

Helping Papa and Mamma.

Planting the corn and potatoes,
Helping to scatter the seeds,
Feeding the hens and the chickens,
Fencing the garden from weeds,
Driving the cows to the pasture,
Feeding the horse in the stall,
We little children are busy,
Sure there is work for us all,
Helping papa.

Spreading the hay in the sunshine,
Raking it up when 'tis dry,
Picking the apples and peaches,
Down in the orchard hard by,
Picking the grapes in the vineyard,
Gathering nuts in the fall,
We little children are busy,
O, there is work for us all,
Helping mamma.

Work makes us cheerful and happy;
Makes us both active and strong,
Play we enjoy all the better,
When we have labored so long,
Gladly we help our kind parents,
Quickly we come at their call;
Children should love to be busy,
There is much work for us all,
Helping papa and mamma.

THE FAIRY RAILROAD.

BY J. H. VINCENT.

"Wide enough, wide enough—
it will be wide enough, child,"
and Uncle Hepworth rubbed his
eyes, wiped his mouth, and sud-
denly sat up very straight in his
chair, staring wildly around the
room.

"What do you mean?" cried
Nellie.

The old man looked straight
into Nellie's face, and her laugh-
ing eyes gradually woke him up,
and put meaning and merriment
into his face.

"Do you know what you said
just now, Uncle?"

"I didn't say anything."

"O, didn't you though, you
darling old dreamer? You said
'it will be wide enough, child.'
What did you mean? What
would be wide enough? a path,
a stream, a door, a gate, a curtain,
a fringe, a seam—what did you
think would be 'wide enough?'"

Then Uncle Hepworth laughed
one of his own laughs; hearty,
jolly, glorious. What a great
music box he is! He'll fill a whole
house with melody and joy. May
he have length of days, and life
where there are no days to measure
away the perfection of blessed-
ness.

"It was a good dream—a
'mighty' good dream," he said.

Uncle caught the word 'mighty'
in the South, where he used to
spend his winters. I love to hear
him use it, once in a while.

"But what was the dream?"

Then Uncle Hepworth began:
"In my sleep I saw a broad plain,
bounded by distant hills. The
plain was covered with green
grass. Here and there I saw a
patch of wild flowers. Near me,
in the midst of the plain, stood a
child, whose long, golden hair
was floating in the breeze. With
the little backs of both hands
pressed tightly against her eyes,
she wept bitterly. Then an an-
gel, or a fairy—there are fairies
in dreamland, you know—came
near and said, 'Why do you weep,
child?' The weeper replied, 'My
home is yonder, far away yonder,
by the hills, and I can find no
path. The grass is deep and I
am weary. My sad mother wond-
ers, and wants, and weeps that
I do not come. I am lost, lost,
lost!' and she sobbed more vio-
lently."

"The fairy looked toward the
sky. I wondered what she sought

Soon she caught two butterflies
and two spiders. She placed a
spider on each butterfly's back,
then, waving her wand toward
the west, the butterflies started.
As they sailed, the spiders spun,
and two long, silvery threads were
left behind them. As I looked,
the threads turned into solid bars
of gold, and as they approached
the ground, were upheld by low
blocks of marble. So, as far as I
could see, a fairy railroad stretch-
ed out, and still the butterflies
flew, and the spiders spun, and
the golden rails rested on their
marble pillars.

"Then the golden-haired child
wondered, and wished she were
on the butterfly's back, and wept
again. The fairy lifted her wand
toward the sky, and a fleecy cloud
rolled itself into a pillow shape,
and dropped down toward the
weeper and the fairy. As it came
near, the cloud seemed to have
four wings. As it touched the
earth, each wing turned into a
wheel, and the body of cloud into
a chariot of pearl, and lo! a fairy
car rested on the road. Then the
worker of all this wonder said,"

"No more tears. Enter the
car and take this wand. Every
time you raise and lower it the
wheels will turn. If you do not
grow weary, in this car of pearl,
on this golden road, you shall
reach your home."

"The child mounted the car.
She raised the wand. The car
moved; but her faith failed her.
Again and again she stopped and
wept. The patient fairy bore
with all her fears, answered her
complaints and objections.

"The child once cried out, 'I'm
afraid the car will turn over.
Again, 'Won't these rails break?'
Again she said, 'I'm so afraid this
road won't reach all the way home.'
Then again she said, 'What if an-
other car comes from the other
way and breaks mine to pieces.'"

"I grew tired of all this, and
said to the fairy, 'Tell the child
to look ahead. Let her see the
road as it stretches far away over
the plain.' The fairy did so; but
the child wept the more. 'O I
see, she cried, 'that the road grows
narrow as it goes, and off yonder
the rails meet, so that my car can-
not go on them. O, I shall never
reach home.'"

"Then I cried out, 'It will be
wide enough, child.' Just then I
woke."

"But did the child go on?" I
asked.

