how he got out. But, since he has outwitted us, I'll give him another trial. You might reason with him, Eleanor," he added very soberly, as he went down the path, "and perhaps you could make him understand what a wicked cat he has been."

Strange to say, Mr. Slocum never touched another chicken or pigeon; but, whether it was because of Eleanor's reasoning or that he was tired of them, no one ever knew but Mr. Slocum, and he won't tell.

all into a new strawberry bed. She explained why the old plants would do better set in a new place. The tramp was more surprised than the boys when she cut a seed potato into several parts, and assured him that, if there was "one good eye" on a piece of a potato, it would grow.

Mary followed the boys as they dug small holes, and dropped in three kernels of corn, "two to grow and one for luck," the boys told her; and she rejoiced that she, too, was "helping mamsey and the boys hang together."

When the sweet-peas bloomed, Mary did not mix the lavenders and pinks, nor the purples with the reds. But she would cry archly at the boys, as they were grouping the bunches, "But you are putting white ones there, and you are mixing the colors; and it's to be every kind by itself."

"We aren't mixing the colors. These are all the same, aren't they, mamsey?" But mamsey was forced by truth to say that Mary's eyes were truest on the color line. She knew the white from the tinted whites: the boys could see no difference in shades so delicate.

But Pansy-Mary, as her brothers called her, was the proudest of "helping," when, with her clean pinafore and best sunbonnet, she made daily trips with Elwyn to deliver the large and small bunches (they made no "bouquets"), as ordered, all over the village.

They could have sold twice as many blooms, and resolved to have them another summer. As it was, the wild autumn flowers were a source of help not to be despised when the garden supply was insufficient.

It was Mary's privilege to carry home the purse that held the dimes and quarters; and, though the amount was small, it was welcome as she poured it into mamsey's lap and received her thanks.

"Many a little makes a mickle." And the wolf did not get inside the back gate, though sometimes the children asked mamsey if he was not getting too near!

The garden prospered, and there was "some to eat daily, some to go to market, and, mamsey, there's going to be some to put in the cellar for winter. And don't our tramp look nice? Who'd think he was 'nobody's dog' only last spring? He's going to church, now he's got some clothes!"

"Madam, will you board me this winter, and rent me the tool-house for a studio this winter at ten dollars a week?" asked the tramp, as autumn approached.

"Studio? What do you mean? How came you to be?"

"Nobody's dog? Never mind. I was! Thanks to you and the boys, I am not. Can I stay here? I am at work for the magazines again."

"Yes, you may stay; and it will help us more than yourself."

"Three groans for Uncle John and the neighbors! Hooray for our folks and Fred! Sell our furniture and 'break up'? Not much!" cried Elwyn.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one shows his image.

GOETHE.

THE earnest men are so few in the world that their very earnestness becomes at once the badge of their nobility; and as men in a crowd instinctively make room for one who seems eager to force his way through it, so mankind everywhere open their ranks to one who rushes zealously toward some object lying beyond them.

DWIGHT.

IN THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

SUCH beautiful things in the heart of the woods!

Flowers and ferns, and the soft green moss;
Such love of the birds in the solitudes,
Where the swift wings glance and the tree-tops toss;

Spaces of silence swept with song,
Which nobody hears but the God above,—
Spaces where myriad creatures throng,
Sunning themselves in His guarding love.

Such safety and peace in the heart of the woods,

Far from the city's dust and din,
Where passion nor hate of man intrudes,
Nor fashion nor folly has entered in.
Deeper than hunter's trail hath gone
Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer drink,

And fearless and free comes the gentle fawn
To peep at herself o'er the grassy brink.

Such pledge of love in the heart of the woods,
For the Maker of all things keeps the feast,
And over the tiny floweret broods

With care that for ages has never ceased.
If He cares for this, will He not for thee,—
Thee, wherever thou art to-day?

Child of an infinite Father, see,
And safe in such gentlest keeping stay.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE LITTLE MESSENGER BOY.