"Indeed, I don't know. You
or somebody woke me, and now,
weeper, fairy, spiders, butterflies,
marble pillars, flowery meadow,
golden rails, and chariot of pearl,
are all gone."

"I'm so sorry—so sorry," said
Nellie.

"The lesson lingered when the
dream is departed," replied Uncle
Hepworth; "don't you know we
are all placed on a golden road
by our good Master? It is our
only way home. Yet we are al-
ways full of fears, always finding
some fault, doubting when we
should be trusting, standing when
we should rejoice. As the rails in
the distance seem to lose their
proper place, and come so close
to each other as to make any ad-
vance impossible, so we see im-
aginary troubles ahead in life.
We must learn, children, that the
way will be wide enough for us,
if we trust in God, and go on."

Nellie whispered to me as she
went out to tea, that evening,

"The Sweet Briar Dell Railroad
put a dream into Uncle Hep-
worth's head, and his good heart
found a sermon in his dream."

The Little Corporal.

**AN EASY LESSON IN PHYSIOLO-
GY.**—Suppose you rage to be fifteen,
or thereabouts.

You have 200 bones and 500
muscles; your blood weighs
twenty-five pounds, your heart is
five inches in length and three
inches in diameter, it beats seven-
ty times per minute, 4,200 times
per hour, 100,800 times per day,
and 36,792,000 times per year.
At each beat a little over two
ounces of blood is thrown out of
it; and each day it receives and
discharges about seven tons of
that wonderful fluid.

Your lungs will contain a gal-
lon of air, and you inhale 24,000
gallons per day. The aggregate
surface of the air-cells of your
lungs supposing them to be spread
out, exceeds 20,000 square inches.

The weight of your brain is
three pounds; when you are a
man it will weigh about three
ounces more.

Your nerves exceed 10,000,000
in number.

Your skin is composed of three
layers, and varies from one-fourth
to one-eighth of an inch of thick-
ness. The area of your skin is
about 1,700 square inches. Each
square inch contains about 2,500
sweating tubes or perspiratory
pores, each of which may be lik-
ened to a little drain-tile one-
fourth of an inch long, making an
aggregate length of the entire
surface of your body of 88,540
feet, or a tile ditch for draining
the body almost 17 miles long.

A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.—It
is said of the Icelanders that they
scrupulously observe the usage
of reading the sacred Scriptures
every morning, the whole family
joining in the singing and prayers.
When the Icelanders awake, he
salutes no person until he has
saluted his God. He usually has-
tens to the door, adores there the
author of nature and providence,
and then steps back, saying to
his family, "God grant you a good
day." What a beautiful illustra-
tion is this of the Christian obliga-
tion on the part of households to
recognize and worship God.

"Maria," said a lady to her
colored maid, "that is the third silk
dress you have worn since you
came to my house; pray how
many do you own?" "Only seven-
een, miss, but I've saving' my wa-
ges to buy another." "Seven!
Of what use are seven silk dresses
to you? Why, I don't own as
many as that." "Specs not, miss,"
said the smiling darkey; "you
doesn't need 'em so much as I
does. You quality white folks
everybody knows you is quality;
but we bettermost kind of colored
pussions has to dress smart to dis-
tinguish ourselves from common
niggers."

HOW TRUFFLES DID IT.

I returned to Ashvills after an
absence of three years, and found
my friend Truffles grown fat and
jovial, with a face the very mirror
of peace and self-satisfaction.
Truffles was the village baker,
and he was not like this when I
went away.

"Truffles," said I "how is this?
You have improved."

"Improved! How?"

"Why, in every way. What
have you been doing?"

Just then a little girl came in
with a tattered shawl, and bare-
footed, to whom Truffles gave a
loaf of bread.

"Oh, dear Mr. Truffles," the
child said, with brimming eyes,
as she took the loaf of bread,
"mamma is getting better, and
she says she owes so much to
you. She blesses you indeed she
does."

"That's one of the things I've
been doing," he said, after the
child had gone.

"You are giving the suffering
family bread?" I queried.

"Yes."

"Have you any more cases
like that?"

"Yes, three or four of them.
I give them a loaf a day, enough
to feed them."

"And you take no pay?"

"Not from them."

"Ah! From the town?"

"No; here," said Truffles, lay-
ing his hand on his breast. "I'll
tell you," he added, smiling:

"One day, over a year ago, a
poor woman came to me and asked
for a loaf of bread, for which she
could not pay—she wanted it for
her suffering children. At first I
hesitated, but finally I gave it to
her, and as her blessings rang in
my ears after she had gone, I felt
my heart grow warm. Times
were hard, and there was a good
deal of suffering, and I found my-
self wishing, by-and-by, that I
could afford to give away more
bread. At length an idea struck
me. I'd stop drinking and give
that amount away in bread, add-
ing one or two loaves on my
own account. I did it, and it
has been a blessing to me. My heart
has grown bigger, and I've grown
better every way. My sleep is
sound and sweet, and my dreams
are pleasant. And that's what
you see, I suppose."

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