BY GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

THE writer always takes pleasure in recording the achievements of our American boys, whether of "larger or smaller growth," as an encouragement to his readers, and more especially when it demonstrates what pluck can do, despite adverse circumstances. All of my readers know well enough now the practical uses of the telephone, the invention of which has saved more time and wear and tear of shoe leather than any other, to say nothing of its pecuniary benefit or the rapid transaction of business and information. Now it so happened that the promoter of this scheme for Portland, Me., Mr. George Smardon, before he could get his work in (and he was thought then somewhat too hopeful), was taken sick with rheumatism, and had to give the business up.

One day a little fellow looked in at the office, a little telegraph messenger boy, and gazed wonderingly upon the novel machine. His inquiries were so intelligent and his manner so respectful that Mr. Smardon gladly told him all about it, and what the principles were. Shortly after the same boy appeared with two perfect machines, self-made, all but the magnet, which he purchased and improved, but lacking the wire. This Mr. Smardon gave him (about a mile of it), and, behold! our little messenger boy had a line of his own, in perfect working order, even to the bells.

For years Mr. Smardon had lost sight of him; but not long ago he called upon that gentleman, and related his experience. He had earned his money, worked his way through college, and is now a professor in a New England college, electricity and its wonderful opportunities in the immediate future being one of his branches of teaching. Now all this seems romantic, but it is true; and the professor is alive to prove it, and to show that all boys will still find their best field of labor at home.

For Every Other Sunday.

HELPING EMMA GUSTY.

BY ANNIE LEWIS PINFOLD.

"TING-A-LING!" announced the little call-bell; and the scholars of "number fourteen" made all haste from the close, warm room to the nearest shady places beneath the gnarled old apple-trees and maples that grew close at hand. For a time dinner-pails and baskets monopolized the attention of all; but, when their healthy appetites were satisfied, they broke up into little groups. Some of the little girls had a playhouse on a rocky ledge behind the hazel-bushes. The older ones brought out crochet work or books, laughingly refusing the invitation to "come play, too," from the little girl peering out through the leafy screen above them.

"Too hot to play to-day, Cora," was the universal excuse.

And it was hot. So thought Miss Miller, the teacher, as she laid her head down on the hard wooden desk in a vain endeavor to find some refreshing coolness from contact with it, while her luncheon box remained unopened by her side. An uneasy shuffling of feet in front roused her, and she lifted her head with a sigh of weariness, saying:

"Emma Gusty, you may go out with the rest. My head aches too hard for me to bother with you now, but you must have those examples finished before morning. I cannot tolerate such indolence and indifference any longer."

The big, awkward girl of sixteen to whom she had spoken so sharply rose slowly and walked out, carrying book and slate with her.

She was not in reality so stupid as she seemed; but long years of hard usage at the many places she had been forced to call "home," and the scanty, hardly begrudged schooling granted her in childhood now bore fruit as she strove to master the "second reader" and "intermediate arithmetic" in company with little children like Morris Chapman and eight-year-old Nellie Carter.

"Things come hard now," she said. "And I'm ashamed to ask 'em to help me," was the excuse she made to herself for her many and often ridiculous blunders, when just a moment of help from teacher or friend would have smoothed the way for her.

She did want to be "smart" like Ellen Sibley, and hid a sensitive heart beneath a stolid exterior.

The teacher, a stranger, attributed her many failures to stupidity or laziness, hence gave her little sympathy or help.

Emma Gusty glanced at the white face as she passed the desk on her way out.

"Teacher's got a fearful headache," she said to the girls when she reached them.

"Too bad," they responded.

"Glad to get rid of you, then, I suppose," was Ellen Sibley's comment, as she held up a piece of lace. "See, Katie, mine is longer than yours."

"I know what I'd do if I was them," said Emma Gusty in a low tone to Nellie Carter, who had come down from the playhouse to meet her. "I dasen't, 'cause I know she can't bear the sight of me."

"What, Emmie?" queried the little girl who had a strong liking for the "big dunce" who never was cross to the little ones, and always ready to do their bidding.

"Well, then, I'd ask her to come out under the trees: there's a breeze here, and that school-house is like an oven. I'd put some shawls on